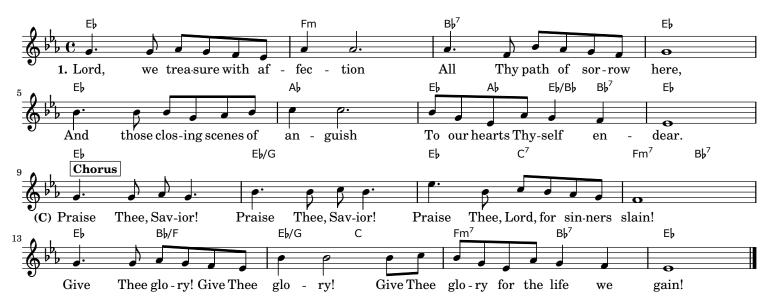
Lord, we treasure with affection Praise of the Lord – His Suffering



- Deep Thy sorrow then, Lord Jesus, Deeper far than thought can reach; Grief intense and suffrings holy, Far beyond all tongues to teach.
- 3. None could follow there, blest Savior, When redemption's work was done; For those suffrings, deep, unfathomed, Were, Lord Jesus, Thine alone!
- 4. Thou didst measure then sin's distance, Darkness, wrath and curse were Thine; Man-betrayed, by God forsaken; Thus we learn Thy love divine!

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