

Far from My Thoughts
Isaac Watts, 1707-09.
Henry Smart.

Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Savior see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.

My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows at Thy right hand;
And in sweet murmurs, by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of Thy grace;
Bring down a taste of fruit divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet Thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In Thee Thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen or angels known.