

ST. ANNE

WILLIAM CROFT, 1678-1727

1 O 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,

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.

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 op'ning day.

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

PSALM 90:1-2, 4-6, 12  
 ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748, ALT.