# A POEM

*ON THE PASSION OF OUR*

# Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

*By Mr. Welsh, late of Liverpool*

—8—

WHAT sinful soul cannot lament and cry,
And weep for Christ who for our sins did die?
He all our sins upon his shoulders bore,
All this for sinners Jesus did and more,
When Christ knew his death was drawing near,
His soul got sorry unto death for fear:
In pain and agony his blood did flow,
All this for sinners Christ did undergo.
The traitor Judas did our Lord betray,
And then the wicked Jews took him away—
To Annas and Caiphas he was led,
His dear disciples from their Lord had fled,
'Twas there they did our Saviour Christ accuse,
Spit in his face and did his cheeks abuse:
Sweet Saviour dear, those pains you did endure
In agony our sinful wounds to cure.
To Pilate then our Saviour he was brought,
The wicked Jews for cruel witness sought,
They falsely did accuse him to his face,
The Lamb of God did meekly hold his peace.
These bloody wretches all with one accord
To Pilates judgment hall they brought the Lord,
They stript him there, his tender flesh they tore,
Then streams of blood ran down from every pore.
A purple garment then they did prepare,
That shameful robe they made the Lord to wear,
They put a crown of thorns upon his head,

And pressed them down till both his temples bled.
In pain and agony the Lord he stood
Until his face was all besmeared with blood,
They took a reed and smote him with disgrace,
The Lamb of God did meekly hold his peace,
Then Pilate and the Jews they had agreed,
That Christ should die and Barabbas be freed,
They cried aloud the Lord to crucify,
And let his blood on them forever lie.
When Jesus was delivered to the Jews,
His sorrows grief and tortures still renews,
Upon his bloody back a cross they laid,
That tore the flesh from off his shoulder blade.
The purple garment that he humbly wore,
They tore it off renewing every sore,
His hands and feet they bor'd with iron pins,
All his the Lord did suffer for our sins.
When on the cross the Lord did hang with pain,
This cruel mob did imprecate amain,
The sun and moon did hide for fear, to see
A dying Jesus hang upon a tree
From pole to pole a darkness overspread,
The graves flew open and threw up their dead,
The rocks did split, the temple rent in twain,
When that the holy Lamb of God was slain.
Behold a tyrant with a bloody spear
Did pierce the side of our Saviour dear,
His body dead, just from his sacred side,
Came blood and water flowing like a tide.
The mother of Christ in sorrow did appear,
What mortal with her could not shed one tear
And weep for Jesus martyred by his foes,
Laid on her knees Oh there for to repose.
When our Saviour yielded up his breath,
He conquered hell, likewise the grave and death,
Pray then to be with Christ in heaven above,
Where nothing is but glory, peace, and love.

*PRICE ONE PENNY.*

John Muir, Printer, Glasgow.