

Temple Boro, 8.7.8.7.8.7.

F. Pinder



1. 'Tis the ten - der-heart-ed Je - sus, Who could weep o'er hu - man woe,
2. See a wid - ow hope-less cry-ing, She has lost her on - ly son,
3. How He weeps to see that cit - y Giv - en up to un - be - lief,
4. May a child ask one pet - i - tion? Ten - der Je - sus, hear and give,



None but this dear Friend could ease us, Could such deep com - pas - sion show,
 Je - sus meets her, and her sigh-ing Touch - es this most ten - der One,
 He could see with ten - der pit - y, (And this melt - ed Him with grief),
 Let me share in Thy com - pas - sion, Pit - y me, and bid me live;



Man's trans - gres - sion, man's trans - gres - sion, Marred His face and bruised Him too.
 Soon He helps her, soon He helps her, Speaks - gives life -- her grief is gone.
 Near to ru - in, near to ru - in, But they had no will or faith.
 All the glo - ry, all the glo - ry, Thou, kind - heart - ed Lord, shalt have.

