

# HIS DEATH

Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I!  
 A - maz-ing pit - y! Grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 When Christ, the might-y Mak-er, died For man the crea - ture's sin.  
 Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful - ness, And melt mine eyes in tears.  
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do. A - MEN.

St. 3, line 3, St. 4, line 4, alt.

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*Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost. Matt. 27:50*

Michal Grodzki, c. 1550  
 Tr. by John Bajus, 1939

TESHINIENS 8. 8. 10. 10.  
 Polish melody, c. 1500

1. Je - sus Christ, our Lord most ho - ly, Lamb of God so pure and  
 2. Weep now, all ye wretch-ed crea-tures, As ye view his gra-cious  
 3. Christ, his last word hav - ing spo - ken, Bows his head as life is  
 4. The great veil was torn as - un - der, Earth did quake 'mid roars of  
 5. As his side with spear was riv - en, Blood and wa - ter forth were  
 low - ly, Blame - less, blame - less, on the cross art of - fered,  
 fea - tures. Je - sus, Je - sus, on the cross is dy - ing,  
 bro - ken. Mourn - ful, mourn - ful, stands his moth - er weep - ing,  
 thun - der, Boul - ders, boul - ders, in - to bits were break - ing;  
 giv - en. Je - sus, Je - sus, sin - ners' on - ly Sav - iour,  
 Sin - less, sin - less, for our sins hast suf - fered.  
 Na - ture, na - ture, in dark gloom is sigh - ing.  
 Loved ones, loved ones, si - lent watch are keep - ing.  
 Saint - ed, saint - ed dead from death were wak - ing.  
 Mer - cy, mer - cy, grant to us for ev - er. A - MEN.