My Spirit Sinks Within Me, Lord

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

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| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
  My      spirit sinks with-      in me, Lord, But

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
  I will call thy       name to mind, And

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
  times of past dis-          tress record, When

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
  I have found my       God was kind.
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The other verses

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say "My God, my heavenly Rock,
"Why doth thy love so long forget
"The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too,
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding Joy.

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