

Avon

1. A - rise, my ten - derest thoughts, a - rise, To tor - rents melt my

strea - ming eyes; And thou, my heart, with an - guish feel Those e - vils

which thou canst not heal, Those e - vils which thou canst not heal.

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 reclaim
And 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.