

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, Didst 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 ris'n: 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.

