He Was Not Willing

L. B. Meyo, 19th cent.

1. He was not willing that any should perish;
2. He was not willing that any should perish;
3. Plenty fox pleasure, but little for the mean;
4. He was not willing that any should perish;

Jesus enthroned in the glory above,
Clothed in our flesh with its sorrow and pain,
Am I his follower, and am I live?

Jesus would save, but there's no one to tell them,
We are so weak, so brave, so faithless.

Hearts break with burdens too heavy to bear,
Hope's dream few and the night drawing near.

Saw our poor fall'n world, pined our sorrow, no time for Jesus' work, feeling the human wretch,
Long at ease with soul going downward,

Jesus is all inglorious, the cross to him so heavy.
Banish our world's distress! Oh, may we ever

Pour'd out his life for us, hidden in sorrow and shame,
Lift to the cross for the lack of the help I might give,

No one shall have souls, precious souls for thy sake.
And live with a serenity valiant in view.