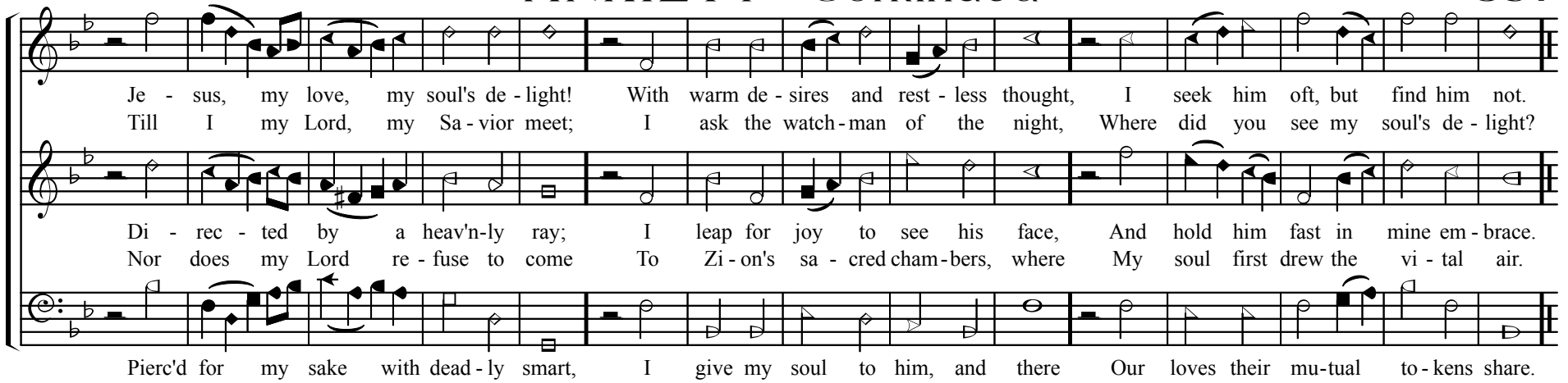


ANXIETY—Continued

397



Je - sus, my love, my soul's de - light! With warm de - sires and rest - less thought, I seek him oft, but find him not.
Till I my Lord, my Sa - vior meet; I ask the watch - man of the night, Where did you see my soul's de - light?

Di - rec - ted by a heav'n - ly ray; I leap for joy to see his face, And hold him fast in mine em - brace.
Nor does my Lord re - fuse to come To Zi - on's sa - cred cham - bers, where My soul first drew the vi - tal air.

Pierc'd for my sake with dead - ly smart, I give my soul to him, and there Our loves their mu - tual to - kens share.