

Adapted from

Philip Doddridge, 1702-1751 (Pub. 1755)

(Hymn 64) 88. 88. (L. M.)

Tender Thoughts

No copyright. Transcribed from *Plain Psalms*, 1800.

D minor

Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

Tenor

Bass

1. A - rise, my ten-der thoughts, a - rise, To tor-rents drown my weep - ing eyes; And

Tr.

T.

B.

thou, my heart, with an - guish feel Those e - vils which thou canst not heal.

2. See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
Thy Father wounded through the Son,
The world abused, the soul undone.

3. See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night;
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears forever flow.

4. My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

5. But feeble my compassion proves;
And can but weep, where most it loves;
The own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.