



1. O God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un-der the shadow of Thy throne Thy Saints have dwelt se - cure;
3. Be-fore the hills in or-der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame,
4. A thousand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an even-ing gone;



Our shelter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home;
Suf - fi-cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de-fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To endless years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night Be-fore the ris - ing sun.

5. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts, 1719

alt. traditional, *The English Hymnal*, 1906