

My Savior! I Behold Thy Life
Samuel Stone, 1866.
Leipzig, Germany, 1539.

My Savior! I behold Thy life
Of not one smile and many tears;
I mark the spiritual strife,
Thy human woes, Thy human fears,
And cry, "Was ever grief like Thine,
Or debt of sin so vast as mine?"

I watch Thine agonizing hour,
I see Thee by Thine own betrayed,
Alone in Pilate's craven power,
And scourged and scornfully arrayed,
And cry, "Was ever grief like Thine,
Or debt of sin so vast as mine?"

I see Thee fainting on Thy way,
Reviled and mocked of all the throng,
I hear the bitter words they say,
The abject's sneer, the drunkard's song,
And cry, "Was ever grief like Thine,
Or debt of sin so vast as mine?"

That sin in every taunt I hear,
And see in every look of scorn;
It is the cross which Thou dost bear,
The sharpness of Thy crown of thorn:
Dear Lord, "Was ever grief like Thine,
Or debt of sin so vast as mine?"

My Savior, I behold Thy death,
I hear Thy cries, Thy last words seven,
I see the scowling gaze beneath,
Above, the darkened face of Heaven,
And cry, "Was ever grief like Thine,
Or debt of sin so vast as mine?"

My Savior, I behold Thy grave
In that still garden's awful gloom,
I see Thee lying there to save
My soul from an eternal tomb,
And cry, "Was ever grief like Thine,
Or debt of sin so vast as mine?"

And yet with all I hear and see
Of Death, or Passion of Thy life,
Sweet hopes are ministered to me
And voices fall with comfort rife,
That say, "Because He lived and died,
From sin thou canst be purified!"