

In the Lord's Atoning Grief
Bonaventura, 1609.
Richard Redhead, 1853.

In the Lord's atoning grief
Be our rest and sweet relief;
Store we deep in heart's recess
All the shame and bitterness.

Thorns, and cross, and nails, and lance,
Wounds, our treasure that enhance,
Vinegar, and gall, and reed,
And the pang His soul that freed.

May these all our spirits sate,
And with love inebriate;
In our souls plant virtue's root,
And mature its glorious fruit.

Crucified! we Thee adore,
Thee with all our hearts implore;
Us with saintly hands unite
In the realms of heavenly light.

Christ, by coward hands betrayed,
Christ, for us a Captive made,
Christ, upon the bitter tree
Slain for man, be praise to Thee.