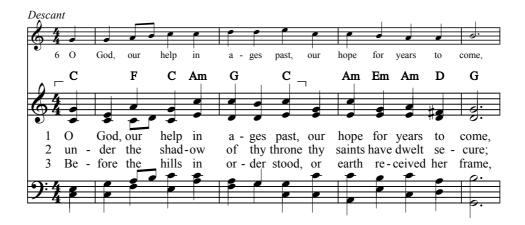
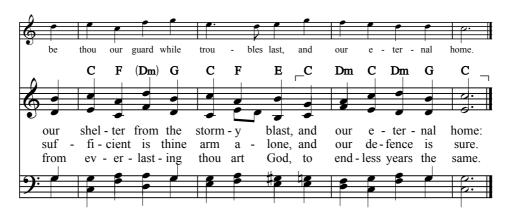
## O God, our help in ages past





- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight are like an evening gone, short as the watch that ends the night before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all its sons away; they fly forgotten, as a dream dies at the opening day.
- O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, be thou our guard while troubles last, and our eternal home.

Text: Based on Psalm 90. Isaac Watts, 1719 Tune: William Croft, 1708