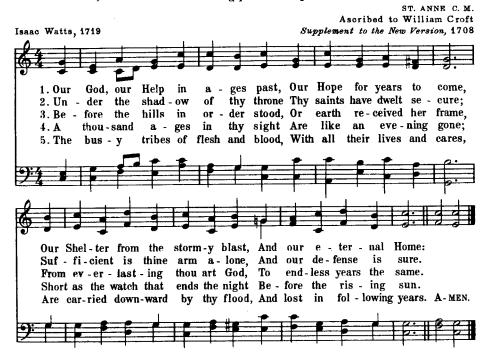
26 (FIRST TUNE)

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Psalm 90:1



- 6. Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away; They fly forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.
- Our God, our Help in ages past,
 Our Hope for years to come;
 Be thou our Guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal Home.

