

# Easton

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1. When shall the sovereign grace Of my for-gi-ving God Re-store me from those dangerous ways My wan-dering feet have trod?  
2. With eve-ry morning light My sor-row new be-gins; Look on my anguish and my pain, And par-don all my sins.

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3. O keep my soul from death, Nor put my hope to shame, For I have placed my on-ly trust In my Re-dee-mer's name.  
4. With hum-ble faith I wait To see thy face a-gain: Of Is-rael it shall ne'er be said, He sought the Lord in vain.

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