THE MAN OF SORROWS



- 2. That tender heart that felt for all, for all its life-blood gave; it found on earth no resting-place, save only in the grave.
- 3. Such was our Lord and shall we fear the cross with all its scorn, or love a faithless evil world, that wreathed his brow with thorn?
- 4. No, facing all its frowns and smiles, like him, obedient still, we homeward press, through storm or calm, to yon celestial hill.
- 5. In tents we dwell amid the waste, nor turn aside to roam in folly's paths, nor seek our rest, where Jesus had no home.
- 6. Dead to the world, with him who died to win our hearts, our love; we, risen with our risen Head, in spirit dwell above.
- 7. By faith his boundless glories there, our wond'ring eyes behold, those glories which eternal years shall never all unfold.
- 8. This fills our hearts with deep desire to lose ourselves in love! bears all our hopes from earth away, and fixes them above.

Words: Edward Denny. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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