

Large-print bulletins are available at the hall entrances.

Lord, I Deserve Thy Deepest Wrath

1. Lord, I de - serve Thy deep - est wrath, Un - grate - ful,
 2. My heart is vile, my mind de - praved, My flesh re -
 3. With - out de - fense, to Thee I look, To Thee, the
 4. Speak peace to me, my sins for - give, Dwell Thou with -

faith - less I have been; No ter - rors have my soul de -
 bels a - gainst Thy will; I am pol - lut - ed in Thy
 on - ly Sa - vior, fly; With - out a hope, with - out a
 in my heart, O God, The guilt and pow'r of sin re -

tered, Nor good - ness wooed me from my sin. No ter - rors
 sight, Yet, Lord, have mer - cy on me still! I am pol -
 friend, In deep dis - tress to Thee I cry. With - out a
 move, And fit me for Thy blest a - bode. The guilt and

have my soul de - terred, Nor good - ness wooed me from my sin.
 lut - ed in Thy sight, Yet, Lord, have mer - cy on me still!
 hope, with - out a friend, In deep dis - tress to Thee I cry.
 pow'r of sin re - move, And fit me for Thy blest a - bode.