

## 72. Laden with Guilt and Full of Fears

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1. 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.

2. 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.

3. This is the judge that ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail  
My guide to everlasting life  
Through all this gloomy vale  
Oh may Thy counsels, mighty God,  
My roving feet command,  
Nor I forsake the happy road  
That leads to Thy right hand.