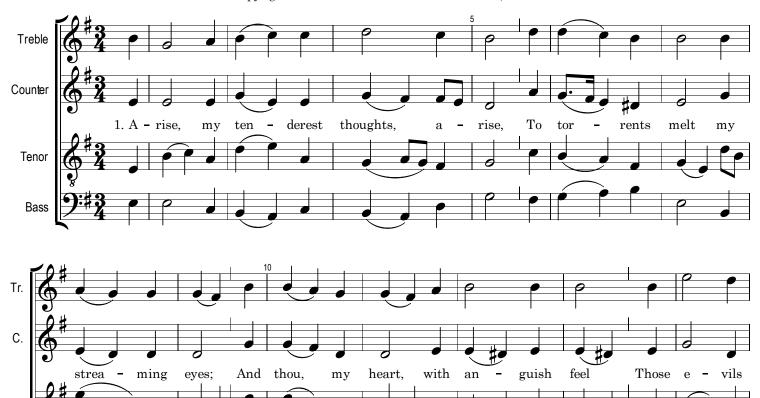
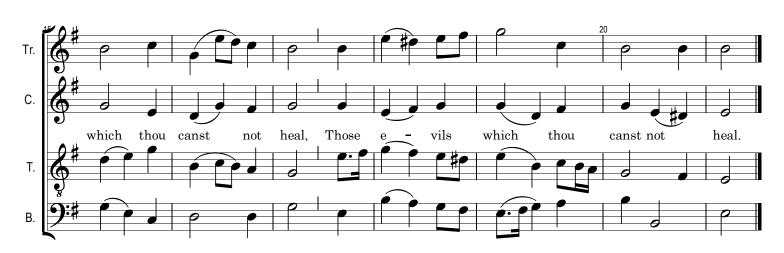
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- 2. See human nature sunk in shame; See scandals poured on Jesus' name; The Father wounded through the Son, The world abused, the soul undone.
- 3. See the short course of vain delight Closing in everlasting night; In flames, that no abatement know, Though briny tears forever flow.
- 4. My God, I feel the mournful scene;My bowels yearn over bying men;And fain my pity would reclaimAnd snatch the fire-brands from the flame.
- 5. But feeble my compassion proves; And can but weep, where most it loves; Thy own all-saving arm employ, And turn these drops of grief to joy.