

Sometimes Our Only Song Is Weeping



1 Some-times our on - ly song is weep - ing; our on - ly
2 Some-times we catch the faint-est hum - ming, a far - off



sound is gasp - ing breath. Some-times it seems that God is
tune our hearts know well. Some-times we sense the Spir - it



sleep - ing while our brief lives are bound in death.
com - ing. Our song re - turns; our voic - es swell.



Who hears the song our sor - rows swal - low and of - fers
The Spir - it sings though we are shak - en, and Christ has



hope to calm our fears? When all our words seem frail and
shared our heart - felt cries. Re - stored, our wea - ry souls a -



hol - low, God heeds the prayers with - in our tears.
wak - en to join God's song that nev - er dies.

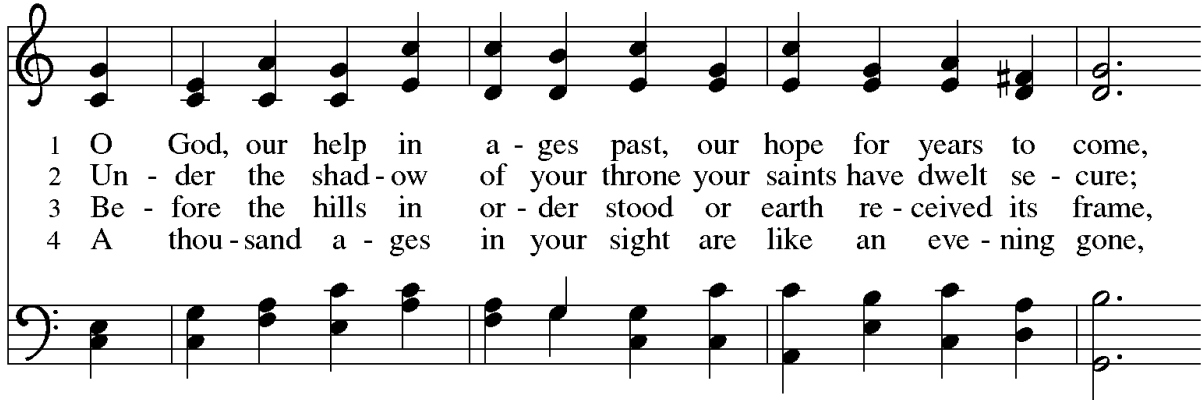
Text: Adam M. L. Tice, b. 1979

Music: WAYFARING STRANGER, North American traditional

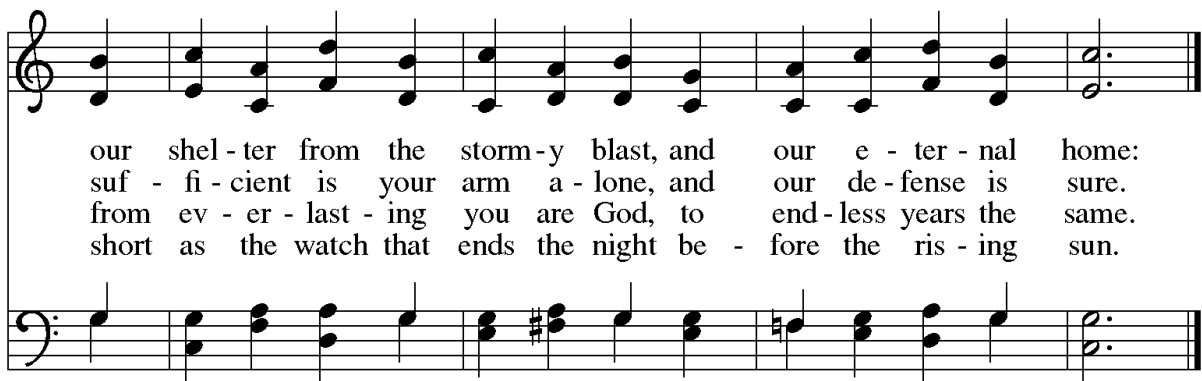
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O God, Our Help in Ages Past



1 O God, our help in a - ges past, our hope for years to come,
2 Un - der the shad - ow of your throne your saints have dwelt se - cure;
3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood or earth re - ceived its frame,
4 A thou - sand a - ges in your sight are like an eve - ning gone,



our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:
suf - fi - cient is your arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.
from ev - er - last - ing you are God, to end - less years the same.
short as the watch that ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all our years away;
we fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the op'ning day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
still be our guard while troubles last
and our eternal home!

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748, alt.
Music: ST. ANNE, William Croft, 1678–1727