My God, What Inward Grief I Feel

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
My God, what inward grief I

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
feel When impious men trans-

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
gress thy will! I mourn to

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
hear their lips pro- fane Take

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
thy tremendous Name in vain.

The other verses

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee
I count them enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought;
Tho' my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.