

Isaac Watts, 1707

Christ found in the street, and brought to the church

(Hymn 71, Book 1)


88. 88. (L. M.)

Transcribed from *The New American Melody*, 1789.


D minor

Jacob French, 1789


Venice

Tr.  5 10


1. Of - ten I seek my Lord by night, Je - sus my Love, my soul's de - light; With
2. Then I a - rise and search the street, Till I my Lord, my Sa - vior meet: I


C. 

3. Some - times I find him in my way, Di - rec - ted by a hea - venly ray; I
4. I bring him to my mo - ther's home, Nor does my Lord re - fuse to come To


T. 

5. He gives me there his blee - ding heart, Pierced for my sake with dead - ly smart; I
6. I charge you, all ye earth - ly toys, Ap - proach not to dis - turb my joys; Nor


B. 

Tr.  15 20

warm de - sire and rest - less thought I seek him oft, but find him not.
ask the watch-men of the night, Where did you see my soul's de - light?

C. 

leap for joy to see his face, And hold him fast in mine em - brace.
Zi - on's sa - cred cham - bers, where My soul first drew the vi - tal air.

T. 

give my soul to him, and there Our loves their mu - tual to - kens share.
sin nor hell come near my heart, Nor cause my Sa - vior to de - part.

B. 