

# 33 O Christ, What Burdens Bowed Thy Head!

(8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.)

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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 for - sa - ken of Thy God; No dis - tance now for me.  
Thy o - pen bos - om was my ward; It bore the storm for me.  
Thou'rt risen: 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.

