

O LOVE, HOW DEEP, HOW BROAD, HOW HIGH!

Music: EISENACH, L.M.; adapt. from J.H. Schein; harm. J.S. Bach

Text: *O Amor, quam ecstaticus*, 15th cent.; tr. B Webb, 1852

1. O love, how deep, how broad, how high, How pas-sing though and
2. He sent no An-gel to our race Of high-er or of
3. Nor will'd He on-ly to ap-pear; His plea-sure was to
4. For us bap-tized, for us He bore His ho-ly fast and

fan-ta-sy, That God, the Son of God, should take
low-er place, But wore the robe of hu-man frame
tar-ry hear; And God and Man with man would be
hun-gered sore, For us temp-ta-tion sharp He knew;

Our mor-tal form for mor-tals' sake!
And He Him-self to this world came.
The space of thir-ty years and three.
For us the temp-ter o-ver-threw.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 5. For us He preaches and He prays,
Would do all things, would try all ways;
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself, but us. | 7. For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer. |
| 6. For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in Crown of Thorns arrayed;
For us He bore the Cross's death,
For us at length gave up His breath. | 8. All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee!
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. |