

Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow

Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow,
where the blood of Christ was shed,
perfect Man on thee did suffer,
perfect God on thee has bled!

Here the King of all the ages,
throned in light ere worlds could be,
robed in mortal flesh is dying,
crucified by sin for me.

O mysterious condescending!
O abandonment sublime!
Very God himself is bearing
all the sufferings of time!

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Words: William John Sparrow-Simpson, 1887

Music: Cross of Jesus

Meter: 87 87