

## Watertown

Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1803.

Samuel Babcock, 1803

Tr. 1. Je - sus, my shep - herd and my friend, My pro - phet, priest, and King; My Lord, my life, my

T. 2. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - lie - ver's ear! It soothes his sor - rows,

B.

Tr. way, my end, Ac - cept the praise I bring. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, and

T. 8 heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. It makes the woun - ded spi - rit whole, And

B.

Tr. cold my war - mest thought; But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I

T. 8 calms the trou - bled breast; 'Tis man - na for the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry

B.

Tr. 1. 2. 30 ought. But ought. 'Till then I would thy love pro - claim, With eve - ry flee - ting breath, And

T. 8 rest. 'Tis rest. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hi - ding place; My

B.

Tr. may the mu-sic of thy name Re - fresh my soul in death. And may the mu - sic of thy name Re -

T. ne - ver-fai-ling trea-sury filled With bound-less stores of grace, My ne - ver-fai - ling trea - sury filled with

B. ne - ver-fai-ling trea-sury filled With bound-less stores of grace, My ne - ver-fai - ling trea - sury filled with

Tr. 1. 45. 2. fresh my soul in death. And death.

T. 8 bound - less stores of grace. My grace.

B. bound - less stores of grace. My grace.