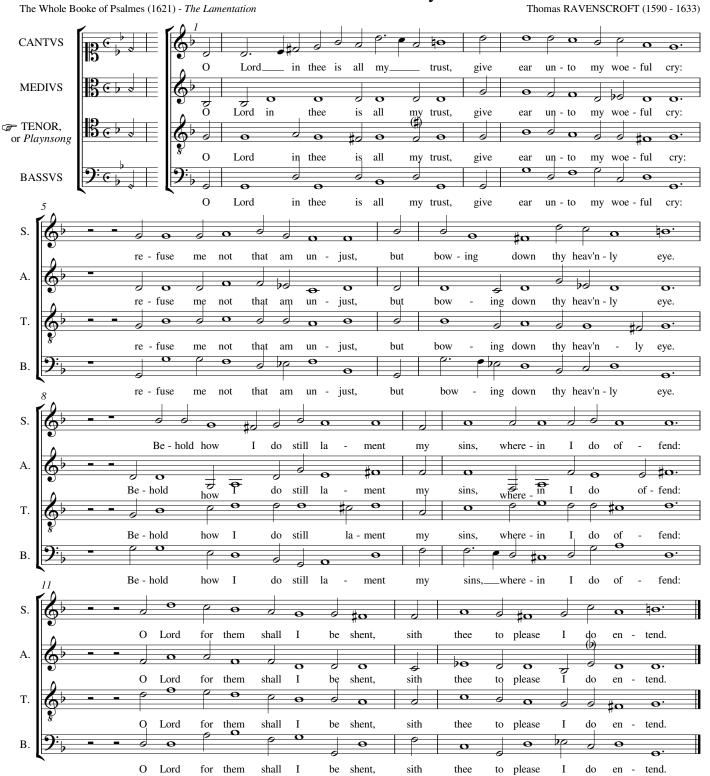
O Lord in thee is all my trust



No no, not so, thy wioll is bent, to deal with sinners in thine ire:
But when in heart they shall repent, thou grant'st with speed their just desire.
To thee therefore still shall I cry, to wash away my sinful crime:
Thy blood, O Lord, is not yet dry, but that it may help me in time.

Critical notes:

Medius bar 4/note 3 is $\frac{1}{2}$ in the original; Medius bar 7/note 4 is F in the original; Medius bar 13/note 1 is D in the original. Text somewhat modernised.

Haste thee, O Lord, haste thee I say, to pour out me the gifts of grace:
That when this life shall fleet away, in heav'n with thee I may have place.
Where thou dost reign eternally, with God which once did down thee send, Where Angels sing continually, to thee be praise world without end.