Why Is My Heart So Far from Thee

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Why is my heart so far from thee, My

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
God, my chief de- light? Why

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
are my thoughts no more by day With

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
thee, no more by night?

The other verses

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love;
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is pass'd,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Trifles of nature or of art
With fair deceitful charms
Intrude upon my thoughtless heart,
And thrust thee from my arms.

6 Then I repent and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so,
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

7 Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.

9 Wretch that I am to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); 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.