

# Our God, Our Help in Ages Past

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Isaac Watts, 1719

William Croft, 1678-1727



1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, our hope for years to come,  
2. *Un - der the shad - ow 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. *Thy word com-mands our flesh to dust: "Re - turn, ye sons of men!"*  
5. A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight are like an eve - ning gone;



our shel - ter 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 end - less years the same.  
*All na - tions rose from earth at first and turn to earth a - gain.*  
short as the watch that ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.

6. The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in foll'wing years.

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

8. Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,  
Pleased with the morning light;  
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand  
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.

9. Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come:  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.