

CONDESCENSION. C. M.

C Major. Isaac Watts, 1707 (v.1-3); *The Western Minstrel*, 1831 (v.A,B).

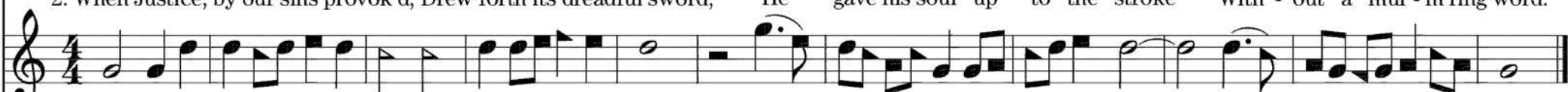
Arr. Ananias Davisson, 1817.



1. How condescending, and how kind Was God's e - ter - nal Son! Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'n - ly mind, And pit - y brought him down.



2. When Justice, by our sins provok'd, Drew forth its dreadful sword, He gave his soul up to the stroke With - out a mur - m'ring word.



3. Here let our hearts begin to melt While we his death re-cord, And with our joy for par-don'd guilt, Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.



A. Accept from me this cedar tree, And keep it ever - more, An em - blem true of love in you, The one that I a - dore.
 B. Its foliage green is always seen, Nor withers in the frost; So constant love too strong will prove, To be for - got or lost.