

AUGUSTA. C.M.

29

D Minor. Isaac Watts, 1719.

Sherman.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 2. Be-neath the sha-dow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi-cient is Thine arm a - lone,

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Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our e -
 Suf - fi-cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de -

shel-ter from the stor-my blast, And our e - ter-nal home, And our e - ter-nal home, And our e - ter-nal home. home.
 fi-cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure, And our defence is sure, And our defence is sure. sure.

stor-my blast, And our e - ter - nal home, And our e - ter-nal home. home.
 arm a - lone, And our de-fence is sure, And our defence is sure. sure.

And our e - ter-nal home, Our shel - ter from the stormy blast, And our e - ter-nal home. home.
 And our de - fence is sure, Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our defence is sure. sure.

ter-nal home, Our shel - ter from the stor-my blast, And our e - ter-nal home, And our e - ter - nal home. home.
 fence is sure, Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our defence is sure, And our defence is sure. sure.

3. A thousand ages in thy sight Are like an evening gone, Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.
 4. Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away; They fly forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.