

# O God, Our Help in Ages Past

25

Isaac Watts, 1719; alt.

Ps. 90:1-2, 4-5

1 O God, our help in a - ges past, our hope for years to come,  
2 Un - der the shad-ow of your throne your saints have dwelt se - cure;  
3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood or earth re - ceived its frame,  
4 A thou - sand a - ges in your 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 your arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.  
From ev - er - last - ing you are God, to end - less years the same.  
Short as the watch that ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.

5 Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream,  
soon bears us all away;  
We fly for - got - ten, as a dream  
fades at the o - pening day.

6 O God, our help in a - ges past,  
our hope for years to come,  
Still be our God while trou - bles last,  
and our e - ter - nal home!

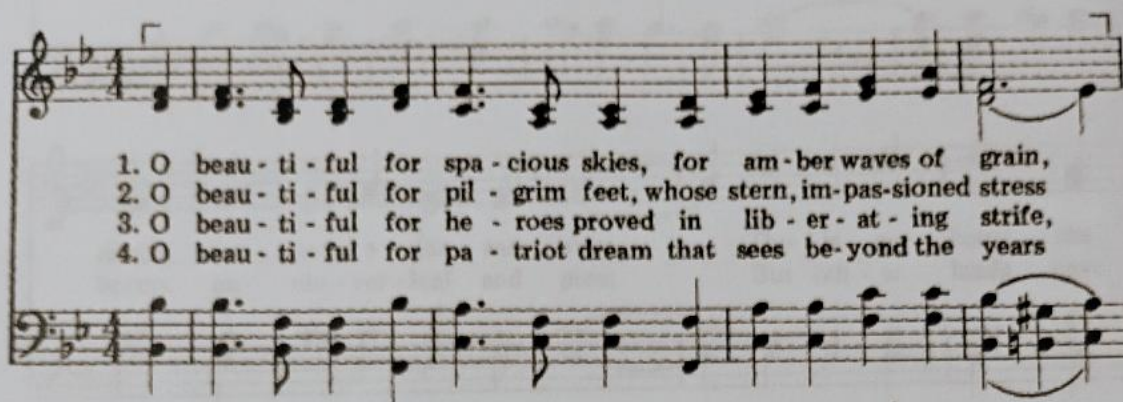
*Watts, minister of a Congregational church in London, wrote theological and philosophical works and hundreds of "hymns of human composure" (everyday language). He augmented the congregational singing of psalms with a new style of hymnody.*

Tune: ST. ANNE C.M.  
William Croft, 1708

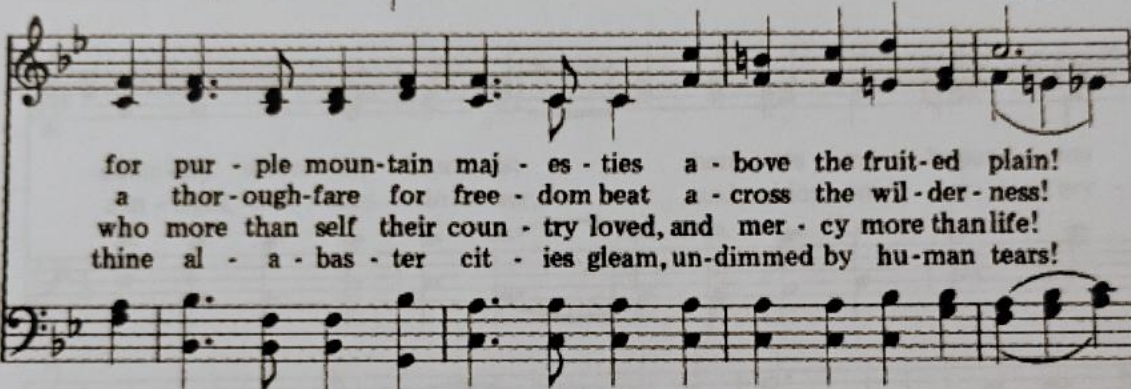


# 418 America, the Beautiful

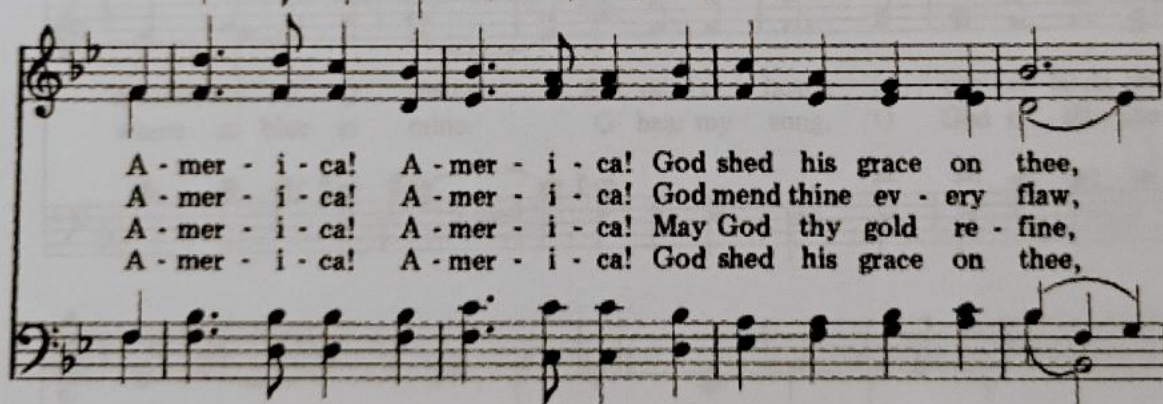
Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, Ps. 33:12



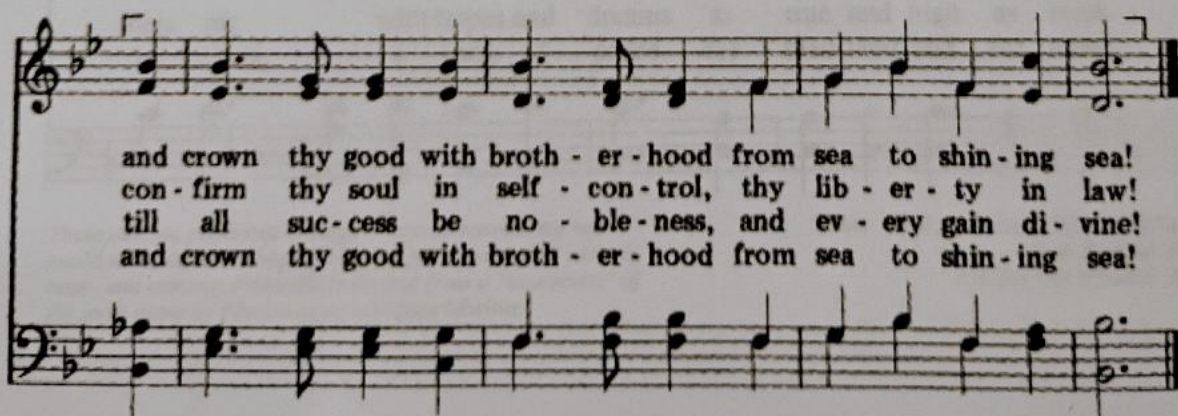
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, for am - ber waves of grain,  
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress  
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved in lib - er - at - ing strife,  
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream that sees be - yond the years



for pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties a - bove the fruit - ed plain!  
 a thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat a - cross the wil - der - ness!  
 who more than self their coun - try loved, and mer - cy more than life!  
 thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, un - dimmed by hu - man tears!



A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee,  
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - ery flaw,  
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,  
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee,



and crown thy good with broth - er - hood from sea to shin - ing sea!  
 con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, thy lib - er - ty in law!  
 till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, and ev - ery gain di - vine!  
 and crown thy good with broth - er - hood from sea to shin - ing sea!



1 This is my song, O God of all the na - tions, a song of  
 2 My coun - try's skies are blu - er than the o - cean, and sun-light

peace for lands a - far and mine. This is my home, the  
 beams on clo - ver - leaf and pine; But oth - er lands have

coun - try where my heart is; here are my hopes, my  
 sun - light, too, and clo - ver, and skies are ev - ery -

dreams, my ho - ly shrine; But oth - er hearts in oth - er lands are  
 where as blue as mine. O hear my song, O God of all the

beat - ing with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.  
 na - tions, a song of peace for their land and for mine.

*These stanzas, published during the period between the two world wars, express a hope for lasting peace among all nations, races, and cultures. Finlandia is derived from a "tone poem" of the same name by Finnish composer Jean Sibelius.*

Tune: FINLANDIA 10.10.10.10.10.  
 Jean Sibelius, 1899  
 Arr. for The Hymnal, 1933



1 My eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord,  
 2 God has been there in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps,  
 3 God has sound-ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat;  
 4 In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea,

who is tram - pling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored,  
 where they built a sa - cred al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps;  
 and is sift - ing out the hearts of all be - fore the judg - ment seat;  
 with a glo - ry in whose bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me;

And has loosed the fate - ful light - ning of a ter - ri - ble swift sword;  
 I can read the righ - teous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps;  
 O be swift, my soul, to an - swer and be ju - bi - lant, my feet!  
 As Christ died to make us ho - ly, let us die to make all free;

God's truth is march - ing on.  
 God's day is march - ing on.  
 Our God is march - ing on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!  
 While God is march - ing on.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -

lu - jah! God's truth is march - ing on.