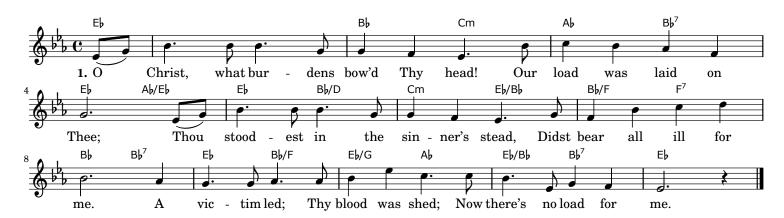
O Christ, what burdens bow'd Thy head

Praise of the Lord — His Suffering

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- 2. Death and the curse were in our cup, O Christ, 'twas full for Thee! But Thou hast drained the last dark drop— 'Tis empty now for me. That bitter cup—love drank it up; Now blessings' draught for me.
- 3. Jehovah lifted up His rod, O Christ, it fell on Thee! Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God; There's not one stroke for me. Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed; Thy bruising healeth me.
- 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.

- 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.
- 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. When purified, made white, and tried, Thy glory then for me!