

# New Suffield

Transcribed from Jenks' *Delights of Harmony*, 1805.

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. My sor-rows, like a flood, Im - pa - tient of re - strain, In - to Thy bosom, 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 violence on to sin. In pre - sence of Thy sword.

3. How of - ten have I stood A re - bel to the skies, The calls, the tenders, of a God, And mer - cy's lou - dest cries!  
4. He of - fers all his grace, And all his heav'n to me; Of - fers! But 'tis to sense - less brass, That can - not feel nor see.

5. Je - sus, the Savior, stands To court me from a - bove, And looks and spreads his wounded hands. And shows the prints of love.  
6. But I, a stupid fool, How long have I with - stood The blessings purchased with his soul, And paid for all in blood!

7. Now, for one powerful glance, Dear Sa - vior, from Thy face! This re - bel heart no more withstands, But sinks be - neath Thy grace.  
8. Overcome by love I fall; Here at Thy cross I lie: And throw my flesh, my soul, my all, And weep, and love, and die.