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; ho - vah lift - ed His rod— O Christ, it fell Thee; up on **4.** The tem - pest's aw - ful voice was heard, O Christ, it broke on Thee; **5.** For Lord Je - sus, Thou hast died, And I have died Thee; me, in 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 - tv now for me. Thou for - sa ken of Thy God; No dis-tance now for me. bos - om was It bore the storm for Thy pen my ward; me. Thou'rt risen: my bands are all un - tied, And now Thou liv'st me. Α led, Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load vic - tim for me. bit - ter cup-That love drank it Left but the love up; 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. Shines now The Fa - ther's face of ra - diant grace in light on me.