

Mine Eyes and My Desire
Isaac Watts, 1719.
Orlando Gibbons(1583-1625)

Mine eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead His promises,
And rest upon His Word.

Turn, turn Thee to my soul,
Bring Thy salvation near;
When will Thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

With humble faith I wait
To see Thy face again:
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.