

WETHERSFIELD L.M.

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, Let my re-li-gious hours a-lone: Fain would my eyes my Sa-vior see— I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee!

2. Haste then, but with a smi-ling face, And spread the ta-ble of thy grace; Bring down a taste of truth di-vine, and cheer my heart with sa-cred wine.

My heart grows warm with ho-ly fire, And kin-dles with a pure de-sire; Come my dear Je - sus from a-bove, And feed my soul with heav'n - ly love.

Bless'd Je - sus, what de - li-cious fare! How sweet thy en - ter-tain-ments are! Nev-er did an - gels taste a-bove Re-deem-ing grace and dy - ing love.

The trees of life im - mor-tal stand, In bloom-ing rows at thy right hand, And in sweet mur - murs by thy side Riv - ers of bliss per - pe-tual glide.

Hail great Im-man - uel, all di - vine! In thee thy Fa-ther's glo-ries shine, Thou bright-est, sweet-est, fair-est One, That eyes have seen or an-gels known.