

In Deep Distress, To God  
by Charles Wesley

1 IN deep distress, to God  
I poured my care and grief;  
To him I raised my mournful cry,  
And sought from him relief.

2 I looked, but found no friend  
To aid me in distress;  
All refuge failed, and none vouchsafed  
To pity or redress.

3 To God, at length I cried  
"Thou, Lord, my refuge art;  
My portion in the land of life,  
Till life itself depart.

4 "Redeem my helpless soul,  
That I may praise thy name;  
So shall assembled saints with me  
Thy power and grace proclaim."