

# Christ's Amazing Love

A N D

## My Amazing Coldness.

I.

**C**OME let me Love : or is my Mind  
 Harden'd to Stone, or froze to Ice ?  
 I see the Blessed Fair One bend  
 And stoop t' embrace me from the Skies !

II.

O'tis a Thought would melt a Rock,  
 And make a Heart of Iron move,  
 That those sweet Lips, that Heavenly Look  
 Should seek my Kisses and my Love.

III.

I was a Traytor doom'd to Fire,  
 Bound to sustain Immortal Pains ;  
 He flew on Wings of strong Desire  
 Assum'd my Guilt, and took my Chains.

IV.

IV.

Infinite Grace ! Almighty Charms !  
Stand in Amaze, ye rolling Skies,  
*Jesus* the God with naked Arms  
Hangs on a Cross of Love and Dies.

V.

Did Pity ever stoop so low  
Drest in Divinity and Blood ?  
Was ever Rebel courted so  
In Groans of an Expiring God ?

VI.

Again He lives ; and spreads his Hands,  
Hands that were nayl'd to tort'ring Smart ;  
' By these dear Wounds, says He, and stands  
And prays to clasp me to his Heart.

VII.

Sure I must Love ; or are my Ears  
Still Deaf, nor feel the Passion move ?  
Then let me melt my Heart to Tears,  
And Die because I cannot Love.

G Wishing