

Lynnfield

Tr. 5 10

1. How vain are all things here below! How false, and yet how fair! Each pleasure hath its poison too, And every sweet a snare.
 2. The brightest things below the sky Give but a flattering light; We should suspect some danger nigh Where we possess delight.

C.

3. Our dearest joys, and nearest friends, The partners of our blood, How they divide our wavering minds, And leave but half for God!
 4. The fondness of a creature's love, How strong it strikes the sense! Thither the warm affections move, Nor can we call them thence.

T.

5. Dear Savior! let thy beauties be My soul's e-ter-nal food; And grace command my heart away From all cre-a-ted good.

B.

Tr. 15 20 1. 2.

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 2. We should suspect some danger nigh Where we possess delight.
 3. How they divide our wavering minds, And leave but half for God!
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 5. And grace command my heart away From all cre-a-ted good.

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