Bitter, Indeed, the Waters Are

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
Bit- ter, indeed, the waters are. Which

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
in this desert flow; Though

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
to the eye they promise fair, They

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
taste of sin and woe.

The other verses

2 Of pleasing draughts I once could dream,
But now, awake, I find,
That sin has poisoned every stream,
And left a curse behind.

3 But there's a wonder-working wood,
I've heard believers say,
Can make these bitter waters good,
And take the curse away.

4 The virtues of this healing tree
Are known and prized by few;
Reveal this secret, Lord, to me,
That I may prize it too.

5 The cross on which the Savior died,
And conquered for his saints;
This is the tree, by faith applied,
Which sweetens all complaints.

6 Thousands have found the blest effect,
Nor longer mourn their lot;
While on his sorrows they reflect,
Their own are all forgot.

7 When they, by faith, behold the cross,
Though many griefs they meet;
They draw again from every loss,
And find the bitter sweet.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.