

O Christ, what burdens bow'd Thy head

Praise of the Lord — His Suffering

94

1. O Christ, what bur - dens bow'd Thy head! Our load was laid on
Thee; Thou stand - est in the sin - ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for
me. A vic - tim led; Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load for me.

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!