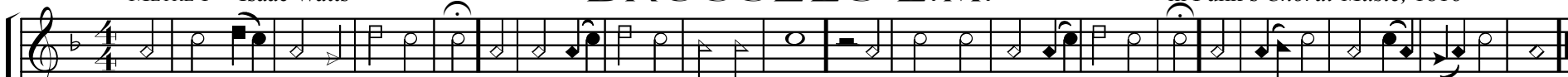


METRE 1 Isaac Watts

# BRUSSELS L.M.

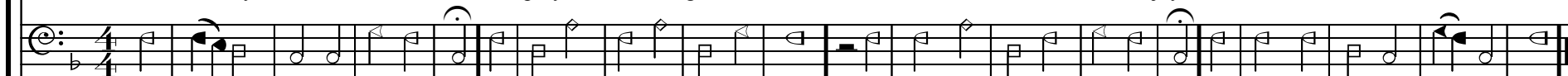
in Funk's *Choral-Music*, 1816



1. When shall thy love-ly face be seen? When shall our eyes be-hold our God? What lengths of distance lie between, And hills of guilt, a heav - y load.  
2. Our months are a - ges of de - lay, And slow-ly eve-ry moment wears; Fly, wing-ed time, and roll a-way These te-dious rounds of slug-gish years



3. Ye heav'n-ly gates loose all your chains, Let the e - ter-nal pil-lars bow; Blest Sa-vior, cleave the starry plains, And make the crys-tal foun-tains flow.  
4. Hark, how thy saints u-nite their cries, And pray and wait the gen-eral doom; Come, thou the soul of all our joys, Thou the de - sire of na-tions, come.



5. Our heartstrings groan with deep complaint, Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee; And eve - ry limb and eve-ry joint Stretches for im - mor - ta - li - ty.