

# O Christ, What Burdens Bowed Thy Head

1. O Christ, what bur - dens bowed thy head! Our  
2. Death and the curse were in my cup: O  
3. Je - ho - vah lift - ed up his rod: O  
4. Je - ho - vah bade his sword a - wake: O  
5. For me, Lord Je - sus Thou hast died, And

load was laid on Thee; Thou stood - est in the  
Christ, 'twas full for Thee! But Thou hast drained the  
Christ, it fell on Thee! Thou wast sore strick - en  
Christ it woke 'gainst Thee! Thy blood the flam - ing  
I have died in Thee: Thou'rt ris'n, my bands are

sin - ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me.  
last dark drop, 'Tis emp - ty now for me.  
of Thy God; There's not one stroke for me.  
blade must slake, Thy heart its sheath must be.  
all un - tied, And now Thou livest in me;

A vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed!  
That bit - ter cup, love drank it up,  
Thy tears, Thy blood, be - neath it flowed;  
All for my sake, my peace to make:  
When pu - ri - fied, made white, and tried,

Now there's no load for me.  
Now bless - ings draught for me.  
Thy bruis - ings heal - eth me.  
Now sleeps that sword for me.  
Thy glo - ry then for me.

Words: Anne R Cousins (1824-1906)

Music: Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second (1813), Public Domain