
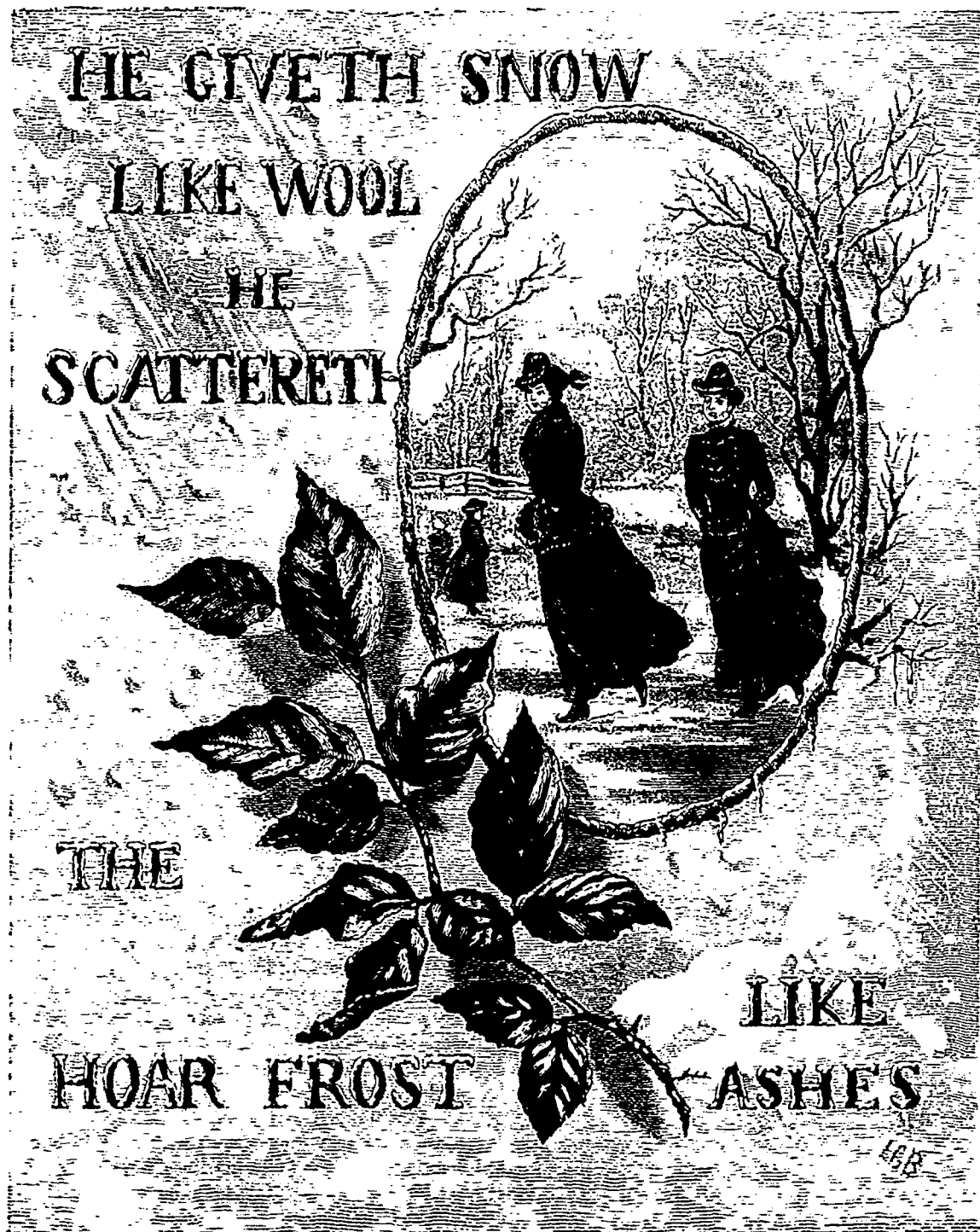


"HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED US."

 Our Helper, God, we bless His name,  
Whose love for ever is the same;  
The tokens of whose gracious care  
Open and crown and close the year.

Amidst ten thousand snares we stand,  
Supported by His guardian hand;  
And see, when we review our ways,  
Ten thousand monuments of praise.



Thus far His arm hath led us on ;  
Thus far we make His mercy known  
And while we tread this desert land,  
New mercies shall new songs demand.

Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,  
Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;  
Then bear in His bright courts above,  
Inscriptions of immortal love.