

- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend !
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid :
 "Receive my soul !" he cries :
 See where he bows his sacred head !
 He bows his head and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine ;
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine !

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A dying Saviour.

L. M.

- S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,
 Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide !
- 2 But life attends the dreadful sound,
 And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound ;
 The vital stream, how free it flows
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes !
- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
 To die for man, surprising grace !
 Yet pass rebellious angels by—
 O why for man, my Saviour, why ?
- 4 And didst thou bleed ?—for sinners bleed ?
 And could the sun behold the deed ?
 No ! he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow.
 And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
 Insensible to love or pain ?
- 6 Come, O my Lord ! thy grace impart,
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
 Till all its pow'rs and passions move
 In melting grief and ardent love.