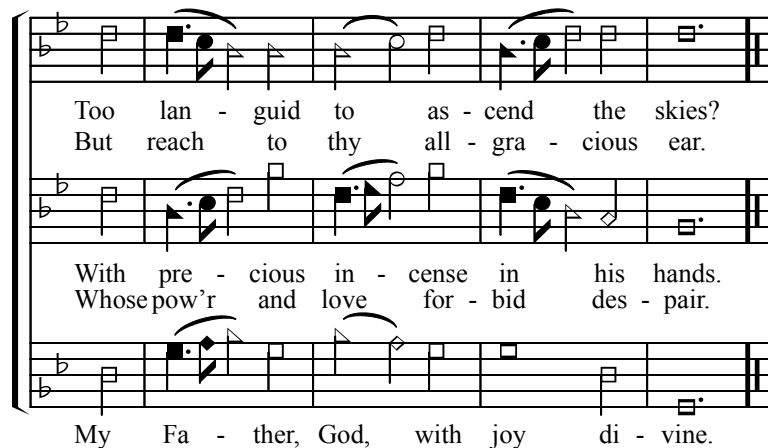


1. Where is my God? does he re-tire Be-yond the reach of hum-ble sighs? Are these weak brea-things of de-sire
 2. No, Lord, my brea-things of de-sire, My weak pe-ti-tions, if sin-cere, Are not for-bid-den to as-pire,
 3. Look up, my soul, with cheer-ful eye, See where the great Re-deem-er stands—The glo-rious Ad-vo-cate on high,
 4. He smiles on eve-ry hum-ble groan, He re-com-mends each bro-ken pray'r; Re-cline thy hope on him a-lone,
 5. Teach my weak heart, O gra-cious Lord, With strong-er faith to call thee mine; Bid me pro-nounce the bliss-ful word



Too lan-guid to as-cend the skies?
 But reach to thy all-gra-cious ear.
 With pre-cious in-cense in his hands.
 Whose pow'r and love for-bid des-pair.
 My Fa-ther, God, with joy di-vine.