

If Thou wouldst deal with me

The Church — Her Building

(Guitar: Capo 1)

1. If Thou wouldst deal with me, How could my hands con - tend?
If Thou re - sist with might, What heart could e'er with - stand? Shall
he who's mold - ed say: Why didst Thou thus make me? Though
Ja - cob strive and wrest, E - ven - tual - ly he'll
see: (C) What depth of wis - dom and knowl - edge, His
ways un - trace - a - ble! I rest my - self in
Thy wise hand, Most sov' - reign and most faith - ful!

Chorus

2. Lord, can no righteousness,
Be found upon the earth?
The tambourine and lyre,
Have ceased to bring me mirth.
Yet in Thy dwelling place,
I saw the wicked's end.
Thy counsel guides me still,
Thou ledest by Thy hand.

3. The broken, contrite heart,
Is ne'er despised by Thee;
My many wicked sins
Have henceforth humbled me!
The sinner's vile offense,
To God's forgiveness wed,
Brings forth the builded work;
To Zion thus I'm led.