



1 I love the Lord, the fount of life and grace; He hears my voice, my

2 The cords of death held me in deep de - spair; The pangs of hell, like



cry and sup - pli - ca - tion, In - clines His ear, gives strength and

waves by tem-pest driv - en, Rolled o'er my soul; by grief and



con - so - la - tion; In life, in death, my heart will seek His face.

sor-row riv - en, I turned in my dis - tress to God in prayer.

