O God, Our Help in Ages Past

1. O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast, and our eternal home.

2. Under the shadow of thy throne, still may we dwell secure;
sufficient is thine arm alone, and our defense is sure.

3. Before the hills in order stood, or earth received her frame,
from everlasting, thou art God, to endless years the same.

4. Ages, in thy sight, are like an evening gone;
short as the watch that ends the night, before the rising sun.

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

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

Text: Isaac Watts, 1719
Tune: Attr. William Croft, 1708;
harm. W. H. Monk, 1861

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