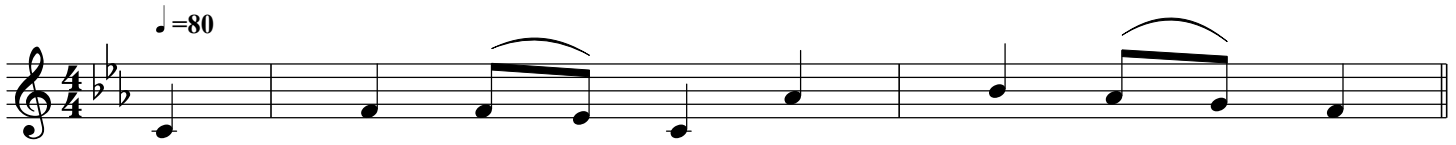


Psalm 143:6-10

150x HIGH POPPLES (D.C.M.)

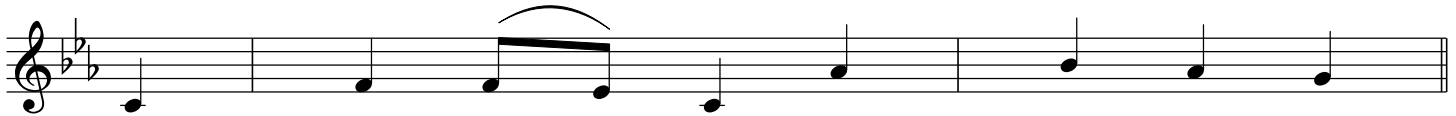
arr. D.S. Hoard



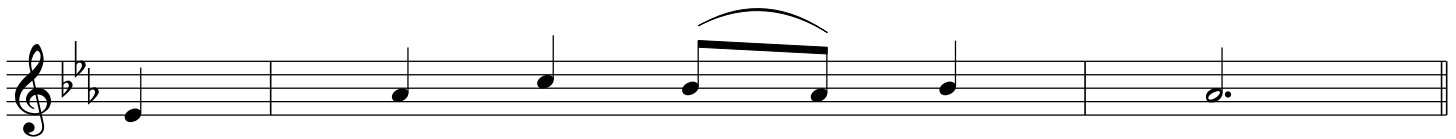
My hands to thee I stretch; my soul
Teach me the way that I should walk:



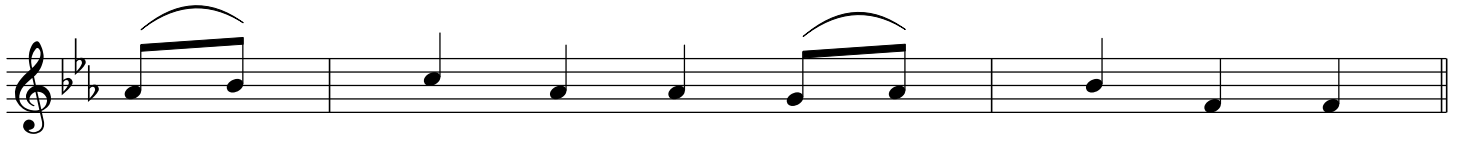
thirsts, as dry land, for thee.
I lift my soul to thee.



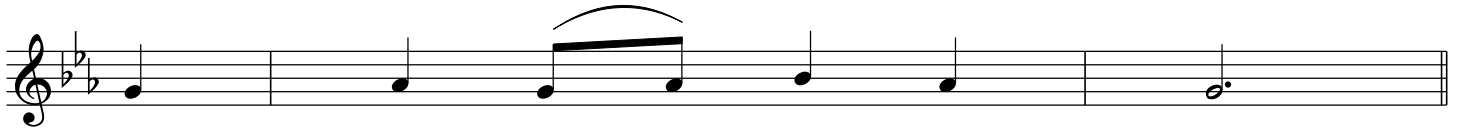
Haste, Lord, to hear, my spir - it fails:
Lord, free me from my foes; I flee



hide not thy face from me;
to thee to cov - er er me.



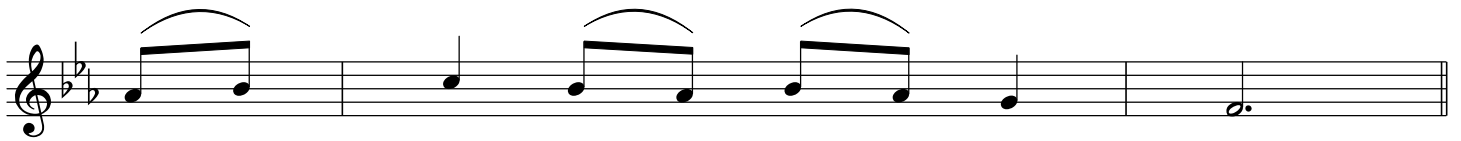
Lest - like to them I do be - come
Be - cause thou art my God, to do



that go down to the dust.
thy will do me in - struct:



At morn let me thy kind - ness hear;
Thy Sp'rit is good, me to the land



for in thee do I trust.
of up - right - ness con - duct.