

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream, soon bears us all away; we fly forgotten, as a dream dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, still be our guard while troubles last, and our eternal home!

Text: Psalm 90:1-2, 4-5; vers. Isaac Watts, 1719, alt.

Tune: William Croft, 1708



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