

**Behold the great
Redeemer die, a
broken law to satisfy.**



**He dies a sacrifice for
sin, that man may **live**
and **glory win.****

**While guilty men his
pains deride, they
pierce his hands and
feet and side; and with
insulting scoffs and
scorns, they crown his
head
with
plaited
thorns.**



Although in **agony** he
hung, no **murm'ring**



word
escaped
his
tongue.
His high

commission to fulfill,

He magnified his

Father's will.

**“Father, from me
remove this cup.**

**Yet, if
thou wilt,
I’ll drink
it up.**



I’ve done the work

thou gavest me,

receive my spirit

unto thee.”