Laden with Guilt, and Full of Fears

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
La- den with guilt, and full of fears, I

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
fly to thee, my Lord, And

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
not a glimpse of hope appears, But

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
in thy written word.

The other verses

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown,
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right-hand.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); 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.