
THE
Love of CHRIST
ON
His CROSS
AND
On His THRONE.

I.

NOW let my Faith grow strong and rife,
And view my Lord in all his Love ;
Look back to hear his Dying Cries,
Then mount and see his Throne above.

II.

See where he Languish'd on the Cross ;
Beneath my Sins he groan'd and dy'd ;
See where he fits to plead my Cause
By his Almighty Father's Side.

III.

III.

If I behold his Bleeding Heart,
 There Love in Floods of Sorrow reigns,
 He triumphs o're the Killing Smart,
 And buys my Pleasure with his Pains.

IV.

Or if I climb th' Eternal Hills
 Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd,
 Still in his Heart Compassion dwells
 Near the Memorials of his Wound.

V.

How shall a pardon'd Rebel show
 How much I Love my Dying God?
 Lord, here I banish every Foe,
 I hate the Sins that Cost thy Blood.

VI.

I hold no more Commerce with Hell,
 My dearest Lufts shall all depart;
 But let thine Image ever dwell
 Stamp'd as a Seal upon my Heart.