SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

 The Cross of Christ. Eateman.
 Bound upon th' accursed tree, Faint and bleeding, who is he? See his eyes so pale and dim; Streaming blood and writhing limb; See the flesh with scourges torn; See the crown of twisted thorn; See the drooping death-dew'd brow,— Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

- ² Bound upon th' accursed tree, Sad and dying, who is he ? Hark ! his prayer for them that slew,
 "Lord, they know not what they do." Lo, the sun at noon grown pale ! Rent in twain the temple's vail ! Trembling nature knows thee now, Son of Man, 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !
- 3 Bound upon th' accursed tree, Dread and awful, who is he? Though his iffeless corpse was laid In a cold sepulchral bed, Soon the Saviour from the grave Rose a conqueror, strong to save; Bright the crown that decks his brow-Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

cost. mns vmn the n of n to oetic the usic Iren any · to Sabmn an imach iich

the

in ach of d's ose of

the