

HOLLIS. L.M.

163

Miss M. Chalmers and Rev. E. Sosebee



1. God of my life, to Thee I call, Af-flict-ed at Thy feet I fall; Oh, while the swell-ing floods pre-vail, Leave not my trem-bling heart to fail.



2. Friend of the friend-less and the faint, Where shall I lodge my deep com-plaint, Where but with Thee whose o-pen door In-vites the help-less and the poor.



3. Did ev-er mourn-er plead with Thee, And Thou re-fuse the hum-ble plea? Does not the word still fixed re-main, That none shall seek Thy face in vain.

