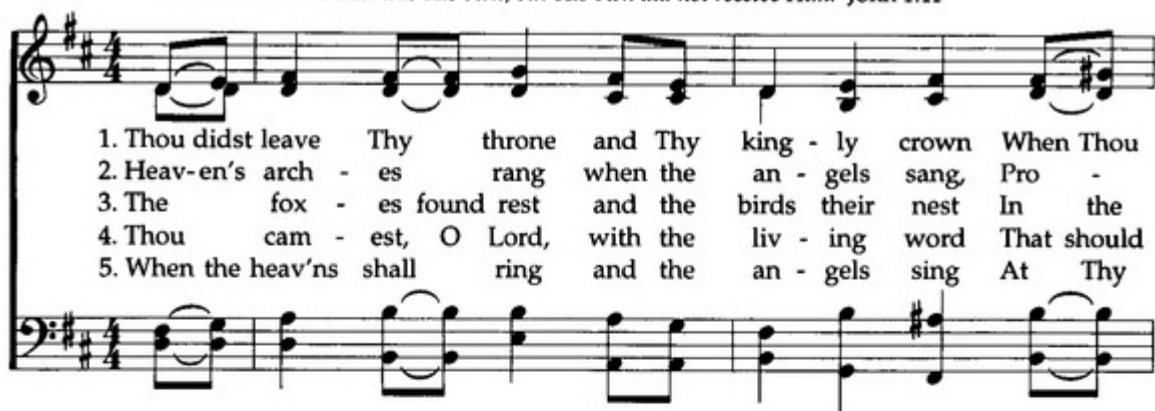
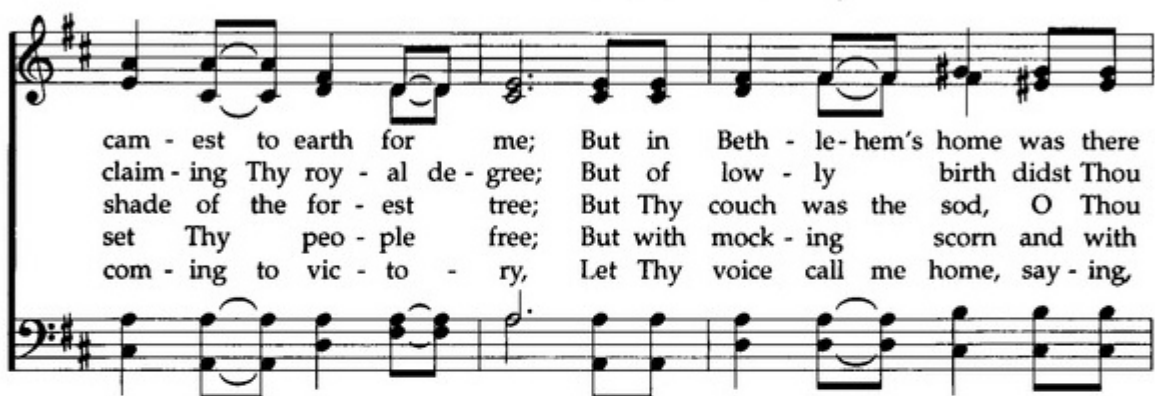


292 Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne

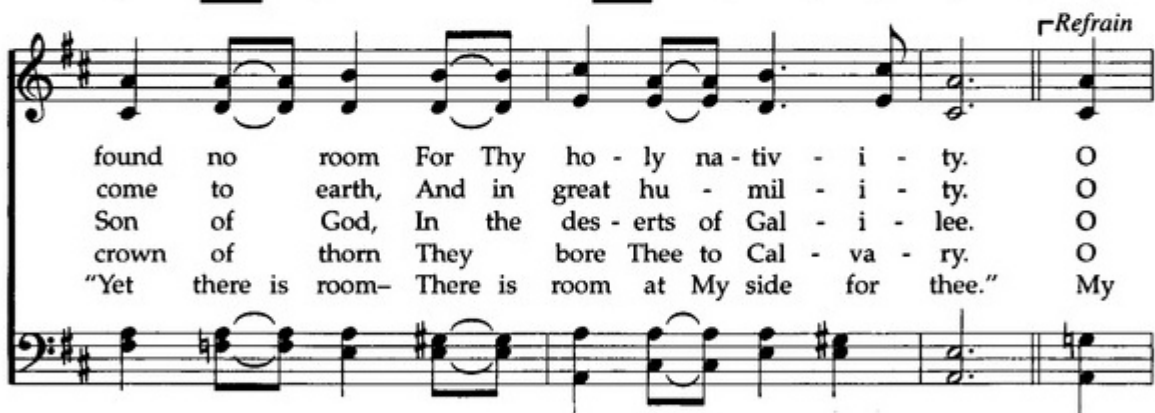
He came to that which was His own, but His own did not receive Him. John 1:11



1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown When Thou
 2. Heav-en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro -
 3. The fox - es found rest and the birds their nest In the
 4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word That should
 5. When the heav'ns shall ring and the an - gels sing At Thy

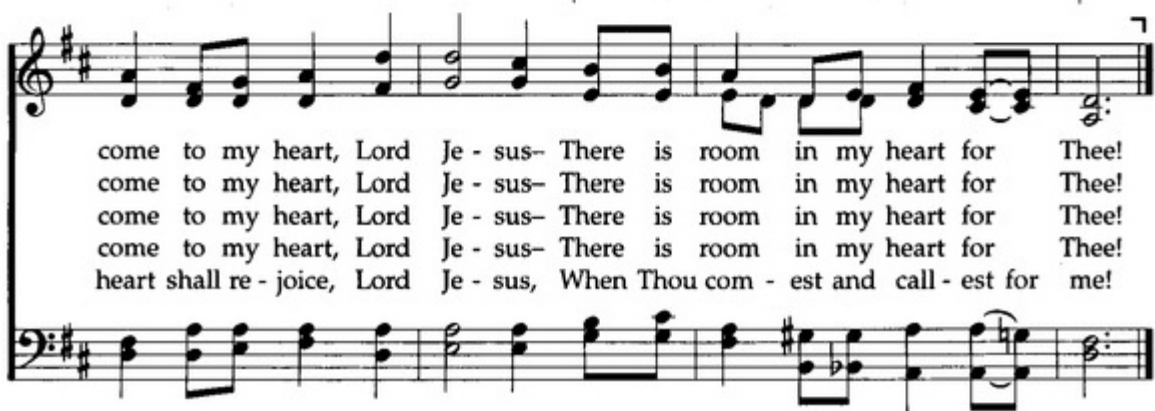


cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le - hem's home was there
 claim - ing Thy roy - al de - gree; But of low - ly birth didst Thou
 shade of the for - est tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
 set Thy peo - ple free; But with mock - ing scorn and with
 com - ing to vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing,



Refrain

found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. O
 come to earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty. O
 Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee. O
 crown of thorn They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry. O
 "Yet there is room— There is room at My side for thee." My

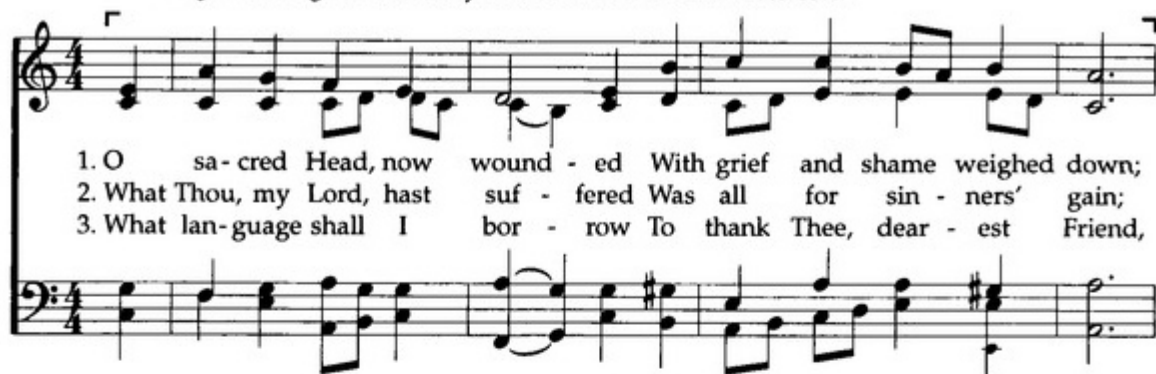


come to my heart, Lord Je - sus— There is room in my heart for Thee!
 come to my heart, Lord Je - sus— There is room in my heart for Thee!
 come to my heart, Lord Je - sus— There is room in my heart for Thee!
 come to my heart, Lord Je - sus— There is room in my heart for Thee!
 heart shall re - joice, Lord Je - sus, When Thou com - est and call - est for me!

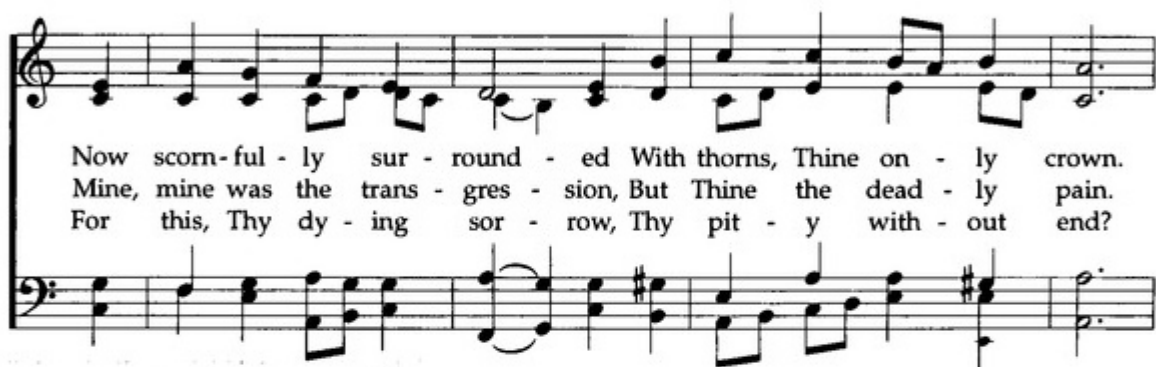
TEXT: Emily E. S. Elliott
 MUSIC: Timothy R. Matthews

MARGARET
 Irregular meter

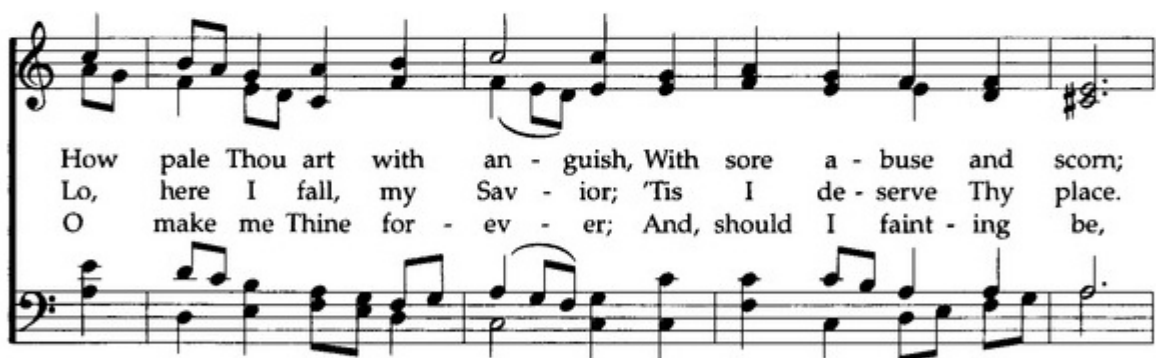
316 O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

They twisted together a crown of thorns and set it on Him. Mark 15:17


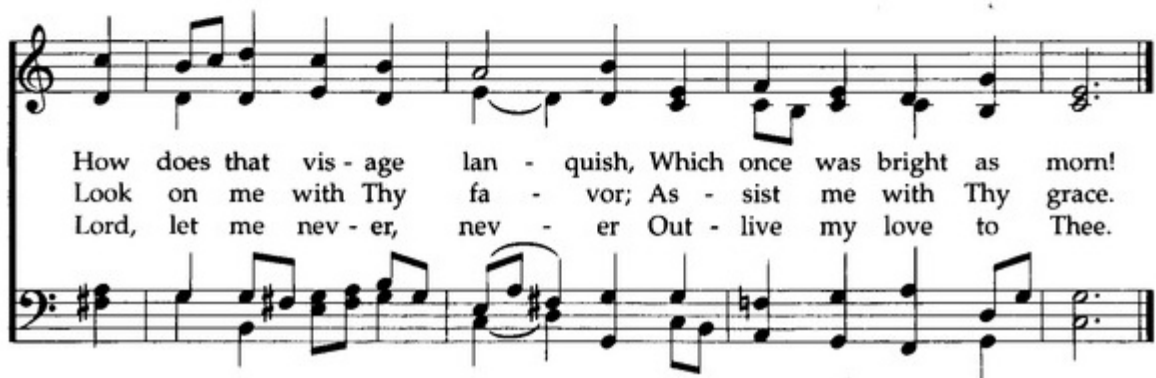
1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed With grief and shame weighed down;
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown.
 Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
 For this, Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?



How pale Thou art with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn;
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior; 'Tis I de - serve Thy place.
 O make me Thine for - ev - er; And, should I faint - ing be,



How does that vis - age lan - quish, Which once was bright as morn!
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor; As - sist me with Thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.

TEXT: Paul Gerhardt; based on Medieval Latin poem ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux; translated from the German by James W. Alexander
 MUSIC: Hans Leo Hassler; harmonized by J. S. Bach

PASSION CHORALE
 7.6.7.6.D.