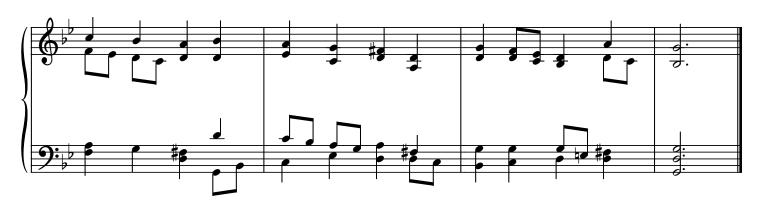
Forgive them, O my Father





Forgive them, O my Father, They know not what they do. The Savior spoke in anguish, As sharp iron nails went through.

No word of anger spoke He To them that shed His blood, But prayer and tenderest pity Large as the love of God.

For me was that compassion, For me that tender care; I need His wide forgiveness As much as any there. It was my pride and hardness That hung Him on the tree; Those cruel nails, O Savior, Were driven in by me.

And often I have slighted Thy gentle voice that said: Forgive me too, Lord Jesus, I knew not what I did.

O depth of sweet compassion! O love divine and true! Save Thou the souls that slight Thee, And know not what they do.

Cecil Alexander

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