
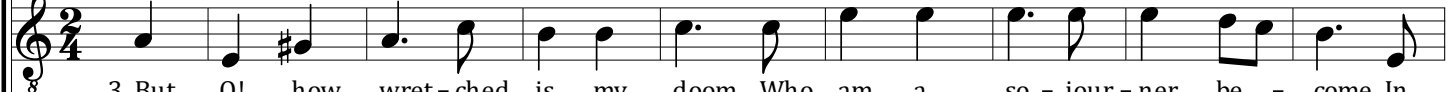
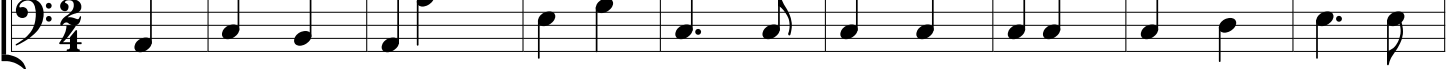
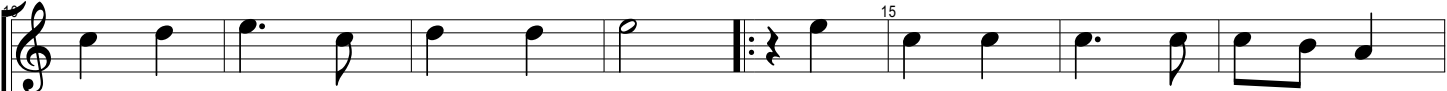


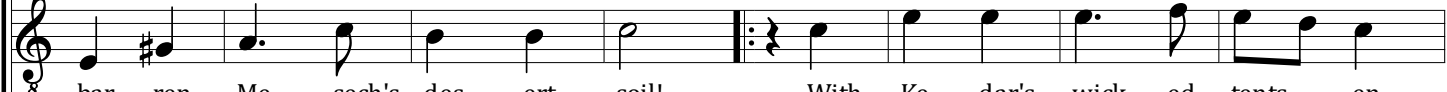
# Crete


Tr.  5  
1. In deep dis - tress I oft have cried To God, who ne - ver yet de - nied To  
2. What lit - tle pro - fit can ac - crue? And yet what hea - vy wrath is due, O


T.  8  
3. But O! how wret - ched is my doom, Who am a so - jour - ner be - come In  
4. My ha - pless dwel - ling is with those Who peace and a - mi - ty op - pose, And


B. 


Tr.  15  
res - cue me, op - pressed with wrongs. Once more, O Lord, de - liv - erance  
thou per - fid - ious tongue! To thee? Thy sting up - on thy - self shall


T.  8  
bar - ren Me - sech's des - ert soil! With Ke - dar's wick - ed tents en -  
plea - sure take in oth - ers' harm.: Sweet peace is all I court and


B. 

Tr.  20  
send. From ly - ing lips my soul de - fend, And from the rage of  
turn. Of las - ting flames that fier - cely burn, The con - stant fuel sure -

T.  8  
closed. To law - less sa - va - ges ex - posed, Who live on naught but  
seek; But when to them of peace I speak, They strait cry out, "To

B. 

Tr.  25 30  
slan - dering tongues, And from the rage of slan - dering tongues.  
ly thou be. The con - stant fuel sure - ly thou be.

T.  8  
theft arms! and spoil, Who live strait on naught but theft arms! and spoil.  
arms! To arms!" They strait cry out, "To arms! To arms!"

B. 