

WESTFORD L. M.

"Therefore sprang there even one, and him as good as dead, so many as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the sea shore innumerable." – Heb. 1:2

Isaac Watts, 1707

Key of Bb Major

Daniel Reed, 1806

Fain would my eyes my
Let my re - li - gious hours a - lone,
Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, Let my re - li - gious hours a - lone, Fain would my eyes my
I wait a vis - it, Lord, from Thee, Fain would my eyes my Sav - ior see, I wait a
Sav - ior see, Fain would my eyes my Sav - ior see, I wait a
Fain would my eyes my Sav - ior see, I wait a
Sav - ior see, I wait a vis - it, Lord, from Thee.

WESTFORD L. M.

vis - it, Lord, from Thee. My heart grows warm with ho - ly fire, And kin - dles with a pure de - sire. Come, my dear
vis - it, Lord, from Thee.
vis - it, Lord, from Thee. My heart grows warm with ho - ly fire, And kin - dles with a pure de - sire. Come, my dear

Je - sus, from a - bove, And feed my soul with heav'n - ly love; Blest Je - sus, what de - li - cious fare! How
Je - sus, from a - bove, And feed my soul with heav'n - ly love; Blest Je - sus, what de - li - cious fare! How

WESTFORD L. M.

sweet Thine en - ter - tain-ments are! Nev - er did an - gels taste a - bove, Re - deem-ing grace and dy - ing love. love.

sweet Thine en - ter - tain-ments are! Nev - er did an - gels taste a - bove, Re - deem-ing grace and dy - ing love. love.