



1 Lord Christ, when first thou cam'st to earth, up - on a cross they
 2 O awe - ful Love, which found no room in life where sin de -
 3 New ad - vent of the love of Christ, shall we a - gain re -
 4 O wound-ed hands of Je - sus, build in us thy new cre -



bound thee, and mocked thy sav - ing king - ship then
 nied thee, and, doomed to death, must bring to doom
 fuse thee, till in the night of hate and war
 a - tion; our pride is dust, our vaunt is stilled,



by thorns with which they crowned thee: and still our wrongs
 the powers which cru - ci - fied thee, till not a stone
 we per - ish as we lose thee? From old un - faith
 we wait thy rev - e - la - tion: O love that tri -



may weave thee now new thorns to pierce that
 was left on stone, and all those na - tions'
 our souls re - lease to seek the king - dom
 umphs o - ver loss, we bring our hearts be -



stead - y brow, and robe of sor - row round thee.
 pride, o'er-thrown, went down to dust be - side thee!
 of thy peace, by which a - lone we choose thee.
 fore thy cross, to fi - nish thy sal - va - tion.

Words: Walter Russell Bowie (1882-1969), alt.

Music: *Mit Freuden zart*, melody from "Une pastourelle gentille," 1529; adapt. *Pseaumes cinquante de David*, 1547, and *Kirchengeseng darinnen die Heubtartikel des Christlichen Glaubens gefasset*, 1566