

No eye was found to pity,
 No heart to bear Thy woe :
 But shame, and scorn, and spitting ;
 None cared Thy Name to know.

The pride of careless greatness
 Could wash its hands of Thee :
 Priests, that should plead for weakness,
 Must Thine accusers be !

Man's boasting love disowns Thee ;
 Thine own Thy danger flee ;
 A Judas only owns Thee,
 That Thou may'st captive be.

O man ! how hast thou provèd
 What in thy heart is found ;
 By grace Divine unmovèd ,
 By self in fetters bound !

Yet, with all grief acquainted,
 The Man of sorrows view
 Unmoved, by ill untainted,
 The path of grace pursue !

In death, obedience yielding
 To God His Father's will,
 Love still its power is weilding
 To meet all human ill.

On him who had disowned Thee
 Thine eye could look in love,
 'Midst threats and taunts around Thee,
 To tears of grace to move !

What words of love and mercy
 Flow from those lips of grace,
 For followers that desert Thee,
 For sinners in disgrace !