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 out eternal home.

Thy Word commands our flesh to dust,
“Return, ye sons of men”;
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Like flowery fields the nations stand
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower’s hand
Lie withering ere ‘tis night.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And out eternal home.

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me,
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind but now I see.

‘Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved,
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come,
‘Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures,
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

When we’ve been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We’ve no less days, to sing God’s praise,
Than when we’d first begun.

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me,
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind but now I see.