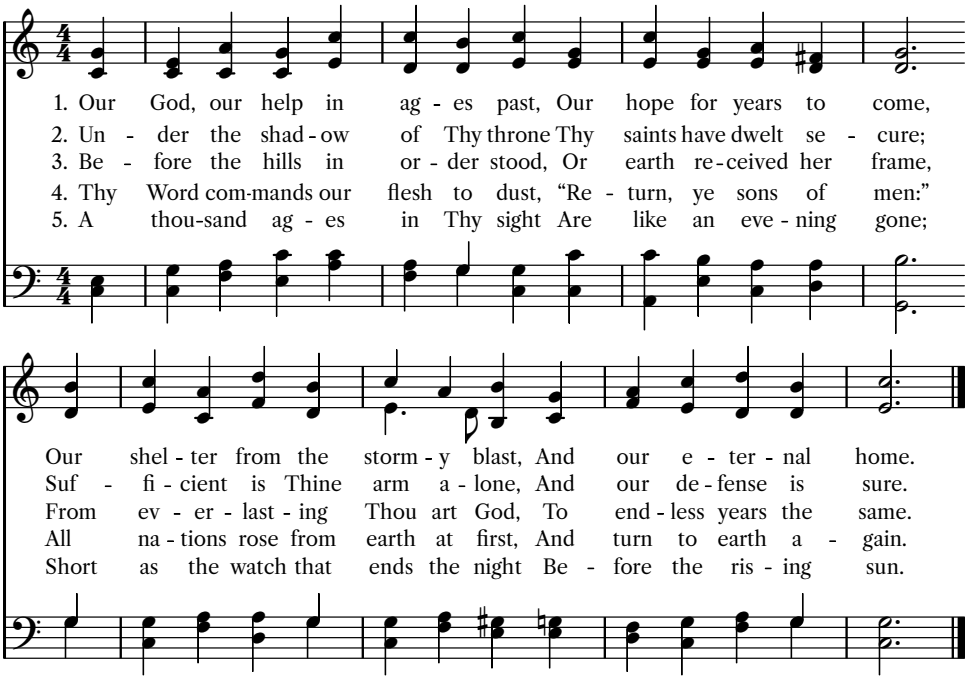
Our God, Our Help in Ages Past



6. The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
   With all their lives and cares,
   Are carried downwards by the flood,
   And lost in following years.

7. Time, like an ever rolling stream,
   Bears all its sons away;
   They fly, forgotten, as a dream
   Dies at the opening day.

8. Like flowery fields the nations stand
   Pleased with the morning light;
   The flowers beneath the mower's hand
   Lie withering ere 'tis night.

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

Isaac Watts, 1719

ST. ANNE C.M.
William Croft, 1708