

Isaac Watts
(1674-1748)

Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone

Henry Thomas Smart
(1813-1879)

Hampton 88. 88 (L.M.)

Far from my thoughts, vain world, be-gone, Let my re - lig - ious hours a - lone:
My heart grows warm with ho - ly fire, And kin - dles with a pure de - sire:
The trees of life im - mor - tal stand In frag - rant rows at Thy right hand;
Haste, then, but with a smil - ing face, And spread the ta - ble of Thy grace;
Bless'd Je - sus, what de - lic - ious fare! How sweet Thy en - ter - tain-ments are!
Hail, great Im - man - uel, all di - vine! In Thee Thy Fa - ther's glo - ries shine;

Fain would my__ eyes my Sa-viour__ see; I wait a__ vi - sit, Lord, from_ Thee.
Come, my dear__ Je - sus, from a__ bove, And feed my__ soul with heav'n - ly__ love.
And in sweet_ mur-murs, by their__ side, Ri - vers of__ bliss per - pet - ual__ glide.
Bring down a__ taste of fruit di__ vine, And cheer my__ heart with sac - red__ wine.
Ne - ver did__ an - gels taste a__ bove Re - deem-ing__ grace, and dy - ing__ love.
Thou bright-est, __ sweet-est, fair - est__ One, That eyes have_ seen or an - gels__ known.