

NEW-BEDFORD. L.M.

E minor. Herman Melville.

"Out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou heardest my voice." Jonah 2:2

D. Harper, 2010

1. The ribs and ter - rors in the whale, Arched o - ver me a dis - mal bloom,
2. I saw the op - ening maw — of hell, — With end - less pains and sor - rows there;
3. In black dis - tress, I called — my God, When I could scarce be - lieve — him mine,
4. With speed he flew to my re - lief, As on a rad - iant dol - phin borne;

While all God's sun - lit waves rolled by, And left — me deep - -'ning down — to doom.
Which none but they — that feel — can tell— Oh, I was plung - ing to — des - pair.
He bowed his ear to my com - plaints— No more — the whale — did me con - fine.
Aw - ful, yet bright, as light - ning shone The face of my De - liv - 'rer God.