LADEN WITH GUILT
AND FULL OF FEARS

Words by Isaac Watts
alt. by Sandra McCracken
Music by Sandra McCracken

© 2001 Same Old Dress Music (ASCAP)
Used by permission. All rights reserved.

* Bb can be substituted for Gm9/Bb

1. Laden with guilt and full of fears, I fly to Thee my Lord, And not a glimpse of hope.

2. This is the field where hid den lies, The pearl and price unknown That mer chant is di vine er last -

3. This is the judge that ends the strife, Ap pears, wise, life; But who makes Thy word own vale The ap pears, wise, life; But who makes Thy word own vale

Verse 1
Gm9/Bb

D

G

1. Laden with guilt and full of fears, I fly to Thee my Lord, And not a glimpse of hope.

2. This is the field where hid den lies, The pearl and price unknown That mer chant is di vine er last -

3. This is the judge that ends the strife, Ap pears, wise, life; But who makes Thy word own vale The ap pears, wise, life; But who makes Thy word own vale

Verse 2
G

A

G

D

1. Laden with guilt and full of fears, I fly to Thee my Lord, And not a glimpse of hope.

2. This is the field where hid den lies, The pearl and price unknown That mer chant is di vine er last -

3. This is the judge that ends the strife, Ap pears, wise, life; But who makes Thy word own vale The ap pears, wise, life; But who makes Thy word own vale

Verse 3
Bm

A

Gm9/Bb

D

1. Laden with guilt and full of fears, I fly to Thee my Lord, And not a glimpse of hope.

2. This is the field where hid den lies, The pearl and price unknown That mer chant is di vine er last -

3. This is the judge that ends the strife, Ap pears, wise, life; But who makes Thy word own vale The ap pears, wise, life; But who makes Thy word own vale

Verse 4
A

G

1. Laden with guilt and full of fears, I fly to Thee my Lord, And not a glimpse of hope.

2. This is the field where hid den lies, The pearl and price unknown That mer chant is di vine er last -

3. This is the judge that ends the strife, Ap pears, wise, life; But who makes Thy word own vale The ap pears, wise, life; But who makes Thy word own vale

Verse 5
A

G

1. Laden with guilt and full of fears, I fly to Thee my Lord, And not a glimpse of hope.

2. This is the field where hid den lies, The pearl and price unknown That mer chant is di vine er last -

3. This is the judge that ends the strife, Ap pears, wise, life; But who makes Thy word own vale The ap pears, wise, life; But who makes Thy word own vale

Verse 6
A

G