

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend:
Life, and health, and peace pos-ses-sing From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend:

2. Tru-ly bless-ed is the sta-tion, Low be-fore his cross to lie;
While I see di-vine com-pas-sion, Floa-ting in his lan-guid eye;

DIVINE COMPASSION—Continued

Here I'll sit, for - ev - er view-ing, Mer-cy's streams in streams of blood; Pre-cious drops my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

Here it is I find my heav-en, While up - on the Lamb I gaze! Love I much?—I've much for-giv-en, I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.

3. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe
Constant still in faith abiding
Life deriving from his death;

May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.