

**I**NFINITE grief! amazing woe!  
Behold my suffering Lord!  
Both earth and hell conspired His death,  
According to His Word.

2 O, the sharp pangs of smarting pain  
My dear Redeemer bore,  
When savage whips and rugged thorns  
His sacred body tore.

3 But my own sins, my cruel sins,  
His chief tormentors were;  
For every sin became a nail,  
And unbelief the spear.

4 'Twas I that brought such judgement down  
Upon the guiltless One;  
Break, then, my heart, and weep my eyes!  
To feel what I have done.

5 Come, mighty grace, my stony heart  
Cause now to melt and flow,  
Till deep repentance draws me near,  
Thy pardoning voice to know.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*