Behold the great Redeemer die

A broken law to satisfy
He dies a sacrifice for sin

He dies a sacrifice for sin
That man may live and glory win
While guilty men his pains deride
They pierce his hands and feet and side
And with insulting scoffs and scorns

And with insulting scoffs and scorns
They crown his head with plaited thorns
Although in agony he hung
No murm’ring word escaped his tongue
His high commission
to fulfill

His high commission
to fulfill
He magnified his Father’s will
“Father from me remove this cup

yet if thou wilt I’ll drink it up
I’ve done the work
thou gavest me

I’ve done the work
thou gavest me
Receive my spirit
unto thee
He died and at the awful sight

The sun in shame withdrew its light!
Earth trembled and
all nature sighed
Earth trembled and
all nature sighed
In dread response
“A God has died!”
He lives—he lives
We humbly now
Around these sacred symbols bow
And seek as Saints of latter days

And seek as Saints of latter days
To do his will and live his praise