

METRE 1 Philip Doddridge

TENDER THOUGHT L.M.

Ananias Davisson

1. A - rise, my tend'-rest thoughts,a - rise, To torrents melt my streaming eyes; And thou,my heart, with anguish feel, those e - vils which thou canst not heal.

2. See hu - man na - ture sunk in shame! See scandals pour'd on Je-sus' name!The Fa-ther wound-ed thro'the Son; The world a-bus'd, the soul un-done!

3. See the short course of vain de - light,Clo - sing in ev - er - last-ing night;—In flames that no a-batement know,Tho' brin - y tears for - ev - er flow.

4. My God, I feel the mourn-ful scene!My bow-els yearn o'er dy-ing men!And fain my pi - ty would re-claim,And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5. But feeb - ly my com-pas-sion proves,And can but weep where most it loves;Thy own all - saving arm em-ploy, And turn these drops of grief to joy.