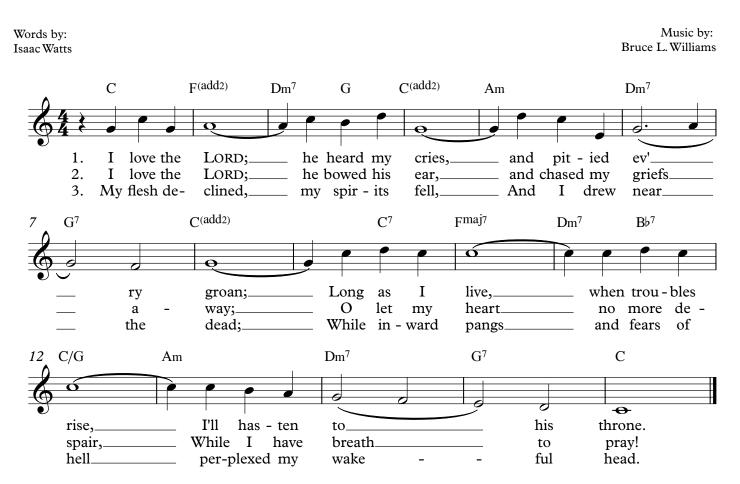
I Love the Lord



- 4. "My God," I cried, "thy servant save, Thou ever good and just; Thy power can rescue from the grave, Thy power is all my trust."
- The Lord beheld me sore distressed, He bid my pains remove; Return, my soul, to God thy rest, For thou hast known his love.
- My God hath saved my soul from death, And dried my falling tears; Now to his praise I '11 spend my breath, And my remaining years.