

A hiding-place beneath its sod,
 For one too vile to live ;
 That died beneath the curse of God,
 Smitten by law's most righteous rod,
 Is all that earth could give,
 Till that tremendous judgment-day,
 When earth itself shall pass away.

Thy angels, who delight to praise
 And serve their glorious King,
 Whose will at once Thy will obeys,
 Look down with horror and amaze,
 On such a guilty thing ;
 And ready stand with flaming sword,
 To crush the scorners of their Lord.

Oh, wretched man ! where can I go ?
 What arm can help, or save ?
 I look behind, around, below—
 Naught see, or hear, but deep'ning woe :
 Before me yawns the grave ;
 Beyond the darkness of the tomb,
 The horrors of eternal doom !

"Look unto Me," the Saviour cries.
 Behold ! upon the tree,
 Between two thieves, Emmanuel dies,
 The Lamb of God, a sacrifice,
 He bears the curse for me ;
 Oh, love unsearchable, divine,
 His life He gives to ransom mine !

Oh, hour most solemn ! Hour alone,
 In solitary might,
 When God the Father's only Son,
 As man, for sinners to atone,
 Expires—amazing sight !
 The Lord of glory crucified !
 The Lord of life has bled and died.