

**Drop, drop, slow tears**

Drop, drop, slow tears, and bathe those beauteous feet,  
which brought from heaven the news and Prince of Peace.

Cease not, wet eyes, his mercies to entreat;  
to cry for vengeance sin doth never cease.

In your deep floods drown all my faults and fears;  
nor let his eye see sin, but through my tears.

Words: Phineas Fletcher (1582-1650)

Music: Song 46

Meter: 10 10