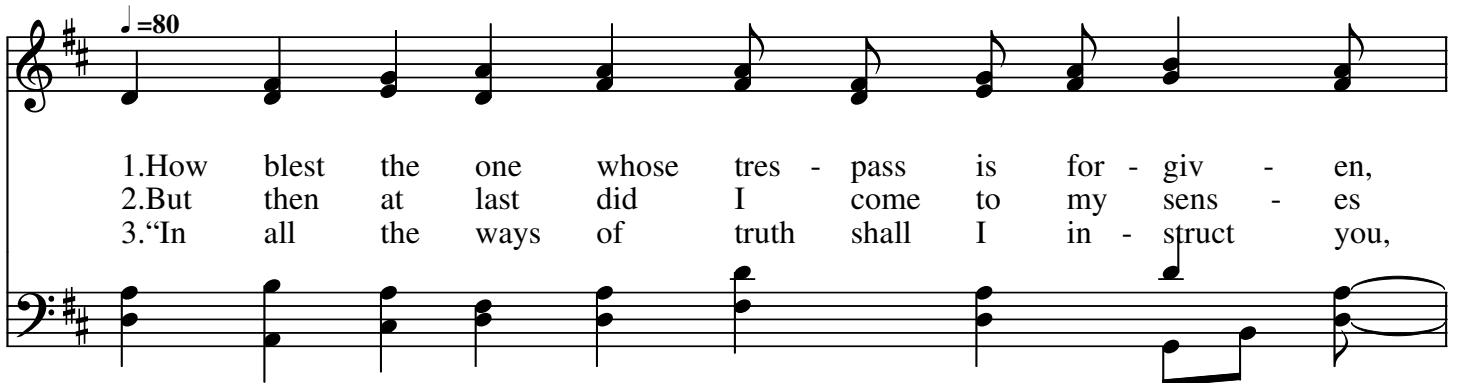


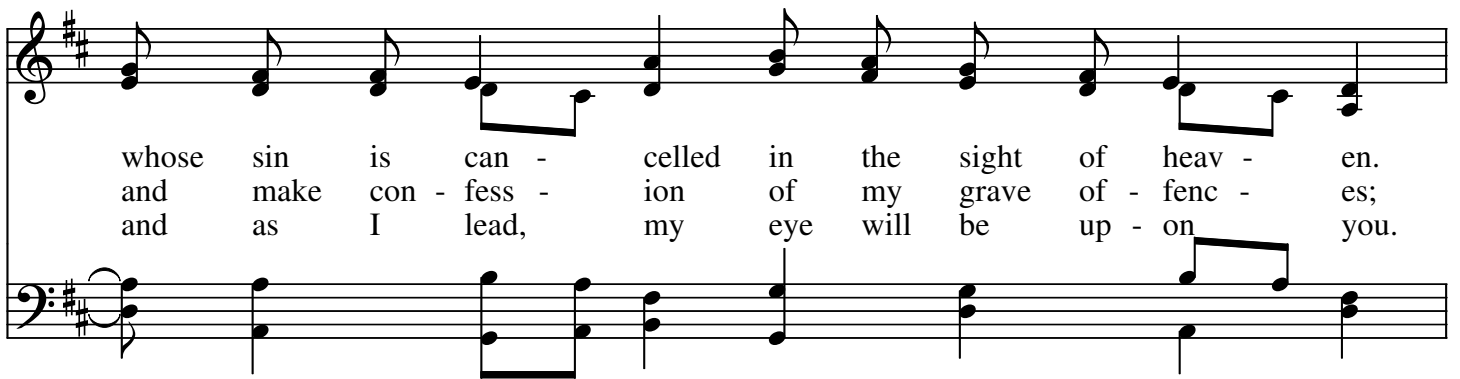
# Psalm 32

Geneva, 1543, 1551

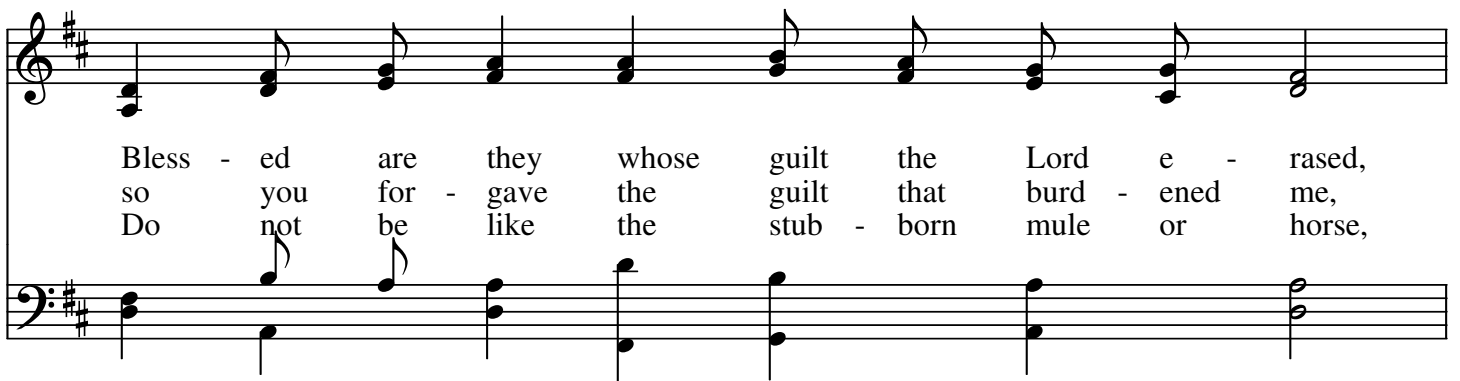
$\text{♩} = 80$



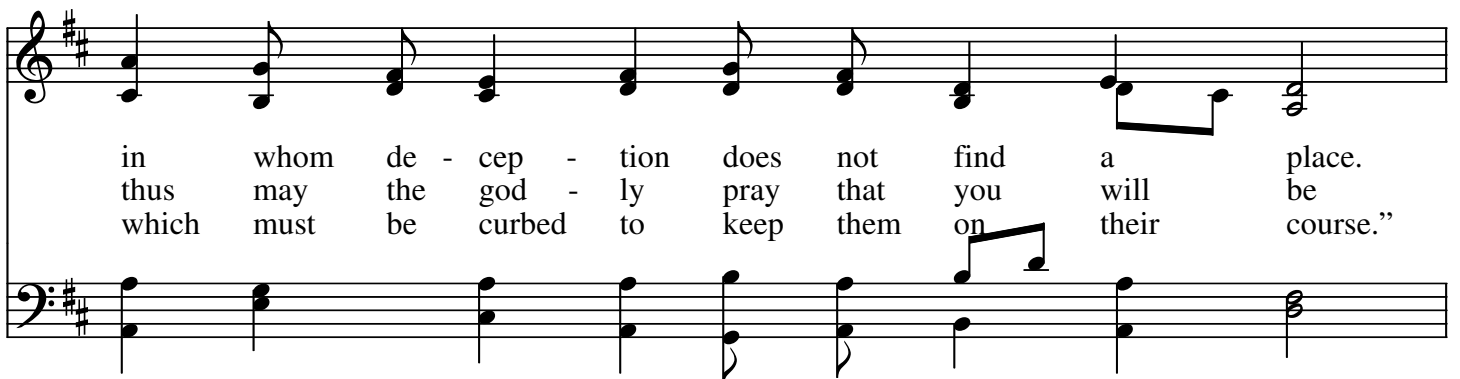
1. How blest the one whose tres - pass is for - giv - en,  
2. But then at last did I come to my sens - es  
3. "In all the ways of truth shall I in - struct you,



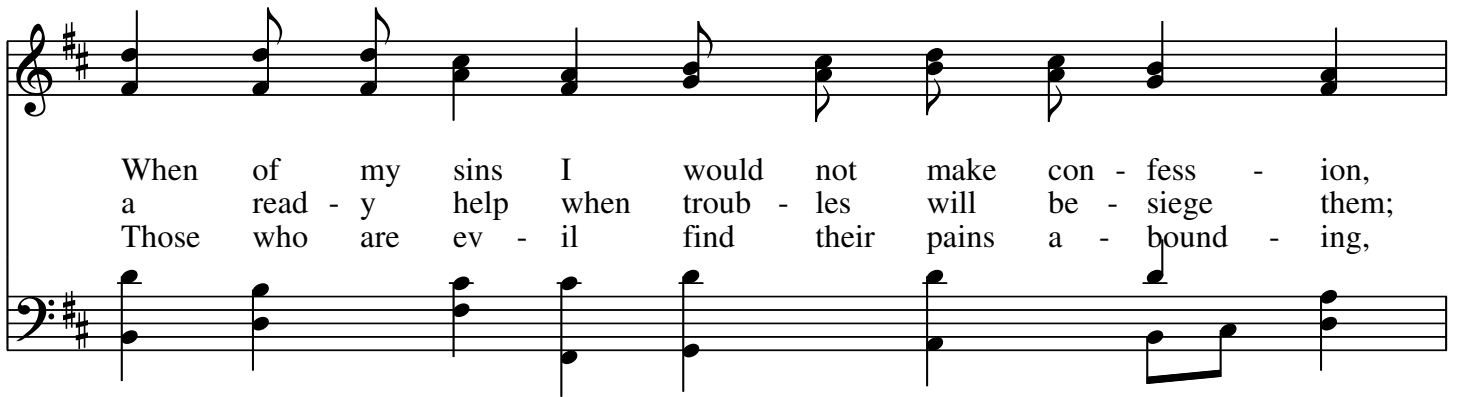
whose sin is can - celled in the sight of heav - en.  
and make con - fess - ion of my grave of - fenc - es;  
and as I lead, my eye will be up - on you.



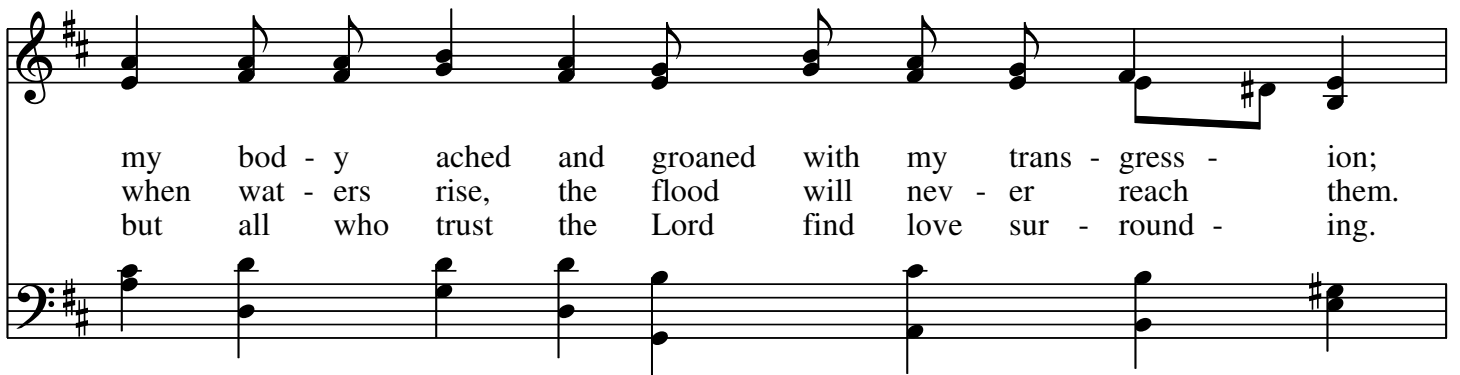
Bless - ed are they whose guilt the Lord e - rased,  
so you for - gave the guilt that burd - ened me,  
Do not be like the stub - born mule or horse,



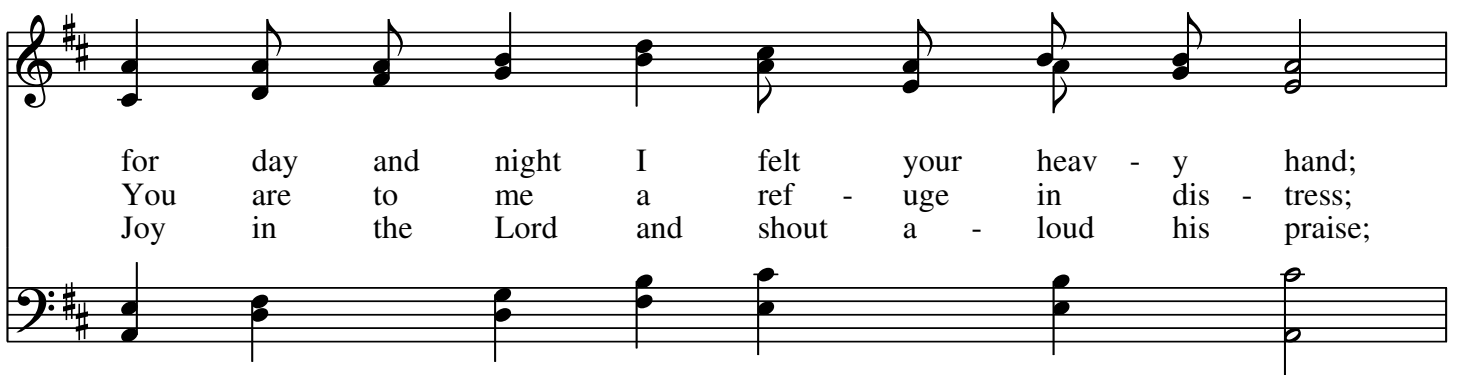
in whom de - cep - tion does not find a place.  
thus may the god - ly pray that you will be  
which must be curbed to keep them on their course."



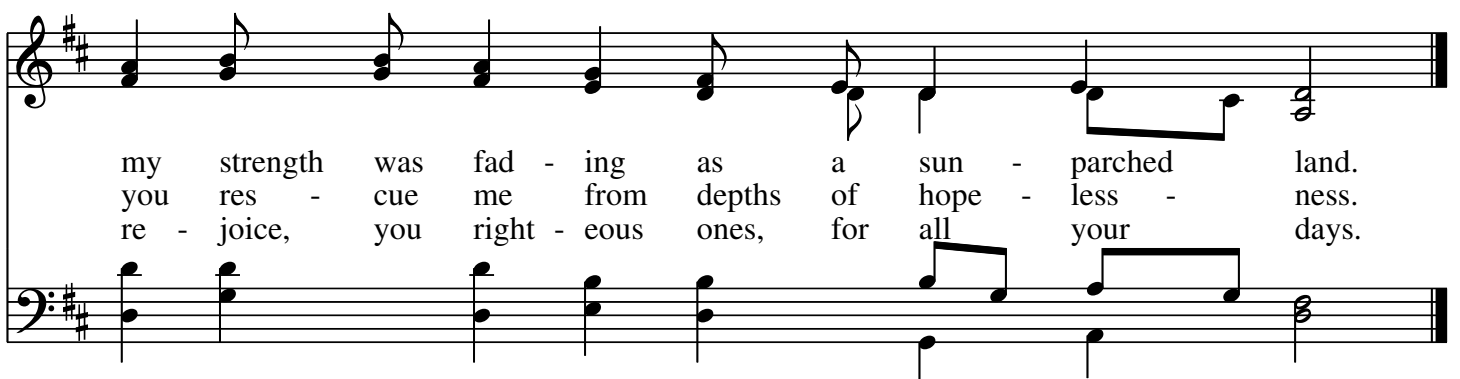
When of my sins I would not make con - fess - ion,  
a read - y help when troub - les will be - siege them;  
Those who are ev - il find their pains a - bound - ing,



my bod - y ached and groaned with my trans - gress - ion;  
when wat - ers rise, the flood will nev - er reach them.  
but all who trust the Lord find love sur - round - ing.



for day and night I felt your heav - y hand;  
You are to me a ref - uge in dis - tress;  
Joy in the Lord and shout a - loud his praise;



my strength was fad - ing as a sun - parched land.  
you res - cue me from depths of hope - less - ness.  
re - joice, you right - eous ones, for all your days.