My Spirit Longs For Thee

BYROM S. M.

1. My spirit longs for Thee With in my troubled breast,
2. Of so divine a guest, Un - wor - thy tho' I be,
3. Un - less it come from Thee, In vain I look a round;
4. No rest is to be found But in Thy blessed love:

Un - wor - thy tho' I be, Of so divine a guest.
Yet has my heart no rest, Un - less it come from Thee.
In all that I can see, No rest is to be found.
O let my wish be crowned, And send it from a bove.

Words: John Byrom, 1773
Music: J. Barnby

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