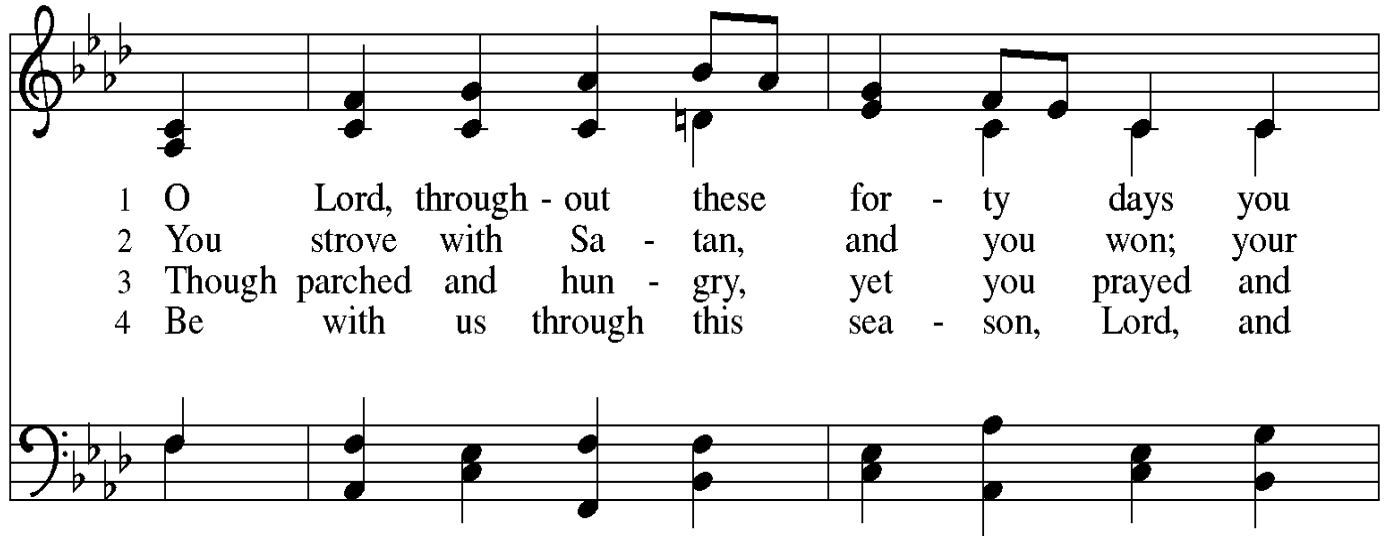
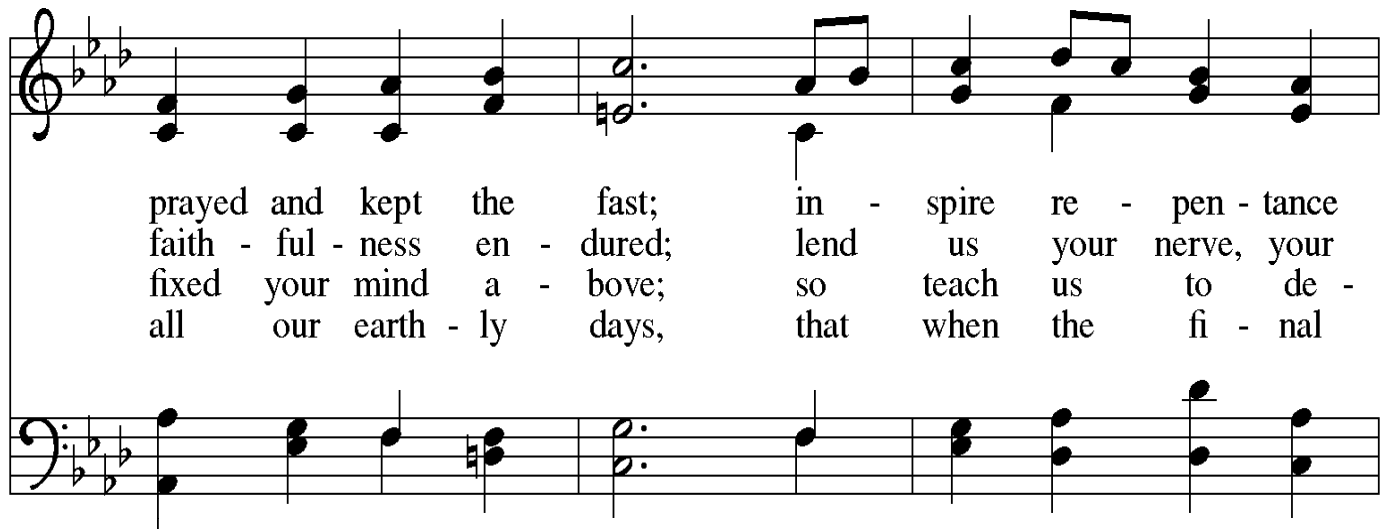


O Lord, throughout These Forty Days

319



1 O Lord, through - out these for - ty days you
2 You strove with Sa - tan, and you won; your
3 Though parched and hun - gry, yet you prayed and
4 Be with us through this sea - son, Lord, and



prayed and kept the fast; in - spire re - pen - tance
faith - ful - ness en - dured; lend us your nerve, your
fixed your mind a - bove; so teach us to de -
all our earth - ly days, that when the fi - nal



for our sin, and free us from our past.
skill and trust in God's e - ter - nal word.
ny our - selves that we may know God's love.
Eas - ter dawns, we join in heav - en's praise.

Create in Me a Clean Heart
Offering Song

188

Cre-ate in me a clean heart, O God, and re - new a right

spir - it with - in me. Cast me not a - way from your

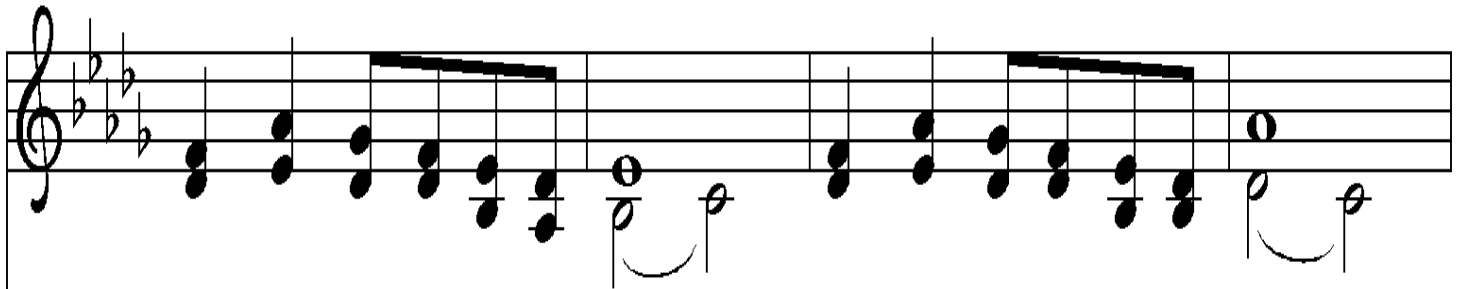
pres-ence, and take not your Ho - ly Spir - it from me. Re -

store un - to me the joy of your sal - va - tion,

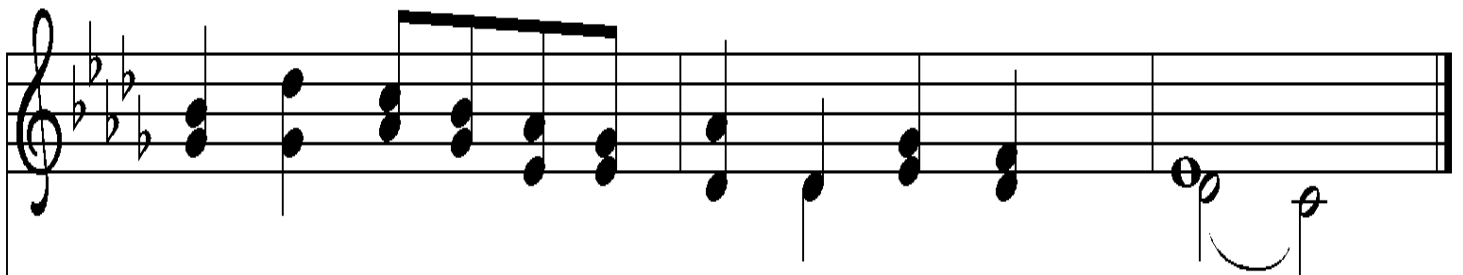
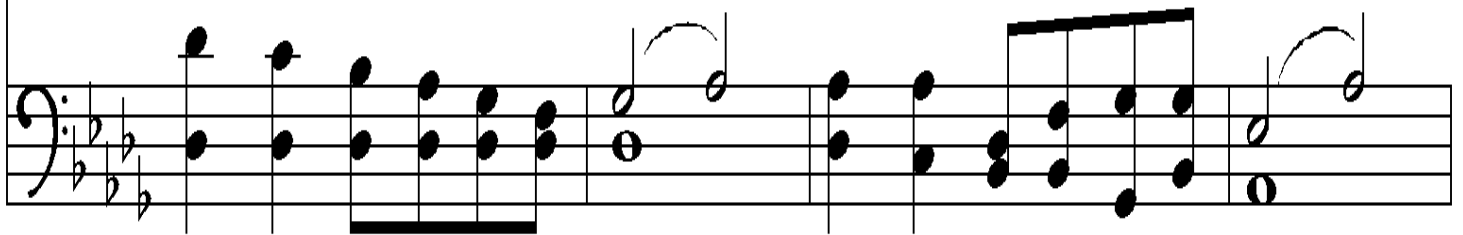
and up - hold me with your free Spir - it.

Take, Oh, Take Me As I Am

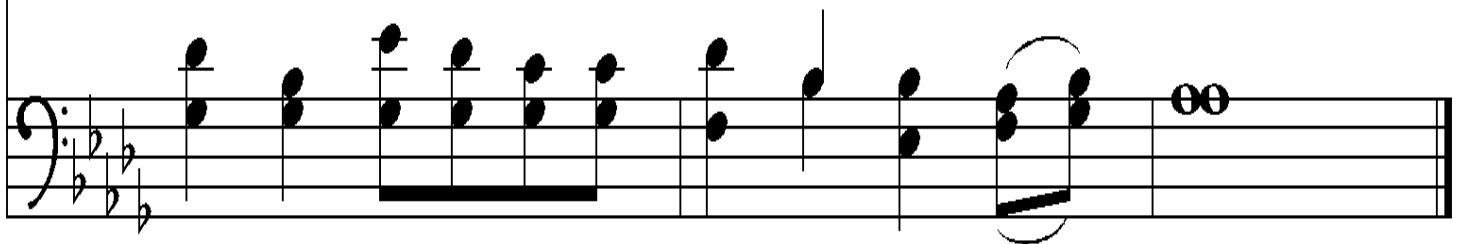
814



Take, oh, take me as I am; sum-mon out what I shall be;

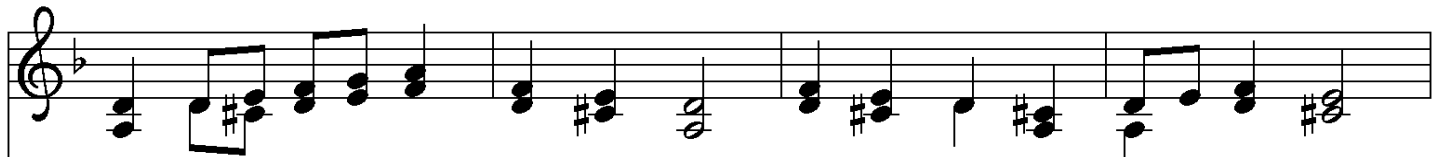


set your seal up - on my heart and live in me.

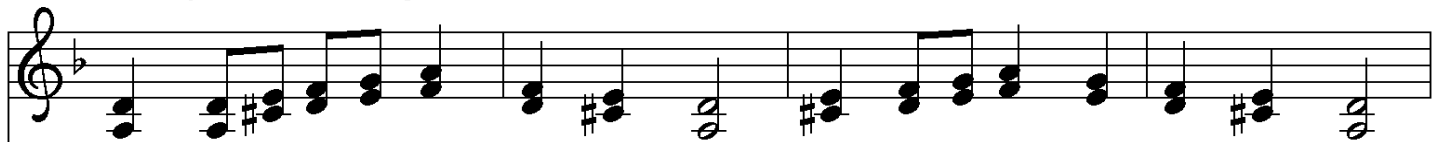
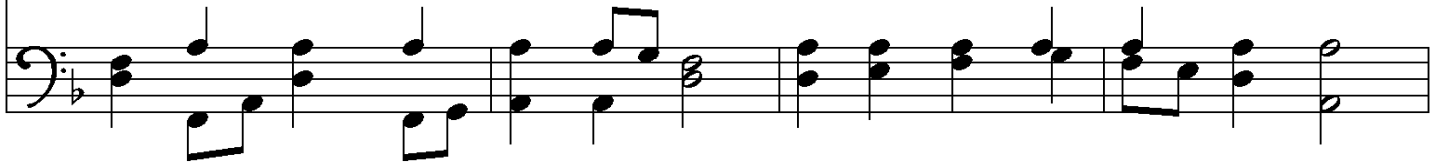


Savior, When in Dust to You

601



1 Sav-ior, when in dust to you low we bow in hom-age due;
 2 By your help-less in-fant years, by your life of want and tears,
 3 By your hour of dire de-spair, by your ag-o-ny of prayer,
 4 By your deep ex-pir-ing groan, by the sad se-pul-chral stone,



when, re-pen-tant, to the skies scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes;
 by your days of deep dis-tress in the sav-age wil-der-ness,
 by the cross, the nail, the thorn, pierc-ing spear, and tor-tur-ing scorn,
 by the vault whose dark a-bode held in vain the ris-ing God,



oh, by all your pains and woe suf-fered once for us be-low,
 by the dread, mys-te-rious hour of the in-sult-ing tempt-er's pow'r,
 by the gloom that veiled the skies o'er the dread-ful sac-ri-fice,
 oh, from earth to heav'n re-stored, might-y, re-as-cend-ed Lord,



bend-ing from your throne on high, hear our pen-i-ten-tial cry!
 turn, oh, turn a fa-v'ring eye; hear our pen-i-ten-tial cry!
 lis-ten to our hum-ble sigh; hear our pen-i-ten-tial cry!
 bend-ing from your throne on high, hear our pen-i-ten-tial cry!

