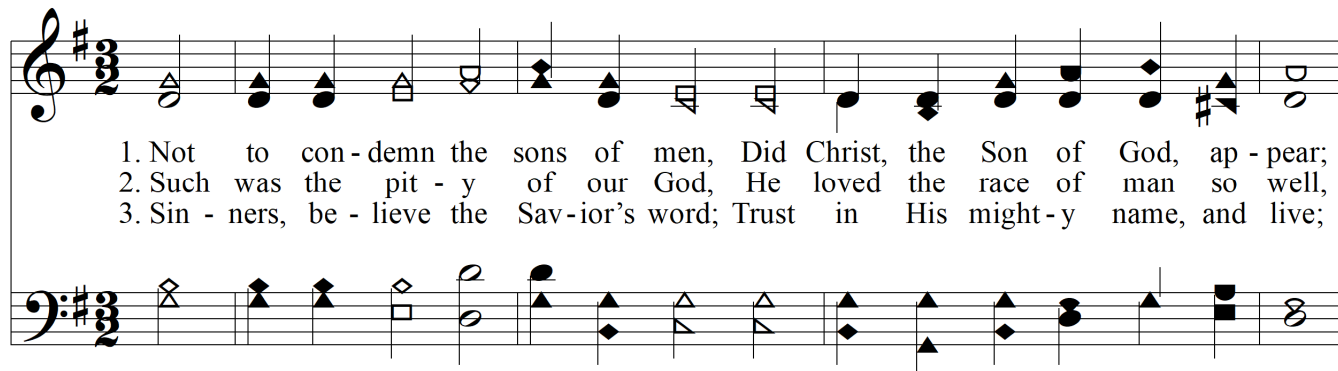
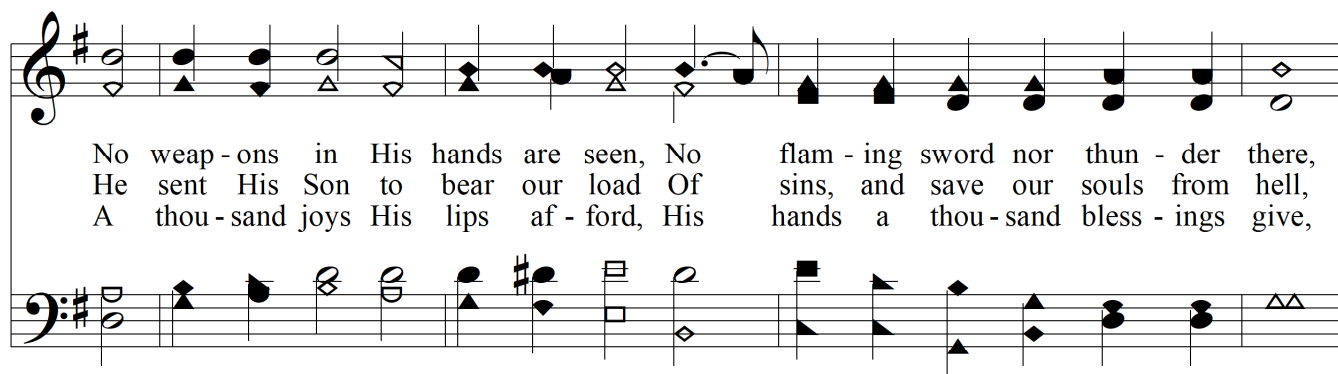


# Not To Condemn The Sons Of Men

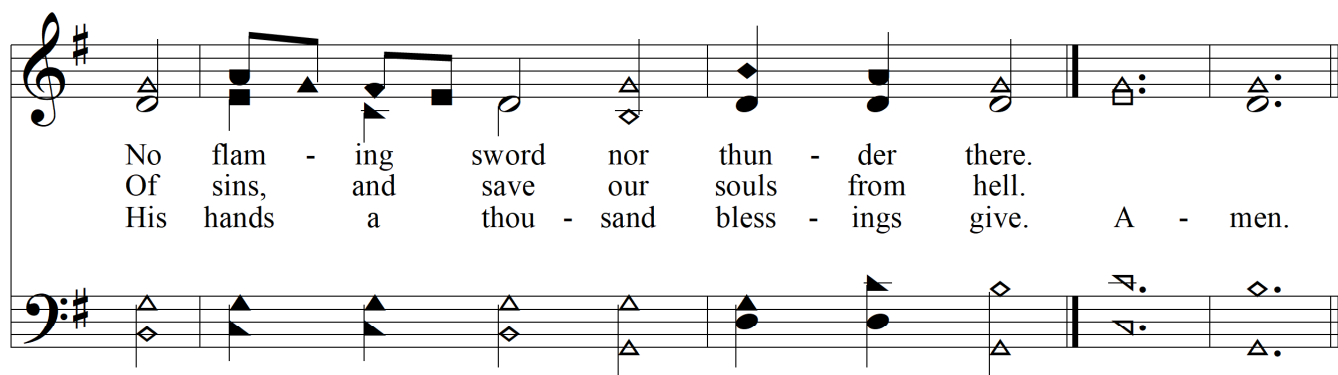
ROLLAND L. M.



1. Not to con-demn the sons of men, Did Christ, the Son of God, ap-pear;  
2. Such was the pit-y of our God, He loved the race of man so well,  
3. Sin-ners, be-lieve the Sav-ior's word; Trust in His might-y name, and live;



No weap-ons in His hands are seen, No flam-ing sword nor thun-der there,  
He sent His Son to bear our load Of sins, and save our souls from hell,  
A thou-sand joys His lips af-ford, His hands a thou-sand bless-ings give,



No flam-ing and sword nor thun-der there.  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.  
His hands a thou-sand bless-ings give. A-men.

Words: Isaac Watts (1709)

Music: W. B. Bradbury (1816-1868)