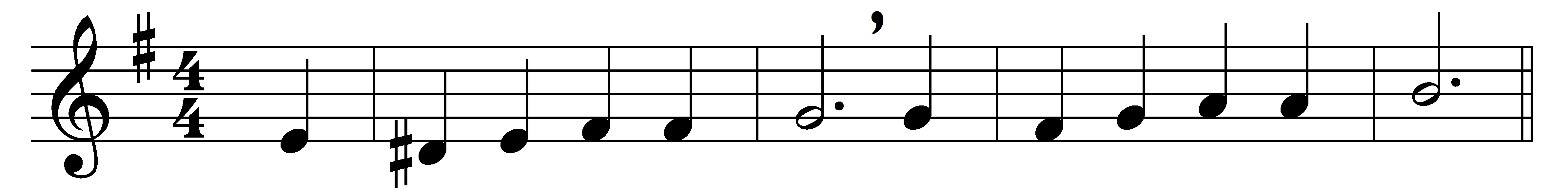
My spirit longs for thee AMNS 57 Melody: Eccles 66. 66.



My spirit longs for thee

within my troubled breast,

though I unworthy be

of so divine a guest.

Of so divine a guest

unworthy though I be,

yet has my heart no rest

unless it come from thee.

Unless it come from thee,

in vain I look around;

in all that I can see

no rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found

but in thy blessèd love:

O let my wish be crowned,

and send it from above!

Words: John Byrom (1692-1763)

Music: Bertram Luard Selby (1853-1918)