Far From My Thoughts, Vain World, Be Gone

PENITENCE L. M.

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone; Let my religious hours alone:
   From flesh and sense I would be free, And hold communion, Lord, with Thee.

2. My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kindles with a pure desire.
   To see Thy grace, to taste Thy love, And feel Thine influence from above.

3. When I can say that God is mine, When I can see Thy glories shine,
   I'll tread the world beneath my feet, And all that men call rich and great.

4. Send comfort down from Thy right hand, To cheer me in this barren land;
   And in Thy temple let me know The joys that from Thy presence flow. Amen.

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