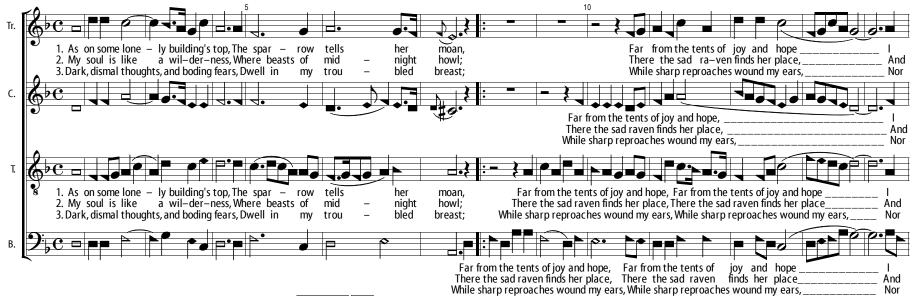
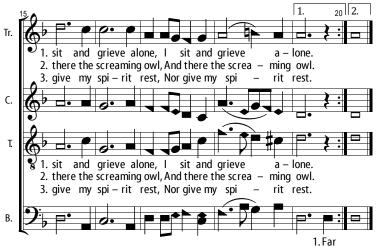
## Solitude

D minor Walter Janes, 1803

Transcribed from The Massachusetts Harmony, 1803.





- 4. Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face; But answer, lest I die; Hast thou not built a throne of grace To hear when sinners cry?
- 5. My days are wasted like the smoke Dissolving in the air; My strength is dried, my heart is broke, And sinking in despair.
- 6. My spirits flag like with'ring grass Burnt with excessive heat; In secret groans my minutes pass, And I forget to eat.

- 7. But thou for ever art the same, O my eternal God; Ages to come shall know thy name, And spread thy works abroad.
- 8. Thou wilt arise and show thy face, Nor will my Lord delay Beyond th' appointed hour of grace, That long-expected day.
- He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
  And by mysterious ways
  Redeems the pris'ners doomed to die,
  And fills their tongues with praise.

2. There 3. While