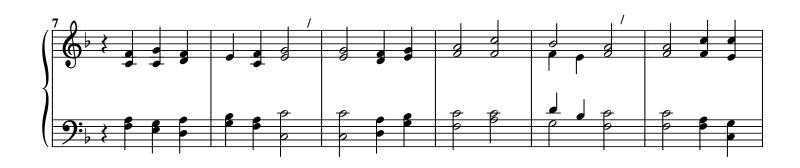
Upon the cross extended

O Welt, Ich Muss Dich Lassen Heinrich Isaac, c 1450-1517 776,778







Come hither now and ponder, 'Twill fill thy soul with wonder, Blood streams from every pore. Through grief whose depth none knoweth.

From His great heart there floweth Sigh after sigh of anguish o'er.

Who is it that hath bruised Thee? Who hath so sore abused Thee And caused Thee all Thy woe? While we must make confession Of sin and dire transgression, Thou deeds of evil dost not know.

I caused Thy grief and sighing By evils multiplying As countless as the sands. I caused the woes unnumbered With which Thy soul is cumbered, Thy sorrows raised by wicked hands.

'Tis I who should be smitten, My doom should here be written; Bound hand and foot in hell. The fetters and the scourging, The floods around Thee surging. 'Tis I who have deserved them well.

A crown of thorns Thou wearest, My shame and scorn Thou bearest, That I might ransomed be. My Bondsman, ever willing, My place with patience filling, From sin and guilt hast made me free.

Thy cords of love, my Savior, Bind me to Thee forever, I am no longer mine. To Thee I gladly tender All that my life can render And all I have to Thee resign.

Thy cross I'll place before me, Its saving power be o'er me, Wherever I may be; Thine innocence revealing, Thy love and mercy sealing, The pledge of truth and constancy.

Paul Gerhardt