

Isaac Watts, 1709 (Hymn 70, Book 1) 88. 88. (L. M.) No copyright. Transcribed from the American Musical Magazine, 1786.

F Major Daniel Read, 1786



- 4. Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives The hope thine invitation gives; To thee our joyful lips shall raise The voice of prayer and of praise.
- 5. I am my Love's, and he is mine; Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join; Nor let a motion, nor a word, Nor thought, arise to grieve my Lord.
- 6. My soul to pastures fair he leads, Amongst the lilies where he feeds Amongst the saints, whose robes are white, Washed in his blood, is his delight.
- 7. Till the day break, and shadows flee, Till the sweet dawning light I see, Thine eyes to me-ward often turn, Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

8. Be like a hart on mountains green, Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin; Nor guilt nor unbelief divide My Love, my Savior, from my side.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2015 Counter transposed down one octave, except measures 14-15 and 19-20, "He gently speaks."