

My Soul Lies Cleaving to the Dust

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: 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 heavenly 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 neer forget Thy Word,  
When I have felt its quickening power,  
To draw me near the Lord.