

Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM XVIII. L. M.

NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty power ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 Who then deserves to be ador'd,
But God, on whom my hopes depend ?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend ?

4 Therefore to celebrate his fame
My grateful voice to heaven I'll raise ;
And nations, strangers to his Name,
Shall thus be taught to sing his praise.

5 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
The rock on whose defence I rest ;
O'er highest heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
Who me with his salvation blest.

PSALM XVIII. (O. V.) C. M.

O God, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love thee ;