

MY SOUL O LORD ON THEE RELIES,
A Sacred Song
 the Poetry Written by
The Rev. Francis C. Woodworth.
 The Music by
P. A. ANDREW.

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DOLOROSO **ANDANTE.**

E

SOSTENUTO.

My soul, O Lord, on thee re-

lies, Tho' all is dark and drear; To thee my

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crescendo.

faint---ing spir---it flies, And to thy throne de---vout---ly

crescendo.

Ad lib.

cries, Nor will I yield to fear, Nor will I yield to

fear.

mf *p* *pp* *Per dendi osi.*

2

4

My heart, my bleeding heart, shall be
 Submissive to thy will;
 Thy mercy long has flow'd for me,
 And tho' thy frowning face I see,
 I'll trust that mercy still.

3

Tho' sorrow all my hours attend,
 Or when I wake, or sleep,
 I know on whom my hopes depend,
 And upward shall my thoughts ascend, —
 I'll praise thee, while I weep.

In all my griefs while here I stay,
 O'er life's brief stage to roam,
 Thou wilt defend, by night and day,
 And safe conduct me all the way
 To my eternal home.

5

My home! no sorrow enters there;
 No hearts with grief are riven —
 Then all life's ills I'll gladly bear,
 Since thus my Father would prepare
 My chasten'd soul for heaven.

(My soul O Lord on thee. 2.)