

## Call Caedmon's "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 grief's 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 waters flow  
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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