

Man of Sorrows, Wrapt in Grief

Matthew Bridges

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.