


Isaac Watts, 1717  
(Psalm 90, Part 1)


86. 86. (C. M.)


Philadelphia  
Transcribed from Dyer's *New Selection*, 1820.


F Major

Francis Hopkinson, 1806

Tr.  1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the stor - my blast, And our e - ter - nal home.  
2. Under the sha - dow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.  
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame, From ev - er - las - ting thou art God, To end - less years the same.

C.  4. Thy word commands our flesh to dust, "Re - turn, ye sons of men:" All na - tions rose from earth at first, And turn to earth a - gain.  
5. A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone; Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ri - sing sun.  
6. The bu - sy tribes of flesh and blood, With all their lives and cares, Are car - ried down - wards by the flood, And lost in fol - lowing years.

T.  7. Time, like an ev - er - rol - ling stream, Bears all its sons a - way; They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope - ning day.  
8. Like flowery fields the na - tions stand Pleased with the morning light; The flowers be - neath the mo - wer's hand Lie withe - ring ere 'tis night.  
9. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Be thou our guard while trou - bles last, And our e - ter - nal home.

B. 

*Tenor* and *Bass* published in 1806; *Treble* and *Counter* in 1815-1820.  
It is uncertain what Hopkinson's role was in this; he died in 1791.