

# O dearest Jesus, what law hast You broken

Gm Dm/G Gm Dm/G F Bb Eb Dm7 Cm7 Bb Gm Dm/G F/G Cm/G G/H Gm/C F Dm7 G

Melodie: 1. O dea-rest Je - sus, what law hast thou bro - ken that such sharp sen-tence should on Thee be spo-ken? Of what great crime hast Thou to make con - fes-sion, what dark trans-gres - sion?  
 2. They crown Thy head with thorns, they smite, they scourge Thee with cruel mockings to the cross they urge Thee. They give Thee gall to drink, they still de - cry Thee. They cru - ci - fy Thee.  
 3. Whence come these sorrows, whence this mortal an-guish? It is my sins for which Thou, Lord, must languish. Yea, all the wrath, the woe, Thou dost in - he - rit, This I do me - rit.  
 4. What pu-nish - ment so strange is suffered yon-der! The Shepherd dies for sheep that loved to wan-der. The ma-ster pays the debt His servants owe Him, who would not know Him.  
 5. The sin-less son of God must die in sad-ness. The sin-ful child of man may live in glad-ness. Man for-fei - ted his life and is ac - quit-ted, God is com - mit - ted.  
 6. There was no spot in me by sin un - tain-ted. Sick with sin's poi-son, all my heart had fain-ted. My hea-vy guilt to hell had wellnigh brought me, such woe it wrought me.  
 7. O wondrous love, whose depth no heart hath soun ded, that brought Thee here, by foes and thieves surrounded! All world-ly plea-sures, heedless, I was try - ing while Thou were dy - ing.  
 8. O migh-ty King, no time can dim Thy glo - ry! How shall I spread a - broad Thy wondrous sto-ry? How shall I find some wor-thy gifts to prof-fer? What dare I of - fer?

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9. For vain-ly doth our hu-man wisdom pon-der, Thy woes, Thy me-rcy, still transcend our won-der. Oh, how should I do aught that could de-light Thee! Can I re-quite Thee?  
 10. Yet un-re-qui-ted, Lord, I would not leave Thee. I will re-nounce what-e'er doth vex or grieve Thee and quench with thoughts of Thee and prayers most lowly all fires un-ho-ly.  
 11. But since my strength will ne-vermore suf-fice me to cru-ci-fy de-sires that still en-tice me, to all good deeds, oh, let Thy spi-rit win me and reign with-in me!  
 12. I'll think u-pon Thy mer-cy with-out cea-sing, that earth's vain joys to me no more be plea-sing; to do Thy will shall be my sole en-dea-vor henceforth for-e-ver.  
 13. What-e'er of earth-ly good this life may grant me, I'll risk for Thee, no shame, no cross, shall daunt me. I shall not fear what man can do to harm me nor death a-larm me.  
 14. But worthless is my sa-cri-fice, I own it. Yet, Lord, for love's sake Thou wilt not dis-own it. Thou wilt ac-cept my gift in Thy great meekness nor shame my weak-ness.  
 15. And when, dear Lord, be-fore Thy throne in hea-ven to me the crown of joy at last is gi-ven, where sweetest hymns Thy saints for-e-ver raise Thee, I, too, shall praise Thee.

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