

## Crowned With Thorns Upon the Tree

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Crowned with thorns upon the tree, Silent in Thine agony  
Dying, crushed beneath the load, Of the wrath and curse of God

On Thy pale and suff'ring brow, Mystery of love and woe;  
On Thy grief and sore amaze, Savior, I would fix my gaze!

On Thy holy, loving breast, Thou dost bid the weary rest;  
Rest there from the world's false ways, Rest there from its vanities

Rest - in pardon and relief, From the load of guilt and grief;  
Rest - there from the world's false ways, Rest - there from its vanities

Sin atoning Sacrifice, Thou art precious in mine eyes;  
Thou alone my rest shall be, Now and thro' eternity