O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head







O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee; Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me. A Victim led, Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load for me.

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 blessing's draught for me.

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. Jehovah bade His sword awake; O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee! Thy blood the flaming blade must slake; Thine heart its sheath must be; All for my sake, my peace to make; Now sleeps that sword for me.

For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died, And I have died in Thee! Thou'rt ris'n—my hands are all untied, And now Thou liv'st in me. When purified, made white and tried, Thy glory then for me!

Anne Cousin