It Was For Thee

Words by Ernest G. W. Wesley
Music by Benjamin F. Butts

1. Beneath the shadows, dark and still, Of sad Gethsemane,
   Be hold thy Saviour yield His will That He might ransom thee.
   His midnight pray'r was all for thee; His body's tears and agony:

2. Behold thy Saviour, bound with cords, The mock of cruel foes;
   While frenzyed hate, the deed applauds. As fall the tearing blows.
   He bowed beneath the scourge for thee; In thine own place He choose to be:

3. Upon the cross, uplifted high—On either side a thief—
   They nail Him, for thy sins to die. Nor will He take relief.
   His heart is opened wide for thee—A welcome sins, yes, yours and mine:

4. Oh, why not now on Him believe, Whose blood was shed for thee?
   Oh, why not now His love receive—So shown on Calvary?
   His Lamb of God, divine, Who bore our true He offers thee:

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Chorus

How could it be? How could it be? How could it be? How could it be?

Christ went to death on Calvary, on Calvary.

It was for thee, It was for thee, It was for thee,

Christ shed His blood upon the tree.