



2. Crowned with thorns, arrayed in purple, O my Saviour! how divine art thou in thy robe of meekness with that bleeding brow of thine! O, if through the scorn of others my poor heart can loyal be, when thou comest in thy kingdom, wilt thou not remember me?

3. Saviour! when the world insults me, I to thee will turn instead, see the mockers spit upon thee, take the reed and smite thy head; O, if then my soul ashamèd for thy sake can gentle be, when thou comest in thy kingdom, wilt thou not remember me?

4. Christ! the Rock from whence for thousands once the healing waters burst, now my wounded dying Saviour crying with parched lips, "I thirst:" O, if I, through faith, can only find my freshest springs in thee, when thou comest in thy kingdom, wilt thou not remember me?

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