

Bound upon the accursed tree

Bound upon the accursed tree,
faint and bleeding, who is he?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
streaming blood, and writhing limb,
by the flesh with scourges torn,
by the crown of twisted thorn,
by the side so deeply pierced,
by the baffled, burning thirst,
by the drooping, death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
dread and awful, who is he?
By the sun at noonday pale,
shivering rocks, and rending veil,
by the earth enwrapt in gloom,
by the saints who burst their tomb,
Eden promised ere he died
to the felon at his side ;
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow!
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry
of the dying agony,
by the lifeless body, laid
in the chambers of the dead,
by the mourners come to weep
where the bones of Jesus sleep,
Crucified, we know thee now :
Son of Man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
dread and awful, who is he ?
by the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
by the souls he died to save,
by the conquest he hath won,
by the saints before his throne,
by the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868)

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