On the cold ground methinks I see My Jesus kneel, and pray for me; For this I him adore; Siezed with a chilly sweat throughout, Blood-drops did force their passage out Through every open-pore.

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Shout, brethren, shout in songs divine, He drank the gall, to give us wine, To quench our parching thirst; Seraphs, advance your voices higher, Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir, And laud thy precious Christ.

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