

Samson Occom's Hymn LXXVII. The Sufferings of Christ, 1774

- 1 Throughout the Saviour's Life we trace,
Nothing but Shame and deep Disgrace,
 No period else is seen;
Till he a spotless Victim fell,
Tasting in Soul a painful Hell,
 Caus'd by the Creature's Sin.
- 2 On the cold Ground methinks I see
My Jesus kneel, and pray for me;
 For this I him adore;
Siez'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood-drops did force their Passage out
 Through ev'ry open'd Pore.
- 3 A pricking Thorn his Temples bore;
His Back with Lashes all was tore,
 Till one the Bones might see;
Mocking, they push'd him here and there,
Marking his Way with Blood and Tear,
 Press'd by the heavy Tree.
- 4 Thus up the Hill he painful came,
Round him they mock, and make their Game,
 At length his Cross they rear:
And can you see the mighty God,
Cry out beneath sin's heavy Load,
 Without one thankful Tear?
- 5 Thus veiled in Humanity,
He dies in Anguish on the Tree;
 What Tongue his Grief can tell?
The shudd'ring Rocks their Heads recline,
The mourning Sun refuse to shine,
 When the Creator fell.
- 6 Shout, Brethren, shout in songs divine,
He drank the Gall, to give us Wine,
 To quench our parching Thirst:
Seraphs advance your Voices higher;
Bride of the Lamb, unite the Choir,
 And Laud thy precious Christ.

Document Source: A Choice Collection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs; Intended for the Edification of Sincere Christians, of All Denominations