Far From My Thoughts, Vain World, Be Gone
PENITENCE L. M.

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone; Let my re-ligious hours a-lone:
2. My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kindles with a pure desire
3. When I can say that God is mine, When I can see Thy glories shine,
4. Send comfort down from Thy right hand, To cheer me in this barren land;

From flesh and sense I would be free, And hold communion, Lord, with Thee.
To see Thy grace, to taste Thy love, And feel Thine influence from above.
I'll tread the world beneath my feet, And all that men call rich and great.
And in Thy temple let me know The joys that from Thy presence flow. A-men.

Words: Dr. Watts
Music: St. Albans’ Tune-book