



O God Our Help in Ages Past

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

Under the shadow of your throne
Your saints have dwelt secure.
Sufficient is your arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood
Or Earth received her frame.
From everlasting you are God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in your sight
Are like an evening gone.
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away.
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

Like flow'ry fields the nations stand.
Pleased with the morning light.
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last
And our eternal home.