God, Our Hope and Strength Abiding
By:Rev. John Keble (1792-1866)
From: The Psalter or Psalms of David; in English Verse; By a Member of the University of Oxford, 1839
Tune:Leipsic
Comp:From Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

1)God, our hope and strength abiding,
Soothes our dread, exceeding nigh:
Fear we not the world subsiding,
Roots of mountains heaving high,
Darkly heaving
Where in ocean's heart they lie.

2)Let them roar, his awful surges,-
Let them boil- each dark-browed hill
Tremble, where the proud wave urges;
Here is yet one quiet rill;
Her calm waters,
Zion's joy, flow clear and still.

3)Joy of God's abode, the station
Where the Eternal fixed His tent:
God is there, a strong salvation,
On her place she towers unbent.
God will aid her
Ere the stars of morn be spent.

4)Heathens rage, dominions tremble,
God spake out, earth melts away:
God is where our hosts assemble,
Jacob's God, our rock, and stay.
Come, behold Him
O'er the wide earth wars allay.

5)Come, behold God's work of wonder,
Scaring, wasting earth below;
How He knapped the spear in sunder,
How He brake the warrior's bow.
Wild war chariots
Burn before Him, quenched as tow.

6)Silence- for the Almighty know Me;
O'er the heathen throned am I,
Throned where earth must crouch below Me!'-
Lord of hosts, we know Thee nigh:
God of Jacob,
Thou art still our rock on high. Amen.