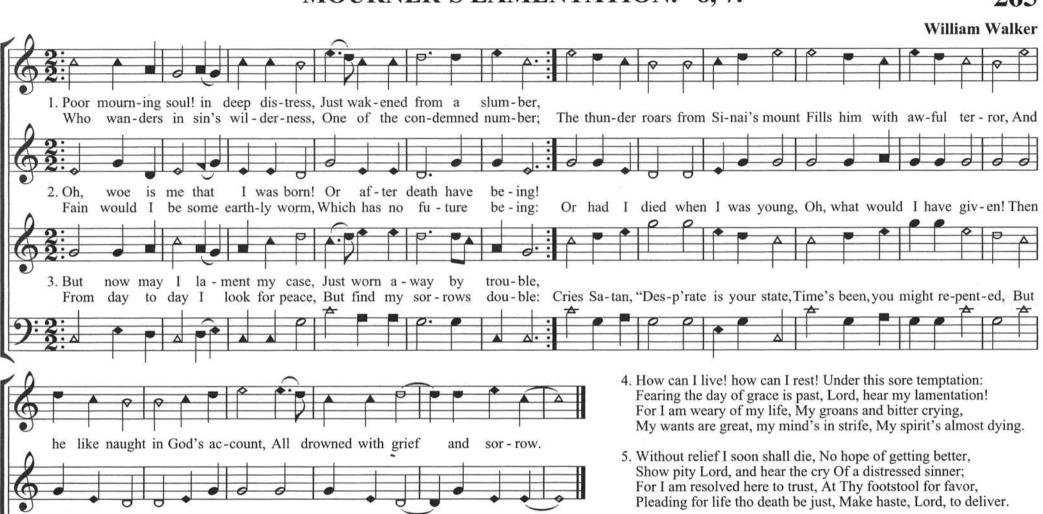
## **MOURNER'S LAMENTATION. 8, 7.**



in heav - en.

con - tent - ed."

might with babes my lit-tle tongue, Been prais - ing God

is too late. So

make your-self

- 6. "Come, hungry, weary, naked soul For such I ne'er rejected; My righteousness sufficient is, Tho you have long neglected: Come, weary souls, for right you have, I am such soul's protector My honor is engaged to save All under this character."
  - 7. "I come to seek, I come to save, I come to make atonement, I lived, I died, laid in the grave, To save you from the judgment;" By faith my glor'ous Lord I see, O how He doth amaze me! To see Him bleeding on the tree, From hell and death to raise me.