

Lyrics: Sigmund von Birken 1663
 Arthur T. Russell 1872
 Melody: Böhmishe Brüder 1531
 "Christus, der uns selig macht"
 Arrangement: sdg 2004

Jesu! Be Thy suffering love

www.gesangbuchlieder.de

f ===== *mf*
 Fine:

Bb Dm7/A Gm7 F Eb Cm7 F Cm7/F F D/F# Gm7 Gm7/F Eb Bb/D Cm7 Cm7/F F Bb

1. Je - su! Be Thy suffring love now my me - di - ta - tion. Aid me from Thy throne a - bove. Bless my con - tem - pla - tion.
 2. Let my faith be - hold Thee, Lord, as for me sur - roun - ded with de - ri - si - on, with the sword of re - vilers woun - ded:
 3. Let me not in vain be - hold what Thou hast en - du - red. Lord, the cause, the fruit un - fold. Fruit Thy death pro - cu - red.
 4. Let me still with sorrowing heart be Thy griefs re - view - ing. Nor by sin new grief im - part, all Thy wounds re - new - ing.

1. Je - su! Be Thy suffring love now my me - di - ta - tion. Oh! Aid me from Thy throne a - bove. Bless my con - tem - pla - tion. Oh!
 2. Let my faith be - hold Thee, Lord, as for me sur - roun - ded. Oh! With de - ri - si - on, with the sword of re - vilers woun - ded. Oh!
 3. Let me not in vain be - hold what Thou hast en - du - red. Oh! Lord, the cause, the fruit un - fold. Fruit Thy death pro - cu - red. Oh!
 4. Let me still with sorrowing heart be Thy griefs re - view - ing. Oh! Nor by sin new grief im - part, all Thy wounds re - new - ing. Oh!

8

1. Je - su! Be Thy suffring love now my me - di - ta - tion. Oh! Aid me from Thy throne a - bove. Bless my con - tem - pla - - - tion. Oh!
 2. Let my faith be - hold Thee, Lord, as for me sur - roun - ded. Oh! With de - ri - si - on, with the sword of re - vilers woun - - - ded. Oh!
 3. Let me not in vain be - hold what Thou hast en - du - red. Oh! Lord, the cause, the fruit un - fold. Fruit Thy death pro - cu - - - red. Oh!
 4. Let me still with sorrowing heart be Thy griefs re - view - ing. Oh! Nor by sin new grief im - part, all Thy wounds re - new - - - ing. Oh!

1. Je - su! Be Thy suffring love now my me - di - ta - tion. Oh! Aid me from Thy throne a - bove. Bless my con - tem - pla - tion. Oh!
 2. Let my faith be - hold Thee, Lord, as for me sur - roun - ded. Oh! With de - ri - si - on, with the sword of re - vilers woun - ded. Oh!
 3. Let me not in vain be - hold what Thou hast en - du - red. Oh! Lord, the cause, the fruit un - fold. Fruit Thy death pro - cu - red. Oh!
 4. Let me still with sorrowing heart be Thy griefs re - view - ing. Oh! Nor by sin new grief im - part, all Thy wounds re - new - ing. Oh!

Jesu! Be Thy suffering love - Side 2

f *mp* *mf* (optional:)

Dbmaj7/Ab Gdim7 F D/F# Gm7 Gm7/F Eb Bb/D Cm7 Cm7/F F Bb F

Now un - to mine heart ap - pear, as, for my sal - va - tion, Thou wast once a suf-frer here. Thou our ex - pi - a - tion!
 Lo! The scourge, the crown of thorn, spear and nails all rend Thee! Lo! Thy cruel foes with scorn on the cross ex - tend Thee!
 Lord, to Thee the cause I own, I and my trans - gres - sion. Oh! Not Thy heathen foes a - lone owe to Thee con - fes - sion.
 Therein shall I pleasure take, when for my trans - gres - sion. Oh! God did an a - tonement make great be - yond ex - pres - sion?

8

Now un - to mine heart ap - pear, as, for my sal - va - tion. Oh! Thou wast once a suf-frer here. Thou our ex - pi - a - - - tion!
 Lo! The scourge, the crown of thorn, spear and nails all rend Thee! Oh! Lo! Thy cruel foes with scorn on the cross ex - tend Thee!
 Lord, to Thee the cause I own, I and my trans - gres - sion. Oh! Not Thy heathen foes a - lone owe to Thee con - fes - - - sion.
 Therein shall I pleasure take, when for my trans - gres - sion. Oh! God did an a - tonement make great be - yond ex - pres - - - sion?

Now un - to mine heart ap - pear, as, for my sal - va - tion. Oh! Thou wast once a suf-frer here. Thou our ex - pi - a - tion!
 Lo! The scourge, the crown of thorn, spear and nails all rend Thee! Oh! Lo! Thy cruel foes with scorn on the cross ex - tend Thee!
 Lord, to Thee the cause I own, I and my trans - gres - sion. Oh! Not Thy heathen foes a - lone owe to Thee con - fes - sion.
 Therein shall I pleasure take, when for my trans - gres - sion. Oh! God did an a - tonement make great be - yond ex - pres - sion?