

1. Lord Je - sus, when I think of thee, And look up - on thy cross a - right,
 2. Je - sus, true love I owe to thee Who on the cross didst show that tide,
 3. Je - sus, love made thy tears to fall, 'Twas love that made thy blood to flow,
 4. Ma - ry, I pray, as thou art free, A part of this thy grief I'll bear,

1. Thy bo - dy stained with blood I see, Lord, pierce my heart with that sad sight!
 2. The crown of thorns, the sharp nails three, The cru - el spear that pierced thy side.
 3. For love was scourged and smit - ten all, For love thy life thou didst for - go.
 4. That I may sor - row here with thee, And bliss with thee here - af - ter share!

Text: Richard Rolle (c. 1290-1349)

Music: WORD OF FIRE, LM, Noel Jones (1947-)