



2. How many a gaily-painted vest, and robe of costly pride, is worn upon an aching breast, its inward woe to hide!How many a song of revelry sounds bravely on the ear, from those whose couch of misery is wet with many a tear!

3. A voice is heard, a voice of love, — to each, to all, it cries, — from One who came from joys above; he calls, he weeps, he dies: the Son of God has man become, the prodigal to win; and bring him to his Father's home, from vanity and sin.

4. Oh, nothing does the Father spare, his erring child to save; all does the Son delight to bear, — the curse, the cross, the grave: to make salvation free and sure, all does the Father give; all does the Father's Son endure, that we might come, and live.

5. Ye wearied ones, ye desolate, ye mourning souls, attend; be sins or sorrows e'er so great, come to the sinner's friend!

Seek not your guilt, or woe, to hide, – ye need not from his eyes!

The Holy One will not in pride a broken heart despise.

6. The smitten Rock, thou thirsty soul, gives forth its living streams; thou sick one, he can make thee whole; dark one, behold his beams!

No more, ye starving, labour spend for that which is not bread; to Jesus' gracious call attend, and ye shall all be fed.

7. Saviour, thy voice I have obeyed, and found each promise true: and though my foolish feet have strayed, ofttimes since thee I knew; with a full, thankful, joyful heart, at thy dear feet I fall, confessing all I need THOU art, yea, thou art all in all.

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