


# Far From My Thoughts, Vain World, Be Gone

PENITENCE L. M.



1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone; Let my re - li - gious hours a - lone:  
2. My heart grows warm with ho - ly fire, And kin - dles with a pure de - sire  
3. When I can say that God is mine, When I can see Thy glo - ries shine,  
4. Send com - fort down from Thy right hand, To cheer me in this bar - ren land;



From flesh and sense I would be free, And hold com - mun - ion, Lord, with Thee.  
To see Thy grace, to taste Thy love, And feel Thine in - fluence from a - bove.  
I'll tread the world be - neath my feet, And all that men call rich and great.  
And in Thy tem - ple let me know The joys that from Thy pres - ence flow. A - men.