

My soul lies cleaving to the dust

Thomas Jarman

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Plaintive. C.M. Psalm 119. Pt. 17. Dr. Watts.

Text: Isaac Watts, on Ps 119

My soul lies cleaving to the dust; Lord, give me life di - vine: From
I need the in - fluence of thy grace To speed me in thy way, Lest
When sore af - flic - tions press me down, I need thy quick - 'ning pow'rs; Thy
Are not thy mer - cies sov - 'reign still, And thou a faith - ful God? Wilt

6 6 # 6 4 5 # 6 4 5 # 7 5 # 6 4 # #

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8

vain de - sires and ev - 'ry lust Turn off these eyes of mine.
I should loi - ter in my race, Or turn my feet a - stray.
word, that I have rest - ed on, Shall help my hea - viest hours.
thou not grant me warm - er zeal To run the heav'n - ly road?

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Notes: The original order of parts is Tenor - Alto - Air - [Bass]: the alto part is printed in the treble clef an octave above sounding pitch in the source. Only the first verse of the text is given in the source: three other verses have been added editorially. Although this tune is marked 'Psalm 119. Pt. 17. Dr. Watts' in the source, the text underlaid there is from the sixteenth of Watts' paraphrases of Ps. 119.