## MY BELOVED



- 2. Oh no! 't is not his glories;
  he's worthy of them all!
  'T is not the throne and sceptre
  before which angels fall!
  I view with heart exulting
  each crown his head adorns;
  but, oh, he looks most lovely,
  wearing his crown of thorns.
- 3. I'm glad to see his raiment than snow more spotless white, refulgent with its brightness, more dazzling than the light; but more surpassing lovely his form appears to me, when, stripped, and scourged, and bleeding, he hungupon a tree.
- 4. With warmest adoration
  I see him on the throne,
  and join the loud hosannas
  that his high virtues own;
  but, oh, most blessèd Jesus,
  I must confess to thee,
  more than the throne of glory
  I love that sacred tree.
- 5. I joy to see the diadems upon thy royal brow; the state, and power, and majesty in which thou sittest now: but 't is thyself, Lord Jesus, makes heaven seem heaven to me, thyself, as first I knew thee, uplifted on the tree.

- 6. Though higher than the highest, most mighty King thou art, thy grace, and not thy greatness, first touched my rebel heart: thy sword, it might have slain me, thine arrows drunk my blood; but 't was thy cross subdued me, and won my heart to God.
- 7. Thy sceptre rules creation,
  thy wounded hand rules me;
  all bow before thy footstool,
  I but the nail-prints see:
  aloud they sound thy titles,
  thou Lord of lords most high;
  one thrilling thought absorbs me —
  this Lord for ME did die!
- 8. Oh, this is my Beloved,
  there's none so fair as he;
  the chief among ten thousand,
  he's all in all to me:
  my heart it breaks with longing
  to dwell with him above,
  who wooed me first, and won me
  by his sweet dying love.

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