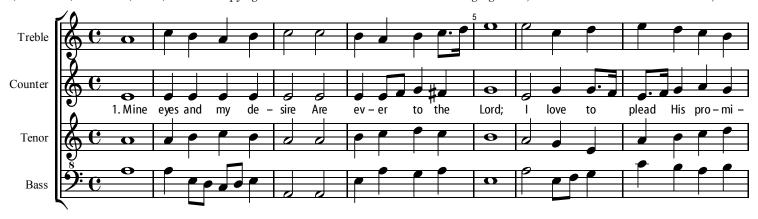
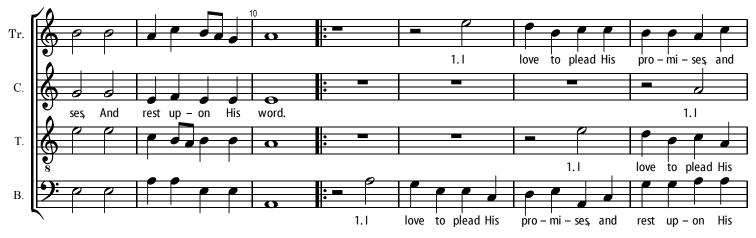
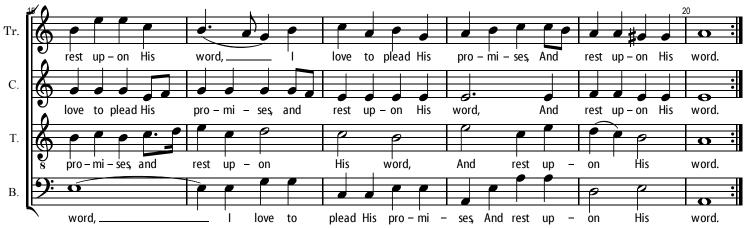
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- 2. Turn, turn thee to my soul, Bring thy salvation near; When will thy hand release my feet Out of the deadly snare?
- 3. When shall the sovereign grace Of my forgiving God Restore me from those dangerous ways My wand'ring feet have trod?
- 4. The tumult of my thoughts Doth but enlarge my woe; My spirit languishes, my heart Is desolate and low.
- 5. With ev'ry morning light My sorrow new begins; Look on my anguish and my pain, And pardon all my sins.
- 6. Behold the hosts of hell, How cruel is their hate! Against my life they rise, and join Their fury with deceit.
- 7. O keep my soul from death, Nor put my hope to shame, For I have placed my only trust In my Redeemer's name.
- 8. With humble faith I wait To see thy face again: Of Isr'el it shall ne'er be said, He sought the Lord in vain.