

Friendless, He knelt in dark Gethsemane,  
 Unfriended, hung on Cavalry's bloody tree,  
 And all for what?—His deathless love to prove  
 For man, His enemy!—O, matchless love!  
 O, wondrous Friendship! O, unchanging Friend!  
 Who, loving thus, should love unto the end;  
 That, evermore, the ransomed soul might rest  
 Its weary head upon His faithful breast,  
 And feel, 'mid all vicissitudes and pains,  
 That one true, constant, loving friend remains!

Friend, Brother, Father!—Could we ask for more?  
 Yet these dear names exhaust not half the store!  
 REDEEMER!—Lo! a wretched captive, bound  
 With chains and fetters, wrapped in night profound,  
 In helpless, hopeless bondage, dark I lay,  
 When He, in pitying mercy, passed that way.  
 He saw me hugging close my heavy chain,  
 Loving my bonds despite their bitter pain,  
 Deaf to the music of the songs of Heaven,  
 Blind to the light His pitying love had given,  
 Sick unto death, yet boastful of my health;  
 Clothed in foul rags, yet vaunting of my wealth.

Was that a thing to love or pity?—Nay!—  
 Yet He did stoop on me His hand to lay;  
 Touched my dark eyes, and lo! the light was mine  
 Ope'd my dull ears to harmonies divine;  
 Showed me my rags, my wretchedness, my grief,  
 My deadly sickness, and then gave relief;  
 Paid my full ransom price; warmed, cleansed, and fed  
 And clothed in spotless raiment, me He led  
 Forth from the dungeons of impurity,  
 To the pure air of heaven, made whole, set free  
 Henceforth my all in life or death is thine,  
 And thou, Redeemer of the lost, art mine!