Dundee C. M.

1. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,
Under the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame,
A thousand ages, in Thy sight, Are like an evening gone;
Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away;
Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home.
Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defense is sure.
From everlasting Thou art God, To endless years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night, Before the rising sun.
They fly, forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day. Amen.

Words: Isaac Watts
Music: Andro Hart's Psalter

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