

Christ's Amazing Love

A N D

My Amazing Coldness.

I.

COME let me Love : or is my Mind
 Harden'd to Stone, or froze to Ice ?
 I see the Blessed Fair One bend
 And stoop t' embrace me from the Skies !

II.

O'tis a Thought would melt a Rock,
 And make a Heart of Iron move,
 That those sweet Lips, that Heavenly Look
 Should seek my Kisses and my Love.

III.

I was a Traytor doom'd to Fire,
 Bound to sustain Immortal Pains ;
 He flew on Wings of strong Desire
 Assum'd my Guilt, and took my Chains.

IV.

IV.

Infinite Grace ! Almighty Charms !
Stand in Amaze, ye rolling Skies,
Jesus the God with naked Arms
Hangs on a Cross of Love and Dies.

V.

Did Pity ever stoop so low
Drest in Divinity and Blood ?
Was ever Rebel courted so
In Groans of an Expiring God ?

VI.

Again He lives ; and spreads his Hands,
Hands that were nayl'd to tort'ring Smart ;
' By these dear Wounds, says He, and stands
And prays to clasp me to his Heart.

VII.

Sure I must Love ; or are my Ears
Still Deaf, nor feel the Passion move ?
Then let me melt my Heart to Tears,
And Die because I cannot Love.

G

Wishing