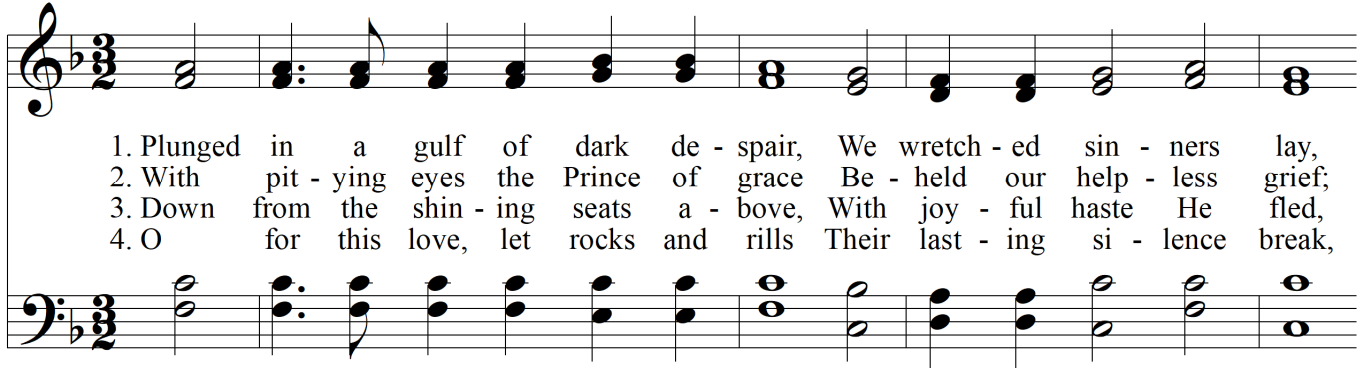
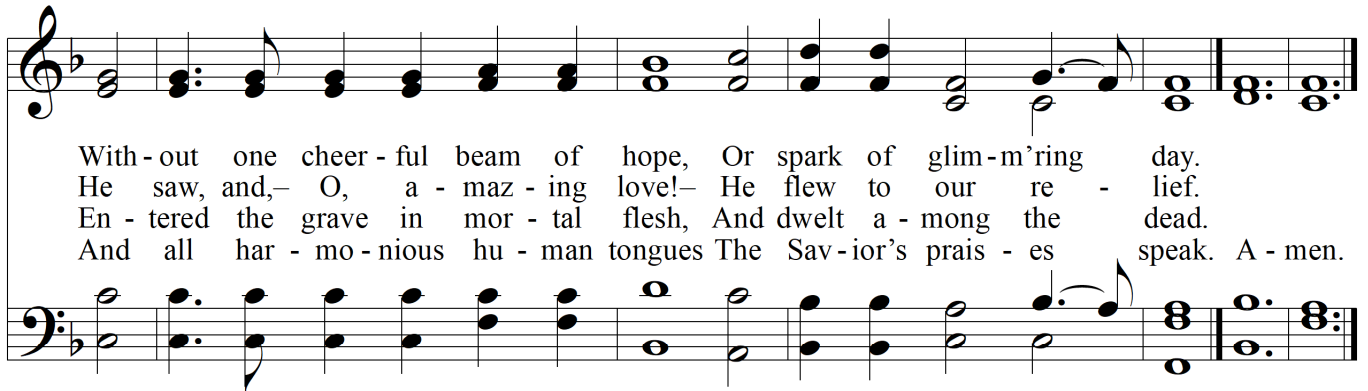


# Plunged In A Gulf Of Dark Despair

BYEFIELD C. M.



1. Plunged in a gulf of dark de - spair, We wretch - ed sin - ners lay,  
2. With pit - ying eyes the Prince of grace Be - held our help - less grief;  
3. Down from the shin - ing seats a - bove, With joy - ful haste He fled,  
4. O for this love, let rocks and rills Their last - ing si - lence break,



With - out one cheer - ful beam of hope, Or spark of glim - m'ring day.  
He saw, and, - O, a - maz - ing love! - He flew to our re - lief.  
En - tered the grave in mor - tal flesh, And dwelt a - mong the dead.  
And all har - mo - nious hu - man tongues The Sav - ior's prais - es speak. A - men.

Words: Isaac Watts (1707)

Music: Dr. Thomas Hastings (1784-1872)