God of unexampled grace



God of unexampled grace, Redeemer of mankind, Matter of eternal praise We in thy passion find: Still our choicest strains we bring, Still the joyful theme pursue, Thee the friend of sinners sing, Whose love is ever new.

Endless scenes of wonder rise From that mysterious tree, Crucified before our eyes, Where we our Maker see: Jesus, Lord, what hast thou done? Publish we the death divine, Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own Was never love like thine! Never love nor sorrow was Like that my Saviour showed: See him stretched on yonder cross, And crushed beneath our load! Now discern the Deity, Now his heavenly birth declare! Faith cries out, "'Tis He, 'tis He, My God, that suffers there!"

Charles Wesley