

## Hymns of New Year & Renewal

### Great God We Sing

Philip Doddridge, 1755

Stanza 1-5

(#612 – Blue Trinity Hymnal)

Great God, we sing that mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand;  
The opening year thy mercy shows;  
That mercy crowns it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still are we guarded by our God;  
By His incessant bounty fed,  
By His unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,  
Thou art our Joy, and thou our Rest;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.

When death shall interrupt these songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Our Helper God, in whom we trust,  
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.  
Amen.

TUNE: WAREHAM, L.M.

William Knapp, 1738

### Our God, Our Help in Ages Past

From Psalm 90, Isaac Watts, 1719

Stanza 1-4, 6 & 7 (#30)

Our 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 your throne  
Your saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is your arm alone,  
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting you art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in your 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 its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the op'ning day.

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

TUNE: ST. ANNE, C.M.

Attr. to William Croft, 1678–1727

Tate and Brady's *Supplement to the New  
Version*, 1708

## A Few More Years Shall Roll

Horatius Bonar, 1844  
Stanza 1- 4 (#540)

A few more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,  
And we shall be with those that rest  
Asleep within the tomb:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day;

### *Refrain*

O wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day;

### *Refrain*

A few more Sabbaths here  
Shall cheer us on our way,  
And we shall reach the endless rest,  
Th'eternal Sabbath day:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that sweet day;

### *Refrain*

"Tis but a little while,  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
That we with Him may reign:  
Then, O Lord, prepare my soul  
For that glad day;

### *Refrain*

TUNE: LEOMINSTER, S.M.D.  
George William Martin, 1862  
Arr. by Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

## Psalm 90

Based on the *Book of Psalms*, 1871,  
and *The Psalter*, 1912  
Verses 1-6, 10-14, 17

- 1 Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place  
Through all the ages of our race.
- 2 Before the mountains had their birth,  
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth,  
From years which no beginning had  
To years unending, Thou art God.
- 3 Thou turnest man to dust again,  
And say'st, "Return, ye sons of men."
- 4 As yesterday when past appears,  
So are to Thee a thousand years;  
They like a day are in Thy sight,  
Yes, like a passing watch by night.
- 5 Thou with a flood hast swept men on;  
They like a sleep are quickly gone.  
They are like grass which grows each  
morn;
- 6 Its blades of green the fields adorn.  
At morn its sprouts and blossoms rise;  
At eve, cut down, it withered lies.
- 10 For some life's years are seventy;  
Perhaps the strong may eighty see;  
Their best involves but toil and woe;  
All quickly ends. How soon we go!
- 11 Who has Thine anger understood?  
Who fears thy fury as he should?
- 12 O teach Thou us to count our days  
And set our hearts on wisdom's ways.
- 13 How long, O LORD? Return! Repent,  
And toward Thy servants now relent.
- 14 Each morning fill us with Thy grace;  
We'll sing for joy through all our days.
- 17 On us let there be shed abroad  
The beauty of the LORD our God.  
Our handiwork upon us be  
Established evermore by Thee.  
Yes, let our handiwork now be  
Established evermore by Thee.

TUNE: ST. CATHERINE 88.88.88 (90C)  
("Faith of Our Fathers")