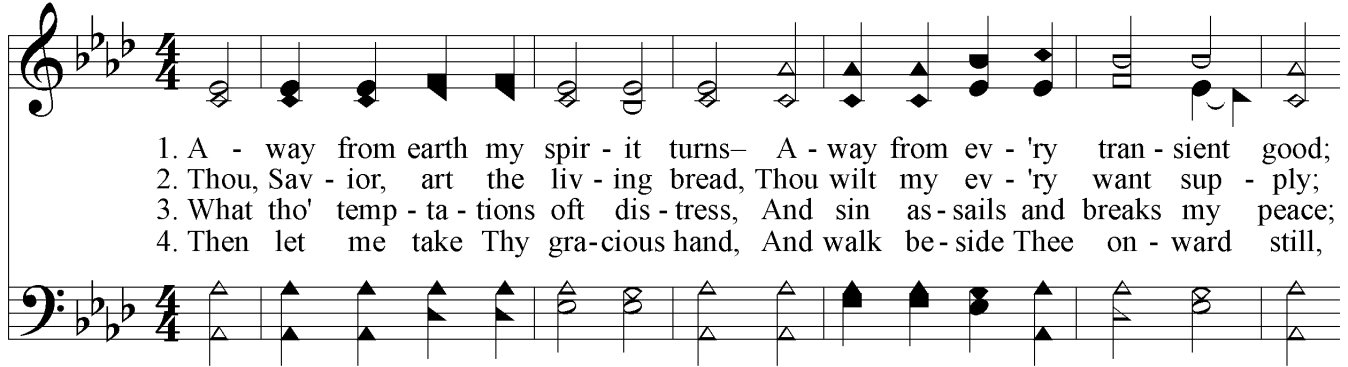
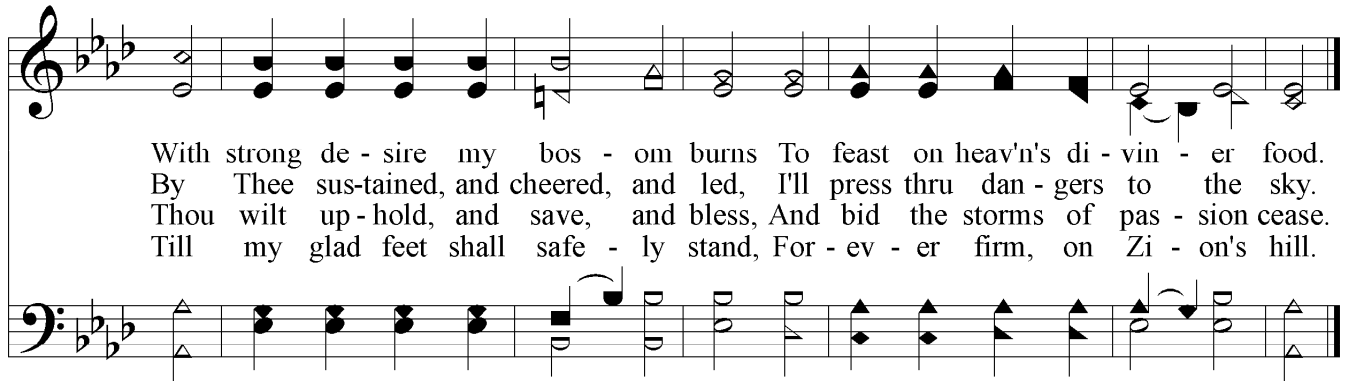


# Away From Earth My Spirit Turns



1. A - way from earth my spir - it turns— A - way from ev - 'ry tran - sient good;  
2. Thou, Sav - ior, art the liv - ing bread, Thou wilt my ev - 'ry want sup - ply;  
3. What tho' temp - ta - tions oft dis - tress, And sin as - sails and breaks my peace;  
4. Then let me take Thy gra - cious hand, And walk be - side Thee on - ward still,



With strong de - sire my bos - om burns To feast on heav'n's di - vin - er food.  
By Thee sus - tained, and cheered, and led, I'll press thru dan - gers to the sky.  
Thou wilt up - hold, and save, and bless, And bid the storms of pas - sion cease.  
Till my glad feet shall safe - ly stand, For - ev - er firm, on Zi - on's hill.