

REMEMBRANCE AND THE CROSS

165 O Christ, What Burdens Bowed Thy Head!

SUBSTITUTION 8 6 8 6 8 6

Ann Ross Cousin 1824-1906

Ira D. Sankey 1840-1910



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 sore strick - en of Thy God; There's not one stroke 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 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!



166 Lord, E'en to Death Thy Love Could Go

DUBLIN (Howards) C M

H. Rossier 1834-1928

Tr. by Miss C. A. Wellesley

Isaac Smith 1735-1800



1. Lord, e'en to death Thy love could go, A death of shame and loss,
2. Oh, what a load was Thine to bear, A - lone in that dark hour,
3. The storm that bowed Thy bless - ed head Is hushed for - ev - er now,
4. With - in the Fa - ther's house on high We soon shall sing Thy praise,



Alternates: Lynwood No. 112; Evan No. 145