

CHORUS.

- fied. lips. pray. dire. own.  
 Holy Moth - er, weeping, sigh - ing, Let thy grief my

soul di - vide; 'Tis for me, thy Son is dy - ing, Christ, for me is cru - ci - fied.  
 rit - en - u - lo.

Wreath of Mary, Sisters of Notre Dame

ECCE HOMO.

Adagio.

1. Ec - ce Ho - mo, See the Sa - vour  
 2. Ec - ce Ho - mo, Robed in pur - ple,  
 3. Ec - ce Ho - mo, Lord of glo - ry,

Scourged by Pilate's stern com - mand; Those He loved and blessed and toiled for, Void of  
 By His blood more deep-ly dyed; Crown'd with thorns, a reed His sceptre, While the  
 We be-hold Thee, scorn'd, re - viled; May Thy sad - ly mourn - ful sto - ry Make us

pit - y, round him stand..... No com - plain - ing sound es - capes Him, Neither  
 cru - el Jews de - ride..... See the crim - son drops out - gush - ing, O'er His  
 hum - ble, pa - tient, mild..... Bind our hearts to Thee for - ev - er, That we

mur - murs, groans nor sighs; But a world of bit - ter an - guish,  
 sa - cred tem - ples fall; While the crowd, un - touched by pi - ty,  
 may earth's pomp lay down; And at last, in end - less glo - ry,  
 rit - ar - do.

Looks from His for - giv - ing eyes.  
 For His death more loud - ly call.  
 See Thee wear Thy thorn - less crown.

## Ecce Homo, See the Savior

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Rev. F. T. Walter



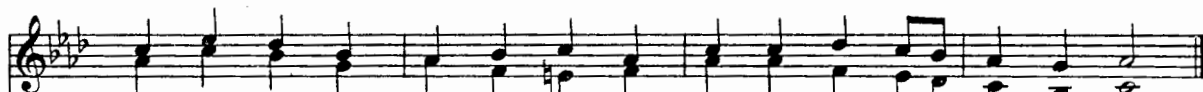
1. Ec - ce Ho - mo, see the Sa - vior, Scourged by Pi - late's stern com - mand;
2. Ec - ce Ho - mo, robed in pur - ple By His blood more deep - ly dyed;
3. Ec - ce Ho - mo, Lord of glo - ry, We be - hold Thee, scorned, re - viled;



1. Those He loved and blessed and toiled for, Void of pit - y round Him stand.
2. Crowned with thorns, a reed His scep - tre, While the cru - el Jews de - ride.
3. May Thy sad - ly mourn - ful sto - ry, Make us hum - ble pa - tient, mild.



1. No com - plain - ing sound es - capes Him, Nei - thèr mur - murs, groans nor sighs;
2. See, the crim - son drops out - gush - ing, O'er His sa - cred tem - ple fall;
3. Bind our hearts to Thee for - ev - er, That we may earth's pomp lay down;



1. But a word of bit - ter an - guish, Looks from His for - giv - ing eyes.
2. While the crowd un - touched by pit - y, For His death more loud - ly call.
3. And at last in end - less glo - ry, See Thee wear Thy thorn - less crown.



LENT

1. Ec-ce Ho-mo, see the Sav-ior.

Scourged by Pi-late's stern com-mand; Those He loved and blessed and toiled for, Void of pit-y round Him stand.

No com-plain-ing sound es-ca-pes Him, Nei-ther mur-murs, groans nor sighs: But a word of bit-ter an-guish.

Looks from His for-giv-ing eyes. *a*  
3 stanzas

*b*

## No.38. Ecce Homo, See the Savior

Mel. Cörners Geistl. Nachtigall, 1658

*Slowly*

1. Ec - ce Ho - mo, see the Sav - ior, Scourged by Pi - late's stern com - mand; Those He loved, and  
 2. Ec - ce Ho - mo, robed in pur - ple, By His blood more deep - ly dyed, Crowned with thorns, a  
 3. Ec - ce Ho - mo, Lord of glo - ry, We be - hold Thee, scorned, re - viled; May Thy sad - ly

1. bless'd, and toiled for, Void of pit - y 'round Him stand. No com - plain - ing sound es - capes Him,  
 2. rood His scep - ter, While the cru - el Jews de - ride. See, the crim - son drops out - gush - ing,  
 3. mourn - ful sto - ry Make us hum - ble, pa - tient, mild. Bind our hearts to Thee for - ev - er,

1. Neith - er mur - murs, groans, nor sighs; But a world of bit - ter an - guish Looks from His for - giv - ing eyes.  
 2. O'er Him on - cred tem - ple fall; While the crowd, un - touched by pit - y, For His death more loud - ly call.  
 3. That we may earth's pomp lay down; And at last in end - less glo - ry, See Thee wear Thy thorn - less crown.