

诗歌选集第 079 首

079 【哦主，什么使祢头垂】

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(一) 哦主，什么使祢头垂？我罪压祢身上！祢是站在罪人地位，将我罪孽担当。成我祭牲，流血赎罪，现今我得释放。

(二) 我杯满了咒诅、死亡，是我应得之分，然而其中每滴苦汤，祢都为我喝尽。苦杯，祢爱为我尽尝；福杯，我今得饮。

(三) 耶和華曾举起祂杖，哦，主，向祢打下！祢被父神痛苦击伤，使我免受刑罚；祢泪、祢血因此流淌，作了我的赎价。

(四) 狂风大起，怒涛骇浪，哦主，向祢进迫！祢的胸怀为我抵挡，作我安息之所。因祢为我受死、受伤，平安我今得着。

(五) 耶和華曾吩咐祂刀，哦主，向祢兴起！它的残酷火刃闪耀，须将祢血饮吸；既已满足神之所要，它的要求遂息。

(六) 哦主，祢曾为我受死，我也在祢死了；祢已复活，将我开释，今在我里活着。终过炼净、纯洁、无疵，就得进祢荣耀。

(1) O Christ, what burdens bow'd our load was laid on Thee; Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead, didst bear all ill for me. A victim led; Thy blood was shed; now there's no load for me.

(2) Death and the curse were in our cup; O Christ, 'twas full for Thee! But Thou hast drained the last dark drop - 'Tis empty now for me. That bitter cup - love drank it up; now blessings' draught for me.

(3) Jehovah lifted up His rod, O Christ, it fell on Thee! Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God; there's not one stroke for me. Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed; Thy bruising healeth me.

(4) The tempest's awful voice was heard, O Christ, it broke on Thee! Thy open bosom was my ward, it braved the storm for me. Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred; now cloudless peace for me.

(5) Jehovah bade His sword awake O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee! Thy blood the flaming blade must slake; Thy heart its sheath must be-all for my sake, my peace to make; now sleeps that sword for me.

(6) For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died, and I have died in Thee, Thou 'rt ris'n: my bands are all untied, and now Thou liv'st in me. when purified, made white, and tried, Thy glory then for me!

Ann Rose Cousin