

Isaac Watts, 1707

Christ found in the street, and brought to the church

(Hymn 71, Book 1)


88. 88. (L. M.)

Venice

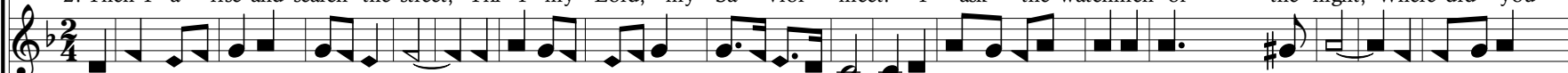
Transcribed from *The New American Melody*, 1789.

D minor


Jacob French, 1789

Tr.  5 10 15

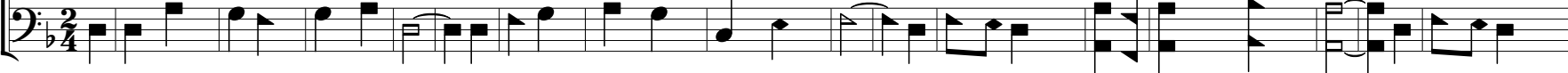
1. Of - ten I seek my Lord by night, Je - sus, my Love, my soul's de - light; With warm de - sire and rest - less thought I seek him
2. Then I a - rise and search the street, Till I my Lord, my Sa - vior meet: I ask the watchmen of the night, Where did you


C. 

3. Sometimes I find him in my way, Di - rec - ted by a hea - venly ray; I leap for joy to see his face, And hold him
4. I bring him to my mother's home, Nor does my Lord re - fuse to come To Zi - on's sa - cred cham - bers, where My soul first

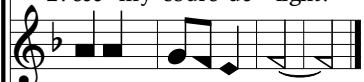
T.  8

5. He gives me there his bleeding heart, Pierced for my sake with dead - ly smart; I give my soul to him, and there Our loves their
6. I charge you, all ye earth - ly toys, Approach not to dis - turb my joys; Nor sin nor hell come near my heart, Nor cause my


B. 

Tr.  20

1. oft, but find him not.
2. see my soul's de - light?"

C. 

3. fast in mine em - brace.
4. drew the vi - tal air.

T.  8

5. mu - tual to - kens share.
6. Sa - vior to de - part.

B. 