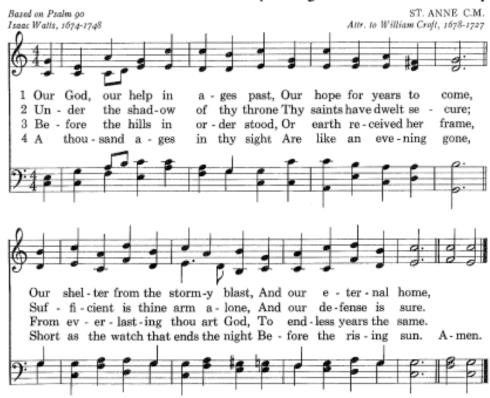
Siyahamb' ekukhanyen' kwenkhos' (We Are Marching in the Light of God)







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

Blessed Be the Tie That Binds

