

METRE 1 Isaac Watts

# BOURBON L.M.

Freeman Lewis

1. From deep distress and trou-bled thoughts, To thee, my God, I raise my cries; If thou se - vere - ly mark our faults, No flesh can stand be - fore thine eyes.

2. But thou hast built thy throne of grace, Free to dispense thy pardons there, That sin - ners may ap - proach thy face, And hope and love, as well as fear.

3. As the be - night - ed pil - grims wait, And long and wish for breaking day, So waits my soul be - fore thy gate; When will my God his face dis - play.

4. My trust is fixed up - on thy word, Nor shall I trust thy word in vain, Let mourning souls ad - dress the Lord, And find re - lief from all their pain.

5. Great is his love and large his grace, Thro' the redemption of his Son; He turns our feet from sin - ful ways, and pardons what our hands have done.