

How Condescending and How Kind

Isaac Watts, 1709.

James Wade, 1865.

How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heav'nly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

When Justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave His soul up to the stroke
Without a murmur'ing word.

He sank beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.

This was compassion like a God,
That when the Savior knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let His saints forget.

Here we behold His bowels roll,
As kind as when He died;
And see the sorrows of His soul
Bleed through His wounded side.

Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.

Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.