The Maker of the universe
Praise of the Lord — His Suffering

(Guitar: Capo 1)

1. The Maker of the universe
   As Man, for man was made a curse. The
   claims of law which He had made, Un-to the uttermost He paid.

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.