

B Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Daniel Read, 1785.

1. I send the joys of earth a - way; Away, ye temp - ters of the mind, False as the smooth, deceitful 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 treach'rous seas,  
And bade me seek superior bliss.

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

Now to the shining 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.