

1 I see the crowd in Pilate's hall;
 Their furious cries I hear;
 Their shouts of "Crucify!" appall,
 Their curses fill my ear.
 And of that shouting multitude
 I feel that I am one,
 And in that din of voices rude
 I recognize my own.

2 I see the scourgers rend the flesh
 Of God's beloved Son;
 And as they smite I feel afresh
 That I of them am one.
 Around the cross the throng I see
 That mock the Sufferer's groan,
 Yet still my voice it seems to be,
 As if I mocked alone.

3 'Twas my sins shed the sacred blood,
 That nailed Him to the tree;
 I crucified the Christ of God,
 I joined the mockery.
 Yet not the less that blood avails
 To cleanse me from my sins,
 And not the less that cross prevails
 To give me peace within.

May be sung to
 tune No. 222
 on opposite page