

My God, Consider My Distress

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Simon Browne, ca. 1720.

My God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinned against Thy grace,
I can't forget Thy laws.

Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Be Thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make Thy waiting servant see
The shinings of Thy face.

My eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries,
"When will the Lord His truth fulfill,
And make my comforts rise?"

Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show Thy grace the same
As Thou art ever wont t'afford
To those that love Thy name.