

See the Blessed Savior Dying
Albert Midlane, 1860.
15th Century French.

See the blessed Savior dying
On the cross for ruined man;
There the willing spotless Victim,
Working out redemption's plan;
Listen to His loving accents,
"Father, O forgive!" He cries;
Hark! again, He speaks, "'Tis finished!"
Ere He bows His head and dies.

With this cruel death before Him,
Every insult, pang, foreseen,
Naught could move Him from His purpose,
No dismay could intervene;
Yea, and through the contradiction,
Nothing could His calmness move:
O the wondrous depths eternal
Of His own almighty love!

Love, which made Him "Prince of Glory,"
Come to die, the "Sinner's Friend,"
Love beyond the reach of mortals,
Deepest thoughts to comprehend.
Sinner, make this love thy portion,
Slight not love so vast and free;
Still unblest, if unforgiven
Come! the Savior calleth thee.