

A Major. Isaac Watts, 1706.

Arr. James C. Lowry, 1820.

1. I'm tired of vis - its, modes, and forms, And flatt'ries paid to fel - low worms; Their con - ver - sa - tion cloy. Their vain a -

2. When he be - gins to tell his love, Thro' ev - 'ry vein my pas - sions move, The cap - tives of his tongue; In midnight

3. Fly from my thoughts, all hu - man things And sporting swains, and fight - ing kings, And tales of wanton love; My soul dis -

mours and empty stuff; But I can ne'er en - joy e - nough Of thy best com - pa - ny, my Lord, Thou life of all my joys.

shades, on frost - y ground, I could at - tend the pleasing sound; Nor should I feel De - cem - ber cold, Nor think the sea - sons long.

dains that lit - tle snare, The tan - gles of A - mir - a's hair; Thine arms, my God, are sweet - er bands, Nor can my heart re - move.