

R. Fa - ther, in - to your hands I com - mend my spir - it.

1 In you, O Lord, *I* take ref - uge; let me nev - er be *put* to shame.

In your jus - tice res - *cue* me. In - to your hands I com - *mend* my spir - it;

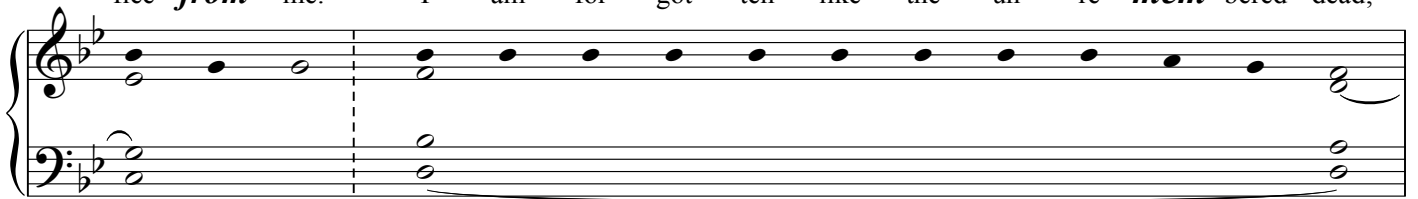
you will re - deem me, O Lord, O *faith* - ful God.



2 For all my foes I am an ob - ject *of* re - proach, a laugh - ing - stock

to my neigh - bors, and a dread *to* my friends; they who see me a - broad

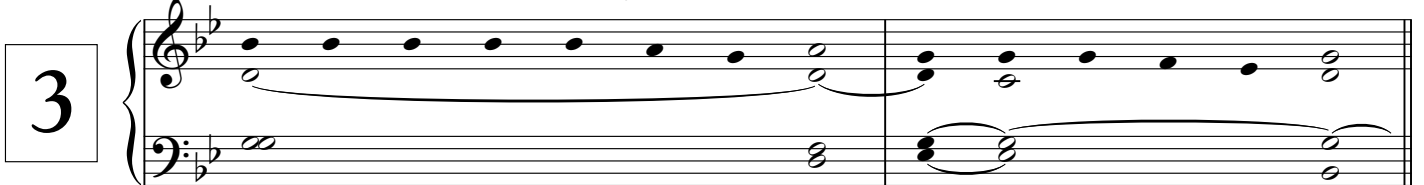
flee *from* me. I am for - got - ten like the un - re - *mem* -bered dead;



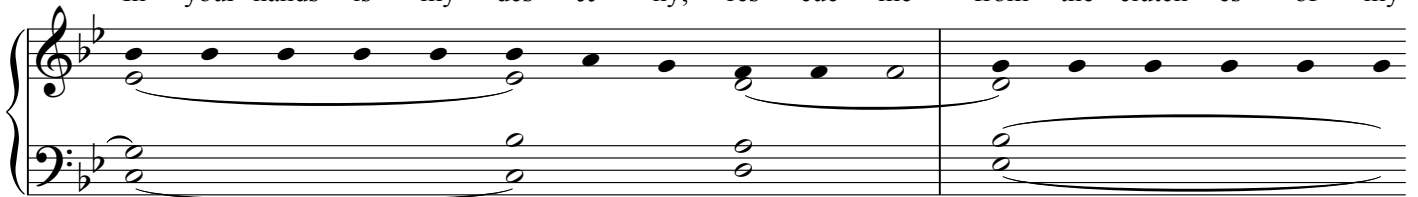
I am like a dish *that* is bro - ken.



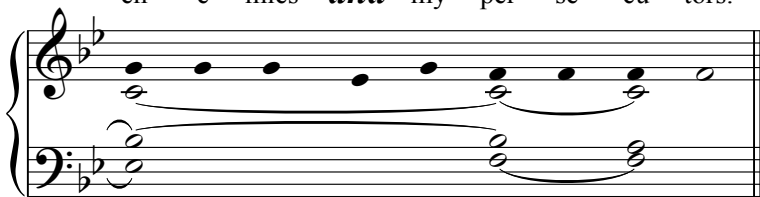
But my trust is in *you*, O Lord; I say, "You *are* my God.



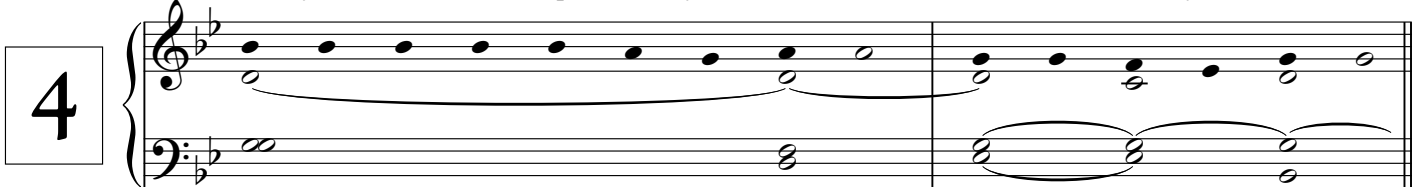
In your hands is my des - *ti* - ny; res - cue me from the clutch - es of my



en - e - mies *and* my per - se - cu - tors."



Let your face shine up - *on* your ser - vant; save me *in* your kind - ness.



Take cour - age and *be* stout - heart - ed, all you who hope *in* the Lord.

