My Thoughts on Awful Subjects Roll

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
My thoughts on awful subjects roll, Dam-

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
nation and the dead; What

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
horrors seize the guilty soul Up-

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
on a dying bed!

The other verses

2 Lingering about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay,
Till like a flood with rapid force
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightful ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassions of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love!

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.