

CONVERSE. 8.8.6.

A Major.

Lowry.

1. I'm tired of vis-its, modes, and forms, And flatt'ries paid to fel-low worms. Their con-ver-sation cloy, Their vain a-

2. When he be-gins to tell his love, Thro' ev-'ry vein my passions move, The cap-tives of his tongue; In midnight

3. There while I hear my Sav-ior God, Count o'er the sins, a hea-vy load, He bore up-on the tree; In-ward I

mors and empty stuff, But I can ne'er en-joy e-nough Of thy best com-pa-ny, my Lord, Thou life of all my joys.

shades, on frosty ground, I could at-tend a pleasing sound; Nor should I feel De-cem-ber cold, Nor think the seasons long.

blush with secret shame, And weep, and blush, and bless his name That knew not guilt nor grief his own, But bore it all for me.