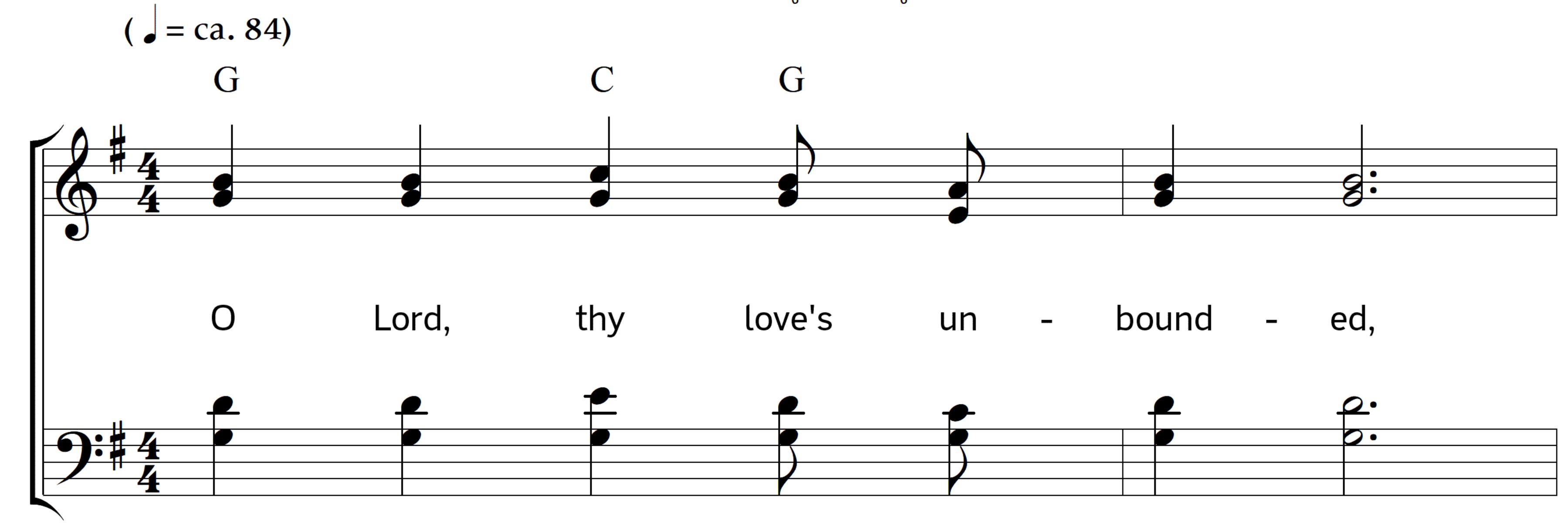
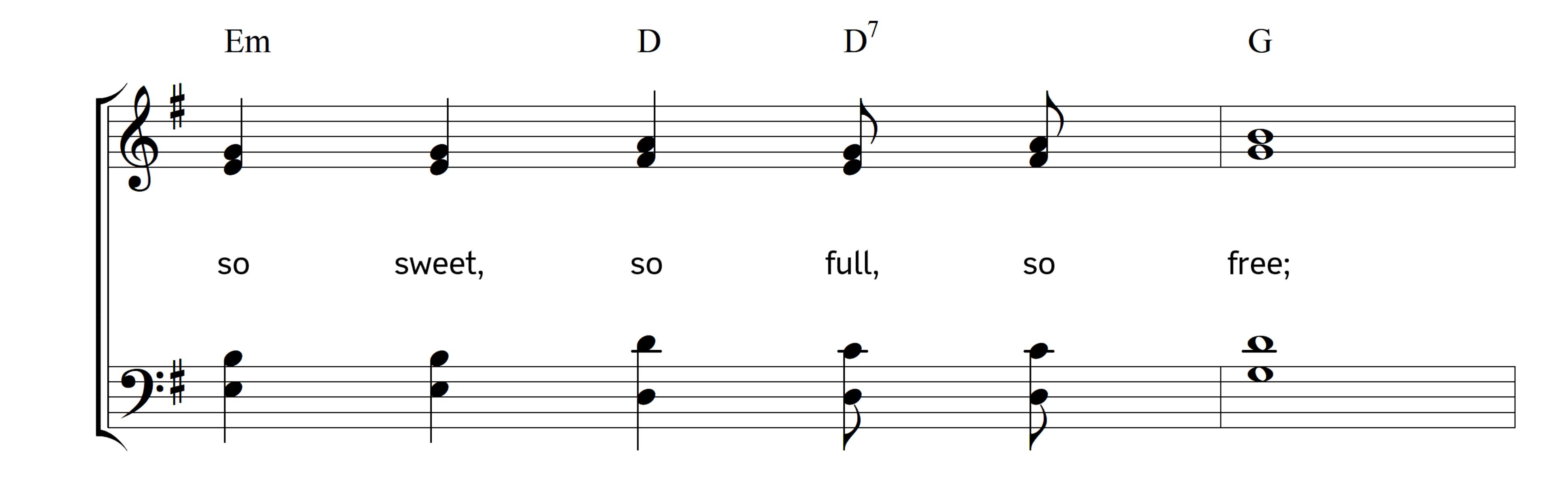
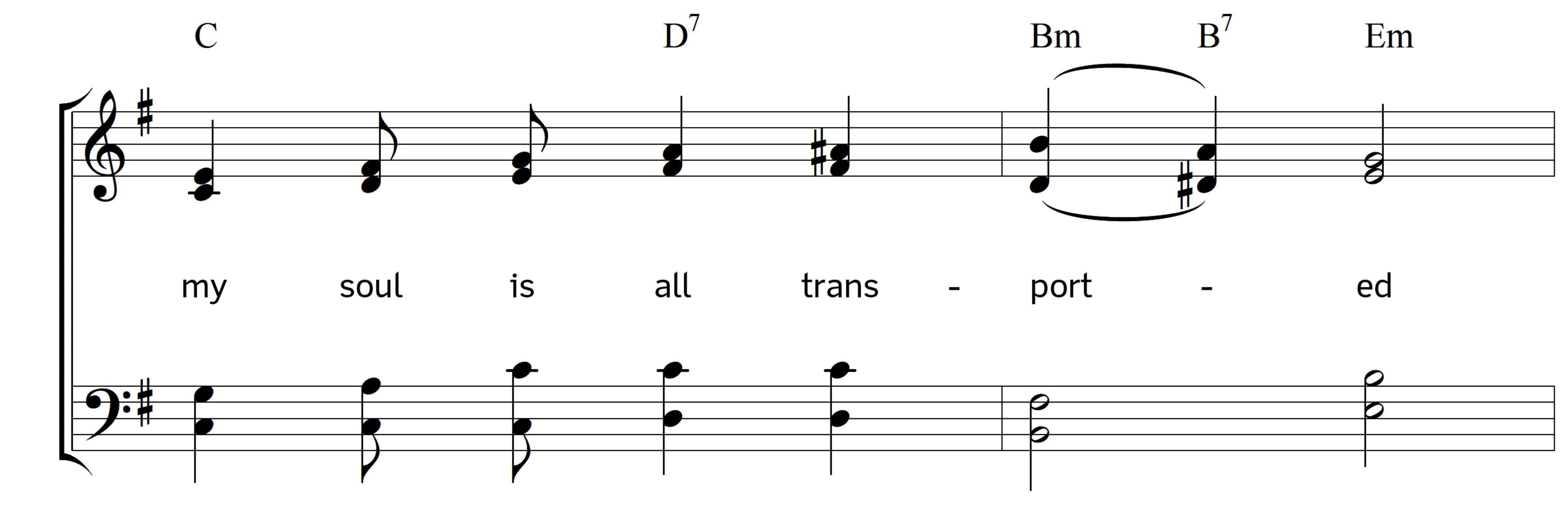
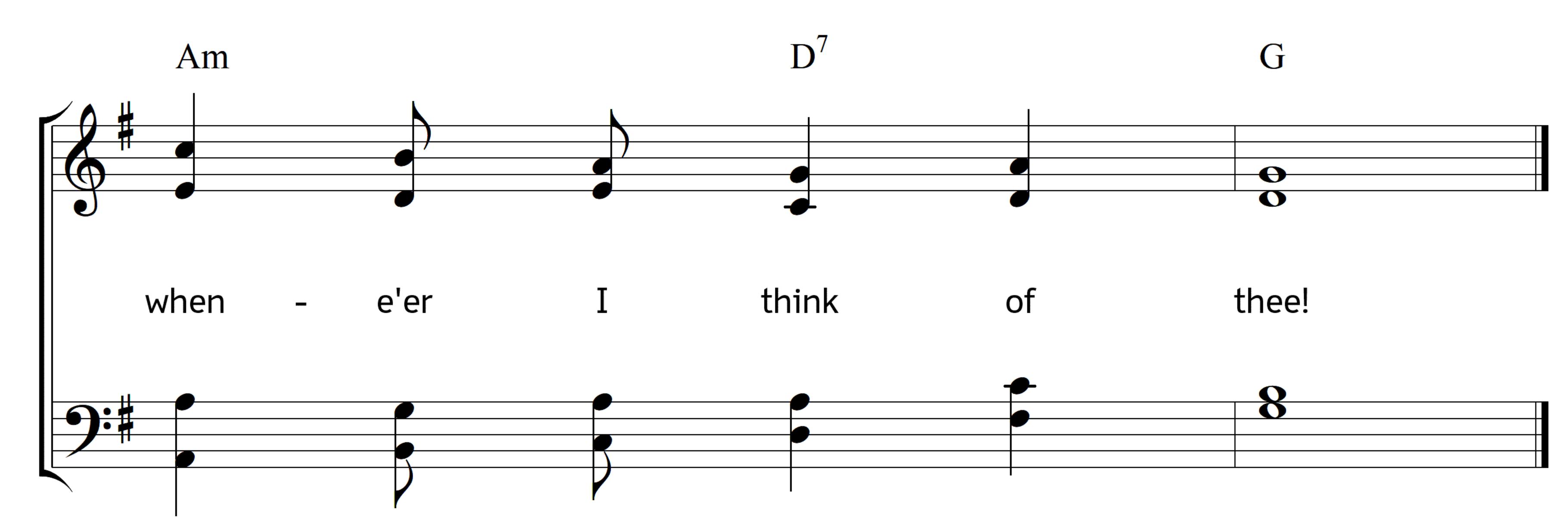
UNCHANGING LOVE









- 2. Yet, Lord, alas! what weakness within myself I find; no infant's changing pleasure is like my wandering mind.
- 3. And yet thy love's unchanging, and doth recall my heart to joy in all its brightness, the peace its beams impart.
- 4. Yet sure, if in thy presence my soul still constant were, mine eye would, more familiar, its brighter glories bear;
- 5. and thus thy deep perfections much better should I know, and with adoring fervour in this thy nature grow.
- 6. Still sweet 'tis to discover, if clouds have dimmed my sight, when passed, eternal Lover, towards me, as e'er, thou'rt bright.
- 7. Oh guard my soul, then Jesus, abiding still with thee; and, if I wander, teach me soon back to thee to flee;
- 8. that all thy gracious favour may to my soul be known, and, versed in this thy goodness, my hopes thyself shalt crown.

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