

From deep distress

(from Psalm 130)

CONISCLIFFE
88 88 (LM)

Words: Isaac Watts (altd)
Music: David Lee

D G2 G/A A7 D

1. From deep dis - tress and troub - led thought,
2. My hope is fixed up - on your word;
3. You turn our feet from sin - ful ways,

F#m7 Bm7 Bm7/E Asus4 A/G

to you, my God, I raise my cries!
nor shall I trust your word in vain:
and par - don wrongs our hands have done.

D/F# G2 A7 Bm D7/A

If you se - vere - ly mark our faults,
our yearn - ing souls ad - dress you, Lord,
How great the love, how large the grace

G GMaj7 Em7 Asus4 A7 D

no - one could stand be - fore your eyes.
and find re - lief from sin and pain.
that gives re - demp - tion through your Son.

Words: Isaac Watts (altd. Adrienne Tindall)
Music: © 1998, 2013 David Lee

This version, edited by Adrienne Tindall:

- 1 From deep distress and troubled thought,
to you, my God, I raise my cries!
If you severely mark our faults,
no-one could stand before your eyes.
- 2 My hope is fixed upon your word;
nor shall I trust your word in vain:
our yearning souls address you, Lord,
and find relief from sin and pain.
- 3 You turn our feet from sinful ways,
and pardon wrongs our hands have done.
How great the love, how large the grace
that gives redemption through your Son.

Original version:

- 1 From deep Distress and troubled Thoughts.
To thee, my GOD, I rais'd my Cries;
If thou severely mark our Faults,
No flesh can stand before thine Eyes.
- 2 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.
- 3 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?
- 4 My Trust is fix'd upon thy Word,
Nor shall I trust thy Word in vain;
Let mourning Souls address the Lord,
And find Relief from all their Pain.
- 5 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.