Upon The Cross Extended

GOOD FRIDAY

(also known as See, World! Thy Life Assailed or Oh, World! Behold upon the Tree or
Extended on a Cursed Tree or Behold, O World, Thy Life, Thy Lord or See, World, upon the Bloody Tree)

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1648. Translation composite before 1941.
Music: 'Innsbruck' or 'Nun ruhen alle Wälder' or 'O Welt, Ich Muss Dich Lassen' Heinrich Isaac, 1490.
Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach, 1734.
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6. The load Thou takest on Thee,
That pressed so sorely on me,
it crushed me to the ground.
The cross for me enduring,
The crown for me securing,
My healing in Thy wounds is found.

7. A crown of thorns Thou wearest,
My shame and scorn Thou bearest,
That I might ransomed be.
My Bondsman, ever willing,
My place with patience filling,
From sin and guilt hast made me free.

8. Into death's jaws Thou springest,
Deliv'rance to me bringest
From such a monster dire.
My death away Thou takest,
Thy grave its grave Thou makest;
Of love, O unexampled fire!

9. Thy cords of love, my Savior,
Bind me to Thee forever,
I am no longer mine.
To Thee I gladly tender
All that my life can render
And all I have to Thee resign.

10. Not much can I be giving
In this poor life I'm living,
But one thing do I say:
Thy death and sorrows ever,
Till soul from body sever,
My heart remember shall for aye.

11. Thy cross I'll place before me,
Its saving power be o'er me,
Wherever I may be;
Thine innocence revealing,
Thy love and mercy sealing,
The pledge of truth and constancy.

12. How God at our transgression
To anger gives expression,
How loud His thunder rolls,
How fearfully He smiteth,
How sorely He requiteth,-
All this Thy sufferings teach my soul.

13. From them shall I be learning,
How I may be adorning,
My heart with quietness,
And how I still should love them
Whose malice aye doth move them
To grieve me by their wickedness.

14. When evil men revile me,
With wicked tongues defile me,
I'll curb my vengeful heart.
The unjust wrong I'll suffer,
Unto my neighbor offer
Forgiveness for each bitter smart.

15. I'll on the cross unite me
To Thee, what doth delight me
I'll there renounce for aye.
Whate'er Thy Spirit's grieving,
There I'll for aye be leaving,
As much as in my strength doth lay.

16. Thy groaning and thy sighing,
Thy bitter tears and dying,
With which Thou wast opprest,-
They shall, when life is ending,
Be guiding and attending
My way to Thine eternal rest.

Heb 9:28, Is 53:4-6, 1Pt 2:24, Mt 26:28, Rom 5:15

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