

# New Stratford

Transcribed from *The American Musical Magazine*, 1786.

A minor

Alexander Gillet, 1786

Tr. 5 10

1. Out of the deeps of long dis - tress, The borders of des - pair, I sent my cries to seek thy grace, My groans to move  
2. Great God, should thy se - ve - rer eye, And thine im - par - tial hand, Mark and revenge in - i - qui - ty, No mor - tal flesh

C.

3. I wait for thy sal - va - tion, Lord, With strong desires I wait; My soul, in - vi - ted by thy word, Stands wat - ching at  
4. Just as the guards that keep the night Long for the mor - ning skies, Watch the first beams of brea - king light, And meet them with

T. 3 3

5. So waits my soul to see thy grace, And, more in - tent than they, Meets the first o - penings of thy face, And finds a brigh -  
6. There's full re - demp - tion at his throne For sinners long en - slaved; The great Re - dee - mer is his Son, And Is - rael shall

B.

Tr. 1. 2.

1. thine ear, My groans to move thine ear. I  
2. could stand, No mor - tal flesh could stand. Mark

C.

3. thy gate, Stands wat - ching at thy gate. My  
4. their eyes, And meet them with their eyes. Watch

T.

5. -ter day, And finds a brigh - ter day. Meets  
6. be saved, And Is - rael shall be saved. The

B.