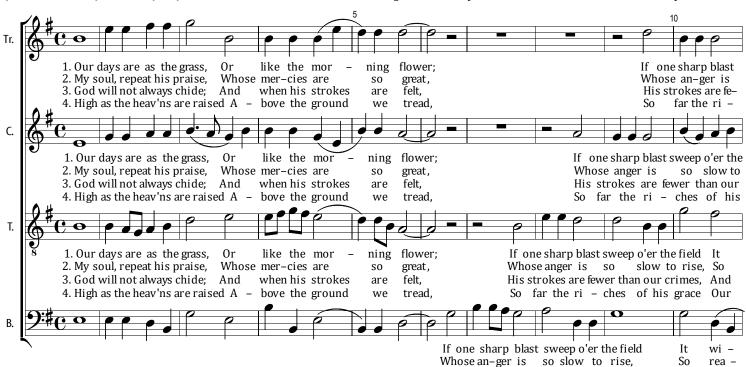
And ligh -

Our high -







5. His power subdues our sins, And his forgiving love Far as the east is from the west Doth all our guilt remove.

6. The pity of the Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel; He knows our feeble frame. 7. He knows we are but dust, Scattered with every breath; His anger, like a rising wind, Can send us swift to death. 8.But thy compassions, Lord, To endless years endure; And children's children ever find Thy words of promise sure.

His strokes are fewer than our crimes,

far the ri - ches of his grace