

# Fairfield

5 10

Treble  
1. From lowest depths of woe, to God I sent my cry; Lord! Hear my sup - pli - cat - ing voice, and grac - ious - ly re - ply.

Counter  
2. Shoud'st Thou severely judge, who can the tri - al bear? But Thou for-giv'st, lest we despond, and quite renounce Thy fear.

Tenor  
3. My soul with pat - ience waits on Thee, the liv - ing Lord; My hopes are on Thy promise built, the nev - er - fail - ing word.

Bass  
4. My long - ing eyes look out for hy en - liven - ing ray, More du - ly than the morning-watch to spy the dawn - ing day.  
5. Whose friendly streams to us supplies in want con - vey; a healing spring, a spring to cleanse, and wash our guilt a - way.