

Farlington

Transcribed from *Harmony of Harmony*, 1802

Tr.
5 10 15

1. Hence from my soul, my sins, de - part; Your fa - tal friend - ship now I see; Long have you dwelt too near my heart; Hence, to e - ter - nal dis - tance flee.
2. Ye gave my dy - ing Lord his wound, Yet I ca - ressed your viperous brood, And in my heart-strings lapped you round; You, the vile murderers of my God.

C.
3. Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll O'er my poor breast with boding fears, And, crushing hard my tortured soul, Wring through my eyes the bri - ny tears.
4. For - give my trea - sons, Prince of grace! The bloody Jews were traitors too; Yet thou hast prayed for that curs'd race: "Father, they know not what they do."

T.
8
5. Great Ad - vo - cate! look down, and see A wretch whose smarting sorrows bleed! O plead the same excuse for me! For, Lord, I knew not what I did.
6. Peace, my complaints: let every groan Be still, and si - lence wait his love; Compassions dwell a - mid his throne, And through his inmost bo - wels move.

B.
7. Lo, from the ev - er - las - ting skies, Gent - ly as mor - ning dews dis - till, The dove im - mor - tal downward flies, With peaceful olive in his bill.
8. How sweet the voice of pardon sounds! Sweet the relief to deep dis - tress! I feel the balm that heals my wounds, And all my powers a - dore the grace.