

Drop, drop, slow tears

1. Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of Peace.

2. Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease.

3. In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let his eye
See sin, but through my tears.

