

**H**OW willing was Jesus to die,  
That we rebel sinners might live!  
The life they could not take away,  
How ready was Jesus to give!

- 2 They pierced through His hands and His feet,  
His body He freely resigned;  
The pains of His flesh were so great!  
But greater the pangs of His mind!
- 3 Such wrath as would kindle a hell  
Of never-abating despair  
For millions of sinners—then fell  
On Jesus, and spent itself there.
- 4 'Twas justice that fell in that hour  
On Jesus our Saviour's dear head;  
Divinity's indwelling power  
Sustained Him till nature was dead.
- 5 No nearer we venture to gaze  
On sorrow so deep, so profound;  
But tread with amazement, and praise  
And reverence such hallowed ground.

*Joseph Swain, 1761-96†*