

Our Surety

mel.

1.) Thou Man of grief and pain, Chas - tised by God, the Fath - er!
 2.) Thy con - flict is our gain; Thy death gives life im - mor - tal;
 3.) Lord, give us cour - age bold And pa - tience in af - flic - tion,
 4.) Thy an - guish make us brave To face dis - tress and sor - row,

5
 6 For all Thou didst sus - tain To praise Thee now we gath - er.
 Thy bonds and fet - ters have Un - locked our pris - on's por - tal.
 That we may bear our cross death And yield our pris - on's por - tal.
 And in the throes of death From Thy death strength to cor - rec - tion!
 bor - row;

10
 11 For all Thy an - guish sore, For Thy bonds and dis - tress, For
 Thy cross is our re - lief; Thy wounds have healed our heart; Thy
 help us to look to Thee And to Thy crown of thorns, If
 O let the bond of love Bind us in one ac - cord To

15
 16 cru - el - ties and scourge, And for death's bit - ter - ness.
 blood has pur - chased us The ran - somed sin - ner's part.
 e'er our lot should be Blood, tor - ture, shame and scorn.
 cru - ci - fy the flesh And world through Thee, O Lord!