

ARBURY COURT. S.M.

Anne Steele, 1760

William Cleary, 2020

1. My God, to thee I call -- Must I forev - er mourn? So far from thee my life my all? O when wilt thou return? O when wilt thou return?

2. Dark as the shades of night My gloomy sorrows rise, And hide thy soul - re - vi - ving light From these desiring eyes. From these desiring eyes.

3. My comforts all decay, My inward foes prevail; If thou withhold thy heal - ing ray, Ex - piring hope will fail, Ex - piring hope will fail.

4. Away distressing fears,
My gracious God is nigh,
And heav'nly pity sees my tears,
And marks each rising sigh.

5. Dear source of all my joys,
And solace of my care,
O wilt thou hear my plaintive voice
And grant my humble pray'r!

6. These envious clouds remove,
Thy cheering light restore,
Confirm my int'rest in thy love
'Till I can doubt no more.

7. Then if my troubles rise,
To thee, my God, I'll flee,
And raise my hopes above the skies,
And cast my cares on thee.