

Weep Not for Him Who Onward Bears

Words: Thomas Pollock, 1870.

Music: Este's Psalter, 1592.

Weep not for Him Who onward bears
His cross to Calvary;
He does not ask man's pitying tears,
Who wills for man to die.

The awful sorrow of His face,
The bowing of His frame,
Come not from torture or disgrace;
He fears not cross or shame.

There is a deeper pang of grief,
An agony unknown,
In which His love finds no relief;
He bears it all alone.

He thinks of all for whom His life
Of lowliness and pain,
And weariness and care and strife,
Will be, alas, in vain.

He sees the souls for whom He dies
Yet clinging to their sin,
And heirs of mansions in the skies
Who will not enter in.

Ah! this, my Savior, was the shame
That bowed Thy head so low;
These were the wounds that racked Thy frame,
And made Thy tears to flow.

O may I in Thy sorrow share,
And mourn that sins of mine
Should ever wound with grief or care
That loving heart of Thine.