

Isaac Watts, 1719  
(Hymn 11)

# Newport

No copyright. Transcribed from The American Singing-Book, 1786.

B minor  
Daniel Read, 1785

Treble

Alto

Tenor

Bass

1. I send the joys of earth a - way, A - way ye temp - ters of the mind. False as the smooth, de - ceit - ful sea and empty as the whistling wind.

2. Lord, I a - dore Thy matchless grace, that warned me of that dark a - byss. that drew me from those treacherous seas, and bade me seek superior bliss.

5 10

Tr.

A.

T.

B.

1. Your streams were floating me along, Down to the gulf of dark des - pair. And while I listened to your song, Your streams had e'en con - veyed me there.

2. Now to the shin - ing realms above, I stretch my hands and glance my eyes, O for the pinions of a dove, to bear me to the up - per skies.

15 20