1. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,  
   Under the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
   Shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home!

2. Under the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
   Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away;  
   Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defense is sure.

3. Before the hills in order stood, Or eath received her frame,  
   Everlasting Thou art God, To endless years the same.  
   Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.

4. A thousand ages in Thy sight Are like an evening gone;  
   They fly, forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.  
   They have, like dreams, no lasting place  

5. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,  
   Before the hills in order stood, Or eath received her frame,  
   Before the hills in order stood, Or eath received her frame.

6. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,  
   Their frame, Their frame, Their frame.

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