

T. 1. How vain are all things here be - low! How false, and yet how fair!
2. The brigh - test things be - low the sky Give but a flat - tering light;

C. 3. Our dea - rest joys and nea - rest friends, The part - ners of our blood,

T. 4. The found - ness of a crea - ture's love, How strong it strikes the sense!
5. Dear Sa - vior! Let thy beau - ties be My soul's e - ter - nal food;

B.

T. Each plea - sure hath its poi - son too, And eve - ry sweet a snare.
We should sus - pect some dan - ger nigh, Where we pos - sess de - light.

C. How they di - vide our wa - vering minds, And leave but half for God!

T. Thi - ther the warm af - fec - tions move, Nor can we call them thence.
And grace com - mand my heart a - way From all cre - a - ted good.

B.