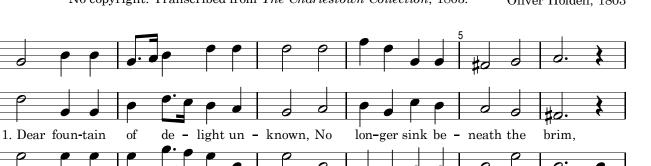
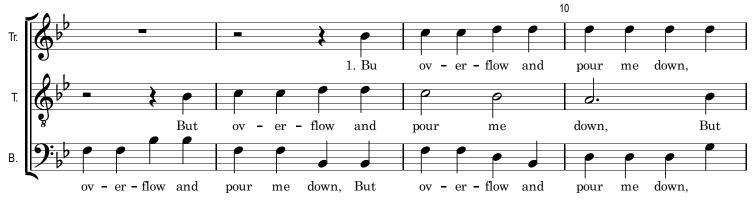
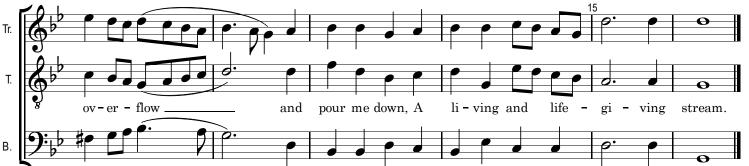
1. But

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- 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, That quickens all things where it flows, And makes a wretched thorn like me Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.
- 5. For sure of all the plants that share The notice of thy Father's eye, None proves less grateful to His care, Or yields him meaner fruit than I.