

O Lord, Thy love's unbounded

(LANCASHIRE. 7.6.7.6.D.)

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. O Lord, Thy love's un - bound - ed, So sweet, so full, so free ;
 2. And yet Thy love's un - chang - ing, And doth re - call my heart
 3. And thus Thy deep per - fec - tions Much bet - ter should I know,
 4. O keep my soul, then, Je - sus, A - bid - ing still with Thee ;

My soul is all trans - port - ed When - e'er I think on Thee. Yet,
 To joy in all its bright - ness — The peace its beams im - part. Yet
 And with a - dor - ing fer - vour In this Thy na - ture grow. Still
 And if I wan - der, teach me Soon back to Thee to flee, That

Lord, a - las, what weak - ness With - in my - self I find : No
 sure, if in Thy pre - sence My soul still con - stant were, Mine
 sweet 'tis to dis - co - ver, If clouds have dimmed my sight, When
 all Thy gra - cious fa - vour May to my soul be known ; And,

in - fant's chang - ing plea - sure Is like my wan - dering mind.
 eye would, more fa - mi - liar, Its bright - er glo - ries bear.
 passed, e - ter - nal Lo - ver, Towards me, as e'er, Thou'rt bright.
 versed in this Thy good - ness, My hopes Thy - self shalt crown.

Alternate Tunes : Dublin, 67 ; Ellacombe, 78.