So New Born Babes Desire the Breast

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
So new born babes de- sire the breast To

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
feed, and grow, and thrive: So

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
saints with joy the gospel taste, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
by the gospel live.

The other verses

2 With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.

3 Not all the flattering baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heavenly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.

4 Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith like a conqueror can produce
A thousand victories.

5 Grace like an uncorrupting seed
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

6 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfil.

7 They find access at every hour,
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

9 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine,
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say, "My Father God,"
With an unwavering tongue.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.