

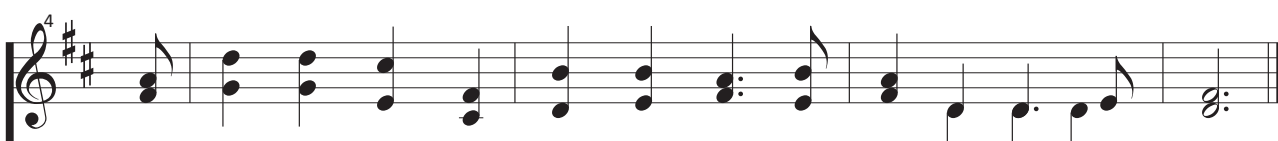
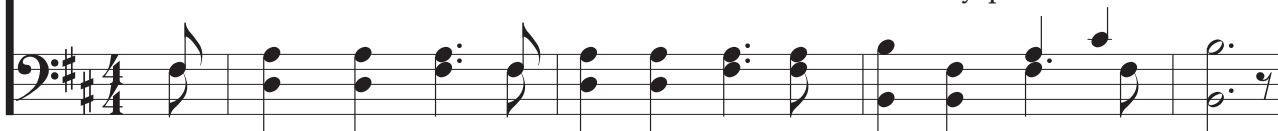
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Amidst Thy Wrath

From Psalm 38:1-8



1. ¹A - midst Thy wrath, re - mem - ber love; Re - store Thy ser - vant, Lord,
 2. ²Thine ar - rows stick with - in my heart, My flesh is sore - ly pressed;
 3. ⁴*My sins a heav - y load ap - pear, And o'er my head are gone;*
 4. ⁶My thoughts are like a trou - bled sea, My head still bend - ing down;
 5. ⁸Lord, 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.
³Be - 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.

