Arise, My Tend'rest Thoughts, Arise
Philip Doddridge, 1739.
Ananias Davisson, 181.

Arise, my tend'rest thoughts, arise,
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

See human nature sunk in shame!
See scandals poured on Jesus' name!
The Father wounded thro' the Son;
The world abused, the soul undone!

See the short course of vain delight,
Closing in everlasting night
In flames that no abatement know,
Tho' briny tears forever flow.

My God, I feel the mournful scene!
My bowels yearn o'er dying men!
And fain my pity would reclaim
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thine own all saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.