

Oh, mystery of mysteries !
 Of life and death the tree ;
 Centre of two eternities,
 Which look with rapt, adoring eyes,
 Onward and back to Thee !
 Oh, Cross of Christ, where all His pain
 And death—is my eternal gain !

Oh, how my inmost heart doth move,
 While gazing on that tree ;
 The death of the Incarnate Love !
 What shame, what grief, what joy I prove,
 That He should die for me !
 My heart is broken by that cry,
 "Eli, lama sabachthani ?"

Worthy of death, O Lord, I am ;
 That vengeance was my due :
 Thy grace upon Thy spotless Lamb,
 Laid all my sins, and guilt and shame ;
 Justice my Surety slew ;
With Him my Surety I have Jied,
With Him I there was crucified.

When Thou didst make Him "sin" for me,
 Thy Son Thou didst not spare ;
 Oh, what exceeding agony,
 All needed, Lord, to set me free,
 Blest Jesus, Thou didst bear !
 Now peace and righteousness can meet,
 And kiss Thy wounded hands and feet.

They bury, ere the setting sun,
 In the new rock-hewn cave,
 The body of Thy Holy One ;
 They set the watch ; they seal the stone,
 To keep Him in the grave :
Buried with Him myself I see,
 So low He chose to lie for me.