

# Seclusion

Transcribed from *The Charlestown Collection*, 1803.

1. Man has a soul of vast de - sires, He burns within with restless fires; Tossed to and fro, his pas - sions fly From  
2. In vain on earth we hope to find Some so - lid good to fill the mind; We try new pleasures, but we feel The  
3. So when a raging fe - ver burns, We shift from side to side by turns, And 'tis a poor re - lief we gain, To  
4. Great God, subdue this vi - cious thirst, This love to va - ni - ty and dust; Cure the vile fever of the mind, And

1. va - ni - ty to va - ni - ty.  
2. in - ward thirst and tor - ment still.  
3. change the place, but keep the pain.  
4. feed our souls with joys re - fined.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2016.

1. Top line, marked *Airin* original, moved to *Tenor*, down an octave.
2. *Counter* written.