

Westford

5 10

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2. Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

1. Fain would my eyes my Savior see;
2. And in sweet murmurs, by their side,

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1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone, Let my religious hours alone.
2. The trees of life immortal stand In fragrant rows at thy right hand;

15 20 25

1. I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee. My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kindles with a pure desire. Come, my dear Jesus, from above, And feed my soul with heavenly love.
2. Rivers of bliss perpetual glide. Haste, then, but with a smiling face, And spread the table of thy grace; Bring down a taste of fruit divine, And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

Tr. C. T. B.

30 35 1. 2.

1. Blest Jesus, what delicious fare, How sweet Thy entertainments are. Never did angels taste above Redeeming grace and dying love. Blest dying love.
 2. Hail, great Immanuel, all divine! In Thee Thy Father's glories shine; Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one, That eyes have seen or angels known. Hail angels known.