

GREAT God, when I approach Thy throne,
And all Thy glory see;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemned to die
Escape the just decree?
A vile, unworthy wretch am I,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
O how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

4 My course I could not safely steer
Through life's tempestuous sea,
Unless this truth relieved my fear—
That Jesus died for me.

5 And, Lord, when I behold Thy face,
This must be all my plea—
Save me by Thine almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1796-1877