

Out of the Deepes of Long Distress

Isaac Watts, 1719.

William Barton, 1706.

Out of the deepes of long distress,  
The borders of despair,  
I sent my cries to seek Thy grace,  
My groans to move Thine ear.

Great God, should Thy severer eye,  
And Thine impartial hand,  
Mark and revenge iniquity,  
No mortal flesh could stand.

But there are pardons with my God  
For crimes of high degree;  
Thy Son has bought them with His blood,  
To draw us near to Thee.

I wait for Thy salvation, Lord,  
With strong desires I wait;  
My soul, invited by Thy Word,  
Stands watching at Thy gate.

Just as the guards that keep the night  
Long for the morning skies,  
Watch the first beams of breaking light,  
And meet them with their eyes;

So waits my soul to see Thy grace,  
And, more intent than they,  
Meets the first openings of Thy face,  
And finds a brighter day.

Then in the Lord let Israel trust,  
Let Israel seek His face;  
The Lord is good as well as just,  
And plenteous is His grace.

There's full redemption at His throne  
For sinners long enslaved;  
The great Redeemer is His Son,  
And Israel shall be saved.