

# WATERFORD. 7s & 6s.

505

Wm. H. Oakley

1. Je - sus drinks the bit - ter cup, The wine-press treads a - lone: Tears the graves and moun-tains up, By His ex - pir - ing groan:

2. O my God, He dies for me, I feel the mor - tal smart! See Him hang-ing on the tree, A sight that breaks my heart!

Lo! the pow'rs of heav'n He shakes, Na - ture in con - vul - sion lies; Earth's pro-found-est cen - ter quakes, The great Re - deem - er dies.

Oh that all to Thee might turn! Sin - ners, ye may love Him too; Look on Him ye pierced, and mourn For One who bled for you.