

BEDMINSTER C.M.

Doddridge, 1740

CW 2015



Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Behold my heart and see;
And turn each cursed idol out, That dares to rival thee.

Is not thy name melodious still To my attentive ear; Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?



Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy, When Jesus cannot move.

Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord, But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys, That I may love Thee more.

