The Tender Love a Father Has

The tender love a father has for
The Lord remembers we are dust, and
The flower is withered by the wind that
Unchanging is the love of God, from
Those who his gracious covenant keep the

all his children dear—such love the Lord be-
all our frailty knows; our life is like the
smites with blighting breath; so we are quickly
age to age the same, displayed to all who
Lord will ever bless; their children's children

stows on those who worship him in fear.
tender grass, and as the flower it grows.
swept away before the blast of death.
do his will and reverence his name.
shall rejoice to see his righteousness.