Sharon

Isaac Watts, 1707

Tr. Transcribed from The Psalmodist's Assistant, 1806.

1. Be hold the Rose of Sharon here, The Lily which the valleys bear;
   Behold the Tree of Life, that gives Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.

2. Be neath his cooling shade I sat, To shield me from the burning heat;
   Of heav'ly fruit he spreads a feast, To feed mine eyes and please my taste.

3. With living bread and gen'rous wine, He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
   And op'ning his own heart to me, He shows his thoughts how kind they be.

T. Among the thorns so lilies shine; Among wild gourds the noble vine;
   Kindly he brought me to the place Where stands the banquet of his grace;
   He saw me faint, and o'er my head The banner of his love he spread.

C. Kindly he brought me to the place Where stands the banquet of his grace;
   He saw me faint, and o'er my head The banner of his love he spread.
   So in mine eyes my Savior proves, Amid a thousand meaner loves.

B. O never let my Lord depart; Lie down, and rest upon my heart;
   I charge my sins not once to move, Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my Love.