

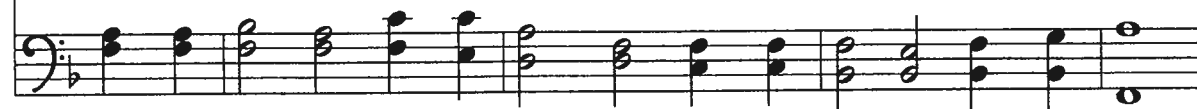
## 712 Lord, Whose Love in Humble Service



1 Lord, whose love in hum-ble ser - vice bore the weight of hu - man need,  
 2 Still your chil - dren wan - der home - less; still the hun - gry cry for bread;  
 3 As we wor - ship, grant us vi - sion, till your love's re - veal - ing light  
 4 Called by wor - ship to your ser - vice, forth in your dear name we go,



who up - on the cross, for - sak - en, worked your mer - cy's per - fect deed:  
 still the cap - tives long for free - dom; still in grief we mourn our dead.  
 in its height and depth and great - ness dawns up - on our quick - ened sight,  
 to the child, the youth, the a - ged, love in liv - ing deeds to show;



we, your ser - vants, bring the wor - ship not of voice a - lone, but heart;  
 As you, Lord, in deep com - pas - sion healed the sick and freed the soul,  
 mak - ing known the needs and bur - dens your com - pas - sion bids us bear,  
 hope and health, good - will and com - fort, coun - sel, aid, and peace we give,



con - se - crat - ing to your pur - pose ev - 'ry gift which you im - part.  
 by your Spir - it send your pow - er to our world to make it whole.  
 stir - ring us to ar - dent ser - vice, your a - bun - dant life to share.  
 that your ser - vants, Lord, in free - dom may your mer - cy know and live.



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O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighd down,  
 2 How pale thou art with an - guish, with sore a - bus and scorn;  
 3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,  
 4 Lord, be my con - so - la - tion; shield me when I must die;



now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;  
 how does thy face now lan - guish, which once was bright as morn!  
 for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?  
 re - mind me of thy pas - sion when my last hour draws nigh.



O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!  
 Thy grief and bit - ter pas - sion were all for sin - ners' gain;  
 Oh, make me thine for - ev - er, and should I faint - ing be,  
 These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, from thee shall nev - er move;



Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.  
 mine, mine was the trans - ges - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.  
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.  
 for all who die be - liev - ing die safe - ly in thy love.

