

Extended on a Cursed Tree

Paul Gerhardt, 1648.

Joseph Klug, 1543.

Extended on a cursed tree,
Besmeared with dust, and sweat, and blood,
See there, the King of Glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God.

Who, who, my Savior, this hath done?
Who could Thy sacred body wound?
No guilt Thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in Thy lips been found.

I, I alone, have done the deed!
'Tis I Thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caused Thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.

The burden, for me to sustain
Too great, on Thee, my Lord, was laid;
To heal me, Thou hast borne my pain;
To bless me, Thou a curse wast made.

In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay;
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.

Savior, how shall I proclaim?
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all Thy glory show.

Too much to Thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for Thee;
Let all Thy love, and all Thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be!

The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from Thee, my God,
And love, with softest pity joined,
For those that trample on Thy blood!

Still let Thy tears, Thy groans, Thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,