

Our God, our Help in Ages past

PSALM 90:1–5 *adapted by* ISAAC WATTS (1674–1748)

Our God, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,
And our eternal Home.

Under the Shadow of thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is sure.

Before the Hills in order stood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless Years the same.

Thy Word commands our Flesh to Dust,
Return, ye Sons of Men:
All Nations rose from Earth at first,
And turn to Earth again.

A thousand Ages in thy Sight
Are like an Evening gone;
Short as the Watch that ends the Night
Before the rising Sun.

The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood
With all their Lives and Cares
Are carried downwards by thy Flood,
And lost in following Years.

Time like an ever-rolling Stream
Bears all its Sons away;
They fly forgotten as a Dream
Dies at the opening Day.

Like flow'ry Fields the Nations stand
Pleas'd with the Morning-light;
The Flowers beneath the Mower's Hand
Ly withering e'er 'tis Night.

Our God, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Be thou our Guard while Troubles last,
And our eternal Home.