

OCCOM. C.P.M.

A Minor Samson Occom, 1760 (alt).

Aldous, 2012.

1. A - wak'd by Si - nai's aw - ful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go, And knew not where to go;

2. A - maz'd I stood, but could not tell Which way to shun the gates of hell, For death and hell drew near, For death and hell drew near;

3. But while I thus in an - guish lay, The gra-cious Sav - ior pass'd this way, And felt his pi - ty move, And felt his pi - ty move;

O'er-whelm'd with sin in an-guish slain, The sin - ner must be born a - gain, Or sink to end - less woe, Or sink to end - less woe. woe.

I strove, in-deed, but strove in vain; "The sin - ner must be born a - gain" Still sound-ed in my ear, Still sound-ed in my ear. ear.

The sin - ner, by his jus-tice slain, Now by His grace is born a-gain; And sings re-deem - ing love, And sings re-deem - ing love. love.