

I Send the Joys of Earth Away

Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

Joseph Funk(1778-1862)

I send the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

Your streams were floating me along
Down the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.