

METRE 2 Philip Doddridge

# DETROIT C.M.

Bradshaw

1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Be - hold my heart and see; And turn each curs-ed i - dol out, That dares to ri - val thee.

2. Do not I love thee from my soul? Then let me noth-ing love; Dead be my heart to eve - ry joy, When Je - sus can-not move.

3. Is not thy name me-lo - dious still, To mine at - ten - tive ear? Doth not each pulse with pleas-ure bound, My Savior's voice to hear.

4. Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock, I would disdain to feed? Hast thou a foe before whose face I fear thy cause to plead?

5. Thou know'st I love thee, dear-est Lord; But O! I long to soar, Far from the sphere of mor - tal joys, And learn to love thee more.