

Caedere

"Laden With Guilt"

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Laden with guilt and full of fears, i fly to Thee my Lord,
and not a glimpse of hope appears, the volumes of my
Father's grace does all my griefs assuage but in thy
written word in every page here I behold my saviour's
face that merchant is divinely wise this is the field
where hidden lies the pearl of price unknown who
makes the pearl his own here the fair tree of
knowledge grows here consecrated waters flow no
danger dwells within to quench my thirst of sin This is
the judge that ends the strife where wit and reason fail
my guide to everlasting life Throughout this gloomy
vale O may thy counsels, mighty God my roving feet
command nor i forsake the happy road that leads to
Thy right hand

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