

WESTFORD. L.M.

"Therefore sprang there even of one, and him as good as dead, so many as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the seashore innumerable." -- Heb. 11:12.

Bb Major Isaac Watts, 1707.

Daniel Read, 1785.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The second and third staves are also treble clefs with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "I wait a Fain would my eyes my Sav - ior see, Let my re - li - gious hours a - lone, Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, Let my re - li - gious hours a - lone, Fain would my eyes my Sav - ior see, I wait a

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The second and third staves are also treble clefs with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "vis - it, Lord, from Thee, Fain would my eyes my Sav - ior see, I wait a vis - it, Lord, from Thee. My heart grows warm with Fain would my eyes my Sav - ior see, I wait a vis - it, Lord, from Thee. My heart grows warm with Fain would my eyes my Sav - ior see, I wait a vis - it, Lord, from Thee. My heart grows warm with vis - it, Lord, from Thee, Fain would my eyes my Sav - ior see, I wait a vis - it, Lord, from Thee. 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; Blest

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; Blest

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

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