

Lyrics for **When Godly Sorrow Moves the Soul**
by David Macfarlane and Nathan Howe



When Godly sorrow moves the soul
To lay on Christ a debt of pride,
The arms of love are reaching out,
Wherein the wounded heart may hide.

A voice of mildness pricks the heart
When law and conscience are betrayed.
To make amends we do our part,
Yet must rely on Jesus' aid.

He paid our debts and felt our pain
From others' choices and our own
That we might be made whole again
And know His presence as our home.

Our burdens lifted: O what peace!
And to attain Thy holy place,
May we forgive our fellow man
As Thou hast shown us living grace.

The voices of these latter days
Entice the noble and the great;
Yet every blessing comes to those
Who walk the path, though steep and strait.

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