

How my heart has stirred at that solemn cry,  
 While the sun was enwrapt in night,  
 "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?"  
 Most blessèd, most awful sight!

My sins were laid on His sacred head,  
 My curse by my Lord was borne;  
 For me a victim my Saviour bled,  
 And endurèd that death of scorn;  
 Himself He gave my poor heart to win  
 (Was ever love, Lord, like Thine!)  
 From the paths of folly, and shame, and sin,  
 And fill it with joys divine.

I've watched by the tomb, where my Saviour lay,  
 When He entered the gloomy grave;  
 That by death He the power of death might slay,  
 And His lambs from the lion save.  
 Oh, glorious time when the Victor rose!  
 He liveth no more to die;  
 He hath bruised the head of our mighty foes,  
 For us was His victory!

The gates of heaven are opened wide,  
 At His name all the angels bow;  
 The Son of man, who was crucified,  
 Is crownèd in glory now:  
 We love to look up, and behold Him there,  
 The Lamb for His chosen slain;  
 And soon shall His bride all His glories share,  
 With her Head and her Lord shall reign.  
 And now I draw near to the throne of grace,  
 For His blood and my Priest are there;  
 And I joyfully seek my Father's face,  
 With my censer of praise and prayer:  
 The burning mount, the mystic veil,  
 With my terrors and guilt are gone;  
 My conscience has peace that can never fail,  
 'Tis the Lamb on high on the throne!