

Blest Jesus, When Thy Cross I View
Conrad Speece, 1800.
German tune.

Blest Jesus, when Thy cross I view,
That mystery to th'angelic host,
I gaze with grief and rapture, too,
And all my soul's in wonder lost.

What strange compassion filled Thy breast,
That brought Thee from Thy throne on high,
To woes that cannot be expressed,
To be despised, to groan and die!

For man didst Thou forsake the sky,
To bleed upon the accursed tree?
And didst Thou taste of death, to buy
Immortal life and bliss for me?

Had I a voice to praise Thy name,
Loud as the trump that wakes the dead,
Had I the raptured seraph's flame,
My debt of love could ne'er be paid.

Yet Lord, a sinner's heart receive,
This burdened, contrite heart of mine;
Thou knowest I've naught beside to give;
And let it be for ever Thine.