

"Always Favor Find"

Ruth

The hand of the Lord is gone out against me;
The Almighty has dealt bitterly with me.
I went out so full, but now I am empty;
O why has the Lord my God afflicted me?

CHORUS:

That's when I bow myself and fall upon my face--
Remember that my God delights to show His grace;
Why should He think of me? Why should He be so kind?
He comforts with His love; I always favor find.

Sometimes I turn back from following my Lord;
He pleads I return but sometimes I ignore.
He sees I am weak--of strength I'm dispossessed;
His wings I can trust He offers me His rest.

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