

1. Ye sim - ple souls that stray Far from the path of peace, That un - fre - quent - ed way To life and hap - pi - ness

2. Mad - ness and mis - er - y Ye count our lives be - neath, And noth - ing great can see, Or glo - rious in our death!

3. Poor pen - sive so - journ - ers, O'er-whelm'd with griefs and woes; Per-plexed with need - less fears, And pleas - ure's mor - tal foes,

4. So wretch - ed and ob - scure, The men whom ye de - spise; So fool - ish, weak and poor, A - bove your scorn we rise;

How long will ye your fol - ly love, And thron the down-ward road, And hate the wis - dom from a - bove, And mock the sons of God.

As born to suf - fer and to grieve Be - neath your feet we lie; And ut - ter - ly con - demned we live, And un - la - ment - ed die.

More irk - some than a ga - ping tomb, Our sight ye can - not bear, Wrapt in the mel - an - cho - ly gloom Of fan - ci - ful de - spair.

Our con - science in the Ho - ly Ghost, Can wit - ness bet - ter things; For he whose blood is all our boast, Hath made us priests and kings.