

687 Our God, Our Help in Ages Past

(Psalm 90)

1 Our God, our help in a - ges past, our
 2 Be - neath the shad - ow of thy throne thy
 3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, or
 4 A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight are

hope for years to come, our shel - ter from the
 saints have dwelt se - cure; suf - fi - cient is thine
 earth re - ceived its frame, from ev - er - last - ing
 like an eve - ning gone, short as the watch that

storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:
 arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.
 thou art God, to end - less years the same.
 ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.

5 Time, like an ever rolling stream,
 bears all our years away;
 they fly forgotten, as a dream
 dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
 our hope for years to come,
 be thou our guard while life shall last,
 and our eternal home.

Many people sing this hymn unaware that it paraphrases Psalm 90, partly because this text speaks so immediately to the human condition. Since the middle of the 19th century, it has usually been joined to this tune named for the London parish where the composer was organist.

275 A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1 A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul-wark nev - er
 2 Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be
 3 And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to un -
 4 That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, no thanks to them, a -

fail - ing. Our help - er he, a - mid the flood of
 los - ing, were not the right man on our side, the
 do us, we will not fear, for God hath willed his
 bid - eth. The Spir - it and the gifts are ours through

mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe doth
 man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ
 truth to tri - umph through us. The Prince of Dark - ness grim, we
 him who with us sid - eth. Let goods and kin - dred go, this

seek to work us woe. His craft and power are great, and
 Je - sus, it is he. Lord Sab - a - oth his name, from
 trem - ble not for him. His rage we can en - dure, for
 mor - tal life al - so. The bod - y they may kill; God's

Long before Isaac Watts began to Christianize the Psalms, Martin Luther had already done so when he created the text and tune for this, his most famous hymn, which is based on Psalm 46. Luther encouraged metrical versions of psalms as well as chanted psalms and new hymns.

JESUS CHRIST: ASCENSION AND REIGN

armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.
age to age the same, and he must win the bat - tle.
lo, his doom is sure. One lit - tle word shall fell him.
truth a - bid - eth still. His king - dom is for - ev - er.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal melody in treble clef, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with some rests, and a final cadence. The lower staff is a basso continuo line in bass clef, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with some rests, and a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, aligned with the notes.

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Be Thou My Vision

Capo 1: (D) E^b (G) A^b (D/F#) E^b/G (A7) B^b7 (D) E^b

1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true Word;
 3 Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise;
 4 High King of Heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

(A) B^b (D) E^b (G) A^b (A) B^b

naught be all else to me, save that thou art;
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;
 thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways;
 may I reach heav - en's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!

(G) A^b (D) E^b (F#m7) Gm7 (G) A^b (A) B^b

thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 thou my soul's shel - ter, and thou my high tower;
 thou and thou on - ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

(Bm) Cm (D/F#) E^b/G (G) A^b (D) E^b

wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
 raise thou me heaven - ward, O Power of my power.
 High King of Heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.
 still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

These stanzas are selected from a 20th-century English poetic version of an Irish monastic prayer dating to the 10th century or before. They are set to an Irish folk melody that has proved popular and easily sung despite its lack of repetition and its wide range.