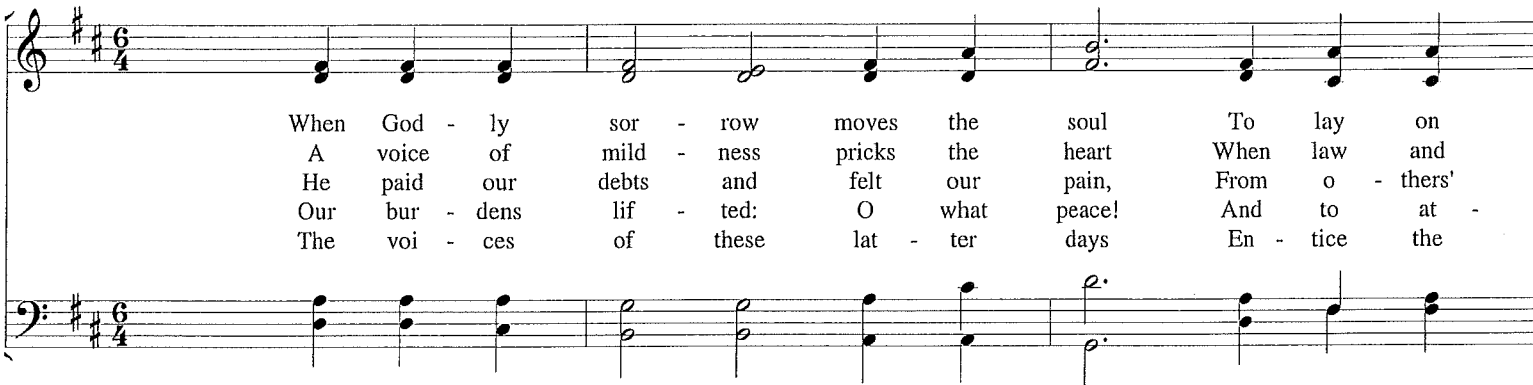


# When Godly Sorrow Moves the Soul

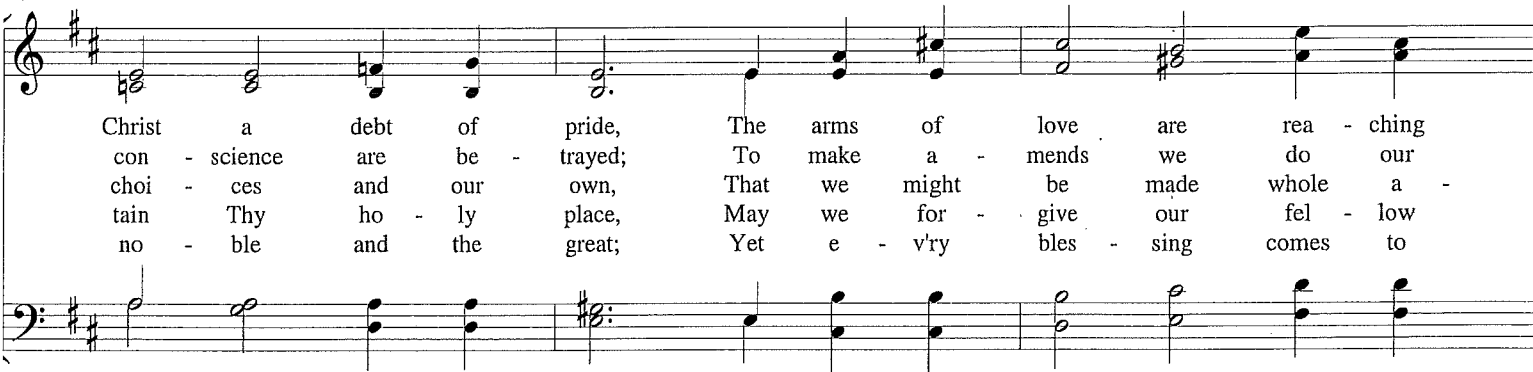
Words and Music by David Christensen Mcfarlane  
and Nathan Philip Howe

1



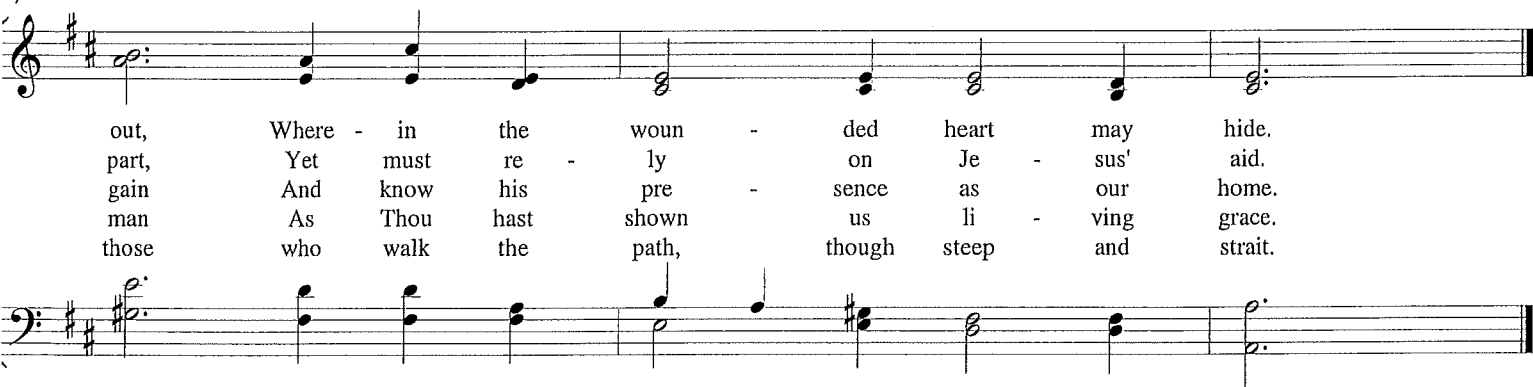
When God - ly sor - row moves the soul To lay on  
A voice of mild - ness pricks the heart When law and  
He paid our debts and felt our pain, From o - thers'  
Our bur - dens lif - ted: O what peace! And to at -  
The voi - ces of these lat - ter days En - tice the

4



Christ a debt of pride, The arms of love are rea - ching  
con - science are be - trayed; To make a - mends we do our  
choi - ces and our own, That we might be made whole a -  
tain Thy ho - ly place, May we for - give our fel - low  
no - ble and the great; Yet e - v'ry bles - sing comes to

7



out, Where - in the woun - ded heart may hide.  
part, Yet must re - ly - on Je - sus' aid.  
gain And know his pre - sence as our home.  
man As Thou hast shown us li - ving grace.  
those who walk the path, though steep and strait.