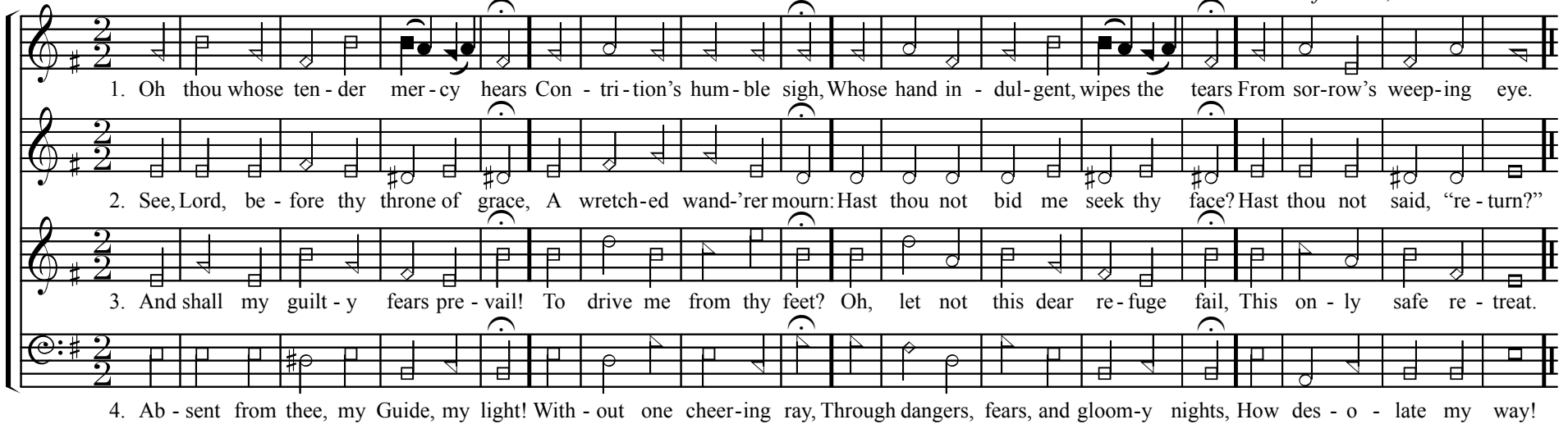


METRE 2 Anne Steele

MARTYRS C.M.

in Hart's *The CL Psalmes of David*, 1615



1. Oh thou whose ten-der mer-cy hears Con-tri-tion's hum-ble sigh, Whose hand in-dul-gent, wipes the tears From sor-row's weep-ing eye.

2. See, Lord, be-fore thy throne of grace, A wretch-ed wand-er-er mourn: Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, "re-turn?"

3. And shall my guilt-y fears pre-vail! To drive me from thy feet? Oh, let not this dear re-fuge fail, This on-ly safe re-treat.

4. Ab-sent from thee, my Guide, my light! With-out one cheer-ing ray, Through dangers, fears, and gloom-y nights, How des-o-late my way!