O God, Our Help in Ages Past

1 Our God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,

2 Under the shadow of your throne your saints have dwelt secure;

3 Before the hills in order stood, or earth received her frame,

4 A thousand ages in your sight are like an evening gone,

5 Time, like an ever rolling stream, bears all of us away,

6 Our God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,

our shelter from the stormy blast, and our eternal home.

sufficient is your arm alone, and our defense is sure.

from everlasting you are God, to endless years the same.

short as the watch that ends the night before the rising sun.

we fly, forgotten, as a dream dies at the opening day.

be now our guard while life shall last, and our eternal home.