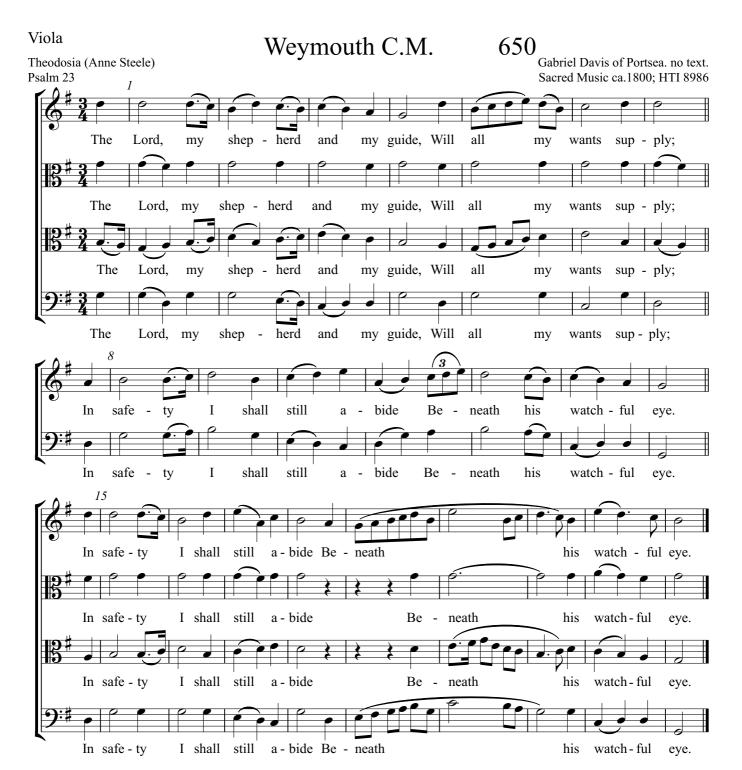


If from his fold I thoughtless stray, He leads the wand'rer home; And shews my erring feet the way Where dangers cannot come.

Tho' hast'ning to the silent tomb, And death's dark shades appear; Thy presence, Lord, shall chear the gloom, And banish ev'ry fear. No evil can my soul dismay, While I am near my God; My comfort, my support and stay, Thy staff and guiding rod.

Thy constant bounties me surround, Amid my envious foes; My favour'd head with gladness crown'd, My cup with blessings flows.



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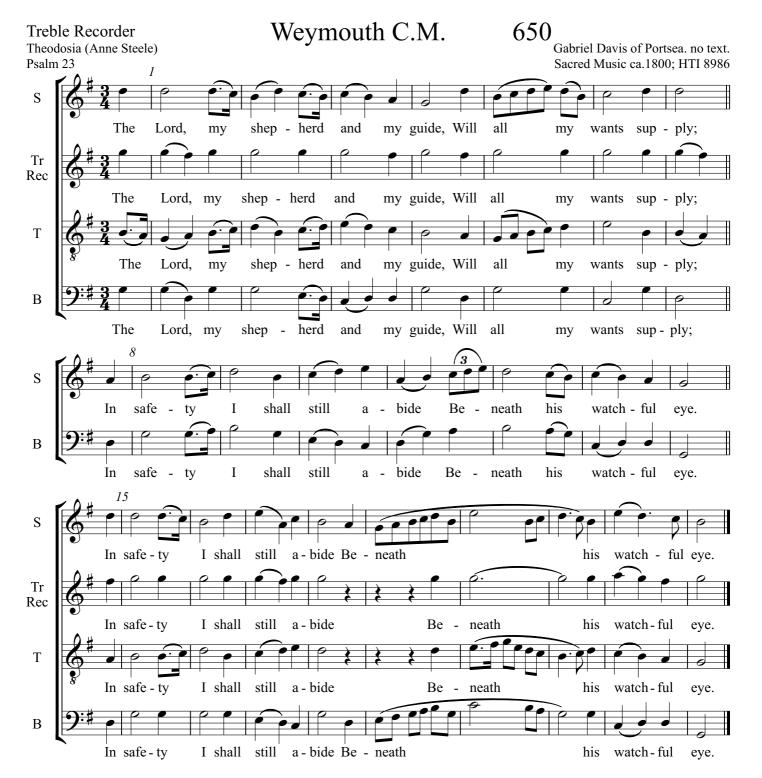
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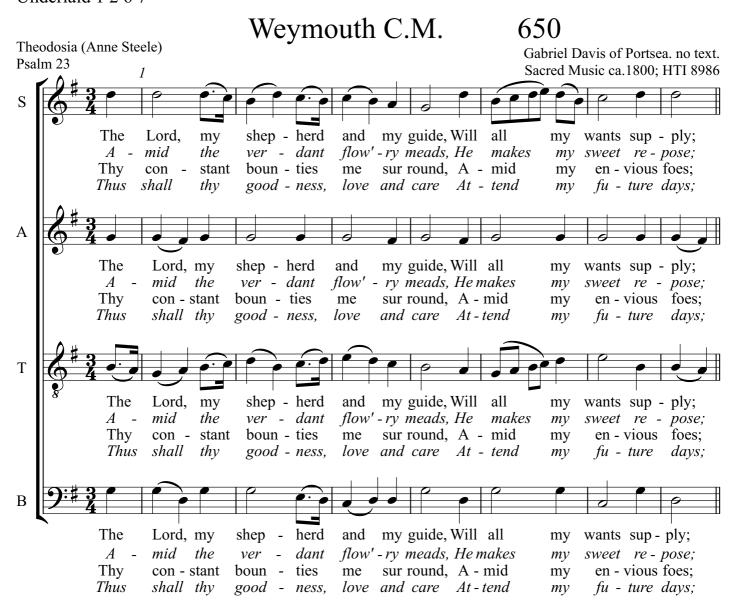
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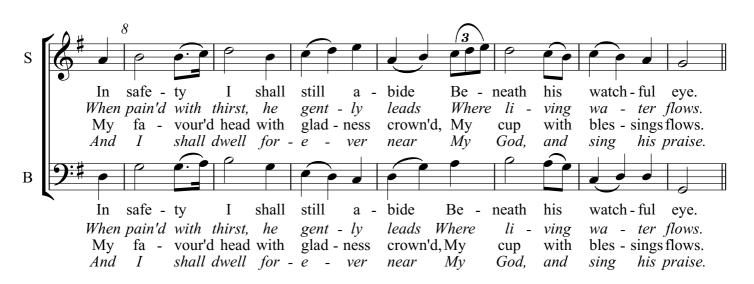


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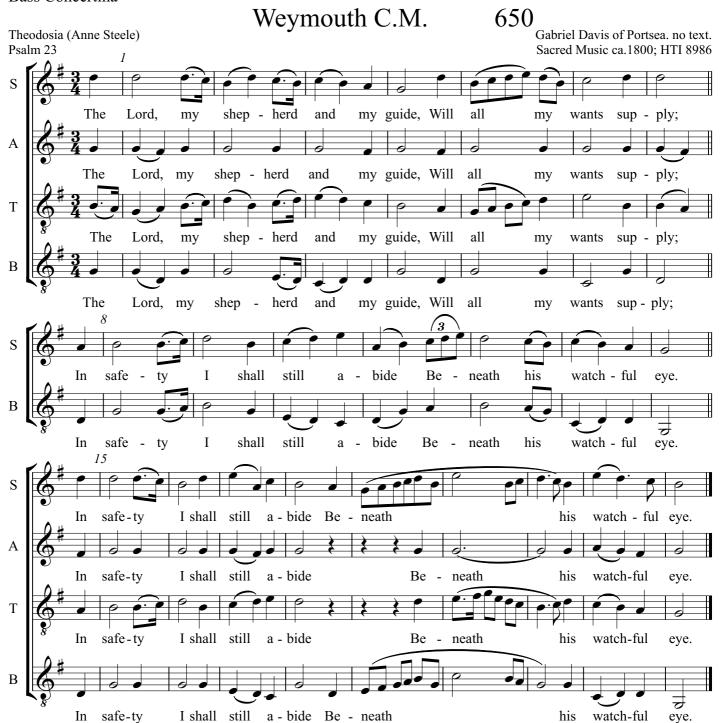
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