

BLOOMFIELD S.M.

1. My sor - rows like a flood, Im - pa - tient of re - straint, In - to thy bos - om, O my God, Pour out a long com - plaint.

2. This im - pious heart of mine Could once de - fy the Lord - Could rush with vio - lence in - to sin, In pre - sence of thy sword.

3. How oft - en have I stood A reb - el to the skies! And yet, and yet, O match - less grace! Thy thun - der si - lent lies.

4. Oh, shall I nev - er feel The melt - ings of thy love? Am I of such hell - hard - en'd steel, That mer - cy can - not move!