

When on the Cross, My Lord I See

Words: John Newton, 1779. Music: Theodore Perkins (1831-1912) .

When on the cross, my Lord I see
Bleeding to death, for wretched me;
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transformed to love.

His thorns, and nails, pierce through my heart,
In every groan I bear a part;
I view His wounds with streaming eyes,
But see! He bows His head and dies!

Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bathed in blood!
Behold His side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the fountain-head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

O, that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more Thy love reveal!
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of Thy name.

Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.