

DETROIT. C.M.

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William 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 I not love Thee from my soul? Then let me noth-ing love; Dead be my heart to ev-'ry joy, When Je-sus can-not move.

3. Is not Thy name me-lo-dious still To my at-ten-tive ear? Doth not each pulse with plea-sure bound, My Sav-ior's voice to hear.