

- O**N the wings of faith uprising,
Jesus crucified I see;
While His love, my soul surprising,
Cries, 'I suffered all for thee!'
- 2 When, in true repentance praying,
All my guilty sins appear,
Then, the wounds of Christ surveying,
I can see my pardon there.
- 3 Here I'll fix my eyes for ever
While the balm of life I'll prove;
Every wound is like a river
Flowing with eternal love.
- 4 Who can think, without admiring?
Who can hear, and nothing feel?
See the Lord of life expiring,
Yet retain a heart of steel?
- 5 Angels here may gaze and wonder
What the God of love could mean,
When He tore the heart asunder,
Never once defiled with sin!

Joseph Swain, 1761-96†