

My Soul Lies Cleaving to the Dust
Isaac Watts, 1719.
Edinburgh Psalter, 1615.

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

I need the influence of Thy grace
To speed me in Thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

When sore afflictions press me down,
I need Thy quickening powers;
Thy Word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Are not Thy mercies sovereign still,
And Thou a faithful God?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?

Does not my heart Thy precepts love,
And long to see Thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

Then shall I love Thy Gospel more,
And ne'er forget Thy Word,
When I have felt its quickening power,
To draw me near the Lord.