



**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.”**