



- 5. The busy tribes of flesh and blood, with all their lives and cares, are carried downward by your flood, and lost in foll'wing years.
- 6. Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all its sons away; they fly forgotten, as a dream dies at the op'ning day.
- 7. Our God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come: O be our guard while troubles last, and our eternal home.