Though Sore Beset with Guilt and Fear

Doh is Db · 6/8 Tune: SWEET HOUR

| d | m - f s - s | l - t d' - l | s - m m r d | r - m r - d |
Though sore beset with guilt and fear, I cannot, dare not, quite despair; If

| m - f s - s | l - t d' - l | s - m m r d | m - r d - s |
I must perish, would the Lord Have taught my heart to love his word? Would

| d' - t d' - l | s - m s - s | d' - t d' - l | s - m r - d |
he have giv'n me eyes to see My danger, and my remedy, Re-

| m - f s - s | l - t d' - l | s - m m r d | m - r d - |
vealed his name, and bid me pray, Had he resolved to say me nay?

The other verses

2 No--though cast down I am not slain;
I fall, but I shall rise again;
The present Satan is thy hour,
But Jesus shall control thy pow'r:
His love will plead for my relief,
He hears my groans, he sees my grief;
Nor will he suffer thee to boast,
A soul, that sought his help, was lost.

3 'Tis true, I have unfaithful been,
And grieved his Spirit by my sin;
Yet still his mercy he'll reveal,
And all my wounds and follies heal:
Abounding sin, I must confess,
But more abounding is his grace;
He once vouchsafed for me to bleed,
And now he lives my cause to plead.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
I see him on his mercy-seat,
('Tis sprinkled with atoning blood)
There sinners find access to God:
Ye burdened souls approach with me,
And make the Savior's name your plea;
Jesus will pardon all who come,
And strike our fierce accuser dumb.

Tune SWEET HOUR by William Batchelder Bradbury (1816–1868); 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.