

In the Lord's atoning grief

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 rich inheritance,
vinegar, and gall, and reed,
and the cry his soul that freed.

May these all our spirits fill,
and with love's devotion thrill;
in our souls plant virtue's root,
and mature its glorious fruit.

Crucified! we thee adore,
thee with all our hearts implore;
us with all thy saints 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.

Words: John Fidanza Bonaventura,
thirteenth century;
trans. F. Oakeley, 1842
Music: Song 13, Redhead No. 47
(St. Prisca)
Meter: 77 77