

Coventry

1. Man has a soul of vast de - sires; He burns with - in with rest - less fires;
2. In vain on earth we hope to find Some so - lid good to fill the mind;
3. So when a ra - ging fe - ver burns, We shift from side to side by turns,
4. Great God, sub - due this vi - cious thirst, This love to va - ni - ty and dust;

Tossed to an fro, his pas - sions fly from va - ni - ty to va - ni - ty. va - ni - ty.
We try new plea - sures, but we feel The in - ward thirst and tor - ment still. tor - ment still.
And 'tis a poor re - lief we gain, To change the place, but keep the pain. keep the pain.
Cure the vile fe - ver of the mind, And feed our souls with joys re - fined. joys re - fined.