

Man Of Sorrows

Man of sorrows, what a name
For the Son of God who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned he stood
Sealed my pardon with his blood
Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

Guilty, vile and helpless, we
Spotless Lamb of God was he
Full atonement, can it be?
Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

Lifted up was he to die.
'It is finished,' was his cry
Now in heav'n exalted high
Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

When he comes, our glorious King
All his ransomed home to bring
Then anew this song we'll sing
Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

Words by Philipp Bliss, 1838-76
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