

SURELY Christ our griefs has borne,
Contrite soul, no longer mourn;
View Him bleeding on the tree,
Bearing utmost agony:
There your every sin He bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

- 2 Cast your guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem;
At His feet your burden lay;
Look your doubts and cares away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead His promise, trust His grace.
- 3 Lord, Thine arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed;
Since I scarce can look to Thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me!
At Thy feet myself I lay;
Shine, O shine my fears away!

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78