

DUBLIN C.M.

in Smith's *The Psalms of David*, 1699

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.