My Soul Lies Cleaving to the Dust

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
My soul lies cleaving to the dust; Lord,

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
give me life di- vine; From

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
vain desires and every lust Turn

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
off these eyes of mine.

The other verses

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 quickening 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 heavenly road?

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

6 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.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.