

Our God, our help in ages past

Psalm 90

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

William Croft (1678-1723)

Edited by Nicholas Markwell

and, with a symphony added, by Francis Roads

Soprano [Air]

1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 3. *Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,*
 5. A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;
 7. *Time, like an e - ver rol - ling stream, Bears all its sons a - way;*
 9. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Alto

Tenor

Bass

5

S

Our shel - ter from the stor - my blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
From e - ver - las - ting Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ri - sing sun.
They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the op - 'ning day.
 Be Thou our guard while trou - bles last, And our e - ter - nal home.

A

T

B

10

Symphony

S

A

T

B

Watts' own verse numbers are given. The extra verses which follow are omitted in most modern hymn books, but if sung in numerical order follow the prose text of Psalm 91.

☐ ☐ show instrumental notes.

2. Under the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

4. Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
 "Return, ye sons of men:"
 All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again.

6. The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their lives and cares,
 Are carried downwards by the flood,
 And lost in following years.

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