

2. I thirst, but not as once I did, The vain delights of earth to share; Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid That I should seek my pleasures there. 3. It was the sight of Thy dear cross First weaned my soul from earthly things; And taught me to esteem as dross The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

4. I want that grace that springs from Thee, 5. For sure of all the plants that share That quickens all things where it flows, And makes a wretched thorn like me Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

The notice of thy Father's eye, None proves less grateful to His care, Or yields him meaner fruit than I.