

Issac Watts

Peck

Oh, if my soul were formed for woe, How would I vent my sighs? Re - pen - tance should like riv - ers

'Twas for my sins my dear-est Lord Hung on the curs-ed tree,  
 flow from both my stream-ing eyes. 'Twas for my sins my dear-est Lord Hung on the curs-ed tree, Hung on the curs-ed tree,  
 'Twas for my sins my dear-est Lord Hung on the curs-ed tree,  
 'Twas for my sins my dear-est Lord Hung on the curs-ed tree, And

And groaned a - way His pre-cious life For thee, my soul, for thee For thee, my soul, for thee.  
 And groaned a - way His pre-cious life For thee, my soul, for thee For thee, my soul, for thee.  
 And groaned a - way His pre-cious life For thee, my soul, for thee For thee, my soul, for thee.  
 groaned a-way His pre-cious life For thee, my soul, for thee For thee, my soul, for thee.