



# Upon the Cross Extended

setting by J.S. Bach



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# Apon the Cross Extended

Text: O Welt, sich hier dein Leben; Paul Gerhardt (1647); tr. John Kelly (1867), alt.

Tune: O Welt, ich muß dich lassen; Nürnberg 1555

Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach (1727); BWV 244:37

S.  
A.

1. Up - on the cross ex - tend - ed, See, —  
 2. Come hi - ther now\_ and pon - der, 'Twill\_ —  
 3. Who is it that\_ hath bruised Thee? Who\_ —  
 4. I caused Thy grief and sigh - ing By —

T.  
B.

4

world, thy Lord sus - pend - ed. Thy  
 fill thy soul with\_ won - der, Blood  
 hath so sore a - bused Thee And  
 e - vils mul - ti - ply - ing As

6

Sav - ior yields\_ His\_ breath. The Prince of Life\_ from  
 streams from ev - 'ry\_ pore. Through grief whose depth none  
 caused Thee all\_ Thy\_ woe? While we must make\_ con -  
 count - less as\_ the\_ sands. I caused the woes\_ un -

35

veal - ing, Thy\_ lov - ing mer - cy\_ seal - ing, The  
 smit - eth, How sore - ly He re - quit - eth, — All  
 suf - fer, Un - to my neigh - bor of - fer For -  
 end - ing, Be\_ guid - ing and at - tend - ing My

38

pledge of truth and\_ con - stan - cy.  
 this Thy suf - frings\_ teach my soul.  
 give - ness for each\_ bit - ter smart.  
 way to Thine e - ter - nal rest.

27

9. Thy cross I'll place be - fore me, Its —  
 10. How God at our trans - gres - sion To —  
 11. When e - vil men re - vile me, With  
 12. Thy groan - ing and Thy sigh - ing, Thy —

9

heav - en Him - self hath free - ly — giv - en To  
 know - eth, From His great heart there flow - eth Sigh  
 fes - sion Of sin and dire trans - gres - sion, Thou  
 num - bered With which Thy soul is — cum - bered, Thy

30

sav - ing pow'r be — o'er me, Wher -  
 an - ger gives ex - pres - sion, How  
 wick - ed tongues de - file me, I'll  
 bit - ter tears and dy - ing, With

12

shame and blows and — bit - ter death.  
 af - ter sigh of — an - guish o'er.  
 deeds of e - vil — dost not know.  
 sor - rows raised by — wick - ed hands.

32

ev - er I — may be; Thine in - no - cence — re -  
 loud His thun - ders roll, How fear - ful - ly — He  
 curb my venge - ful heart. The un - just wrong I'll  
 which Thou wast — op - prest, — They shall, when life — is

14

5. 'Tis I who should be smit - ten, My—  
 6. The load Thou tak - est on Thee, That—  
 7. A crown of thorns Thou wear - est, My—  
 8. Thy cords of love, my Sav - ior, Bind—

17

doom should here be writ - ten: Bound  
 pressed so sore - ly on me, It  
 shame and scorn Thou bear - est, That  
 me to Thee for - ev - er, I

19

hand and foot in hell. The fet - ters and the  
 crushed me to the ground. The cross for me en -  
 I might ran - somed be. My Bonds - man, ev - er  
 am no lon - ger mine. To Thee I glad - ly

22

scourg - ing, The floods a - round Thee surg - ing, 'Tis  
 dur - ing, The crown for me se - cur - ing, My  
 will - ing, My place with pa - tience fill - ing, From  
 ten - der All that my life can ren - der And

25

I who have de - served them well.  
 heal - ing in Thy wounds is found.  
 sin and guilt hast made me free.  
 all I have to Thee re - sign.