

A Minor. Joseph Swain, 1815.

Davisson.

1. When on my be - lov - ed I gaze, So daz - zling his beau - ties ap - pear; When from my own vile - ness I turn
His charms so transcend - ent - ly blaze, The sight is too melt - ing to bear!

2. My sins, O how black they ap - pear, When in that dear bos - om they meet! 'Twas jus - tice that wreath'd for his head
Those sins were the nails and the spear That wounded his hands and his feet.

3. The won - der - ful love of his heart, Where he has re - cord - ed my name, In riv - ers of sor - row it flow'd,
On earth can be known but in part; Heav'n on - ly can bear the full flame.

To Je - sus, ex - pos'd on the tree, With shame and with won - der I burn. To think what he suffered for me.
The thorns that en - cir - cled it round; Thy tem - ples, Im - ma - nu - el, bled, That mine might with glo - ry be crown'd
And flow'd in those riv - ers for me; My sins are all drown'd in his blood; My soul is both hap - py and free.