

168 - Resolution

Rev. Barry Matthew

Violin

8

16

24

32

40

O my Here is my hope and my faith, A long with the
 Div my Mas ter. I've suf fered in vain, I have lied and de
 ine Mo ther, I've wait ed in peace, And still res ig
 I must not de serve all this grace, These won ders of

46

prac tice I bring, Yet I am stuck at the place Where
 lud ed my self; I hoped I could trans fer the blame, But
 na tion for lorn; I serve you in hum ble in tent; As
 ac cred de light; Your coun ten ance shine on my face, You

53

I can not do an y thing. Here is my hope and my
 this is what strength I have left. O my Mas ter I've suf fer'd in
 if I had nev er been born. Div ine Mo ther I've wait ed in
 o pen mine eyes with Your sight. I must not de serve all this

59


faith, A long with the prac tice I bring, Yet I am
 vain, I have lied and de lud ed my self; I hoped I could
 peace, And still res ig na tion for lorn; I serve you in
 grace, These won ders of sa cred de light; Your count en ance

66



stuck at the place Where I can not do an y thing. I be
 trans fer the blame and this is what strength I have left. When I
 hum ble in tent As if I had nev er been born. But in the
 shine on my face, You op en mine eyes with Your sight. With

73




lieve in Lord Je sus the Christ Who heals and for gives us our
 die, I will lose ev ery thing, For I hav en't re mem bered to
 cen ter of no thing I see The bril liance in which You e
 all of the strength that I have And my heart that is full of Your

79



sin; I bow on my face in re pent ance And des
 seal Your un ion with me is the shak ti sun der I
 merge; I wit ness the Mir a cle sun der In which
 love, The

85



pair for the shame I hold in. I bow on my face in re
 hav en't made an y thing real. Your All of these won ders You
 all div ine be ings con verge. I un ion with me is the
 Dark and the Light from a bove. I wit ness the Mir a cle

91



pent ance And des pair for the shame I hold in. I be
 sent me; I In which hav en't made an y thing real. When I
 shak ti In which all div ine be ings con verge. But in the
 sun der The Dark and the Light from a bove! With

97



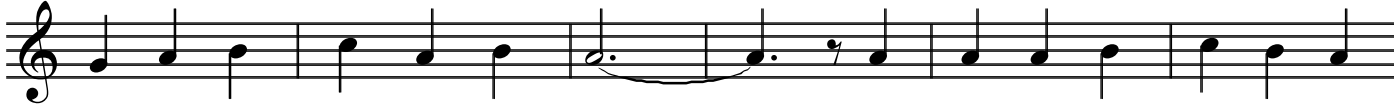
lieve in Lord Je sus the Christ Who heals and for gives us our
 die, I will lose ev ery thing, For I hav en't re mem bered to
 cen ter of no thing I see The bril liance in which You e
 all of the strength that I have And my heart that is full of Your

103



sin; I bow on my face in re pent ance and des
 seal; Your All of these won ders you sent me I
 merge; I un ion with me is the shak ti in which
 Love, I wit ness the mir a cle sun der The

109



pair for the shame I hold in. I bow on my face in re
 hav en't made an y thing real. Your All of these won ders you
 all div ine be ings con verge. I un ion with me is the
 Dark and the Light from a bove! I wit ness the mir a cle

115



pent ance ance and des pair for the shame I hold in. O my
 sent me I in which hav en't made any y thing real. Div ine
 shak ti The in which Dark and the Light from a bove! I
 sun der The in which Dark and the Light from a bove! I

121



129



137



145



153

