When We Are Rais'd from Deep Distress

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
When we are rais'd from deep distress Our

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
God deserves a song; We

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
take the pattern of our praise From

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
Hezekiah's tongue.

The other verses

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears,
"Our days are past, and we shall lose
"The remnant of our years."

4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore;
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); 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.