

Lord, I Would Spread My Sore Distress

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Christopher Tye, 1533.

Lord, I would spread my sore distress

And guilt before Thine eyes;

Against Thy laws, against Thy grace,

How high my crimes arise!

Shouldst Thou condemn my soul to hell,

And crush my flesh to dust,

Heav'n would approve Thy vengeance well,

And earth must own it just.

I from the stock of Adam came,

Unholy and unclean;

All my original is shame

And all my nature sin.

Born in a world of guilt, I drew

Contagion with my breath;

And as my days advanced, I grew

A juster prey for death.

Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul

With Thy forgiving love;

And make my broken spirit whole,

And bid my pains remove.

Let not Thy spirit quite depart,

Nor drive me from Thy face;

Create anew my vicious heart

And fill it with Thy grace.

Then I will make Thy mercy known

Before the sons of men;

Backsliders shall address Thy throne,

And turn to God again.