

O Lord, Thy love's unbounded

(LANCASHIRE. 7.6.7.6.D.)

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. O Lord, Thy love's un - bound - ed, So
 2. And yet Thy love's un - chang - ing, And
 3. And thus Thy deep per - fec - tions Much

sweet, so full, so free; My soul is all trans -
 doth re - call my heart To joy in all its
 bet - ter should I know, And with a - dor - ing

port - ed When - e'er I think on
 bright - ness — The peace its beams im -
 fer - vour In this Thy na - ture

Thee. Yet, Lord, a - las, what
 part. Yet sure, if in Thy
 grow. Still sweet 'tis to dis -

weak - ness With - in my - self I
 pre - sence My soul still con - stant
 co - ver, If clouds have dimmed my

find : No in - fant's chang - ing
 were, Mine eye would, more fa -
 sight, When passed, e - ter - nal

plea - sure Is like my wan - dering mind.
 mi - liar, Its bright - er glo - ries bear.
 Lo - ver, Towards me, as e'er, Thou'rt bright.

4. O keep my soul, then, Jesus,
 Abiding still with Thee ;
 And if I wander, teach me
 Soon back to Thee to flee,
 That all Thy gracious favour
 May to my soul be known ;
 And, versed in this Thy goodness,
 My hopes Thyself shalt crown.

Alternate Tunes : Dublin, 67 ; Ellacombe, 78.