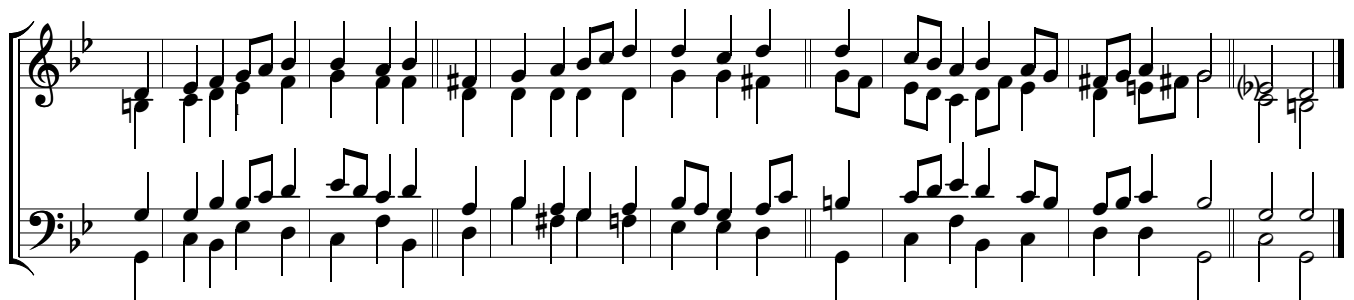
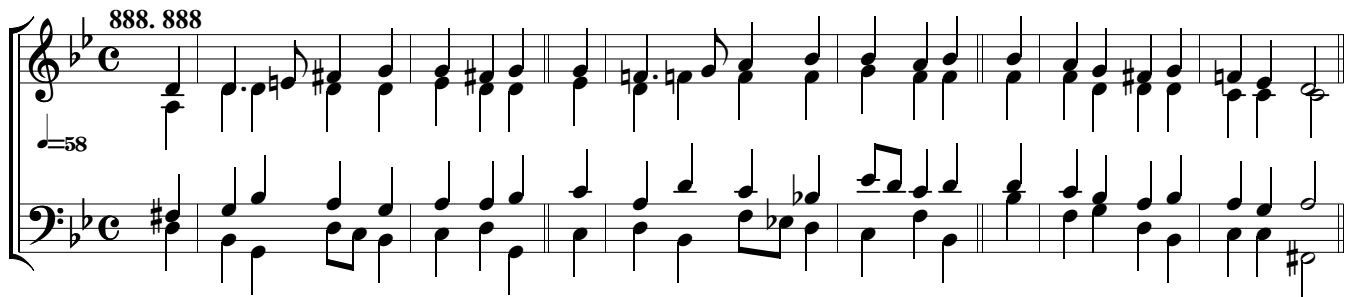


Catherine Winkworth  
(1827-78)

# O world, behold upon the tree

Joseph Barnby  
(1838-96)

888. 888



1 O world, behold! upon the tree  
Thy Life is hanging now for thee:  
Thy Saviour yields His dying breath.  
The mighty Prince of glory now  
For thee doth unresisting bow  
To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.

5 Lord, from Thy sorrows I will learn  
How fiercely wrath divine doth burn,  
How terribly its thunders roll;  
How sorely this our loving God  
Can smite with His avenging rod;  
How deep His floods o'erwhelm the soul.

2 Alas! my Saviour, who could dare  
Bid Thee such bitter anguish bear?  
What evil heart ill-treat Thee thus?  
For Thou art good, hast wrongéd none,  
As we and ours too oft have done;  
Thou hast not sinned, dear Lord, like us.

6 And I will nail me to Thy cross,  
And learn to count all things but dross,  
Wherein the flesh doth pleasure take;  
Whate'er is hateful in thine eyes,  
With all the strength that in me lies,  
Will I cast from me and forsake.

3 My grievous sins, they number more  
Than yonder sands upon the shore,  
Have brought to pass this agony:  
'Tis I have caused the floods of woe  
That now Thy soul in death o'erflow,  
And those sad hearts that watch by Thee.

7 Thy heavy groans, Thy bitter sighs,  
The tears that from Thy dying eyes  
Were shed when Thou wast sore oppressed,  
Shall be with me, when at the last  
Myself on Thee I wholly cast,  
And enter with Thee into rest.

4 'Tis I to whom these pains belong;  
'Tis I should suffer for my wrong,  
Bound hand and foot in heavy chains:  
Thy scourge, Thy fetters, whatsoe'er  
Thou bearest, 'tis my soul should bear,  
For I have well deserved such pains.