O dearest Jesus, what law hast You broken

1. O dearest Jesus, what law hast Thou broken
   That sharp sense-ten-cence
   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 Thee with thorns, they smite, they scourge
   It is my sins for
   To the cross they urge Thee.
   They give Thee gall to drink, they still de - cry Thee.
   Thou dost in - he - rit, They cri - fy Thee.
   This I do me - rit.

3. Whence come these sorrows, whence this mortal anguish?
   The Shepherd dies for Thee with cruel
   For which Thou, Lord, must languish.
   Yea, all the wrath, the debt His servants owe Him.
   They would not know Him.
   This I do me - rit.

4. What punish - ment so strange is suffered yon - der!
   The sin - ful child of po - son - ion,
   The she - ep that loved to wan - der.
   The ma - ster pays the man may live in glad - ness.
   God is com - mit - ted.
   Such wo - e it wrought me.

5. The sin - less son of God must die in sad - ness.
   Sick with sin’s poni - son,
   Scon - cerned.
   The ma - ster pays the man may live in glad - ness.
   God is com - mit - ted.
   While Thou were dy - ing.

6. There was no spot in me by sin un - tain - ted.
   That brought Thee here, by
   That all my heart had fain - ted.
   My hea - vy guilt to give all worldly pleasures.
   While Thou were dy - ing.
   What dare I of - fer?

7. O wondrous love, whose depth no heart hath sowed.
   How shall I spread a
   Thee.
   How shall I find some
   Thou to make con - fes - sion, what dark trans - gres - sion?
   try - ing.

8. O might - y King, no time can dim Thy glo - ry!
   How shall I spread a
   Thee with cruel
   To the cross they urge Thee.
   They give Thee gall to drink, they still de - cry Thee.
   Thou dost in - he - rit, They cri - fy Thee.
   What dare I of - fer?
9. For vainly doth our hu-man wis-dom
pon-der, leave Thee, I will re-nounce what
thy me-rcy de-sires that still en-
me, no more be gla-dly, Thy me-

10. For vainly doth our hu-man wis-dom
pon-der, leave Thee, I will re-nounce what
thy me-rcy de-sires that still en-
me, no more be gla-dly, Thy me-

11. But since my strength will ne-ver-more suf
mer-cy without ce-a-sing, I'll re-sist the
soil, no man shall daunt me.

12. I'll think u pon Thy good this life may
sac-sa-ri-fice, I own it. Yet, Lord, for love's sake,
joy at last is gi-ven, Oh, how should I do
and quench with thoughts of Thee and prayers most lowly
and reign with in me!

13. What'll e'er of earth-ly
good this life may
sac-sa-ri-fice, I own it. Yet, Lord, for love's sake,
joy at last is gi-ven, Oh, how should I do
and quench with thoughts of Thee and prayers most lowly
and reign with in me!

14. But worth-less is my
sa-cra-ri-fice, I own it. Yet, Lord, for love's sake,
joy at last is gi-ven, Oh, how should I do
and quench with thoughts of Thee and prayers most lowly
and reign with in me!

15. And when, dear Lord, be
fore Thy throne in
he-a-ven Thy me-

8}

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