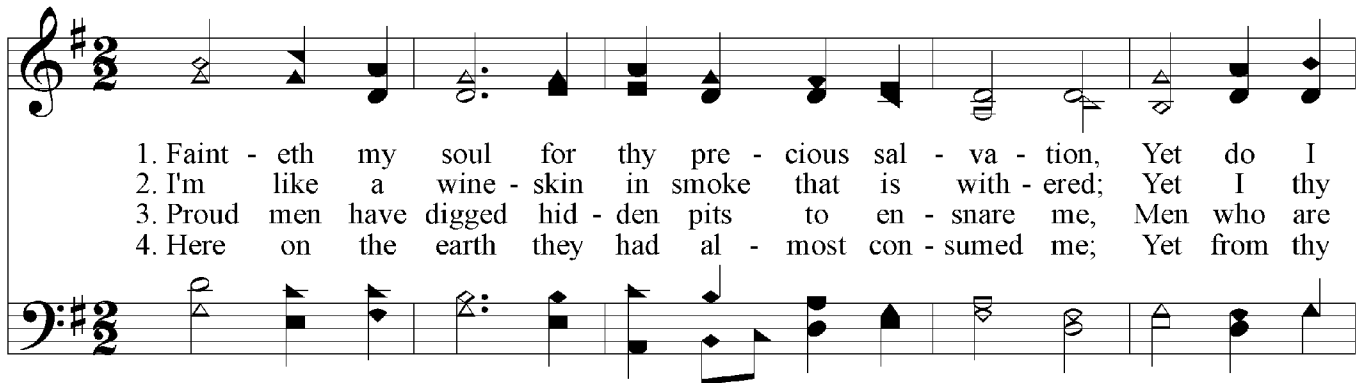
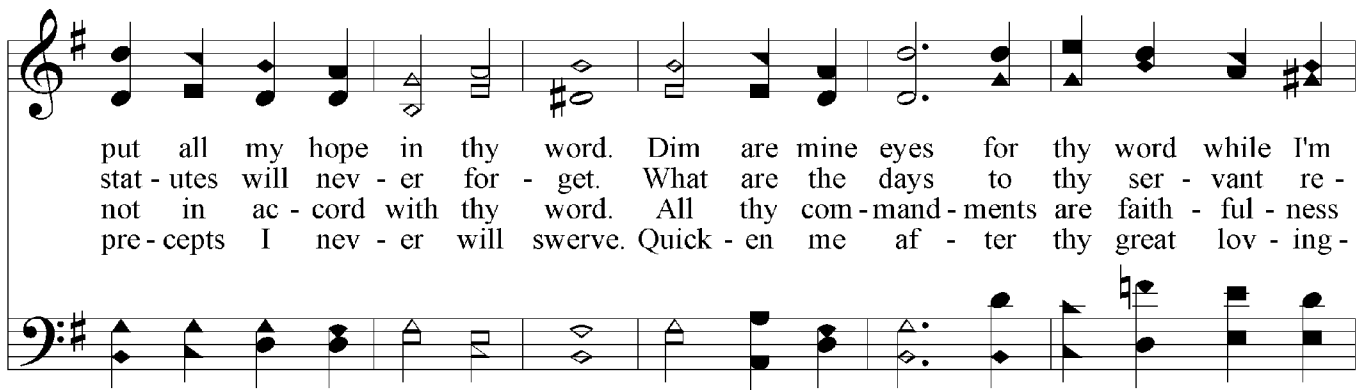


# Psalm 119:1-4

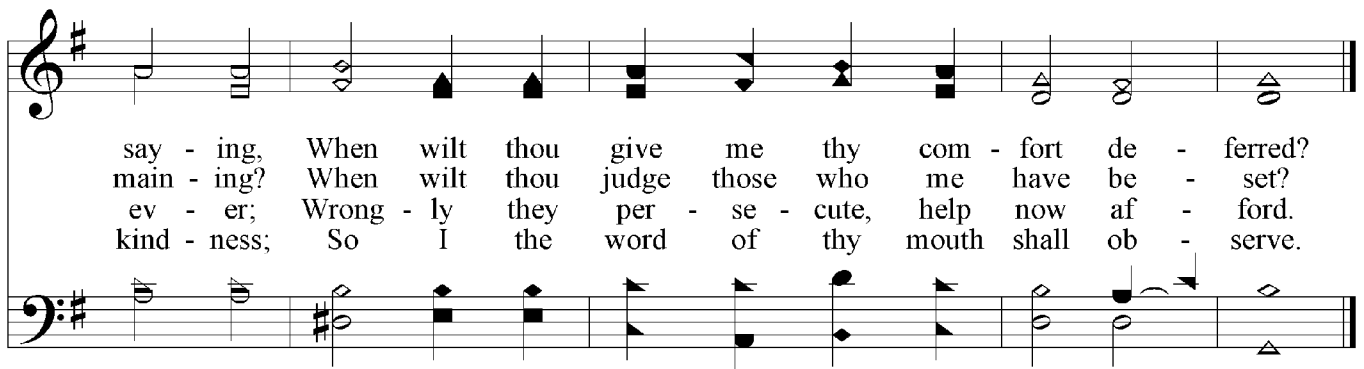
TUNE: EIRENE



1. Faint - eth my soul for thy pre - cious sal - va - tion, Yet do I  
2. I'm like a wine - skin in smoke that is with - ered; Yet I thy  
3. Proud men have digged hid - den pits to en - snare me, Men who are  
4. Here on the earth they had al - most con - sumed me; Yet from thy



put all my hope in thy word. Dim are mine eyes for thy word while I'm  
stat - utes will nev - er for - get. What are the days to thy ser - vant re -  
not in ac - cord with thy word. All thy com - mand - ments are faith - ful - ness  
pre - cepts I nev - er will swerve. Quick - en me af - ter thy great lov - ing -



say - ing, When wilt thou give me thy com - fort de - ferred?  
main - ing? When wilt thou judge those who me have be - set?  
ev - er; Wrong - ly they per - se - cute, help now af - ford.  
kind - ness; So I the word of thy mouth shall ob - serve.

Words: Psalm 119:1-4

Music: Alt. from F. R. Havergal