

To Christ on Golgotha

1. To Christ on Gol-go - tha, My spir - it fain would go
 2. What pain un-speak - a - ble In this great cry we see:
 3. No ven-ge-ance in His heart, I hear Him plead a - new,

To pon-der on His words And His ex-ceed-ing woe.
 "My God, My God, oh, why Hast Thou for-sak-en Me?"
 "Dear Fa-ther, pray, for - give; They know not what they do!"

4. His mother weepeth sore, He comforteth her now:
 "Behold in John thy son. O John, thy mother know."

5. He comforteth the thief, And "Verily," He cries,
 "Thou shalt with Me today Be in yon paradise."

6. "I thirst!" He crieth then; There's no affliction thus,
 Which He, the Friend of man, Has not endured for us.

7. He "It is finished!" cries, And bows His head—The end:
 "O Father, to Thy hands My spirit I commend."