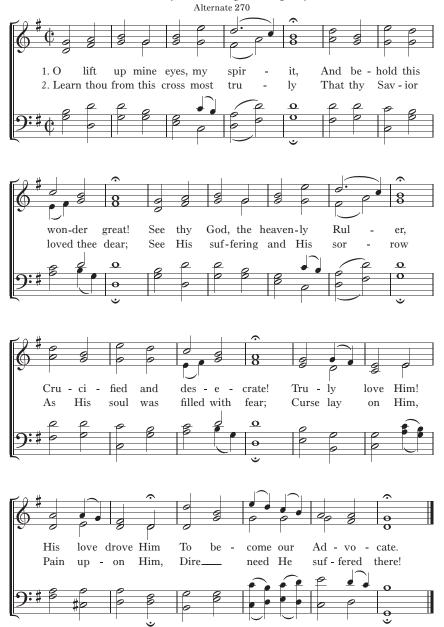
## (1) Lift Up Mine Eyes, My Spirit



- 3. There His soul, by God forsaken, Unto death is sorrowful, And His body, by pains shaken, Heaped with scorn and ridicule; Through the hours Are His powers Spent by suff'rings pitiful.
- 4. This was wrought by my transgression: Lord, these caused Thine anguish tense; All Thy wrath and condemnation Should have been my recompense; My denial, My sharp trial, Hadst not Thou been my defense.
- 5. Thereby Thou hast conquered for us All the pow'r of death and hell; Thy dear Father's counsel o'er us And His will Thou didst fulfill; And, dear Savior, Life forever By Thy death to us didst will.
- 6. In humility, dear Savior, Know I, Thou for me hast died; Though I was Thy foe, Redeemer, Thou for me wast crucified: Silence keep I, Humbly weep I! Thus through Thee I'm justified!
- 7. Soul and body and Thy living, All hast Thou, Lord, giv'n for me! Should I not to Thee be giving All that I may have and be? Thine, Lord holy, I am solely—
  I give all my heart to Thee!
- 8. Through the power of Thy dying, Into Thy death, Lord, draw me; Let my body, all my being, There be nailèd, Lord, with Thee; Gentle, stilly, May my will be; To my love give purity!