

Caedmons Call "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
But in Thy written word
The volumes of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs assuage
Here I behold my Savior's face
In every page

This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own
Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
No danger dwells within

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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