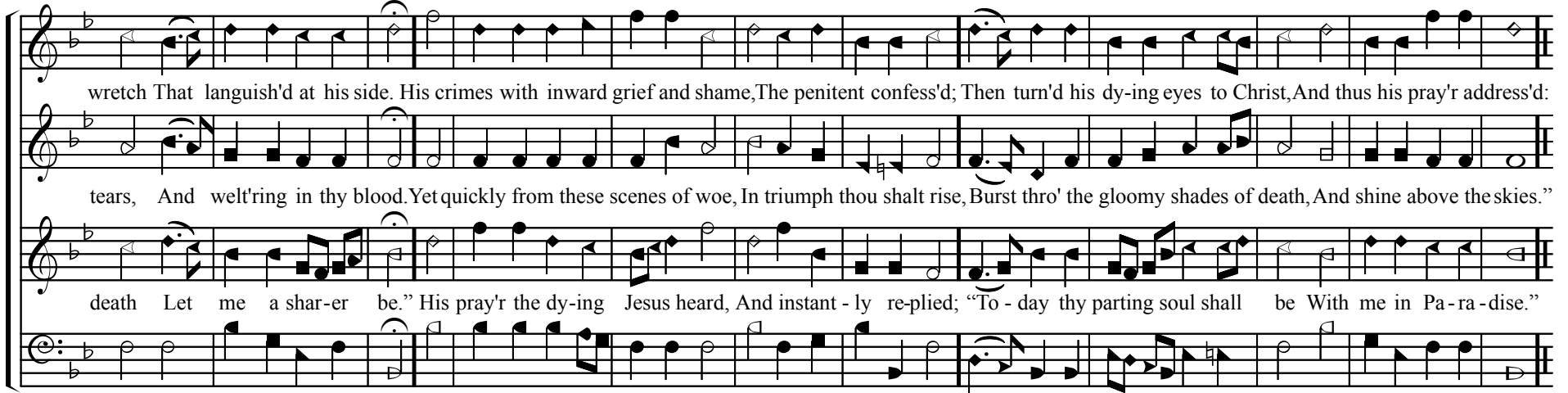


THE DYING PENITENT—Continued

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wretch That languish'd at his side. His crimes with inward grief and shame, The penitent confess'd; Then turn'd his dy-ing eyes to Christ, And thus his pray'r address'd:

tears, And welt'ring in thy blood. Yet quickly from these scenes of woe, In triumph thou shalt rise, Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death, And shine above the skies."

death Let me a shar-er be." His pray'r the dy-ing Jesus heard, And instant - ly re-plied; "To - day thy parting soul shall be With me in Pa-ra-dise."