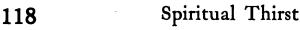
117 Our Support Amidst Distress

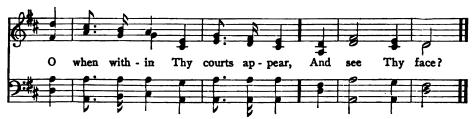


- 2 O Lord my God, o'erwhelmed in deep affliction, Far from Thy rest, to Thee I lift my soul; Deep calls to deep and storms of trouble thunder, While o'er my head the waves and billows roll.
- 3 Thou wilt command Thy servant's consolation, Thy loving-kindness yet shall cheer my day, And in the night Thy song shall be my comfort; God of my life, to Thee I still will pray.
- 4 Why, O my soul, art thou cast down within me, Why art thou troubled and oppressed with grief? Hope thou in God, the God of thy salvation, Hope, and thy God will surely send relief.





Spiritual Thirst

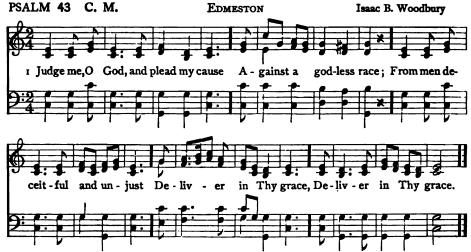


- 2 How oft I led the happy throngs
 That sought the house of God with
 Of joy and praise; [songs
 I ever joined with true delight
 The multitude that kept aright
 The holy days.
- 3 O why, my soul, thy hopelessness? Why such disquiet and distress? On God rely; For I shall yet behold His face, Who is my God, and I His grace

Will magnify.

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Devout Longings



- 2 O Thou the God of all my strength, Why hast Thou cast me off? Why go I mourning all the day, While foes oppress and scoff?
- 3 O send Thou forth Thy light and truth, Let them be guides to me, And bring me to Thy holy hill, Thy dwelling-place to see.
- 4 Then will I to God's altar go,
 To God, my boundless joy;
 Yea, God, my God, Thy Name to
 My harp I will employ. [praise
- 5 Why art thou then cast down, my soul, What should discourage thee? And why with vexing thoughts art Disquieted in me? [thou
- 6 Hope thou in God; His praise shall yet
 My thankful lips employ;
 He is the spring of all my health,
 My God, my boundless joy.