223 I See the Crowd In Pilate's Hall

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 belovèd 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.

May be sung to
tune No. 222
on opposite page

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.