

1. Out of the deeps of long dis-tress, The bor-ders of de-spair, I send my cries to seek thy grace, My groans to move thine ear.

2. Great God! should thy se-ver-er eye, And thine im-par-tial band, Mark and re-venge in-i-qui-ty, No mor-tal flesh could stand.

3. But there are par-dons with our God, For crimes of high de-gree; Thy Son has bought them with his blood, To draw us near to thee.

4. I wait for thy sal-va-tion, Lord, With strong de-sires I wait; My soul in-vi-ted by thy word Stands watch-ing at thy gate.