

From Deep Distress and Troubled Thoughts

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Freeman Lewis, 1820.

From deep distress and troubled thoughts

To Thee, my God, I raised my cries;

If Thou severely mark our faults,

No flesh can stand before Thine eyes.

But Thou hast built Thy throne of grace

Free to dispense Thy pardons there,

That sinners may approach Thy face,

And hope and love, as well as fear.

As the benighted pilgrims wait

And long, and wish for breaking day,

So waits my soul before Thy gate;

When will my God His face display?

My trust is fixed upon Thy Word,

Nor shall I trust Thy Word in vain;

Let mourning souls address the Lord

And find relief from all their pain.

Great is His love, and large His grace,

Through the redemption of His Son;

He turns our feet from sinful ways,

And pardons what our hands have done.