

- 4. In His spotless soul's distress, I have learnt my guiltiness; Oh how vile my low estate, Since my ransom was so great!
- 5. Rent the veil that closed the way
 To my home of heavenly day,
 In the flesh of Christ the Lord,
 Ever be His name adored!
- Yet in sight of Calvary,
 Contrite should my spirit be,
 Rest and holiness there find
 Fashioned like my Saviour's mind.