

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 119, Part 16) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm

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D minor
Oliver Holden, 1796

1. My soul lies cleaving to the dust;

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

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2. 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.

3. When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4. Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?

5. Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enliv'ning grace!

6. Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning power,
To draw me near the Lord.