

Man of Sorrows! What a Name

246

He was despised and rejected by men, a man of sorrows, and familiar with suffering.
Is. 53:3

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system includes five numbered verses of lyrics. The second system includes a chorus of 'Hallelujah' repeated four times. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody.

1. Man of Sor - rows! what a name for the Son of God, who came
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, in my place con - demned he stood,
3. Guilt - y, vile, and help - less, we; spot - less Lamb of God was he;
4. Lift - ed up was he to die, "It is fin - ished!" was his cry;
5. When he comes, our glo - rious King, all his ran - somed home to bring,

ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim: Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
sealed my par - don with his blood: Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
• full a - tone - ment! can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high: Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
then a - new this song we'll sing: Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

Philip P. Bliss, 1875

HALLELUJAH! WHAT A SAVIOR! 7.7.7.8.
Philip P. Bliss, 1875

247

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

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

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?

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!
 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,

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.
 look on me with thy fa - vor, vouch - safe to me thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.

255

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 Je - 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.