

165 O Christ, What Burdens Bowed Thy Head!

SUBSTITUTION 8 8 8 8 8 8

Ann Ross Cousin 1824-1906 Ira D. Sankey 1840-1910

1. O Christ, what bur-dens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee;
 2. Death and the curse were in our cup—O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
 3. Je - ho - vah lift - ed up His rod—O Christ, it fell on Thee!
 4. The tem-pest's aw - ful voice was heard, O Christ, it broke on Thee;
 5. For me, Lord Je - sus, Thou hast died, And I have died in Thee;

Thou stood-est in the sin-ner's stead—To bear all ill for me.
 But Thou hast drained the last dark drop, 'Tis emp - ty now for me.
 Thou wast sore strick - en of Thy God; There's not one stroke for me.
 Thy o - pen bos - om was my ward; It bore the storm for me.
 Thou'rt ris'n: my bands are all un - tied, And now Thou liv'st in me.

A Vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load for me.
 That bit - ter cup—love drank it up; Left but the love for me.
 Thy blood be-neath that rod has flowed: Thy bruising heal - eth me.
 Thy form was scarred, Thy vis - age marred; Now cloud-less peace for me.
 The Fa - ther's face of ra - diant grace Shines now in light on me!

166 Lord, E'en to Death Thy Love Could Go

DUBLIN (Howards) C M

H. Rossier 1834-1928

Tr. by Miss C. A. Wellestey

Isaac Smith 1785-1800

1. Lord, e'en to death Thy love could go, A death of shame and loss,
 2. Oh, what a load was Thine to bear, A - lone in that dark hour,
 3. The storm that bowed Thy bless - ed head Is hushed for - ev - er now,
 4. With - in the Fa - ther's house on high We soon shall sing Thy praise,

Alternates: Lynwood No. 112; Evan No. 145

Lord, E'en To Death Thy Love Could Go

To van-quist for us ev - 'ry foe, And break the strong man's force.
 Our sins in all their ter - ror there, God's wrath and Sa - tan's pow'r!
 And rest di - vine is ours in - stead, Whilst glo - ry crowns Thy brow.
 But here, where Thou didst bleed and die, We learn that song to raise.

O Lord of Glory! Who Couldst Leave 167

ST. CATHERINE 8 8 8 8 8 8

L. E. Bevir 1847-1922

James G. Walton 1821-1905

1. O Lord of glo - ry! who couldst leave The height su -
 2. When here on earth, Thou wast a - lone Pro - claim - er
 3. But ris'n, the First - born from the dead, Tri - um - phant

preme in death to lie, What tongue shall sing, what heart con - ceive
 of this love to men; Up - on the cross 'twas ful - ly known,
 hast Thou en - tered in; The glo - rious Man, the liv - ing Head,

The love di - vine that made Thee die? Bought with a price, for
 For God came forth to meet us then; Rent from a - bove, the
 Thrice wor - thy Thou our hearts to win: In Thy blest face all

ev - er Thine, We break this bread, and drink this wine.
 part - ed veil, An-nounced to all that won - drous tale.
 glo - ries shine, And there we gaze on love di - vine.

Alternates: Silver Cord No. 220; Glissen 318