

O sinner, lift the eye of faith

O sinner, lift the eye of faith,  
to true repentance turning;  
bethink thee of the curse of sin,  
its awful guilt discerning:  
upon the Crucified One look,  
and thou shalt read, as in a book,  
what well is worth thy learning.

Look on his head, that bleeding head,  
with crown of thorns surrounded:  
look on his sacred hands and feet  
which piercing nails have wounded;  
see every limb with scourges rent:  
on him, the just, the innocent,  
what malice hath abounded!

None ever knew such pain before,  
such infinite affliction,  
none ever felt a grief like his  
in that dread crucifixion:  
for us he bare those bitter throes,  
for us those agonizing woes,  
in oft-renewed infliction.

Lord, give us grace to flee from sin  
and Satan's wiles ensnaring,  
and from those everlasting flames  
for evil ones preparing.  
Jesus, we thank thee and entreat  
to rest for ever at thy feet,  
thy heavenly glory sharing.

Words: Latin, seventeenth century;  
trans. John Mason Neale  
Music: Allein Gott in der Höh'  
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