## TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY



2. As toward her sun the sunflower turns, towards thee, my Sun, my spirit yearns; oh would that free from sin I might thus follow evermore thy Light!

- 3. But sin hath so within me wrought, such deadly sickness on me brought, my languid soul sits drooping here and cannot reach the heavenly sphere.
- 4. Ah how shall I my freedom win?
  How break this heavy yoke of sin?
  My fainting spirit thirsts for thee,

5. My heart is set to do thy will, but all my deeds are faulty still; my best attempts are nothing worth, but soiled with cleaving taint of earth.

come, Lord, to help and set me free.

6. Remember that I am thy child, forgive whate'er my soul defiled, blot out my sins, that I may rise freely, to thee beyond the skies.

7. Help me to love the world no more, be Master of my house and store, the shield of faith around me throw, and break the arrows of my foe.

8. Fain would my heart henceforward be fixed, O my God, alone on thee, that heart and soul by thee possessed, may find in thee their perfect rest.

9. Begone, ye pleasures false and vain, untasted, undesired remain! In heaven alone those joys abound, where all my true delight is found.

10. Oh take away whate'er has stood between me and the Highest Good;I ask no better boon than this, to find in God my only bliss.

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