Jesus, I Will Ponder Now

1 Jesus, I will ponder now On your holy passion;
2 Make me see your great distress, An-guish, and af-fic-tion,
3 Yet, O Lord, not thus a-lone Make me see your pas-sion,
4 If my sins give me a-larm And my con-science grieve me,

With your Spir-it me en-dow For such med-i-ta-tion.
Bonds and stripes and wretch-ed-ness And your cru-ci-fix-ion;
But its cause to me make known And its ter-mi-nation.
Let your cross my fear dis-arm; Peace of con-science give me.

Grant that I in love and faith May the im-age cher-ish
Make me see how scourge and rod, Spear and nails did wound you,
Ah! I al-so and my sin Wrought your deep af-fic-tion;
Help me see for-give-ness won By your ho-ly pas-sion.

Of your suf-f’ring, pain, and death That I may not per-ish.
How for them you died, O God, Who with thorns had crowned you.
This in-deed the cause has been Of your cru-ci-fix-ion.
If for me he slays his Son, God must have com-pas-sion!
5 Grant that I your passion view
   With repentant grieving.
Let me not bring shame to you
   By unholy living.
How could I refuse to shun
   Ev’ry sinful pleasure
Since for me God’s only Son
   Suffered without measure?

6 Graciously my faith renew;
   Help me bear my crosses,
Learning humbleness from you,
   Peace mid pain and losses.
May I give you love for love!
   Hear me, O my Savior,
That I may in heav’n above
   Sing your praise forever.

Text: Sigmund von Birken, 1626-81; tr. August Crull, 1845-1923, alt.
Tune: Melchior Vulpius, c. 1570-1615, alt.

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