

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. 8s.

William Walker

1. A sto-ry most love-ly I'll tell, Of Je-sus (O won-drous sur-prise!) He suf-fered the tor-ments of hell, That sin-ners, vile sin-ners might rise.
2. Oh, did my dear Je-sus thus bleed, And pi-ty a ru-ined lost race? Oh, whence did such mer-cy pro-ceed? Such bound-less com-pas-sion and grace!

He left His ex-alt-ed a-bode, When man by trans-gres-sion was lost; Ap-peas-ing the wrath of a God, He shed forth His blood as the cost.
His bod-y bore an-guish and pain, His spir-it 'most sank with the load; A short time be-fore He was slain, His sweat was as great drops of blood.