


Desertion


Transcribed from *The Psalmodist's Assistant*, 1806.

Treble




1. Deep in a cold, a joy - less cell, A dole - ful gulf of gloomy care! Where dismal doubts and darkness dwell, The
2. How can a burdened crip - ple rise? How can a fet - tered cap - tive flee? Ah, Lord, direct my wishful eyes; And

Tenor




3. Extend thy mercy, gracious God. Thy quick - ening Spirit vouch - safe to send; Apply the re - con - ci - ling blood; And
4. Let hope survive, though damped by doubt; Do thou de - fend my shattered shield; O! let me never quite give out. Help

Bass




Tr.



1. dangerous brink of black despair; Chilled by the i - cy damps of death, I feel no firm sup - port of faith.
2. let me look, at least, to thee. A - las, my sink - ing spi - rits droop, I scarce per - ceive a glimpse of hope.

T.



3. kindly call thy foe thy friend: Of if rich cor - dials thou de - ny, Let pa - tience com - fort's place sup - ply.
4. me to keep the bloody field; Lord, look up - on th'un - e - qual strife; De - lay not, lest I lose my life.

B.

