My Heart, How Dreadful Hard It Is

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
My heart, how dreadful hard it is! How

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
heavy here it lies, Hea-

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
vy and cold with- in my breast Just

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
like a rock of ice!

The other verses

2 Sin like a raging tyrant sits
Upon this flinty throne,
And every grace lies buried deep
Beneath this heart of stone.

3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above!
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heavenly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing
Would thrust it from my arms.

5 Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood,
My heart it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea:
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); 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.