

IN Jesus' name, with one accord,
Lift up a sacred hymn,
And think what healing streams were poured
From every bleeding limb.

2 O, who can tell what woes He bore
When that pure blood was spilt,
What pangs His tortured body tore
When loaded with our guilt?

3 'Twas not the insulting voice of scorn
So deeply wrung His heart;
The piercing nail, the tearing thorn,
Caused not the saddest smart:

4 But every struggling sigh betrayed
A heavier grief within,
When on His burdened soul was laid
The weight of human sin.

5 O Lord, Who came to earth to bear
Our sins' oppressive load,
Grant us Thy righteousness to wear,
And lead us to our God.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1796-1877