

EXTENDED on a cursèd tree,
Besmeared with dust, and sweat, and blood,
See there, the King of glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God.

- 2 Who, who, my Saviour, this has done?
Who would Thy sacred body wound?
No guilt Thy spotless heart has known,
No guile has in Thy lips been found.
- 3 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.
- 4 Too much to Thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for Thee;
Let all Thy love, and all Thy grief,
Grav'n on my heart for ever be!
- 5 Still let Thy tears, Thy groans, Thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and move my breast,
Till loosed from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in Thy presence rest.

*Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76,
tr John Wesley, 1703-91*