

# Woodbridge

Tr. 5 10

1. My soul lies cleaving to the dust; Lord, give me life di - vine; From vain desires and every lust Turn off these eyes of mine. Turn  
 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 a-stray. Or  
 3. When sore afflictions press me down, I need thy quickening powers; Thy word that I have rested on Shall help my heaviest hours. Shall

C.

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B.

1. From vain desires and every lust Turn off these eyes of mine. \_\_\_\_\_ From vain desires and every lust Turn  
 2. Lest I should loi - ter in my race, Or turn my feet a - stray. \_\_\_\_\_ Lest I should loiter in my race, Or  
 3. Thy word that I have rested on Shall help my hea - viest hours. \_\_\_\_\_ Thy word that I have rested on Shall

Tr. 1. 15 2.

C.

1. off these eyes of mine.  
 2. turn my feet a - stray.  
 3. help my hea - viest hours.

T.

B.

1. From  
 2. Lest  
 3. Thy