

MACARTE. 11s.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1833

Fynn Titford-Mock, 2014

1. Oh had I, my Sa-viour, the wings of a dove, How soon would I fly to thy pres-ence a - bove;
2. I flut - ter, I strug - gle, I pant to get free; I feel me a cap - tive while ban - ish'd from thee;
3. Ah, there the wild tem - pest for - ev - er shall cease; No bil - low shall ruf - fle that ha - ven of peace;
4. Soon, soon may this E - den of pro - mise be mine; Rise, bright sun of glo - ry, no more to de - cline:

How soon would I flee where the wea-ry have rest, And hide all my sor-row in thy shelt'-ring breast.
A pil - grim and stran-ger, the de - sert I roam, And look on to hea - ven, and long to be home.
Temp - ta - tion and trou - ble a - like shall de - part, All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.
Thy light, yet un - ris - en, the wild - er - ness cheers; O what will it be when the ful - ness ap - pears?