

# 122.

## In The Burning Depths We Suffer.

I. WILLIAMS.

Harm. by C. HAUSER.

Lento. (♩ = 52)  
*mf*

1. In the burn - ing depths we suf - fer, Sigh - ing,  
2. Moved to pit - y by our an - guish, Chris - tian

*cresc.*

weep - ing, here in pain; Far from God in tor - ment lan - guish, But our  
hearken to our cry; Save us, we im - plore thee, save us; Do not

*mf*

tears no mer - it gain - Ah me! Ah me! Those who  
pass un - heed - ing by - Ah me! Ah me! Heav'n, with -

*rall.*

loved us have for - got - ten, And we call for aid in vain.  
out thy sac - ri - fic - es, Short - ens not our ag - o - ny.

3.  
In His justice, God did smite us;  
'Tis for thee who art our friend,  
To appease His righteous anger,  
And our dreadful sufferings end.

Ah me! Ah me!  
Listen, brother, to our pleadings,  
Why refuse thine aid to lend?

4.  
Here we wait in fearful torture,  
Till we're free from every stain;  
God has giv'n to thee the power  
To release us from our pain.

Ah me! Ah me!  
Why, oh! why, dost thou forsake us?  
Hath our love been rent in twain?