

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust,
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust,
O turn these eyes of mine.

- 2 I need the influence of Thy grace
To speed me in Thy way,
Lest I should linger in the race,
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When I have learned Thy glorious will,
I'll teach the world Thy ways:
These thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
Shall sound aloud Thy praise.
- 4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are the great pillars of my hope,
And there I base my praise.
- 5 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 6 I chose the path of heavenly Truth,
And glory in that choice;
Not all the riches of this earth
Could make me so rejoice.