

Thy love failed not, O mighty King of glory,
 When Thy fair brow, illumed of heaven above,
 All pierced and torn with thorns so ignominious,
 Was crimsoned o'er with Thy most Precious Blood,
 Remember, dearest Lord, Thy painful crowning,
 Those ruby drops that trickled from Thy brow ;
 And, by this Blood which flowed to save poor sinners,
 Oh ! with the life of grace their souls endow.

What boundless love ! when on and on to Calvary,
 Each foot-print dyed with Blood a crimson hue,
 Beneath the cross, weighed down by bitter anguish
 Thy sacrifice for man, thou didst renew.
 Alas ! sweet Lord, beneath our crimes Thou'rt falling,
 Shall we not in Thy bleeding footsteps tread ?
 O, yes ! as victims, resting not, we'll follow
 To Calvary's height the God who for us bled.

O deathless love ! Thou now art immolating
 Upon the cross Thy life, in grief profound,
 From earth below to heaven's starry portals
 Oh where, dear Lord, shall love like this be found ?
 Attach our hearts to thy hard bed of suffering,
 Redeeming God, there may we live and die.
 Nail to Thy sacred cross our frail existence,
 May we, within its arms, breath our last sigh !

In untold woe, Thy life is slowly ebbing,
 And yet, it dieth not this love of thine.
 Behold, once more, the sacred stream is flowing—
 These last pure Drops now leave Thy heart divine.
 Blood of our God, sole hope of exiled mortals !
 Redemption's Price, sole Object of our love !
 All honor, love and praise be Thine forever,
 On earth and in the happy realms above.

S. M. A.
