

- 2. Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend; The temple's veil in sunder breaks, The solid marbles rend.
- 3. 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid, "Receive my soul," He cries! See where He bows His sacred head! He bows His head, and dies!
- 4. But soon He'll break death's envious chain, And in full glory shine: O Lamb of God! was ever pain, Was ever love, like thine?

