


1. Lord to thee I make my moan
when dangers me oppress:
I call, I sigh, plain and groan,
trusting to find release.
Hear now O Lord my request,
for it is full due time:
And let thine ears aye be prest
unto this prayer mine.
2. In God I put my whole trust,
my soul waiteth on his will:
For his promise is most just, and I hope therein still, my soul to God hath regard, wishing for him alway:
More then they that watch and ward, to see the dawning day.
3. O Lord our God, if though weigh our sins and them peruse: Who shall then escape or say, I can myself excuse? But Lord thou art merciful, and turn'st to us thy grace: That we with hearts most careful should fear before thy face.
4. Let Israël then boldly, in the Lord put his trust: He is that God of mercy, that his deliver must.
For he it is that must save Israël from his sin, and all such as surely have their confidence in him.
