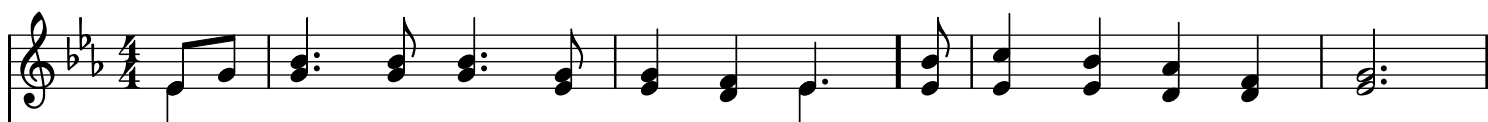


## O Christ, What Burdens Bowed Thy Head!

Anne Ross Cousin

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

Ira D. Sankey



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 bruis - ing 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.

