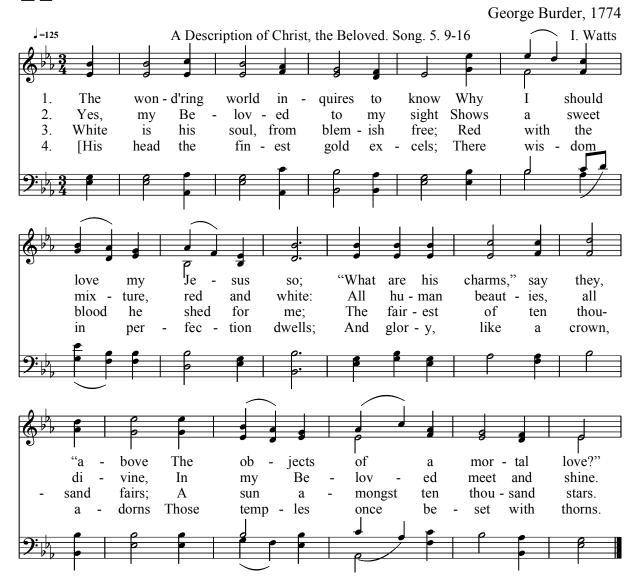
21 Luton, LM



- Compassions in his heart are found, Hard by the signals of his wound; His sacred side no more shall bear The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]
- [His hands are fairer to behold
 Than diamonds, set in rings of gold;
 Those heavenly hands that on the tree
 Were nailed, and torn, and bled for me.]
- [Though once he bowed his feeble knees, Loaded with sins and agonies, Now on the throne of his command, His legs like marble pillars stand.]

- [His eyes are majesty and love,
 The eagle tempered with the dove;
 No more shall trickling sorrows roll
 Through those dear windows of his soul.]
- His mouth, that poured out long complaints, Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints; His countenance more graceful is Than Lebanon, with all its trees.]
- 10. All over glorious is my Lord;Must be beloved, and yet adored;His worth if all the nations knew,Sure the whole world would love him too!