

BRENTFORD. L.M.



1. Lord, when my thoughts de-light-ed rove A-mid the won-ders of Thy love, Sweet hope re-vives my droop-ing heart, And bids in-trud-ing fears de-part.



2. Re - pen - tant sor - row fills my heart, But min - gling joy al - lays the smart; Oh! may my fu - ture life de - clare The sor - row and the joy sin - cere.



3. Be all my heart and all my days De - vot - ed to my Sav - iour's praise; And let my glad o - be - dience prove, How much I owe, how much I love.

