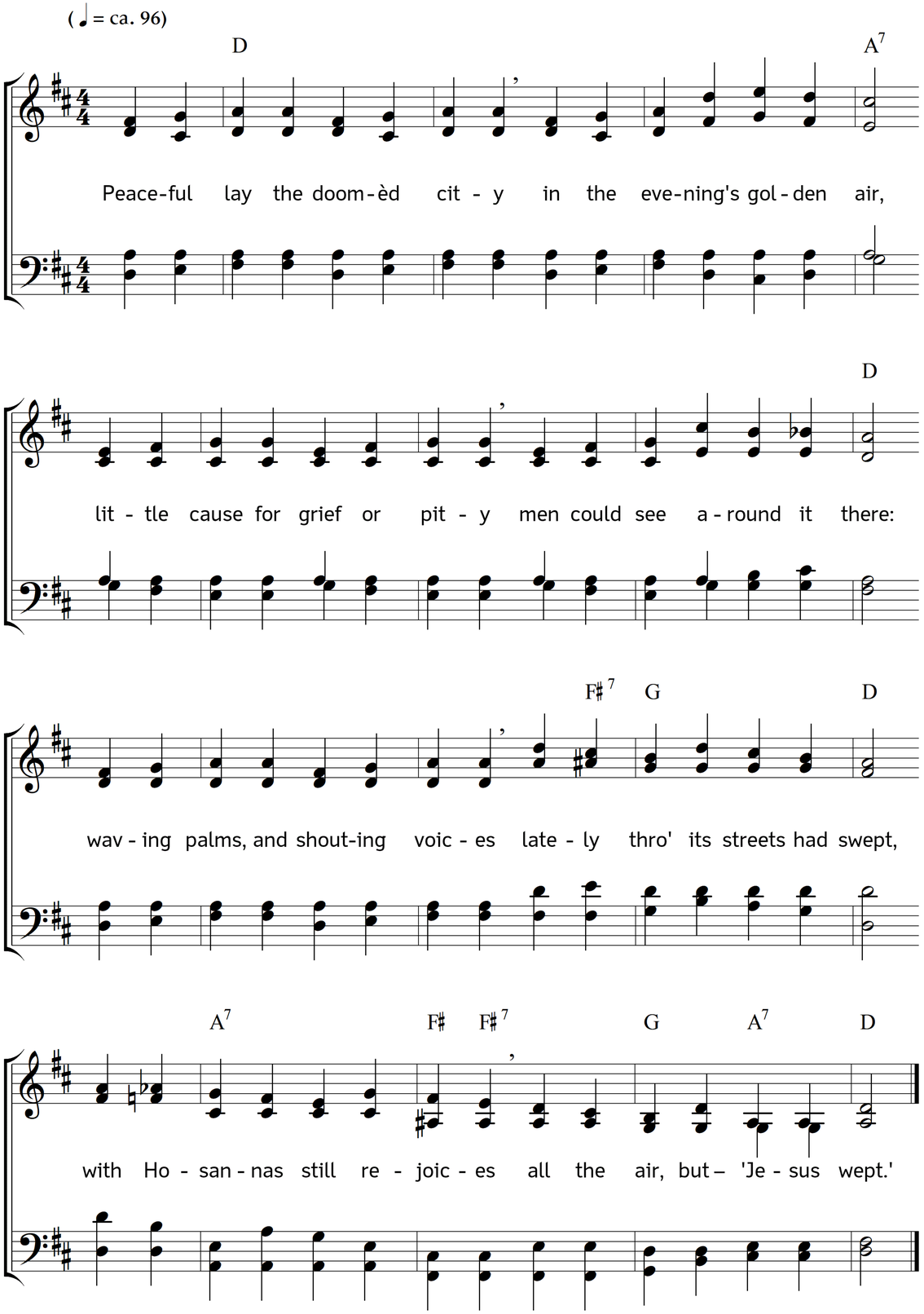
PRECIOUS TEARS



2. Busy thousands, coming, going,
meeting, passing, one by one,
all intent, but little knowing
what they seek, or what they shun:
some – alone of pleasure dreaming –
woke and laughed, lay down and slept,
others planning, sinning, scheming,
still toiled on, but – 'Jesus wept.'

3. Little reck'd they then of sorrow,
deep the Temple stones were laid,
little thought they of a morrow
soon to see its glory fade.
Yet, tho' light seemed round t h e m shining,
slowly up the Temple crept
shadows of a day declining;
Jesus saw, and – 'Jesus wept.'

4. For he saw that hour of madness
when they flung their joy away,
fear, and famine, siege, and sadness,
all at no far distant day:
then a 'scattered peelèd nation' –
while the fox and vulture kept
darkling watch of desolation
o'er those stones, and – 'Jesus wept.'

5. Often thus, when Pleasure sees us
flaunting on in dreamy pride,
near us stands the gentle Jesus,
weeps and watches by our side:
tho' the heart to man dissembles,
He can fathom all its deeps,
He can see how conscience trembles,
tho' we smile, and – Jesus weeps.

6. Weeps for precious souls, pursuing
such a sad and downward way,
which must end in their undoing,
bring what present joy it may:
while the tide of human passion
on through time so darkly sweeps,
and, in old accustomed fashion,
Man will sin, while – Jesus weeps.

7. O, if there be joy in Heaven
when one soul – by grace restored –
pleads the promise Love hath given,
and – repentant – seeks the Lord:
from such wilfulness and blindness
Lord do thou thy children keep,
as, despite his loving-kindness,
makes the gentle Jesus weep.

Words: John S. B. Monsell. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
Copyright © 2019 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/2105/