1 Christ, the Life of all the living, Christ, the Death of death, our foe, Who, thyself for me once giving cruel rod; Pain and scorn were heaped upon thee, all be whole; Thou hast suffered, sad and lonely, cruel scorn, And with piercing thorns they crowned thee.

To the darkest depths of woe—Through thy suf’rings, O thou sinless Son of God! Thus didst thou my Rest to give my weary soul; Yea, the curse of All disgrace thou, Lord, hast borne That as thine thou

dear, and merit I eternal life in her it.
soul deliver From the bonds of sin forever.
God enduring, Blessing unto me securing, mightest own me And with heav’nly glory crown me.
Thou-hast suffered men to bruise thee
That from pain I might be free;
Falsely did thy foes accuse thee —
Thence I gain security.
Comfortless thy soul did languish
Me to comfort in my anguish.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto thee.

5 Thou hast suffered great affliction
And hast borne it patiently,
Even death by crucifixion,
Fully to atone for me.
Thou didst choose to be tormented
That my doom should be prevented.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto thee.

6 Thou hast suffered men to bruise thee
That from pain I might be free;
Falsely did thy foes accuse thee —
Thence I gain security.
Comfortless thy soul did languish
Me to comfort in my anguish.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto thee.

7 Then, for all that wrought my pardon,
For thy sorrows deep and sore,
For thine anguish in the garden,
I will thank thee evermore,
Thank thee for thy groaning, sighing,
For thy bleeding and thy dying,
For that last triumphant cry,
And shall praise thee, Lord, on high.