

Anne Steele, 1760
Imploring Divine Influences
88. 88. (L. M.)

St. Alban's

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D minor
Oliver Holden, 1803

1. My God, when'er my longing heart Its grateful tribute would impart, In vain my tongue, with feeble aim, Attempts the glories of Thy

2. O let Thy grace my heart inspire, And raise each languid, weak desire; Thy grace, which condescends to meet The sinner prostrate at Thy

3. Thy name inspires the harps above With harmony, and praise, and love; That grace, which tunes th' immortal strings, Looks kindly down on mortal

1. name. In vain my boldest thoughts arise, I sink to earth and lose the skies: Yet may I still Thy grace implore, And low in dust Thy name adore.

2. feet. With humble fear let love unite And mix devotion with delight; Then shall Thy name be all my joy, Thy praise, my constant blest employ.

3. things. O let Thy grace guide ev'ry song, And fill my heart and tune my tongue; Then shall the strain harmonious flow, And heav'n's sweet work begin below.