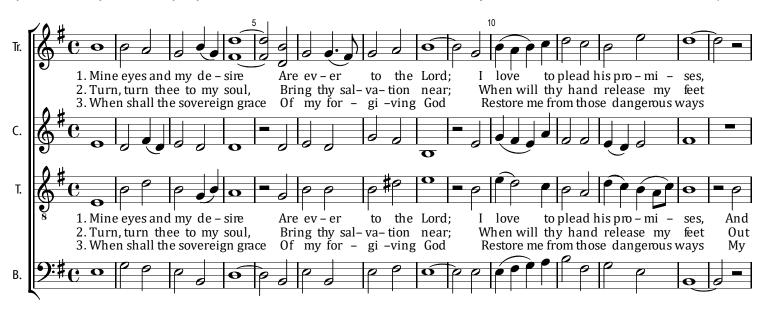
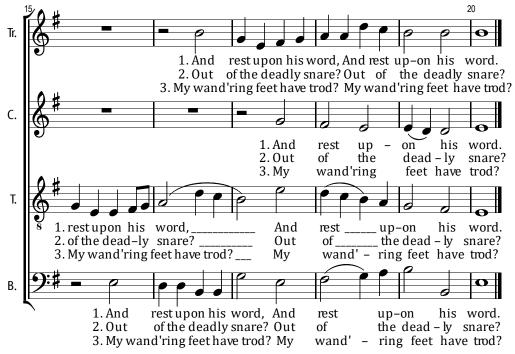
66.86.(S.M.)

Transcribed from Brownson's Select Harmony, 1783.





- 4. The tumult of my thoughts Doth but enlarge my woe; My spirit languishes, my heart Is desolate and low.
- 5. With every morning light My sorrow new begins; Look on my anguish and my pain, And pardon all my sins.
- 6. Behold the hosts of hell, How cruel is their hate! Against my life they rise, and join Their fury with deceit.
- 7. O keep my soul from death, Nor put my hope to shame, For I have placed my only trust In my Redeemer's name.
- 8. With humble faith I wait To see thy face again: Of Isael it shall ne'er be said, He sought the Lord in vain.