



2. He takes my poverty and want, to give me his o'erflowing wealth; he takes my sickness on himself, to give me his celestial health.

3. He goeth down that I may rise, is bound in chains to set me free; enters my lonely prison-house, that I may know his liberty.

4. He drinks my sorrow, weeps my tears, that I may taste his joy and rest; his hunger and his thirst are mine, that mine may be his heavenly feast.

5. He takes my name, and gives me his; for my poor raiment gives his own; and all that he has done is mine, — his worth, his fullness, and his crown.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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