

METRE 2 Isaac Watts

BEDFORD C.M.

William Wheall

1. Ear - ly my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face, My thirst - y spir - it faints a - way, With - out thy cheer - ing grace.

2. So pil - grims on the scorch - ing sand, Be - neath a burn - ing sky, Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

3. I've seen thy glo - ry and thy power Through all thy tem - ple shine; My God, re - peat that heaven - ly hour, That vis - ion so di - vine.

4. Not all the bless - ings of a feast Can please my soul so well, As when thy rich - er grace I taste, And in thy pres - ence dwell.