

إِكْلِيلُهُ مَضْفُورٌ

'Eklīluhu Madfūron

Oh Sacred Head, Now Wounded

لحن ألماني - Hans Leo Hassler

Lahn 'Almānī - Hans Leo Hassler

German Music - Hans Leo Hassler

النص العربي لـ: جورج خوري

'aNnaṣṣul 'Arabī: George Khouri

Arabic Version: George Khouri

النص الإنجليزي لـ: القديس برنارد كليرفو و James W. Alexander

'aNnaṣṣul 'Englīzī: St. Bernard of Clairvaux wa James W. Alexander

English Lyrics by: St. Bernard of Clairvaux and James W. Alexander

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بِالشَّوْكِ مِنْ أَجْلِي

'Eklīluhu Maḍfūron
biShawki Min 'Ajlī

Oh sacred Head, now wounded,
with grief and shame weighed down,

يُذْمَرُ بِهِ جَبِينٌ

فَاقَ سَنَا النُّبْلِ

Yudmā Bihi Jabīnon

Fāqa Sanā Nnubli

now scornfully surrounded
with thorns, Thine only crown.

قَدْ وَضَعْنَاهُ أَيْدٍ
أَثِيمَةٍ لِلْعَارِ

Qad Waḍa'at'hu 'Ayden
'Athīmaton lil'Ār

Oh sacred Head, what glory,
what bliss till now was Thine!

تَاجًا لِرَأْسِ الْفَادِي
رَبِّ السَّمَاءِ الْبَارِ

Tājan liRa'sel Fādī

Rabbe Ssamā'el Bār

Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

بِالْعَارِ تَرْضَى طَوْعًا

وَالْأَمِ الصُّلَيْبِ

bel'Āri Tardā Ṭaw'an

wa'Ālāme Ṣṣalīb

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
was all for sinners' gain;

دِمَاكَ تَجْرِي طُهُرًا
لِلصَّفْحِ يَا حَبِيبَ

Dimāka Tajrī Ṭuḥran

liṢṣafhi Yā Ḥabīb

mine, mine was the transgression,
but Thine the deadly pain.

آلَامُكَ الْعَظِيمَةُ

تُخَفَّفُ الْأَثْقَالُ

'Ālāmukal 'Azīma

Tukhaffiful 'Athqāl

Lo, here I fall, my Savior!

'Tis I deserve Thy place;

وَرَوْحُكَ الرَّحِيمَةَ
تُخَيِّرِي بِنَا الْأَمَالَ

waRūḥuka Rrahīma

Tuḥyī Bināl 'Āmāl

look on me with Thy favor,
vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

تَحْتَ الصَّالِبِ أَجْثُو

لَأَرْفَعَ الصَّلَاةَ

Taḥta Ṣṣalībi 'Ajthū

li'Arfa'a Ṣṣalā

What language shall I borrow
to thank Thee, dearest Friend,

مُخَلِّصِي فَدَانِي

بِسَافِكِ بِهِ دِمَاهُ

Mukhalliṣī Fadānī

biSafkihi Dimāh

for this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?

يَسُوعُ قَدْ هَدَانِي
فِي ظُلُمَةِ الْوُجُودِ

Yasū'u Qad Hadānī

Fī Zulmatil Wujūd

Oh make me Thine forever!

And should I fainting be,

بِصَلْبِهِ أَخْيَانِي
فَفُزْتُ بِالْخُلُودِ

biṢalbihi 'Aḥyānī
faFuztu belKhulūd

Lord, let me never, never,
outlive my love for Thee.

Be near when I am dying,
Oh show Thy cross to me!
And, for my succor flying,
come, Lord, to set me free.

These eyes, new faith receiving,
from Thee shall never move;
for he who dies believing
dies safely in Thy love.

NIZAR FARES
GLOBAL MINISTRY