

Adapted from
Philip Doddridge, 1702-1751 (Pub. 1755)
(Hymn 64) 88. 88. (L. M.)

Tender Thoughts

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D minor
Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

Tenor

Bass

1. Arise, my tender thoughts, arise, To torrents drown my weeping eyes; And thou, my heart, with anguish feel Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2. See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
Thr 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.