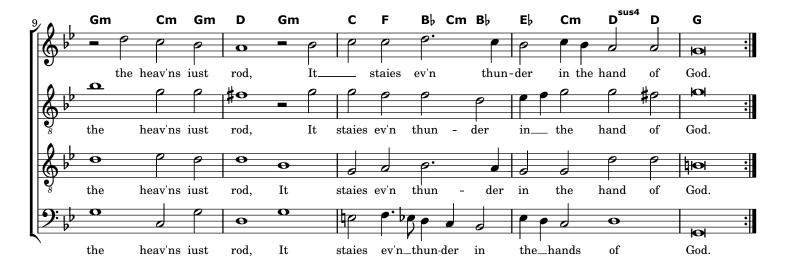
## Lift up to heaven sad wretch





2. With chearefull voyce to him then cry for grace, Thy Faith, and fainting Hope, with Prayer revive; Remorce for all that truely mourne hath place; Not God, but men of him themselves deprive: Strive then, and hee will help; call him, hee'll heare; The Sonne needes not the Fathers fury feare.