

THRONE OF GLORY. 7,6.

John M. Evans

1. O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame bowed down; O sa - cred brow, sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown.

2. On me, as Thou art dy - ing, Oh turn Thy pit - ying eye; To Thee for mer - cy cry - ing, Be - fore Thy cross I lie.

3. What lan - guage can I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est friend, For all this dy - ing sor - row, Of all my woes the end?

Once on a throne of glo - ry A - dorned with light di - vine, Now all de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

Thine, Thine a bit - ter pas - sion, Thy pain is all for me; Mine, mine the deep trans - gres - sion, My sins are all on Thee.

Oh, Can I leave Thee ev - er? Then do not Thou leave me; Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.