

LORD, I would stand with thoughtful eye
Beneath Thy fatal tree,
And see Thee bleed, and see Thee die,
And think, 'What love to me!'

2 Dwell on the sight, my stony heart,
Till every pulse within,
Shall into contrite sorrow start,
And hate the thought of sin.

3 Didst Thou for me, my Saviour, brave
The scorn and scourge and gall,
The nails, the thorns, the spear, the grave,
While I deserved them all?

4 O help me some return to make,
To yield my heart to Thee,
And do and suffer for Thy sake,
As Thou hast done for me.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847