How Hurtful Was the Choice of Lot

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
How hurtful was the choice of Lot, Who

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
took up his a- bode (Be-

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
cause it was a fruitful spot) With

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
them who feared not God!

The other verses

2 A pris'ner he was quickly made,
Bereaved of all his store;
And, but for Abraham's timely aid,
He had returned no more.

3 Yet still he seemed resolved to stay
As if it were his rest;
Although their sins from day to day
His righteous soul distressed.

4 Awhile he stayed with anxious mind,
Exposed to scorn and strife;
At last he left his all behind,
And fled to save his life.

5 In vain his sons-in-law he warned,
They thought he told his dreams;
His daughters too, of them had learned,
And perished in the flames.

6 His wife escaped a little way,
But died for looking back:
Does not her case to pilgrims say,
"Beware of growing slack?"

7 Yea; Lot himself could ling'ring stand,
Though vengeance was in view;
'Twas mercy plucked him by the hand,
Or he had perished too.

8 The doom of Sodom wilt be ours
If to the earth we cleave;
Lord quicken all our drowsy pow'rs,
To flee to thee and live.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.