

GOOD FRIDAY HYMNS (4:00 PM)

454 Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle



1 Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - tle; Sing the end - ing
 2 Tell how, when at length the full - ness Of the ap - point - ed
 3 Thus, with thir - ty years ac - com - plished, He went forth from
 4 Faith - ful cross, true sign of tri - umph, Be for all the
 5 Un - to God be praise and glo - ry; To the Fa - ther



of the fray. Now a - bove the cross, the tro - phy,
 time was come, He, the Word, was born of wom - an,
 Naz - a - reth, Des - tined, ded - i - cat - ed, will - ing,
 no - blest tree; None in fo - liage, none in blos - som,
 and the Son, To the e - ter - nal Spir - it hon - or



Sound the loud tri - um - phant lay; Tell how Christ, the
 Left for us His Fa - ther's home, Blazed the path of
 Did His work, and met His death; Like a lamb He
 None in fruit thine e - qual be; Sym - bol of the
 Now and ev - er - more be done; Praise and glo - ry



world's re - deem - er, As a vic - tim won the day.
 true o - be - dience, Shone as light a - midst the gloom.
 hum - bly yield - ed On the cross His dy - ing breath.
 world's re - demp - tion, For the weight that hung on thee!
 in the high - est While the time - less a - ges run.

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439 O Dearest Jesus, What Law Hast Thou Broken



1 O dear - est Je - sus, what law hast Thou bro - ken
 2 They crown Thy head with thorns, they smite, they scourge Thee;
 3 Whence come these sor - rows, whence this mor - tal an - guish?
 4 What pun - ish - ment so strange is suf - fered yon - der!



That such sharp sen - tence should on Thee be spo - ken?
 With cru - el mock - ings to the cross they urge Thee;
 It is my sins for which Thou, Lord, must lan - guish;
 The Shep - herd dies for sheep that loved to wan - der;



Of what great crime hast Thou to make con -
 They give Thee gall to drink, they still de -
 Yea, all the wrath, the woe, Thou dost in -
 The Mas - ter pays the debt His ser - vants



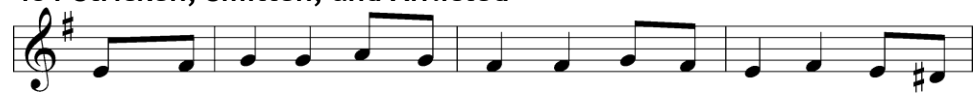
fes - sion, What dark trans - gres - sion?
 cry Thee; They cru - ci - fy Thee.
 her - it, This I do mer - it.
 owe Him, Who would not know Him.

- 5 The sinless Son of God must die in sadness;
 The sinful child of man may live in gladness;
 Man forfeited his life and is acquitted;
 God is committed.
- 6 There was no spot in me by sin untainted;
 Sick with sin's poison, all my heart had fainted;
 My heavy guilt to hell had well-nigh brought me,
 Such woe it wrought me.
- 7 O wondrous love, whose depth no heart hath sounded,
 That brought Thee here, by foes and thieves surrounded!
 All worldly pleasures, heedless, I was trying
 While Thou wert dying.
- 8 O mighty King, no time can dim Thy glory!
 How shall I spread abroad Thy wondrous story?
 How shall I find some worthy gifts to proffer?
 What dare I offer?

- 9 For vainly doth our human wisdom ponder—
Thy woes, Thy mercy, still transcend our wonder.
Oh, how should I do aught that could delight Thee!
Can I requite Thee?
- 10 Yet unrequited, Lord, I would not leave Thee;
I will renounce whate'er doth vex or grieve Thee
And quench with thoughts of Thee and prayers most lowly
All fires unholy.
- 11 But since my strength will nevermore suffice me
To crucify desires that still entice me,
To all good deeds O let Thy Spirit win me
And reign within me!
- 12 I'll think upon Thy mercy without ceasing,
That earth's vain joys to me no more be pleasing;
To do Thy will shall be my sole endeavor
Henceforth forever.
- 13 Whate'er of earthly good this life may grant me,
I'll risk for Thee; no shame, no cross, shall daunt me.
I shall not fear what foes can do to harm me
Nor death alarm me.
- 14 But worthless is my sacrifice, I own it;
Yet, Lord, for love's sake Thou wilt not disown it;
Thou wilt accept my gift in Thy great meekness
Nor shame my weakness.
- 15 And when, dear Lord, before Thy throne in heaven
To me the crown of joy at last is given,
Where sweetest hymns Thy saints forever raise Thee,
I, too, shall praise Thee.

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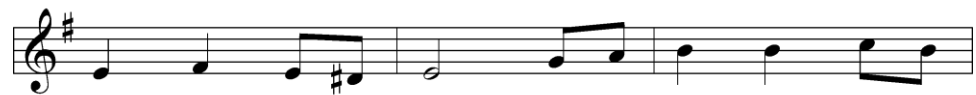
451 Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted



- 1 Strick-en, smit-ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the
2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groan-ing, Was there ev - er grief like
3 Ye who think of sin but light - ly Nor sup - pose the e - vil
4 Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the ref - uge of the



- tree! 'Tis the Christ, by man re - ject - ed; Yes, my
His? Friends through fear His cause dis - own - ing, Foes in -
great Here may view its na - ture right - ly, Here its
lost: Christ, the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Is the



- soul, 'tis He, 'tis He! 'Tis the long - ex - spect - ed
sult - ing His dis - tress; Man - y hands were raised to
guilt may es - ti - mate. Mark the sac - ri - fice ap -
name of which we boast; Lamb of God, for sin - ners



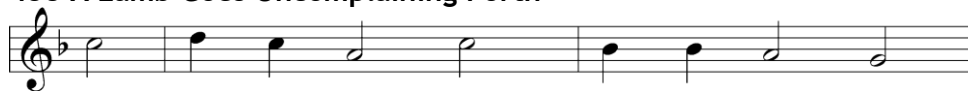
- Proph - et, Da - vid's Son, yet Da - vid's Lord; Proofs I
wound Him, None would in - ter - vene to save; But the
point - ed, See who bears the aw - ful load; 'Tis the
wound - ed, Sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt! None shall



- see suf - fi - cient of it: 'Tis the true and faith - ful Word.
deep - est stroke that pierced Him Was the stroke that jus - tice gave.
Word, the Lord's a - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.
ev - er be con - found - ed Who on Him their hope have built.

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438 A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth



1 A Lamb goes un - com - plain - ing forth, The
 2 This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great friend, The
 3 "Yes, Fa - ther, yes, most will - ing - ly I'll
 4 Lord, when Your glo - ry I shall see And



guilt of sin - ners bear - ing And, lad - en with the
 Lamb of God, our Sav - ior, Whom God the Fa - ther
 bear what You com - mand Me. My will con - forms to
 taste Your king - dom's plea - sure, Your blood my roy - al



sins of earth, None else the bur - den shar - ing; Goes
 chose to send To gain for us His fa - vor. "Go
 Your de - cree, I'll do what You have asked Me." O
 robe shall be, My joy be - yond all mea - sure! When



pa - tient on, grows weak and faint, To slaugh - ter led with -
 forth, My Son," the Fa - ther said, "And free My chil - dren
 won - drous Love, what have You done! The Fa - ther of - fers
 I ap - pear be - fore Your throne, Your righ - teous - ness shall



out com - plaint, That spot - less life to of - fer, He bears the
 from their dread Of guilt and con - dem - na - tion. The wrath and
 up His Son, De - sir - ing our sal - va - tion. O Love, how
 be my crown; With these I need not hide me. And there, in



stripes, the wounds, the lies, The mock - er - y, and
 stripes are hard to bear, But by Your pas - sion
 strong You are to save! You lay the One in -
 gar - ments rich - ly wrought, As Your own bride shall



yet re - plies, "All this I glad - ly suf - fer."
 they will share The fruit of Your sal - va - tion."
 to the grave Who built the earth's foun - da - tion.
 we be brought To stand in joy be - side You.

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448 O Darkest Woe



1 O dark - est woe! Ye tears, forth flow! Has
 2 O sor - row dread! Our God is dead, Up -
 3 O child of woe: Who struck the blow That
 4 Thy Bride - groom dead! God's Lamb has bled Up -



earth so sad a won - der? God the Fa - ther's
 on the cross ex - tend - ed. There His love en -
 killed our gra - cious Mas - ter? "It was I," thy
 on thy sin for - ev - er, Pour - ing out His



on - ly Son Now is bur - ied yon - der.
 liv - ened us As His life was end - ed.
 con - science cries, "I have wrought dis - as - ter!"
 sin - less self In this vast en - deav - or.

5 Such innocence!
 His countenance
 A fount of faith undying!
 Worlds on worlds cannot contain
 Grief at Him here lying.

6 O Virgin's Son,
 What Thou hast won
 Is far beyond all telling:
 How our God, detested, died,
 Hell and devil felling.

- 7 O Jesus Christ,
Who sacrificed
Thy life for lifeless mortals:
Be my life in death and bring
Me to heaven's portals!

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453 Upon the Cross Extended



- 1 Up - on the cross ex - tend - ed See, world, your
2 Come, see these things and pon - der, Your soul will
3 Who is it, Lord, that bruised You? Who has so
4 I caused Your grief and sigh - ing By e - vils



- Lord sus - pend - ed. Your Sav - ior yields His breath.
fill with won - der As blood streams from each pore.
sore a - bused You And caused You all Your woe?
mul - ti - ply - ing As count - less as the sands.



- The Prince of Life from heav - en Him - self has free - ly
Through grief be - yond all know - ing From His great heart came
We all must make con - fes - sion Of sin and dire trans -
I caused the woes un - num - bered With which Your soul is



- giv - en To shame and blows and bit - ter death.
flow - ing Sighs well - ing from its deep - est core.
gres - sion While You no ways of e - vil know.
cum - bered, Your sor - rows raised by wick - ed hands.

- 5 Your soul in griefs unbanded,
Your head with thorns surrounded,
You died to ransom me.
The cross for me enduring,
The crown for me securing,
You healed my wounds and set me free.

- 6 Your cords of love, my Savior,
Bind me to You forever,
I am no longer mine.
To You I gladly tender
All that my life can render
And all I have to You resign.

- 7 Your cross I place before me;
Its saving pow'r restore me,
Sustain me in the test.
It will, when life is ending,
Be guiding and attending
My way to Your eternal rest.

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450 O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



1 O sa - cred Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
 2 How pale Thou art with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
 3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
 4 My Shep - herd, now re - ceive me; My Guard - ian, own me Thine.



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown.
 How doth Thy face now lan - guish That once was bright as morn!
 Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
 Great bless - ings Thou didst give me, O Source of gifts di - vine.



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!
 Grim death, with cru - el rig - or, Hath robbed Thee of Thy life;
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
 Thy lips have of - ten fed me With words of truth and love;



Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine.
 Thus Thou hast lost Thy vig - or, Thy strength, in this sad strife.
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor, And grant to me Thy grace.
 Thy Spir - it oft hath led me To heav'n - ly joys a - bove.

5 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 O make me Thine forever!
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love for Thee.

6 My Savior, be Thou near me
 When death is at my door;
 Then let Thy presence cheer me,
 Forsake me nevermore!
 When soul and body languish,
 O leave me not alone,
 But take away mine anguish
 By virtue of Thine own!

7 Be Thou my consolation,
 My shield, when I must die;
 Remind me of Thy passion
 When my last hour draws nigh.
 Mine eyes shall then behold Thee,
 Upon Thy cross shall dwell,
 My heart by faith enfold Thee.
 Who dieth thus dies well.

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