DROP, DROP, SLOW TEARS

SONG FORTY-SIX 10. 10. 10. ORLANDO GIBBONS
PHINEAS FLETCHER

1. Drop, drop, slow tears, And bathe those beautiful feet.
2. Cease not, wet eyes, His mercies to entreat;
3. In your deep floods Drown all my faults and fears;

Which brought from heav’n The news and Prince of Peace.
To cry for vengeance Sin doth never cease.
Nor let his eye See sin, but through my tears.

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE
Alternate Text

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrow surging round?
In Jesus’s presence nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers

It is enough: earth’s struggles soon shall cease, and Jesus call us to heaven’s perfect peace.