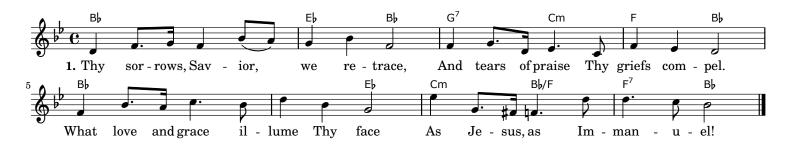
## Thy sorrows, Savior, we retrace

Praise of the Lord — His Suffering



- 2. Amid Thy loneliness below,
  What scorn and outrage Thee befell:
  Deep shame and woe, rude blow on blow,
  Endured for us, Immanuel!
- 3. But oh, what grief, what agony,
  When wrathful judgment's awful spell
  Burst over Thee on Calv'ry's tree,
  God's Lamb for us, Immanuel!
- 4. Arisen radiant from the dead, Thy sorrow's scars forever tell, Creation's Head is He who bled— Still Jesus, still Immanuel!
- 5. E'en now from saints, in concord sweet, Celestial strains of worship well; For, O, 'tis meet glad songs should greet Thy heart of love, Immanuel!
- 6. But when Thy glorious face we see, How shall the bursting paean swell! Our souls shall be outpoured for Thee— Outpoured for Thee, Immanuel!