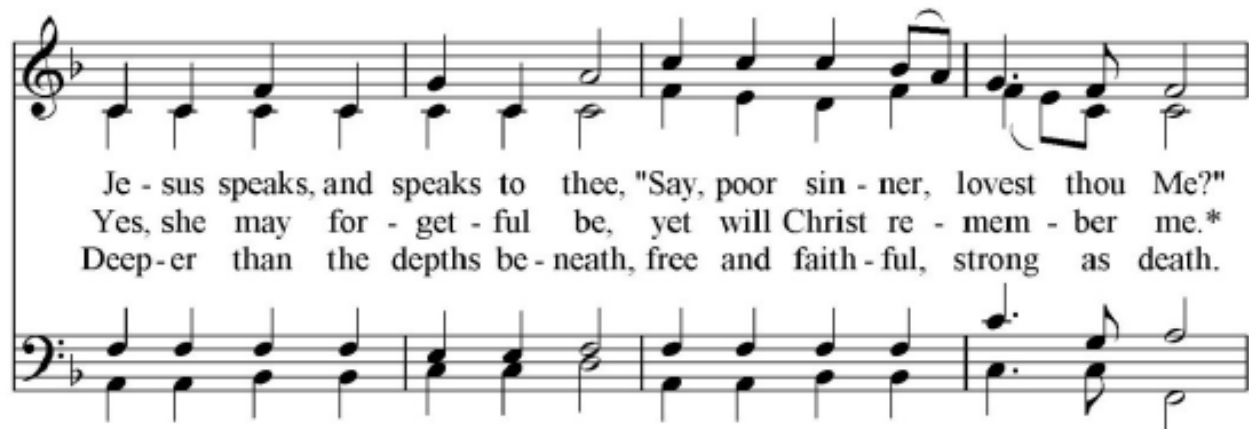


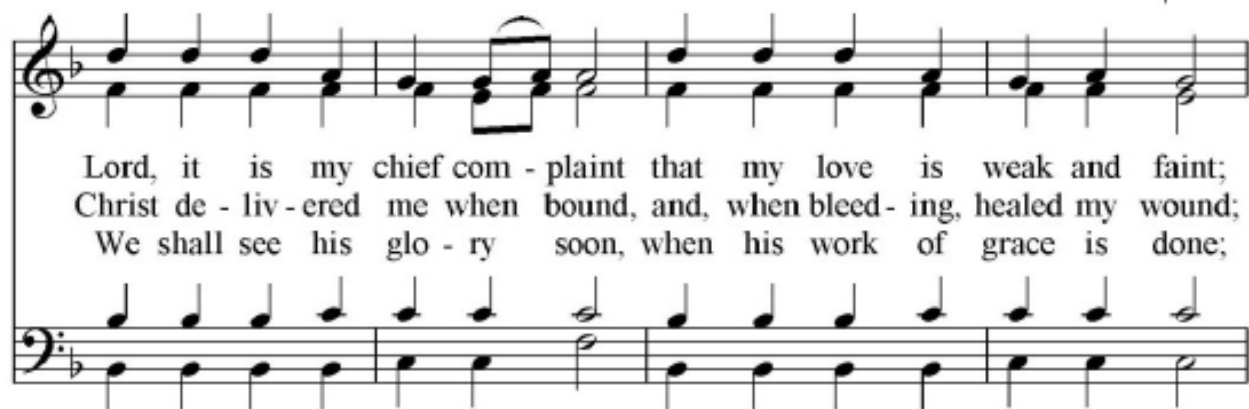
Hark, My Soul, It Is the Lord



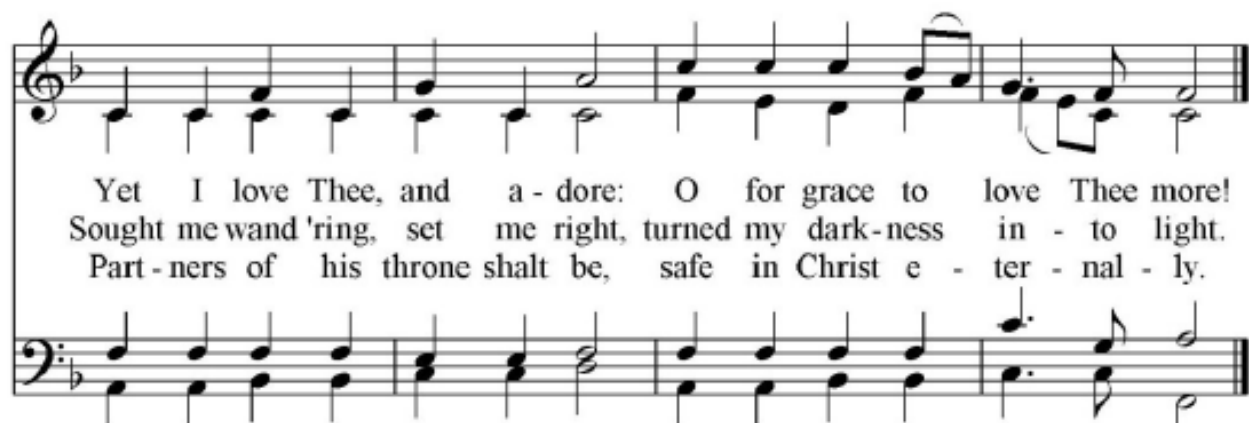
1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sa - vior, hear His Word;
2. Can a mo - ther's ten - der care cease to - ward the child she bare?
3. His is an un - chang - ing love, high - er than the heights a - bove,



Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou Me?"
Yes, she may for - get - ful be, yet will Christ re - mem - ber me.*
Deep - er than the depths be - neath, free and faith - ful, strong as death.



Lord, it is my chief com - plaint that my love is weak and faint;
Christ de - liv - ered me when bound, and, when bleed - ing, healed my wound;
We shall see his glo - ry soon, when his work of grace is done;



Yet I love Thee, and a - dore: O for grace to love Thee more!
Sought me wand'ring, set me right, turned my dark - ness in - to light.
Part - ners of his throne shalt be, safe in Christ e - ter - nal - ly.

*Reference to Isaiah 49:15: "Can a mother forget the baby at her breast and have no compassion on the child she has borne? Though she may forget, I will not forget you!"