

## DUNLAP'S CREEK. C.M.

1. My God, my por-tion, and my love, My ev-er-last-ing all, I've none but Thee in heav'n a-bove, Or on this earth-ly ball.

2. What emp-ty things are all the skies, And this in-fe-rior clod! There's noth-ing here de-serves my joys, There's noth-ing like my God.

3. In vain the bright, the burn-ing sun, Scat-ters his fee-ble light; 'Tis Thy sweet beams cre-ate my noon, If Thou with-draw 'tis night.