**They bound the hands of Jesus
In the garden where He prayed
They led Him through the streets in shame
They spat upon the Savior, so pure and free from sin
They said, “Crucify Him, He’s to blame”**

**CHORUS:
He could have called ten thousand angels!
To destroy the world and set Him free
He could have called ten thousand angels!
But He died alone, for you and me**

**Upon His precious head, they placed a crown of thorns
They laughed and said, “Behold, the King!”
They struck Him and they cursed Him
And mocked His holy name
All alone He suffered everything**

**CHORUS**

**To the howling mob, He yielded, He did not for mercy cry
The cross of shame He took alone
And when He cried, “It’s finished,” He gave Himself to die
Salvation’s wondrous plan was done**

**CHORUS
TAG~ But He died alone… for you and me…**