

O Beloved

Oh beloved, oh beloved; nailed  
unto the cross for me

O what sin has I committed; You  
who called all to be.



Oh beloved, wish that I could;  
spend the rest of life with Thee

Worshipping Thine holy passion,  
crucifying the flesh for Thee.



Daughter of Zion behold Me;  
stricken and smitten for Thee

Friend and kin, me have forsaken;  
there is none to comfort me.

All alone I'll tread the winepress,  
all alone I'll drink the cup

Shedding my blood for Thee to  
ransom, and my flesh for Thee to  
sup.

I was bound, and I was smitten,  
and they did spit in my face.

I was stripped, and I was  
scourged, I was condemned in  
your place.

Your sins became my crown of  
thorns; Oh that you would  
understand

Every time you sin a new, it's one  
more nail in my hand.



Like a lamb brought to the  
slaughter, like a dumb sheep to  
be sheered.

King, Creator, Lord, and Master,  
by His creatures, mocked and  
jeered.



Despised, rejected, with grief  
acquainted, and of men was not  
esteemed.

Bruised and wounded, sore  
afflicted, yet, with His stripes we  
were healed.

Lord create in us a fountain; that  
with tears will ever flow.

And a heart contrite and broken,  
and the spirit within renew.

Oh that we could shed the tears  
over Thy feet pierced and  
bruised

Oh that we always remember,  
for our sins Thou wert abused.

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