

BEHOLD the amazing sight!
The Saviour lifted high;
The Son of God, His soul's delight,
Expires in agony.

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all those sorrows borne?
Why did He feel that piercing smart,
And wear that crown of thorn?

3 For us in love He bled,
For us in anguish died;
'Twas love that bowed His sacred head,
And pierced His precious side.

4 We see, and we adore,
We trust that dying love;
We feel its strong attractive power
To lift our souls above.

5 Behold the amazing sight!
Nor trace His griefs alone,
But from the cross pursue our flight
To His triumphant throne.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51