

O Thou who hast our sorrows borne

Compassion



O Thou who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee and mourn,
On thee whom we have slain,
Have pierced a thousand thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renewed thy mortal pain.

Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The man transfix'd on Calvary,
To know thee, who thou art,
The one eternal God and true;
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.

Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
That suffered in my stead;
That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quenched in death those flaming eyes,
And bowed that sacred head.

The veil of unbelief remove,
And by thy manifested love,
And by thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.

Now let thy dying love constrain
My soul to love its God again,
Its God to glorify;
And lo! I come thy cross to share,
Echo thy sacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die.

Charles Wesley