## INGRATITUDE



- 2. They came all one sorrow confessing, they knelt with one prayer at his shrine, he sent them all back with one blessing, 'Ten cleansèd! but where are the nine?'
- 3. They were one in the season of danger, how many own Mercy divine?Only one! and that one is a 'stranger!''Ten cleansèd! but where are the nine?'
- 4. O Saviour! how often in sadness our steps to thine altar incline, but return not in sunshine and gladness, 'Ten cleansèd! but where are the nine?'
- 5. We shrink from the pain of displeasure, we heed not its loving design; all we want seems the freedom of leisure, 'Ten cleansèd! but where are the nine?'
- 6. The vows that in sickness or sorrow engaged us tenfold to be thine will they live thro' the joy of tomorrow? 'Ten cleansèd! but where are the nine?'
- 7. Better far our afflictions remaining, if grace with the chast'ning combine, than to call forth thy gentle complaining, 'Ten cleansèd! but where are the nine?'

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