

Harsh The Grindings

Shaunee Lee

Harsh the grindings of those mill stones
Dark the gloominess of night,
When Oh Lord shall thy deliverance
Come to me as morning light?

Many are my tears of sorrow
Grief and burdens sore distress,
When Oh Lord shall thy deliverance
Come to me with perfect rest?

Bitter is the cup I'm drinking
Heartache mine acquaintance Lord,
When Oh Lord shall thy deliverance
Give the peace I'm longing for?

Here I see that half a rainbow
Threads and knots my tapestry,
When Oh Lord shall thy deliverance
Let me know thy love for me?

For me each day the curfew's tolling
And each night my head I lay,
When Oh Lord shall thy deliverance
Bring me to thy perfect day?

Hark, each day, the haunted cooing
Of the owl, within the night,
When Oh Lord shall thy deliverance
Open to my longing sight?

Ah the darkness of this winter
Lengthened long the shadows grow,
When Oh Lord shall they deliverance
Cause my smiling face to glow?

Then I look at thee Beloved
Hanging on that cross for me,
Sorrow too, it was thy fruit Lord
Blessed Man of Calvary.

Lord I want thy life now in me
Fruit for thee, from me to fall,
Lord make now this limb to bear it
For thy glory Lord, for all.



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Soon, Oh Lord I shall then praise thee
For thy love so rich to me,
Pruning, smelting, purifying
That I might resemble thee.

Lord I thank thee for this darkness
Help me Lord to thankful be,
For each shadow that o're takes me
See it from Mount Calvary.

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