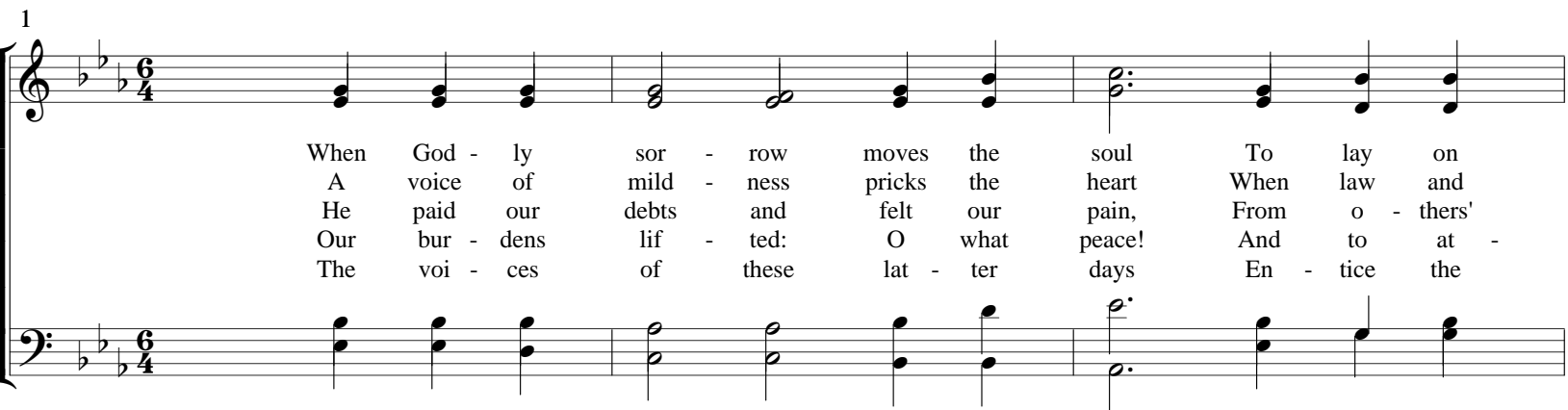


When Godly Sorrow Moves the Soul

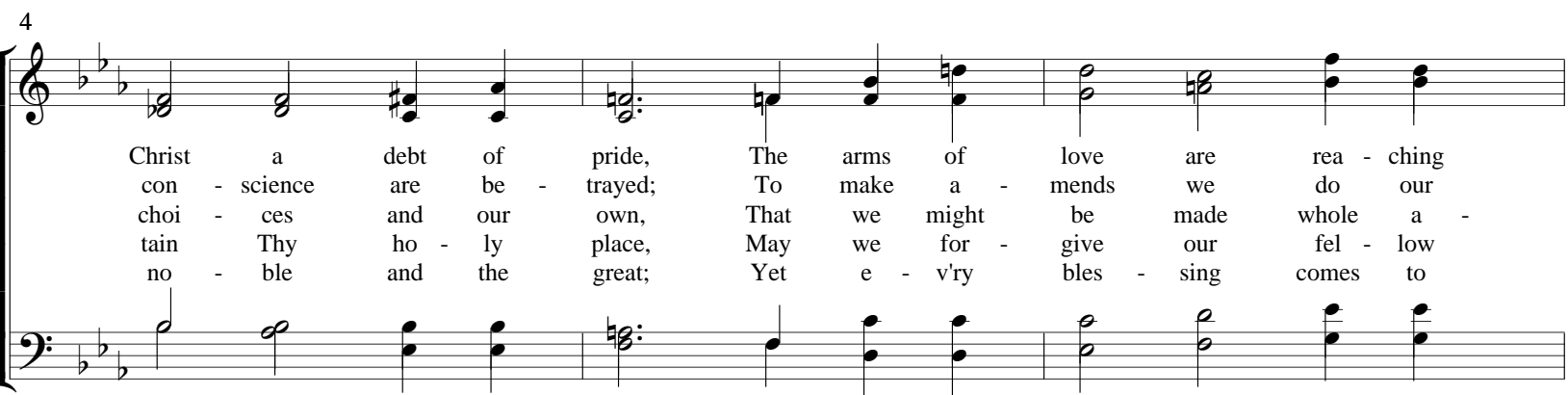
David Macfarlane and Nathan Howe

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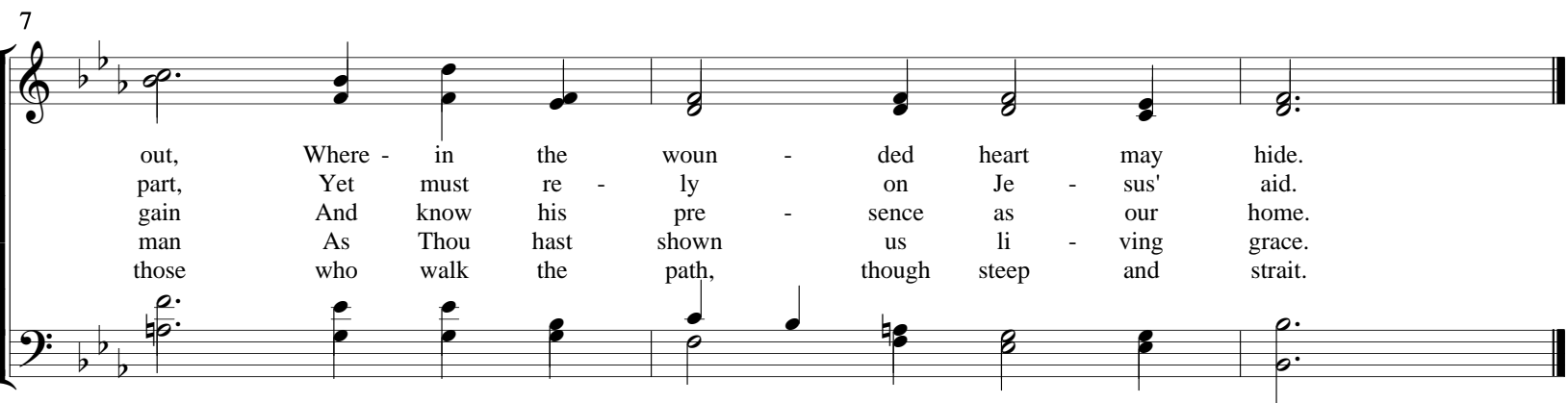
When God - ly sor - row moves the soul To lay on
A voice of mild - ness pricks the heart When law and
He paid our debts and felt our pain, From o - thers'
Our bur - dens lif - ted: O what peace! And to at -
The voi - ces of these lat - ter days En - tice the

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Christ a debt of pride, The arms of love are rea - ching
con - science are be - trayed; To make a - mends we do our
choi - ces and our own, That we might be made whole a -
tain Thy ho - ly place, May we for - give our fel - low
no - ble and the great; Yet e - v'ry bles - sing comes to

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out, Where - in the woun - ded heart may hide.
part, Yet must re - ly on Je - sus' aid.
gain And know his pre - sence as our home.
man As Thou hast shown us li - ving grace.
those who walk the path, though steep and strait.