

NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When He cried out in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of His God.

- 2 The crowds beheld Him thus, forlorn,
And shook their heads and laughed in scorn:
'He rescued others from the grave,
Now let Him try Himself to save.'
- 3 Such cruel people! hostile eyes!
They gaze with hate and savage cries,
As lions roaring to devour,
When God had left Him in their power.
- 4 The wound His head, His hands, His feet,
Till streams of blood run down and meet;
By lot His garments they divide,
And mock the pains in which He died.
- 5 But God, His Father, heard His cry:
Raised from the dead, He reigns on high;
The nations learn His righteousness,
And humble sinners taste His grace.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748