

# The Crucifixion

A. M., Jr.

mel.

1.) Oh, woe - ful the day that Je - sus was slain, When on the cruel  
2.) Thou from bit - ter cup did taste it for me, That I, when in  
3.) Oh, grant that in faith, I faith - ful may be! O, grant that in  
4.) Thy blood, it still flows, as we take the cup. We think of Thy

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cross He bore all my shame. For - sa - ken, and bleed - ing, He suf -  
sin, could stand be - fore Thee. Dear Sav - iour, Thy love and com - pas -  
death, Thy face I may see! For me, Thy blood spilt, and for me  
death as oft as we sup. The loaf to re - mind us of Thy

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12  
fered a - lone, He looked un - to God, My sins He did own.  
sion for me, Shall move me in faith To Heav'n, un - to Thee.  
Thou didst groan, A sin - ner, re - deemed, And my heart Thy Throne!  
bo - dy, torn. Our sins un - to death, Thou, Sa - viour, hast borne.