

Hell! What a Word of Dreadful Sound

B. Brown

Ho Satans boning tänker på

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$\text{♩} = 90$ D Am D G D

Hell! what a word of dread - ful sound; it chills the heart and
 Con - science the nev - er - dy - ing worm, with con - stant tor - ture
 Sad world in - deed! what heart can bear, hope - less, in all these

4 B Em G D Am Em G

shocks the ear; it spreads a sick - ly damp a - round, and makes the guil - ty
 gnaws the heart, and woe and wrath, in ev' - ry form in - flame the wounds, in -
 pains to lie; rack'd with vex - a - tion, grief, des - pair, and ev - er dy - ing,

8 D G D G C G D B5

quake with fear. Far from the ut - most verge of day, its fright - ful, gloo - my
 crease the smart. The wretch - es rave, o'er - whelm'd with woe, and bite their ev - er -
 nev - er die! Lord, save a guil - ty soul from hell, who seeks Thy pard' - ning,

12 F# B G D G E5 B Em

re - gion lies; fierce flames a - midst the dark - ness play, and thick sul - phur - eous vap - ors rise.
 last - ing chains; but with their rage their tor - ments grow, re - sent - ment but aug - ments their pains.
 cleans - ing blood; O let me in Thy king - dom dwell, to praise my Sav - ior and my God.