

COME, let us join with reverent fear  
And thoughtful hearts to sing  
The sufferings of our great High Priest,  
The sorrows of our King.

- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;  
How high His trials rise!  
While to His heavenly Father's ear  
He sends those touching cries.
- 3 They tread His honour in the dust,  
With scorn and deep disdain;  
Their sharp, incessant slanders add  
New anguish to His pain.
- 4 The fearful stroke for mortal sin,  
The scandal and the shame,  
Combine to break His bleeding heart,  
And crush His sacred frame.
- 5 Our Lord and Saviour rose again  
To His eternal throne;  
From triumph over death's domain,  
To reign in worlds unknown.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*