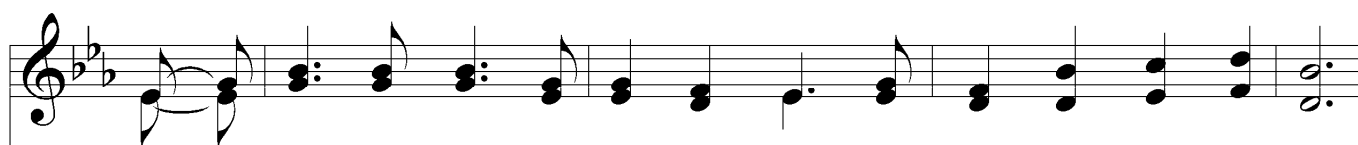


# Substitution



1. O Christ, what bur - dens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee;  
2. Death and the curse were in our cup— O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!  
3. Je - ho - vah lift - ed up His rod— O Christ, it fell on Thee!  
4. The tem - pest's aw - ful voice was heard— O Christ, it broke on Thee!  
5. Je - ho - vah bade His sword a - wake— O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!  
6. For me, Lord Je - sus, Thou hast died, And I have died in Thee;



Thou stood - est in the sin - ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me.  
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop— 'Tis emp - ty now for me.  
Thou wast sore strick - en of Thy God; There's not one stroke for me.  
Thy o - pen bos - om was my ward, It braved the storm for me.  
Thy blood the flam - ing blade must slake; Thy heart its sheath must be—  
Thou art ris'n: my bands are all un - tied, And now Thou liv'st in me.



A Vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load for me.  
That bit - ter cup— love drank it up; Now bless - ings' draught for me.  
Thy tears, Thy blood, be - neath it flowed; Thy bruis - ing heal - eth me.  
Thy form was scarred, Thy vis - age marred; Now cloud - less peace for me.  
All for my sake, my peace to make; Now sleeps that sword for me.  
When pu - ri - fied, made white, and tried, Thy Glo - ry then for me!

