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 your throne your saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is your arm alone, and our defense is sure.

3 before the hills in order stood or earth received its frame,
from ever lasting you are God, to endless years the same.

4 a thousand ages in your 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,
soon bears us all away;
we fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the opening 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!