

Hymn 117

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast, and our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy throne, still may we dwell secure;
sufficient is thine arm alone, and our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood, or earth received her frame,
from everlasting, thou art God, to endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight, are like an evening gone;
short as the watch that ends the night, before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever rolling stream, bears all who breath 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 guide while life shall last, and our eternal home.

(Words: Isaac Watts, 1719)

Hymn 127

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, pilgrim through this barren land.
I am weak, but thou art mighty; hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven, feed me till I want no more;
feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain, whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fire and cloudy pillar lead me all my journey through.
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer, be thou still my strength and shield;
be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan, bid my anxious fears subside;
death of death and hell's destruction, land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises, I will ever give to thee;
I will ever give to thee.

(Words: William Williams, 1745)