Man of Sorrows! What a Name

He was despised and rejected by men, a man of sorrows, and familiar with suffering.

Is. 53:3

1. Man of Sorrows! what a name for the Son of God, who came
2. Bearing shame and scoffing rude, in my place condemned he stood,
3. Guilty, vile, and helpless, we; spotless Lamb of God was he;
4. Lifted up was he to die, “It is finished!” was his cry;
5. When he comes, our glorious King, all his ransomed home to bring,

ruined sinners to reclaim: Hallelujah! what a Savior!
sealed my pardon with his blood: Hallelujah! what a Savior!
full atonement! can it be? Hallelujah! what a Savior!
now in heaven exalted high: Hallelujah! what a Savior!
then a-new this song we’ll sing: Hallelujah! what a Savior!

Phillip P. Bliss, 1875
O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

He was pierced for our transgressions, he was crushed for our iniquities. Is. 53:5

1. O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down;
now scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine only crown;
for this, thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?

O sacred Head, what glory, what bliss till now was thine!
Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve thy place;
Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.

2. What thou, my Lord, hast suffered was all for sinners' gain:
mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain.
look on me with thy favor, vouchsafe to me thy grace.

O make me thine forever; and should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to thee.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153
Tr. by Paul Gerhardt, 1656
Tr. by James W. Alexander, 1830

PASSION CHORALE 7.6.7.6.0
Hans Leo Hassler, 1681
Arr. by Johann Sebastian Bach, 1759
O Jesus, We Adore Thee

Surely he took up our infirmities and carried our sorrows, yet we considered him stricken by God, smitten by him, and afflicted. Is. 53:4

1. O J e - sus, we a - dore thee, up - on the cross, our King!
2. Yet doth the world dis - dain thee, still pass - ing by the cross;
3. O glo - rious King, we bless thee, no lon - ger pass thee by;

We bow our hearts be - fore thee, thy gra - cious name we sing.
Lord, may our hearts re - tain thee; all else we count but loss.
O Je - sus, we con - fess thee, the Son en - throned on high.

That name hath brought sal - va - tion, that name in life our stay,
Ah, Lord, our sins ar - raigned thee, and nailed thee to the tree.
Lord, grant to us re - mis - sion; life through thy death re - store;

our peace, our con - so - la - tion, when life shall fade a - way.
our pride, our Lord, dis - dained thee; yet deign our hope to be.
yea, grant us the fru - i - tion of life for - ev - er - more.

Arthur T. Russell, 1851

MEIRIONYDD 7.6.7.6.D.
Welsh hymns melody
William Lloyd, 1840; alt. 1950