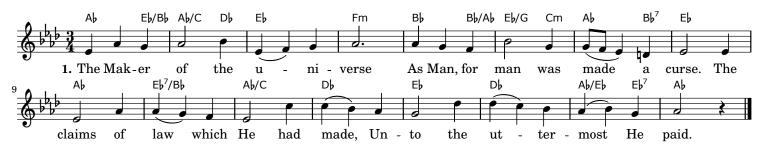
The Maker of the universe

Praise of the Lord — His Suffering



- 2. His holy fingers made the bough Which grew the thorns that crowned His brow. The nails that pierced His hands were mined In secret places He designed.
- 3. He made the forest whence there sprung The tree on which His body hung. He died upon a cross of wood, Yet made the hill on which it stood.
- 4. The sky that darkened o'er His head By Him above the earth was spread. The sun that hid from Him its face By His decree was poised in space.
- 5. The spear which spilled His precious blood Was tempered in the fires of God. The grave in which His form was laid, Was hewn in rocks His hands had made.
- 6. The throne on which He now appears Was His from everlasting years. But a new glory crowns His brow. And every knee to Him shall bow.