

415. Unto Thee, O Lord Jehovah

1. Un - to Thee, O Lord Je - ho - vah, Do I lift my wait - ing soul.
 2. Un - to me, O Lord Je - ho - vah, Show Thy ways and teach Thou me;

O my God, in Thee I trus - ted; Let no shame now o'er me roll.
 So that, by Thy Spi - rit guid - ed, Clear - ly I Thy paths may see.

On my e - ne - my be shame, Oft with - out a cause trans - gres - sing;
 In Thy truth wilt Thou me guide, Teach me, God of my sal - va - tion;

But all those who trust Thy Name Ho - nor with a - bun - dant bles - sing.
 All the day for Thee I bide, Lord, with ea - ger ex - pec - ta - tion.

3. Call to mind, O Lord Jehovah,
 Tender mercies manifold,
 And Thy store of lovingkindness
 Which has ever been of old.
 Sins of youth remember not,
 Nor recall my hid' transgression;
 For Thy goodness' sake, O God,
 Think of me in Thy compassion.

4. Good and upright is Jehovah
 In his dealings evermore.
 Sinners are by Him instructed
 In the way untrod before.
 He will ever guide the meek
 In His judgments true and holy;
 Teach His ways to those who seek
 With a contrite heart and lowly.

5.All the pathways of Jehovah
 Speak of truth and mercies pure
 Unto such as keep His covenant
 And His testimony sure.
 For the glory of Thy Name,
 Pardon, Lord, my evil-doing;
 Grievous though my sin and shame,
 Hear my cry, Thy love renewing.

6.Who is he that fears Jehovah,
 Walking with Him day by day?
 God will lead him safely onward,
 Guide Him in the chosen way.
 Then at ease his soul shall rest,
 In Jehovah still confiding;
 E'en his children shall be blest,
 Safely in the land abiding.

7.Yea, the secret of Jehovah
 Is with those who fear His Name;
 With His friends in tender mercy
 He His covenant will maintain.
 With a confidence complete,
 Toward the Lord my eyes are turning;
 From the net He'll pluck my feet;
 He will not despise my yearning.

8.Turn Thou unto me in mercy;
 Have compassion on my soul.
 I am sore distressed and lonely;
 Waves of trouble o'er me roll.
 Myriad woes beset my heart,
 Myriad doubts and bitternesses;
 Thou who my Deliverer art,
 Bring me out of my distresses.

9.O consider my affliction,
 All my travail, Lord, behold;
 Grant me full and free remission
 Of my trespasses untold.
 See mine enemies; for great
 Is the number that upbraid me;
 Who, in their consuming hate,
 With their cruel scorn have flayed me.

10.Keep my soul, O gracious Savior;
 Come, I pray, deliver me,
 Lest my head with shame be covered,
 For my refuge is in Thee.
 Trusting in Thy power supreme,
 Lord, I wait for Thy salvation;
 Come, Jehovah, and redeem
 Israel from tribulation.