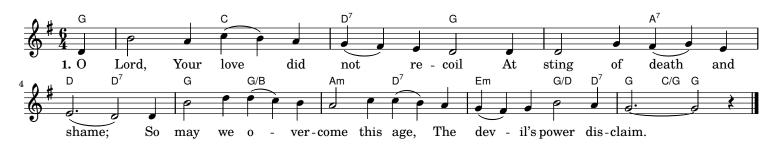
## O Lord, Your love did not recoil

Praise of the Lord — His Suffering

8089



- 2. O Lord, You bore the heavy load On that foreboding path: The sins of man, the devil's scorn, And God's all-righteous wrath.
- 3. The roaring wind and threat'ning waves At Your command must crest; For this we worship and proclaim The name in which we rest.
- 4. Soon shall we in the Father's house Begin the newest songs, But here where You have met our need E'en now new praise belongs.