

In Deep Distress I Oft Have Cried

From Psalm 120

1. ¹In deep dis - tress I oft have cried To GOD, who nev - er
 2. ³What lit - tle prof - it can ac - crue, And yet what heav - y
 3. ⁵But oh! how wretch - ed is my doom, Who am a so - journ -
 4. ⁶My hap - less dwell - ing is with those Who peace and am - i -

yet de - nied To res - cue me op - pressed with wrongs;
 wrath is due, O thou per - fid - ious tongue, to thee?
 er be - come In bar - ren Me - sech's des - ert soil!
 ty op - pose, And pleas - ure take in oth - ers' harms:

²Once more, O LORD, de - liv - 'rance send, From ly - ing lips my
⁴Thy sting up - on thy - self shall turn; Of last - ing flames that
 With Ke - dar's wick - ed tents en - closed, To law - less sav - ag -
⁷Sweet peace is all I court and seek; But when to them of

soul de - fend, And from the rage of slan - d'ring tongues.
 fierce - ly burn, The con - stant fu - el thou shalt be.
 es ex - posed, Who live on nought but theft and spoil.
 peace I speak, They straight cry out, "To arms, to arms!"