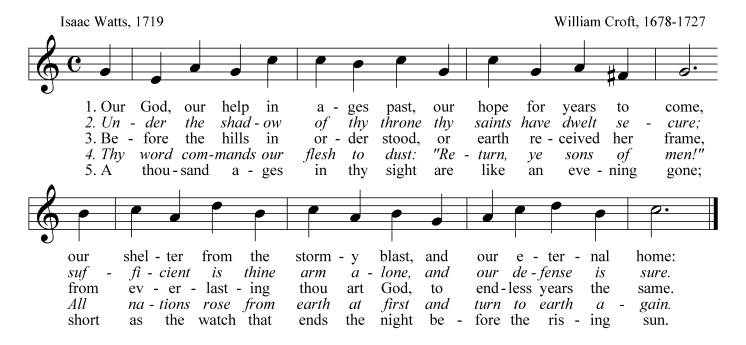
Our God, Our Help in Ages Past

ST. ANNE



- 6. The busy tribes of flesh and blood, With all their cares and fears, Are carried downward by the flood, And lost in foll'wing years.
- 8. 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.
- 7. Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away; They fly forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.
- 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.