## O Christ, what burdens bow'd Thy head

Praise of the Lord — His Suffering

## (Guitar: Capo 1)

D				Α	Bm	G		A <sup>7</sup>
1. 0		Christ,	what bur -	dens bow'd	Thy head!	Our load	was	laid on
D	G		D	Α	Bm	D	Α	E <sup>7</sup>
Thee;		Thou	stood -	est in	the sin - ner's	stead, Didst	bear al	l ill for
A	A <sup>7</sup>	D	Α	D G	D	A <sup>7</sup>	D	
me.	Α	vic - tim	led; Thy bl	ood was shed	, Now there's	no load for	me.	

<ul> <li>2. Death and the curse were in our cup, O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!</li> <li>But Thou hast drained the last dark drop— 'Tis empty now for me.</li> <li>That bitter cup—love drank it up; Now blessings' draught for me.</li> </ul>	<ul> <li>5. Jehovah bade His sword awake, O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee! Thy blood the flaming blade must slake; Thy heart its sheath must be— All for my sake, my peace to make; Now sleeps that sword for me.</li> </ul>			
<ul> <li>3. Jehovah lifted up His rod, O Christ, it fell on Thee!</li> <li>Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God; There's not one stroke for me.</li> <li>Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed; Thy bruising healeth me.</li> </ul>	<ul> <li>6. For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died, And I have died in Thee; Thou'rt ris'n: my bands are all untied, And now Thou liv'st in me.</li> <li>When purified, made white, and tried, Thy glory then for me!</li> </ul>			
<ul> <li>4. The tempest's awful voice was heard, O Christ, it broke on Thee! Thy open bosom was my ward, It braved the storm for me. Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred; Now cloudless peace for me.</li> </ul>				