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Ah, Holy Jesus

1 Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed that we to
 2 Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on thee? A - las, my
 3 Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered; the slave hath
 4 For me, kind Je - sus, was thine in - car - na - tion, thy mor - tal
 5 There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee, I do a -

judge thee have in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,
 trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord Je - sus,
 sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered; for our a - tone - ment,
 sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion; thy death of an - guish
 dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee; think on thy pit - y

by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.
 I it was de - nied thee; I cru - ci - fied thee.
 while we noth - ing heed - ed, God in - ter - ced - ed.
 and thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.
 and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

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O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
 2 How pale thou art with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn;
 3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,
 4 Lord, be my con - so - la - tion; shield me when I must die;

now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;
 how does thy face now lan - guish, which once was bright as morn!
 for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?
 re - mind me of thy pas - sion when my last hour draws nigh.

O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!
 Thy grief and bit - ter pas - sion were all for sin - ners' gain;
 Oh, make me thine for - ev - er, and should I faint - ing be,
 These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, from thee shall nev - er move;

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.
 mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.
 for all who die be - liev - ing die safe - ly in thy love.

Faith-ful Lord, with me a - bide; I shall fol - low where you guide.
 Je - sus, here I share your woe; help me there your joy to know.
 Je - sus, here with you I die, there to live with you on high.
 Je - sus, let me faith - ful be; life e - ter - nal grant to me.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross 803

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast save in the
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sor - row and
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a

prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
 death of Christ, my God; all the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down. Did e'er such love and
 pres - ent far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.