THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY



- 2. "How cam'st thou to this dismal strand of danger, grief, and shame?"
- "From blessed Sion's holy land, by Folly led, I came!"
- 3. "What ruffian hand hath stripped thee bare? Whose fury laid thee low?"
- "Sin for my footsteps twined her snare, and Death has dealt the blow!"
- 4. "Can art no medicine for thy wound, nor nature strength supply?"
- "They saw me bleeding on the ground, and passed in silence by!"
- 5. "But, sufferer! is no comfort near thy terrors to remove?"
- "There is to whom my soul was dear, but I have scorned his love."
- 6. "What if his hand were nigh to save from endless Death thy days?"
- "The soul he ransomed from the grave should live but to his praise!"
- 7. "Rise then, oh rise! His health embrace, with heavenly strength renewed; and, such as is thy Saviour's grace, such be thy gratitude!"

Words: Reginald Heber. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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