1. Behold the great Redeemer die, A broken
2. While guilty men his pains de - ride, They pierce his
3. Al - though in ag - o - ny he hung, No mur - m'ring
4. 'Fa - ther, from me re - move this cup. Yet, if thou

law to sat - is - fy. He dies a sac - ri -
hands and feet and side; And with in - sult - ing
word es - caped his tongue. His high com - mis - sion
wilt, I'll drink it up. I've done the work thou

fice for sin, He dies a sac - ri - fice for
scoffs and scorns, And with in - sult - ing scoffs and
to ful - fill, His high com - mis - sion to ful -
gav - est me, I've done the work thou gav - est

sin, That man may live and glo - ry win.
scorns, They crown his head with plait - ed thorns.
fill. He mag - ni - fied his Fa - ther's will.
me; Re - ceive my spir - it un - to thee."
5. He died, and at the awful sight
   The sun in shame withdrew its light!
   Earth trembled, and all nature sighed,
   In dread response, “A God has died!”

6. He lives—he lives. We humbly now
   Around these sacred symbols bow,
   And seek, as Saints of latter days,
   To do his will and live his praise.

Text: Eliza R. Snow, 1804–1887
Music: George Careless, 1839–1932

Doctrine and Covenants 18:11
Luke 22:42; 23:46