


Andover

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D Major
Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble




1. Of all the joys that mor-tals know, Je - sus, Thy love ex - ceeds the
2. While I am held in His em - brace, There's not a thought at - tempts to

Tenor




3. If He with - draw a mo-ment's space, He leaves a sac - red pledge be -
4. When round His courts by day I rove, Or ask the watch - men of the

Bass




Tr




rest; Love the best bles - sing here be - low, And near - est im - age of the blest.
rove; Each smile He wears up - on His face Fix - es, and tires, and charms my love.

T




hind; Here in this breast His im-age stays, The grief and com - fort of my mind.
night, For some kind ti - dings of my love, His ve - ry name cre - ates de - light.

B




Tr




Sweet are my thoughts and soft my cares, When the ce -
He speaks, and straight im - mor - tal joys Run through my

T



While of His ab - sence I com - plain, And long, and
Je - sus, my God! Yet ra - ther come, Mine eyes would

B



Tr
les-tial flame I feel; In all my hopes and all my fears, There's some-thing kind and
ears and reach my heart; My soul all melts at that dear voice, And plea-sure shoots through

T
weep, as lo - vers do, There's a strange plea-sure in the pain, And tears have their own
dwell up - on Thy face; Tis best to see my Lord at home, And feel the pre - sence

B

Tr
plea-sing still, In all my hopes and all my fears, There's some-thing kind and plea-sing
eve - ry part; My soul all melts at that dear voice, And plea-sure shoos through eve - ry

T
sweet-ness too; There's a strange plea-sure in the pain, And tears hav their own sweet-ness
of His grace; Tis best to see my Lord at home, And feel the pre - sence of His

B

Tr
still, There's some - thing kind and plea - sing still.
part, And plea - sure shoots through eve - ry part.

T
too, And tears have their own sweet - ness too.
grace, And feel the pre - sence of His grace.

B