

Norton

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. Mine eyes and my de-sire are ev-er to the Lord: I love to plead His promises, and rest up-on His word.

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

1. I love to plead His promises, and rest up-on His word, I love to plead His promises, and rest up-on His word.

1. love to plead His prom-is-es, and rest up - on His word, I love to plead His prom-is - es, and rest up - on His word.

2. Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

4. The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

6. Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

8. With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again:
Of Isr'el it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

3. When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod?

5. With ev'ry morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

7. O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.