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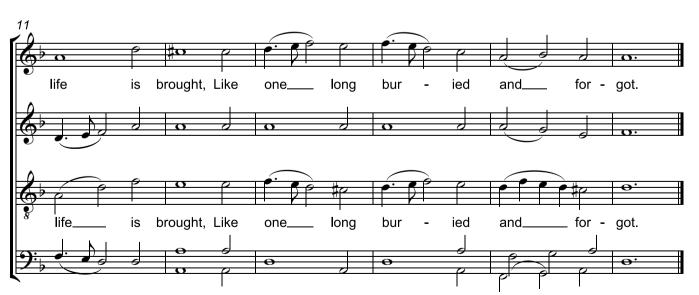
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## **Brookfield**

William Billings - version from The Easy Instructor 1810





I dwell in darkness and unseen, My heart is desolate within My thoughts in musing silence trace The ancient wonders of thy grace.

Thence I derive a glimpse of hope To bear my sinking spirits up; I stretch my hands to God again, And thirst like parched lands for rain I flee to hide me near my God.

For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn: When will thy smiling face return? Shall all my joys on earth remove? And God for ever hide his love?

Break off my fetters, Lord, and show Which is the path my feet should go; If snares and foes beset the road,

Teach me to do thy holy will, And lead me to thy heav'nly hill; Let the good Spirit of thy love Conduct me to thy courts above.

Then shall my soul no more complain The tempter then shall rage in vain; And flesh, that was my foe before, Shall never vex my spirit more.