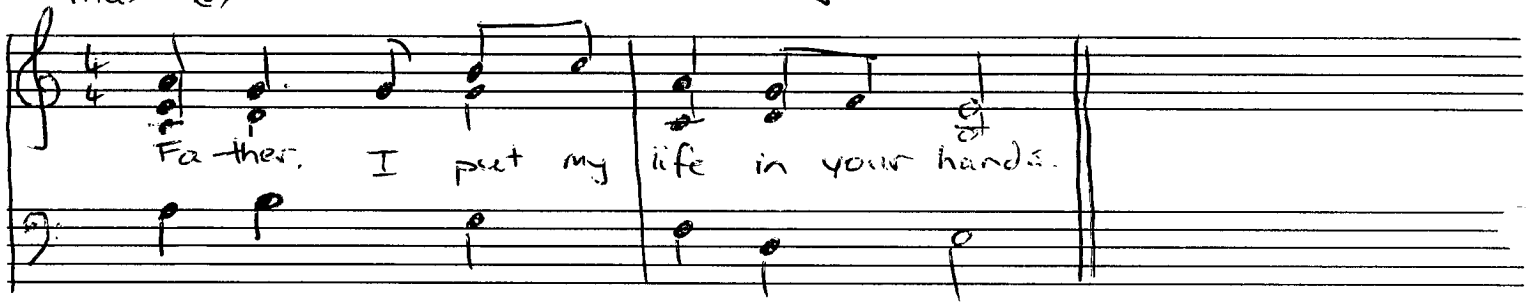
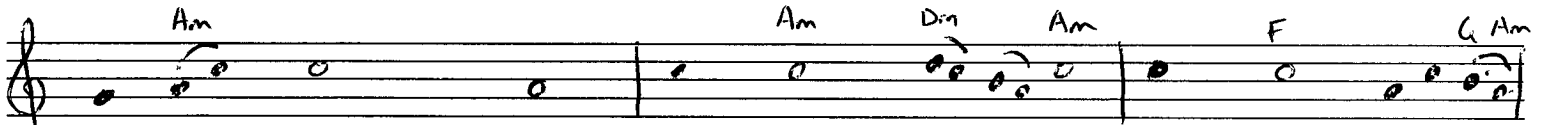


Mode 3(b)

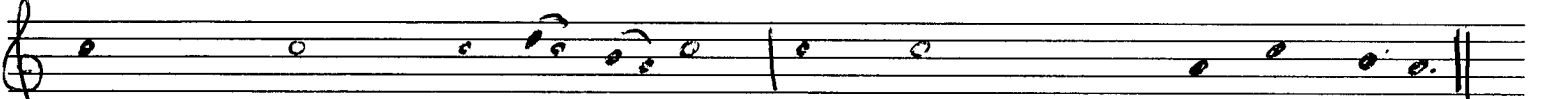
Good Friday.



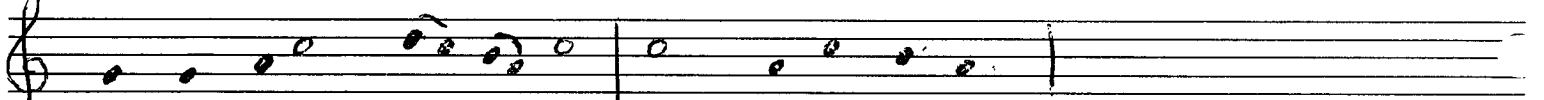
Fa-ther, I put my life in your hands.



1. In you, O Lord I take refuge, Let me never be put to shame, In your justice set me free,



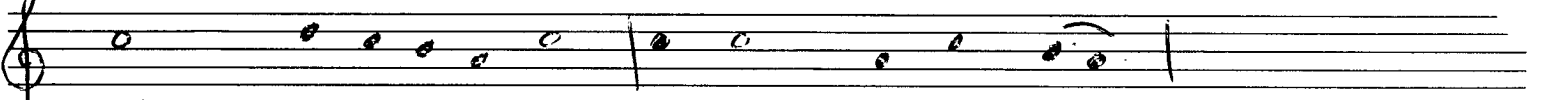
Into your hands I commend my spirit, It is you who will redeem me, Lord.



In the face of all my foes, I am a reproach,



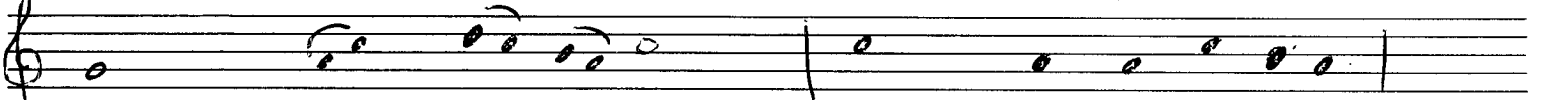
An object of scorn to my neighbours, and of fear to my friends.



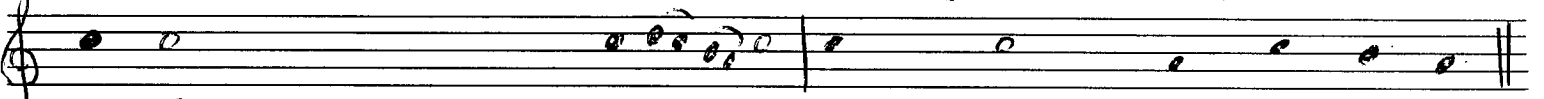
3. Those who see me in the street run far away from me,



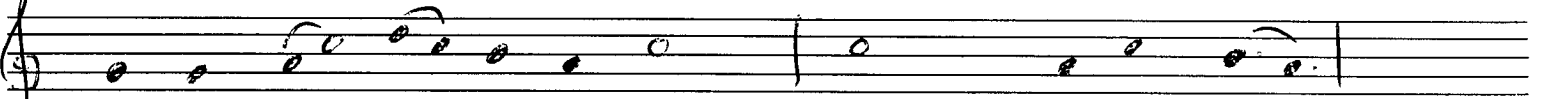
I am like a dead man forgotten in men's hearts, Like a thing thrown u-ay.



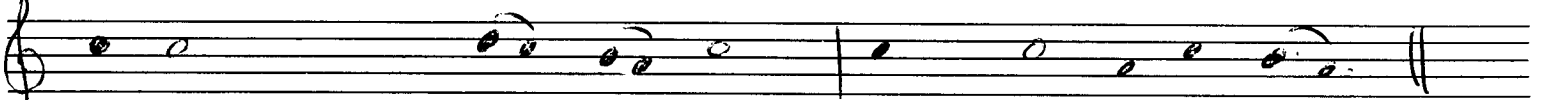
4. But as for me I trust in you, Lord, I say: "You are my God."



My life is in your hands, deliver me from the hands of those who hate me.



5. Let your face shine on your servant. Save me in your love.



Be strong, let your heart take courage, all who hope in the Lord.