

Watertown

Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1803.

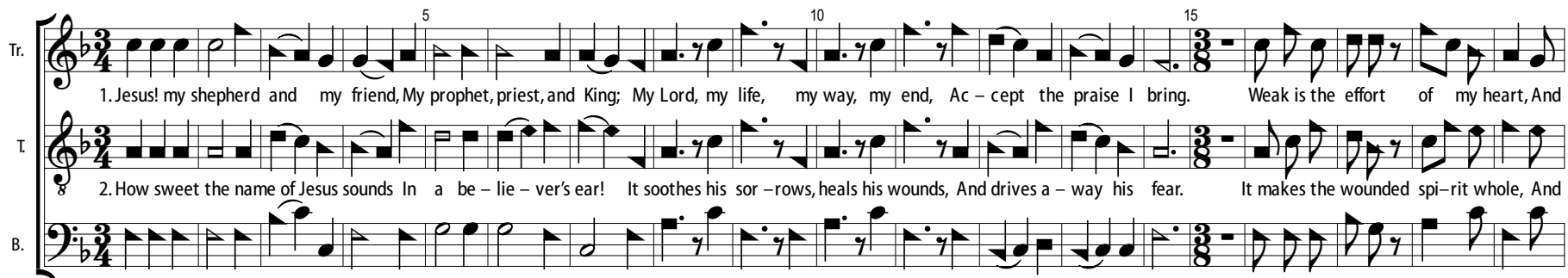
Tr. 5 10 15

1. Jesus! my shepherd and my friend, My prophet, priest, and King; My Lord, my life, my way, my end, Ac - cept the praise I bring. Weak is the effort of my heart, And

T. 8

2. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be - lie - ver's ear! It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. It makes the wounded spi - rit whole, And

B.



Tr. 20 25 30 1. 2.

cold my war - mest thought; But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought. But ought. 'Till then I would thy love proclaim With

T. 8

calms the trou - bled breast; 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest. 'Tis rest. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My

B.



Tr. 35 40 1. 45 2.

every fleeting breath, And may the music of thy name Refresh my soul in death. And may the music of thy name Re - fresh my soul in death. And death.

T. 8

shield and hiding place; My never - fail - ing treasury filled With boundless stores of grace. My ne - ver - fail - ing treasury filled With boundless stores of grace. My grace.

B.

