

Isaac Watts, 1709  
Hymn 15, Book 2

88. 88. (L. M.)

Transcribed from *The Columbian Repository*, 1803.

A Major

Samuel Holyoke, 1803

5

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be - gone, Let my re - li-gious hours a - lone: Fain would my eyes my  
2. Blest Je - sus, what de - li - cious fare! How sweet thy en - ter - tain - ments are! Ne - ver did an - gels

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be - gone, Let my re - li-gious hours a - lone: Fain  
2. Blest Je - sus, what de - li - cious fare! How sweet thy en - ter - tain - ments are! Ne-

Sa - vior see; Fain would my eyes my Sa - vior see; I wait a vi - sit, Lord, from thee,  
taste a - bove, Ne - ver did an - gels taste a - bove Re - dee - ming grace and dy - ing love.

Fain would my eyes my Sa - vior see. I wait a vi - sit, Lord, from thee.  
Ne - ver did an - gels taste a - bove Re - dee - ming grace and dy - ing love.

would my eyes my Sa - vior see, I  
ver did an - gels taste a - bove Ree -

Fain would my eyes my Sa - vior see, I  
Ne - ver did an - gels taste a - bove Ree -

I wait a vi - sit Lord from thee. My heart grows  
Re - dee - ming grace and dy - ing love. Hail, great Im -

I wait a vi - sit Lord from thee. My heart grows  
Re - dee - ming grace and dy - ing love.

wait a vi - sit, Lord, from thee, I wait a vi - sit, Lord, from thee. My heart grows  
dee - ming grace and dy - ing love, Re - dee - ming grace and dy - ing love. Hail, great Im -

wait a vi - sit, Lord, from thee, I wait a vi - sit, Lord, from thee. My heart grows  
dee - ming grace and dy - ing love, Re - dee - ming grace and dy - ing love.

20

Tr. warm with ho - ly fire, And kin-dles with a pure de - sire: Come, my dear Je - sus from a - bove, And man - uel, all di - vine, In thee thy Fa-ther's glo-ries shine; Thou bright-est sweet-est fair-est one That

C. Come, my dear Je - sus from a - bove, And Thou bright-est sweet-est fair-est one That

T. 8 warm with ho - ly fire, And kin-dles with a pure de - sire: And That

B. warm with ho - ly fire, And kin-dles with a pure de - sire: Fa-ther's glo-ries shine;

25

30

Tr. feed my soul with heaven-ly love. Come my dear Je - sus from a - bove, and feed my soul with eyes have seen or an - gels known. Thou bright-est sweet-est fair-est one, That

C. feed my soul with heaven-ly love. Come my dear Je - sus from a - bove, and feed my soul with eyes have seen or an - gels known. Thou bright-est sweet-est fair-est one, That

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35

Tr. heaven-ly love. Come, my dear Je - sus from a - bove, And feed my soul with heaven-ly love. an - gels known. Thou bright-est sweet-est fair-est one That eyes have seen or an - gels known.

C. -

T. 8 heaven-ly love. Come, my dear Je - sus from a - bove, And feed my soul with heaven-ly love. an - gels known. Thou bright-est sweet-est fair-est one That eyes have seen or an - gels known.

B. -

Edited by B. C. Johnston. 2020. *Counter* part written, in part taken from lower "choosing notes" from original Treble.