From Deep Distress and Troubled Thoughts

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
From deep distress and troubled thoughts, To

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
thee, my God, I rais'd my cries; If

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
thou severely mark our faults, No

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
flesh can stand be- fore thine eyes.

The other verses

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long, and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Thro' the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.