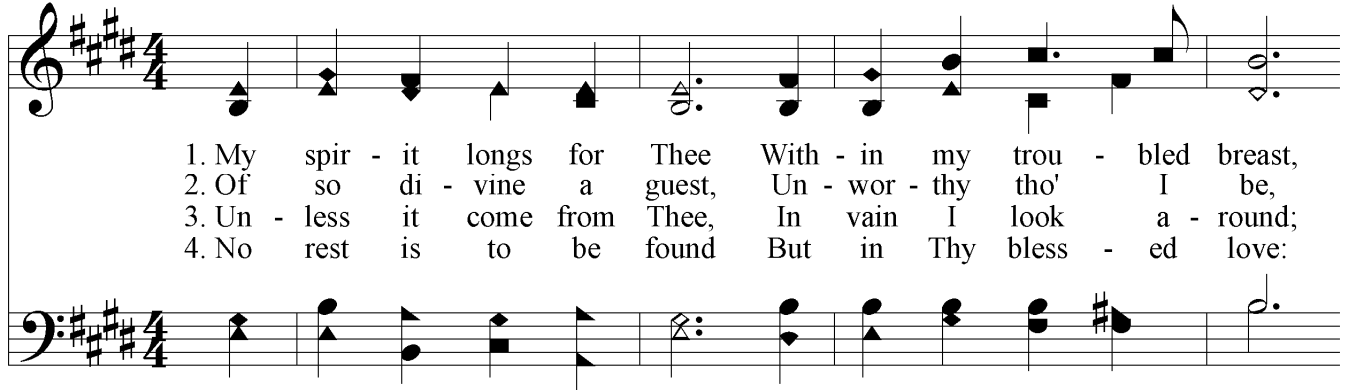
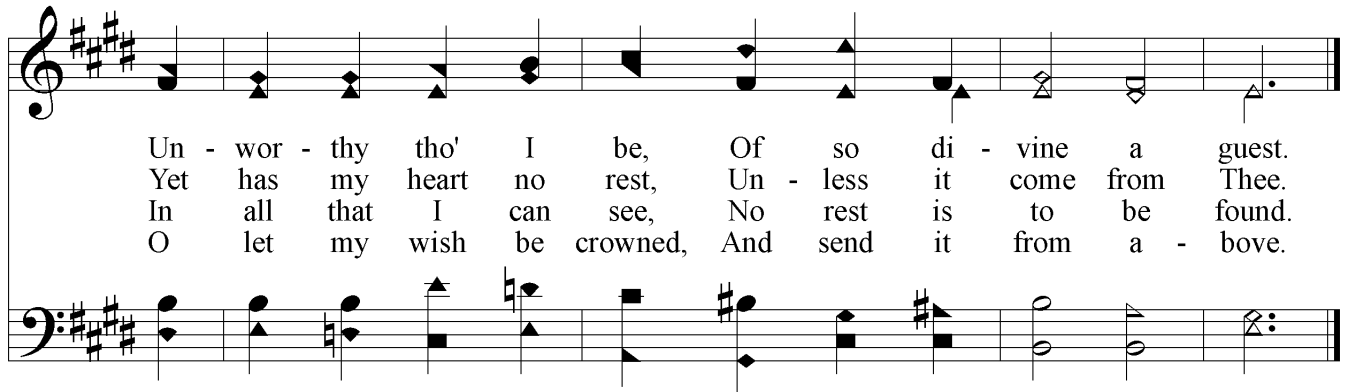


My Spirit Longs For Thee

BYROM S. M.



1. My spir - it longs for Thee With - in my trou - bled breast,
2. Of so di - vine 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 bless - ed love:



Un - wor - thy tho' I be, Of so di - vine 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.