

From Deep Distress

from 'Hymns for Those who Keep the Commandments
of God and the faith of Jesus' - Steam press of the Review
and Hearld Office, Battle Creek, Michigan - 1861 - p.187

(Distress. L.M.)

Adapted and arranged from
Southern Harmony - 1854
p. 22

mf From

Slowly

mf

From

mp

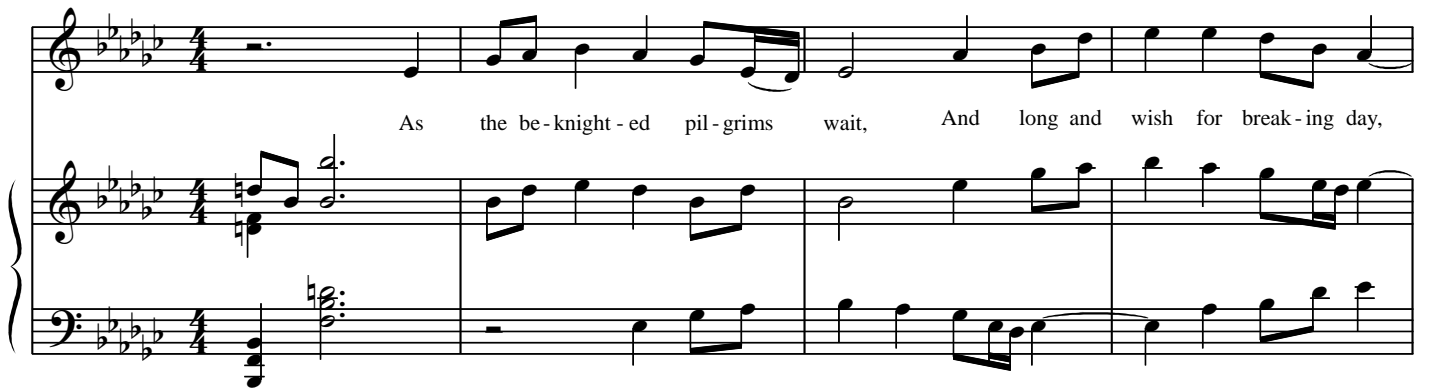
deep dis - tress and trou - bled thoughts, To thee my God I raise my cries; If Thou se

ly mark our faults, No flesh can stand be fore thine eyes. - But

thou hast built thy throne of grace. Dis - pens - ing par - dons free - ly there That sin - ners may



ap - proach thy face, And hope and love, as well as fear.



As the be - knight - ed pil - grims wait, And long and wish for break - ing day,



So waits soul be - fore thy gate; When will my God his face - dis - play



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. *f* His love is great, and large his

grace, Through the re - demp - tion of his Son; He turns our feet from sin - ful

ways, And par dons - what our hands have done.