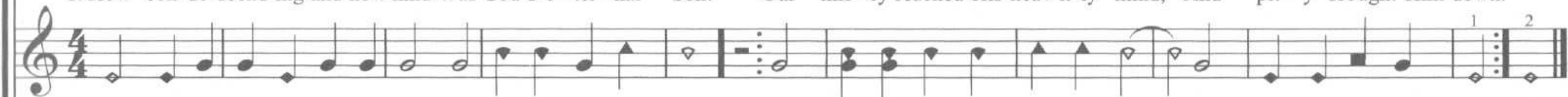


# CONDESCENSION. C.M.



1. How con-de-scend-ing and how kind Was God's e - ter - nal Son! Our mis-'ry reached His heav'n-ly mind, And pit - y brought Him down.



2. When jus-tice, by our sins pro-voked, Drew forth its dread-ful sword, He gave His soul up to the stroke, With - out a mur-m'ring word.



3. He sank be-neath our heav-y woes, To raise us to His throne, There's ne'er a gift his hand be-stows, But cost His heart a groan.

