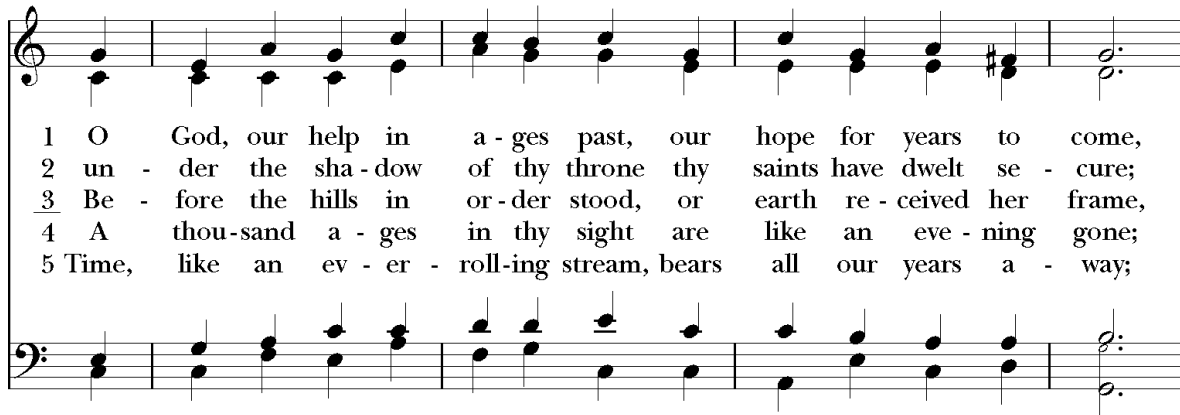
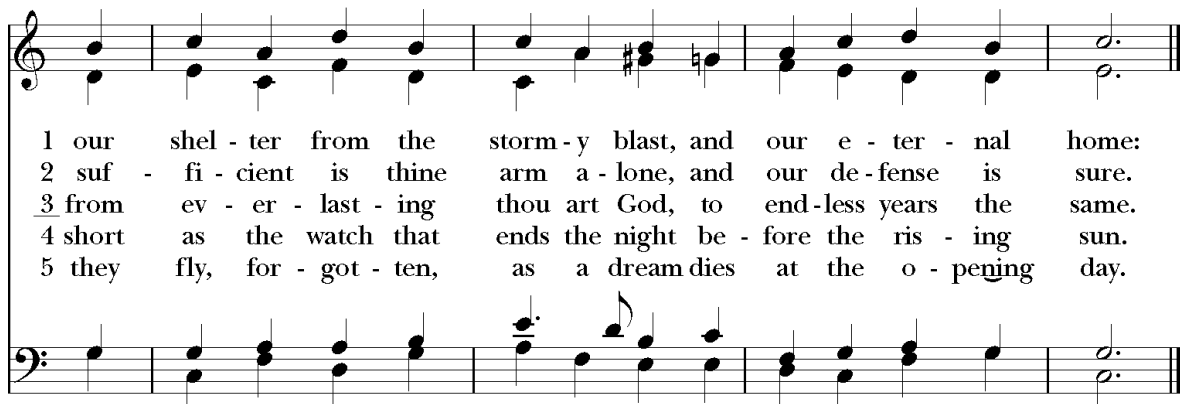


## Oh God, our help in ages past



1 O God, our help in a - ges past, our hope for years to come,  
2 un - der the sha - dow 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 thou - sand a - ges in thy sight are like an eve - ning gone;  
5 Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, bears all our years a - way;



1 our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:  
2 suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.  
3 from ev - er - last - ing thou art God, to end - less years the same.  
4 short as the watch that ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.  
5 they fly, for - got - ten, as a dream dies at the o - pen - ing day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,  
our hope for years to come,

be thou our guide while life shall last,  
and our eternal home.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748), alt.; para. of Psalm 90:1-5

Music: *St. Anne*, melody att. William Croft (1678-1727), alt.; harm. William Henry Monk (1823-1889)