

# Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm

No copyright. Transcribed from *The Union Harmony*, 1796.

D minor  
Oliver Holden, 1796

Treble  
Counter  
Tenor  
Bass

My soul lies cleaving to the dust;

1. My soul lies cleaving to the dust; Lord, give me life di-vine;

1. My soul lies cleaving to the dust;

My soul lies cleaving to the dust;

Tr.  
C.  
T.  
B.

From vain de-sires and eve-ry lust, Turn off these eyes of mine, Turn off these eyes of mine.

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.

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?

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.

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.

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!