

PSALM

# 116b I love the LORD, the fount of life

1 I love the LORD, the fount of life and grace;  
 2 The cords of death held me in deep de - spair;  
 3 I cried, "De - liv - er thou my soul, O LORD!"

he hears my voice, my cry and sup - pli - ca - tion,  
 the pangs of hell, like waves by tem - pest driv - en,  
 Je - ho - vah heard; I pledge him my de - vo - tion.

in - clines his ear, gives strength and con - so - la - tion;  
 rolled o'er my soul; by grief and sor - row riv - en,  
 The LORD is just, his grace wide as the o - cean;

in life, in death, my heart will seek his face.  
 I turned in my dis - tress to GOD in prayer.  
 in bound - less mer - cy he ful - fils his word.

## I love the LORD, the fount of life

- 4 The LORD preserves the meek most tenderly;  
brought nigh to death, in him I found salvation.  
Come, thou my soul, relieved from agitation,  
turn to thy rest; the LORD has favoured thee.
- 5 Thou, O Jehovah, in thy sovereign grace,  
hast saved my soul from death and woe appalling,  
dried all my tears, secured my feet from falling.  
Lo, I shall live and walk before thy face.
- 6 I have believed, and therefore did I speak  
when I was made to suffer tribulation;  
I said in haste and bitter desperation:  
“All men are false, ’tis nought but lies they speak.”
- 7 What shall I render to Jehovah now  
for all the riches of his consolation?  
With joy I’ll take the cup of his salvation  
and call upon his name with thankful vow.
- 8 Before his saints I’ll pay my vows to GOD;  
e’en in death’s vale he keepeth me from evil;  
how dear to GOD the dying of his people!  
Praise him, ye saints, and sound his name abroad.
- 9 I am, O LORD, thy servant, bound yet free,  
thy handmaid’s son, whose shackles thou hast broken;  
redeemed by grace I’ll render as a token  
of gratitude my constant praise to thee.
- 10 Jerusalem! Within thy courts I’ll praise  
Jehovah’s name, and with a spirit lowly  
pay all my vows. O Zion, fair and holy,  
come join with me and bless him all thy days!