

1. My spir - it longs for thee With - in my trou - bled breast,
 2. Of so di - vine a Guest Un - wor - thy though 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 bless - ed love:

1. Though I un - wor - thy be Of so di - vine a Guest.
 2. Yet has my heart no rest, Un - less it come from thee.
 3. In all that I can see No rest is to be found.
 4. O let my wish be crowned, And send it from a - bove.

Text: John Byrom (1692-1763), 1773

Music: ECCLES 66 66, Bertram Luard-Selby (1853-1918), 1904