

N.B.P. #330

- 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
thy saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is thine arm alone,
and our defence is sure.**

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

**4. A thousand 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 our years 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,
still be our guard while troubles last,
and our eternal home. ***