

PSALM

116b I love the LORD, the fount of life

Chords: F B \flat C F (Dm B \flat Gm C) F

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!"

Chords: Dm F B \flat F C 7 F (C F Am) G C

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.

Chords: F (B \flat F) C F Gm (Dm Gm F) B \flat F

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;

Chords: Gm (F Gm) F C F B \flat C $_{sus}$ C F

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.

Text: William Kuipers, 1931, *Psalter Hymnal*, 1957

Tune: Genevan Psalter, 1562;

harm. Seymour Swets, 1900–1982, *Psalter Hymnal*, 1957

10 11 11 10

SACRIFICE OF PRAISE

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 naught 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!