

In his own raiment clad

In his own raiment clad,
with his blood dyed;
women walk sorrowing
by his side.
Follow to Calvary;
tread where he trod,
he who for ever was
Son of God.

On the cross lifted up,
thy face we scan,
bearing that cross for us,
Son of Man.
Thorns form thy diadem,
rough wood thy throne;
for us thy Blood is shed,
us alone.

We see thy title, Lord,
inscribed above:
"Jesus of Nazareth,"
King of love.
O, I will follow thee,
star of my soul,
through the deep shades of life
to the goal.

Yea, let thy cross be borne
each day by me;
mind not how heavy, if
but with thee.
Grant through each day of life
to stand by thee;
with thee, when morning breaks
ever to be.

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