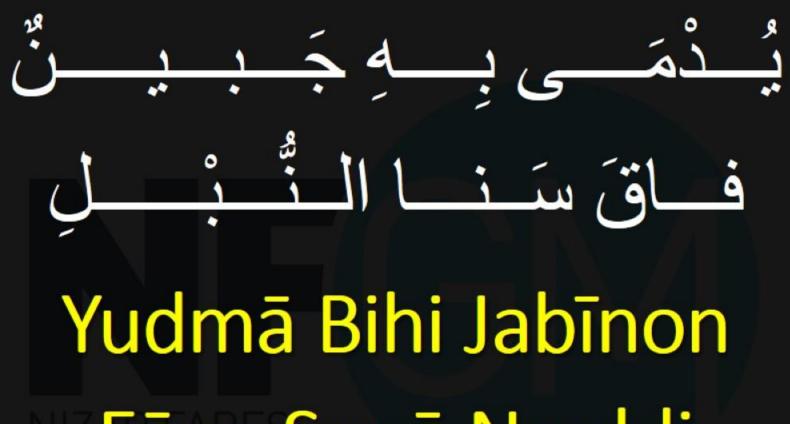
#### إِكْلَيْلُهُ مَضْفُورٌ 'Eklīluhu Maḍfūron' Oh Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Hans Leo Hassler - لحن ألماني Laḥn 'Almānī - Hans Leo Hassler German Music - Hans Leo Hassler النص العربي لـ: جورج خوري 'aNnaṣṣul 'Arabī: George Khouri Arabic Version: George Khouri

James W. Alexander النص الإنجليزي لـ: القدّيس برنار د كلير فو و 'aNnaṣṣul 'Englīzī: St. Bernard of Clairvaux wa James W. Alexander English Lyrics by: St. Bernard of Clairvaux and James W. Alexander

شواى من أجد 'Eklīluhu Madfūron biShawki Min 'Ajlī

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



#### Fāqa Sanā Nnubli

now scornfully surrounded with thorns, Thine only crown.

قَدْ وَضَعَةُ أَيْدٍ

## Qad Wada'at'hu 'Ayden 'Athīmaton lil'Ār

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

### تاجًا لِرأس الفادي رَبِّ السَّماءِ البار Tājan liRa'sel Fādī

### Rabbe Ssamā'el Bār

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

### العار تُرْضي طُوْعًا وآلام الصّليب bel'Āri Tarḍā Ṭaw'an

wa'Ālāme Şṣalīb

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

### الى تَ جُرى طُهُ رًا Dimāka Tajrī Tuhran liSsafhi Yā Habīb

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

آلامُ الى العظيم ثَ فَ فَ الْأِثْ قُ الْ 'Ālāmukal 'Azīma Tukhaffiful 'Athqāl

Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve Thy place; وَرو حُلَى الرّحيمَة waRūḥuka Rraḥīma Tuhyī Bināl 'Āmāl

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

### تَ الْمَا الْمَا الْمَا عُلِيمًا مِنْ الْمِا الْمِا عُلِيمًا مِنْ الْمِنْ الْمِنْ الْمِنْ الْمِنْ الْمِنْ الْم Tahta Şşalībi 'Ajthū li'Arfa'a Ssalā

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

#### مُخَلِّم فَداني فَداني مُ بِسَفْ كِهِ دِمهاهٔ بِسَفْكِهِ دِمهاهٔ Mukhallisī Fadānī

#### Mukhallişī Fadānī biSafkihi Dimāh

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

يَـسوعُ قُـدُ هَـدانـي في ظُلْمَة الوُجود Yasū'u Qad Hadānī Fī Zulmatil Wujūd

Oh make me Thine forever!

And should I fainting be,

# biŞalbihi 'Ahyānī 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.