
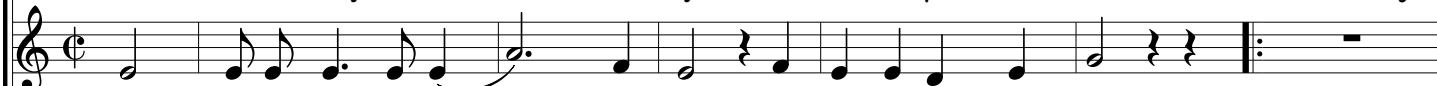





New Stratford

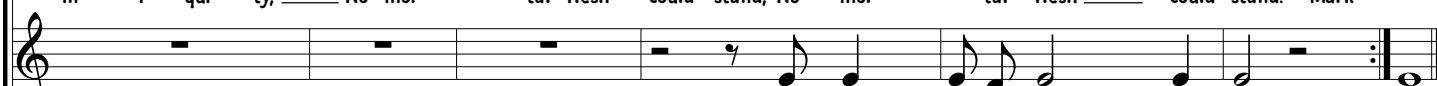
Tr.  5
1. Out of the deeps of long dis - tress, The bor - ders of des - pair, I sent my cries
2. Great God, should thy se - ve - rer eye, And thine im - par - tial hand, Mark and re - venge

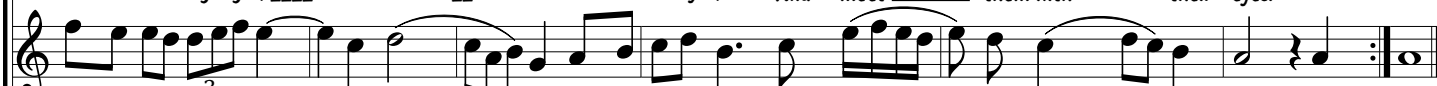
C. 

T.  3
3. I wait for thy sal - va - tion, Lord, With stong de - sires I wait; My soul, in - vi -
4. Just as the guards that keep the night Long for the mor - ning skies, Watch the first beams

B.  3
5. So waits my soul to see his grace, And more in - tent than they, Meets the first o -
6. There's full re - demp - tion at his throne For sin - ners long en - slaved; The great Re - dee -

Tr.  10 1. 2.
to seek thy face, My groans to move thine ear, My groans to move thine ear. I
in - i - qui - ty, No mor - tal flesh could stand, No mor - tal flesh could stand. Mark

C. 

T.  3
penings of thy face, And finds a brigh - ter day, And finds a brigh - ter day. Meets
mer is his Son, And is - rael shall be saved, And is - rael shall be saved. The

B. 