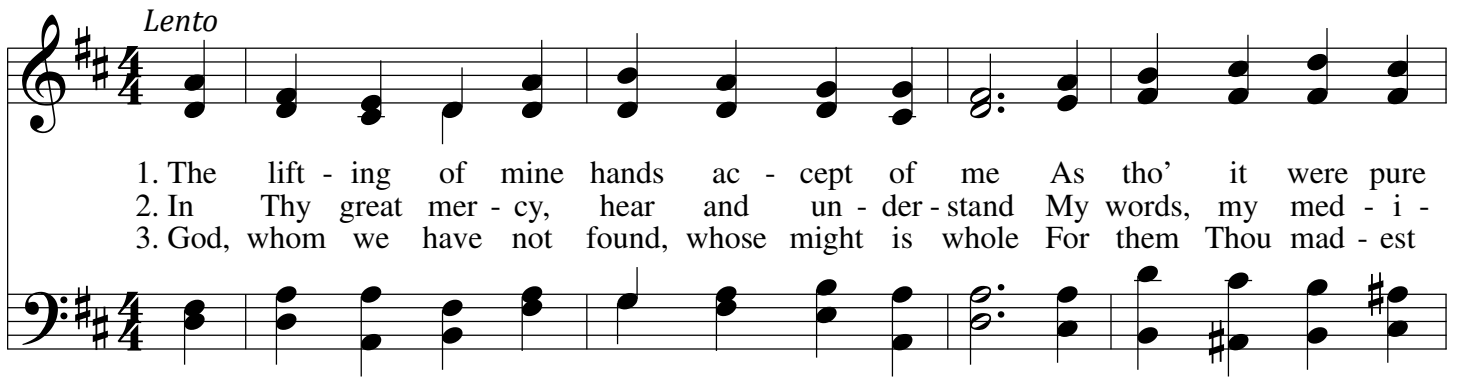


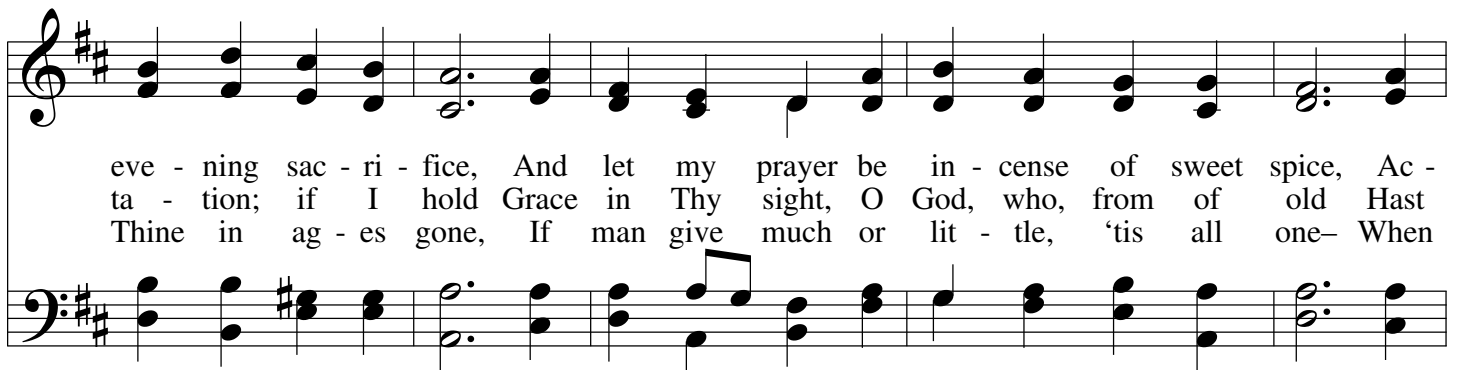
# The Lifting Of Mine Hands

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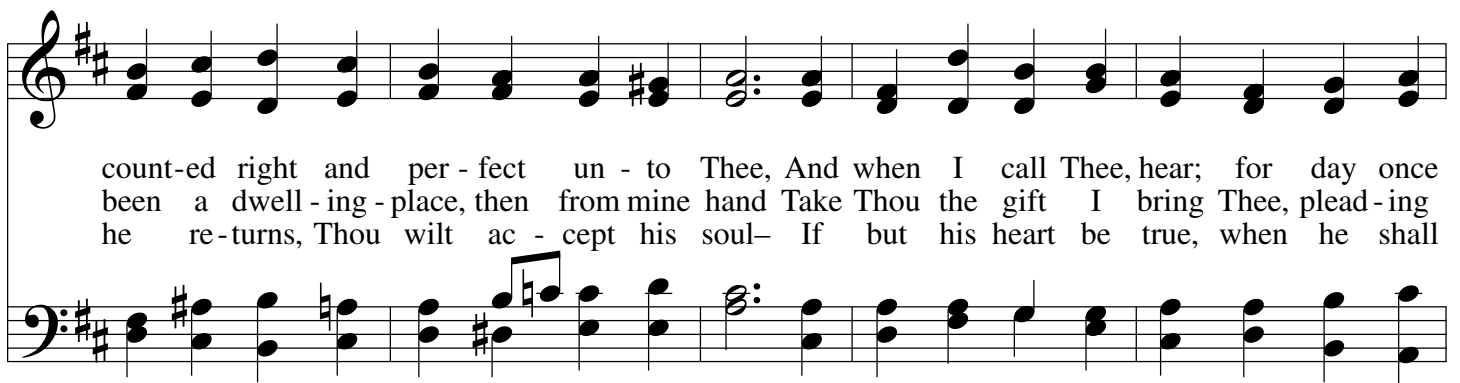
*Lento*



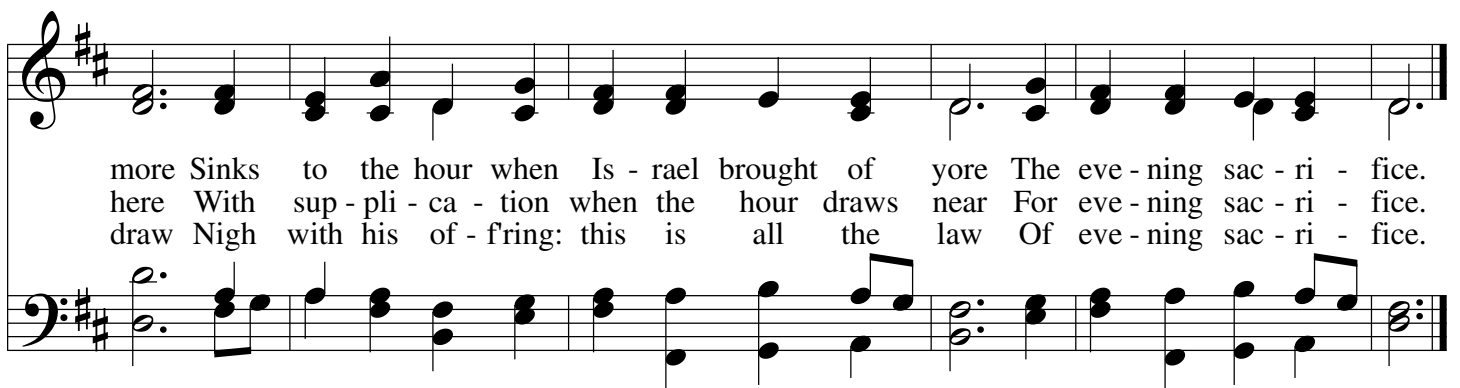
1. The lift - ing of mine hands ac - cept of me As tho' it were pure  
2. In Thy great mer - cy, hear and un - der - stand My words, my med - i -  
3. God, whom we have not found, whose might is whole For them Thou mad - est



eve - ning sac - ri - fice, And let my prayer be in - cense of sweet spice, Ac -  
ta - tion; if I hold Grace in Thy sight, O God, who, from of old Hast  
Thine in ag - es gone, If man give much or lit - tle, 'tis all one- When



count-ed right and per - fect un - to Thee, And when I call Thee, hear; for day once  
been a dwell - ing - place, then from mine hand Take Thou the gift I bring Thee, plead - ing  
he re - turns, Thou wilt ac - cept his soul- If but his heart be true, when he shall



more Sinks to the hour when Is - rael brought of yore The eve - ning sac - ri - fice.  
here With sup - pli - ca - tion when the hour draws near For eve - ning sac - ri - fice.  
draw Nigh with his of - fring: this is all the law Of eve - ning sac - ri - fice.

Nina Davis Salaman,  
Tr. from the Hebrew of Mordecai b. Sabbattal, 13th Cent.

Old German Melody