Out of the Deeps of Long Distress

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
Out of the deeps of long distress, The

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
borders of de- spair, I

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
sent my cries to seek thy grace, My

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
groans to move thine ear.

The other verses

2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood
To draw us near to thee.

4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

5 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be sav'd.

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.