

## CHRIST ON THE CROSS.



SACRED head, once wounded,  
 With grief and pain weighed down,  
 How scornfully surrounded,  
 With thorns thine only crown!  
 How pale art thou with anguish,  
 With sore abuse and scorn!  
 How does that visage languish,  
 Which once was bright as morn!

O Lord of life and glory,  
 What bliss till now was thine!  
 I read the wondrous story,  
 I joy to call thee mine.  
 Thy grief and thy compassion  
 Were all for sinners' gain;  
 Mine, mine was the transgression,  
 But thine the deadly pain.

What language shall I borrow  
 To praise thee, heavenly Friend,  
 For this thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end?  
 Lord, make me thine for ever,  
 Nor let me faithless prove;  
 O let me never, never  
 Abuse such dying love!

Be near me, Lord, when dying;  
 O shew thy cross to me;  
 And, for my succour flying,  
 Come, Lord, to set me free:  
 These eyes, new faith receiving,  
 From Jesus shall not move;  
 For he who dies believing,  
 Dies safely through thy love.