

Hymn Lyrics

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From the deeps of grief and fear

From the deeps of grief and fear,
O Lord ! to Thee my soul repairs :
From Thy heaven bow down Thine ear ;
Let Thy mercy meet my prayers.

Oh if Thou mark'st

What's done amiss,

What soul so pure,

Can see Thy bliss ?

But with Thee sweet mercy stands,
Sealing pardons, working fear :
Wait, my soul, wait on His hands ;
Wait mine eye, Oh ! wait mine ear :

If He His eye

Or tongue affords,

Watch all His looks,

Catch all His words.

As a watchman waits for day,
And looks for light, and looks again ;
When the night grows cold and gray,
To be relieved he calls again :