

# If Thou wouldst deal with me

The Church — Her Building

(Guitar: Capo 1)

**G** **D** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G**  
1. If Thou wouldst deal with me, How could my hands con - tend?  
**G** **D** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G**  
If Thou re - sist with might, What heart could e'er withstand? Shall  
**D** **G** **A<sup>7</sup>** **D**  
he who's mold - ed say: Why didst Thou thus make me? Though  
**C** **B<sup>7</sup>** **Em** **Am** **D<sup>7</sup>**  
Ja - cob strive and wrest, E - ven - tual - ly he'll  
**G** **D** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G**  
see: (C) What depth of wis - dom and knowl - edge, His  
**G** **A<sup>7</sup>** **D** **G** **G<sup>7</sup>**  
ways un - trace - a - ble! I rest my - self in  
**C** **G** **D** **G** **C** **G**  
Thy wise hand, Most sov' - reign and most faith - ful!

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 leadest 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.