

# Man of Sorrows, Wrapt in Grief

Matthew Bridges / ABERYSTWYTH

1. Man of sorrows, wrapt in grief,  
bow thine ear to our relief;  
thou for us the path hast trod  
of the dreadful wrath of God;  
thou the cup of fire hast drained  
till its light alone remained.  
Lamb of love, we look to thee:  
hear our mournful litany!

2. By the garden, fraught with woe,  
whither thou full oft wouldst go;  
by thine agony of prayer  
in the desolation there;  
by the dire and deep distress  
of that myst'ry fathomless;  
Lord, our tears in mercy see:  
hearken to our litany!

3. By the chalice brimming o'er  
with disgrace and torment sore;  
by those lips, which fain would pray  
that it might but pass away;  
by the heart which drank it dry,  
lest a rebel race should die,  
be thy pity, Lord, our plea:  
hear our solemn litany.

4. Man of sorrows, let thy grief  
purchase for us our relief;  
Lord of mercy, bow thine ear,  
slow to anger, swift to hear;  
by the Cross's royal road  
lead us to the throne of God,  
there for aye to sing to thee  
heav'n's triumphant litany.