

Laden with Guilt, and Full of Fears  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1709.  
Music: Frederick Baker, 1876.

Laden with guilt, and full of fears,  
I fly to Thee, my Lord,  
And not a glimpse of hope appears  
But in Thy written Word.

The volume of my Fathers grace  
Does all my griefs assuage;  
Here I behold my Saviors face  
Almost in every page.

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

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

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

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