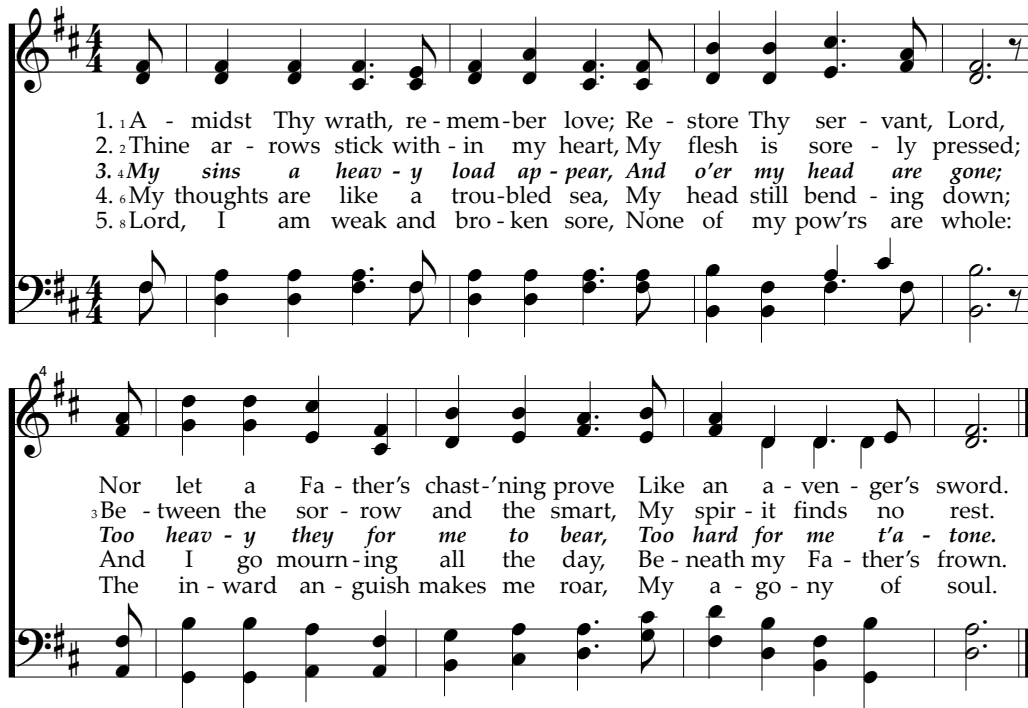


# Amidst Thy Wrath

From Psalm 38:1-8



1. <sup>1</sup> A - midst Thy wrath, re - mem - ber love; Re - store Thy ser - vant, Lord,  
 2. <sup>2</sup> Thine ar - rows stick with - in my heart, My flesh is sore - ly pressed;  
 3. <sup>4</sup> *My sins a heav - y load ap - pear, And o'er my head are gone;*  
 4. <sup>6</sup> My thoughts are like a trou - bled sea, My head still bend - ing down;  
 5. <sup>8</sup> Lord, I am weak and bro - ken sore, None of my pow'rs are whole:

Nor let a Fa - ther's chast - ning prove Like an a - ven - ger's sword.  
<sup>3</sup> Be - tween the sor - row and the smart, My spir - it finds no rest.  
*Too heav - y they for me to bear, Too hard for me t'a - tone.*  
 And I go mourn - ing all the day, Be - neath my Fa - ther's frown.  
 The in - ward an - guish makes me roar, My a - go - ny of soul.

# Amidst Thy Wrath

Cont'd, Psalm 38:9-22



6. <sup>9</sup> All my de - sire to Thee is known, Thine eye counts ev - 'ry tear;  
 7. <sup>15</sup> Thou art my God, my on - ly hope, My God will hear my cry;  
 8. <sup>16</sup> *My foot is ev - er apt to slide, My foes re - joice to see't;*  
 9. <sup>18</sup> But I'll con - fess my guilt to Thee, And grieve for all my sin;  
 10. <sup>21</sup> My God, for - give my fol - lies past, And be for ev - er nigh;

And ev - 'ry sigh and ev - 'ry groan, Is no - ticed by Thine ear.  
 My God will bear my spir - it up, When Sa - tan bids me die.  
*They raise their pleas - ure and their pride When they sup - plant my feet.*  
 I'll mourn how weak my gra - ces are And beg sup - port di - vine.  
<sup>22</sup> O Lord of my sal - va - tion, haste, Be - fore Thy ser - vant die.