

B Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Abraham Wood, 1786.

Oh, if my soul was form'd for woe, How would I vent my sighs! Re-pent-ance should like riv - ers flow

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

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'Twas for my sins my dear - est Lord

And groan'd a - way a dy - ing life For thee, for thee, my soul, for thee.

And groan'd a - way a dy - ing life For thee, my soul, for thee, For thee, my soul, for thee.

For thee, my soul, For thee, my soul, for thee.