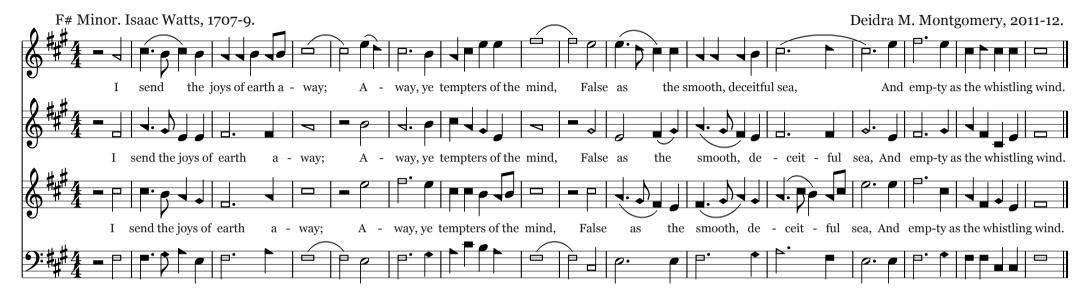
Laurelton. L.M.



Your waves were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3. Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace, That warned me of that dark abyss! That drew me from those treacherous seas, And bade me seek superior bliss.