

Suffr'er

Erik V. Wells

Oh Suff rer in the Gar - den a lone and spi rit torn, what bit ter dregs
 2.Oh Blest, An oint ed Heal er, and Sav ior of the race, what gra ti tude
 3.Oh Glor i fied Im mor tal, and King of all the Earth, what joy shall we
 4.How oft shall I re mem ber Thy sac ri fice di vine, and take up my

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Thou drink est what ang uish Thou hast borne! What ho ly blood that fall eth! What deep soft sighs
 I give Thee for Thy red eem ing grace! When dark ness lurks a rou nd me and bit ter pains
 dis co ver when brought back to Thy Hearth! What joy and Ex ul ta tion when we meet Fa
 own cro ss then and fol low af ter Thine! I'll take Thy name most will ing ly, Thy flesh be com