

# LENA—Continued

231

See his burdened bos-om heave; Look ye sin-ners, ye that hung him, Look how deep your sins have stung him, Dy-ing sin-ners, look and live.

Nature's groans a-wake the dead; Look on Phoebus struck with wonder, Whilst the peal of le-gal thun-der Smote the dear Re-deemer's head.

Cease to trill the quiv'ring string: Songs se-raph-ic, all sus-pended, Till the might-y war is end-ed By the all vic-to-rious King.

When he pour'd his vi-tal flood; By his groans which shook cre-a-tion, Lo! we found a pro-cla-ma-tion, Peace and par-don by his blood.