

# GOOD FRIDAY TRE ORE HYMNS

## 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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#### 440 Jesus, I Will Ponder Now



1 Je - sus, I will pon - der now On Your ho - ly pas - sion;  
 2 Make me see Your great dis - tress, An - guish, and af - flic - tion,  
 3 Yet, O Lord, not thus a - lone Make me see Your pas - sion,  
 4 Grant that I Your pas - sion view With re - pen - tant griev - ing.



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 - na - tion.  
 Let me not bring shame to You By un - ho - ly liv - ing.



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 - flic - tion;  
 How could I re - fuse to shun Ev - 'ry sin - ful plea - sure



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.  
 Since for me God's on - ly Son Suf - fered with - out mea - sure?

5 If my sins give me alarm  
 And my conscience grieve me,  
 Let Your cross my fear disarm;  
 Peace of conscience give me.  
 Help me see forgiveness won  
 By Your holy passion.  
 If for me He slays His Son,  
 God must have compassion!

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.

#### 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.

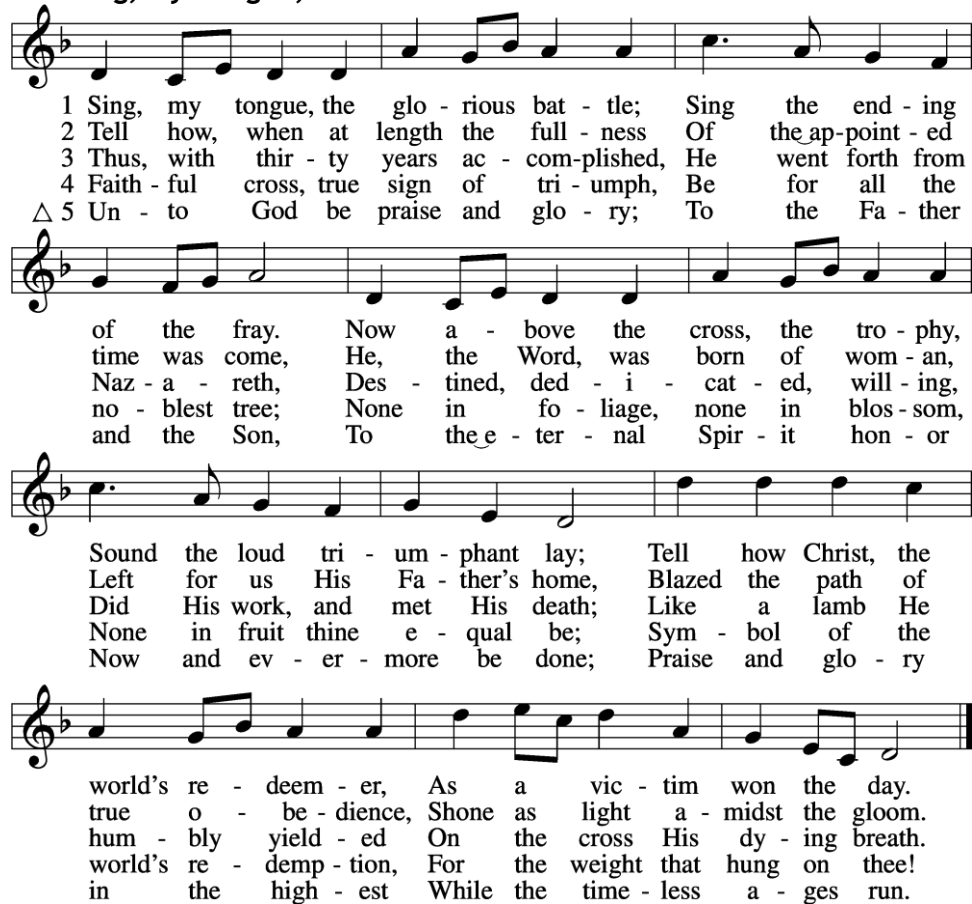
5 What language shall I borrow  
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
 For this Thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end?  
 O make me Thine forever!  
 And should I fainting be,  
 Lord, let me never, never,  
 Outlive my love for Thee.

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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#### 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

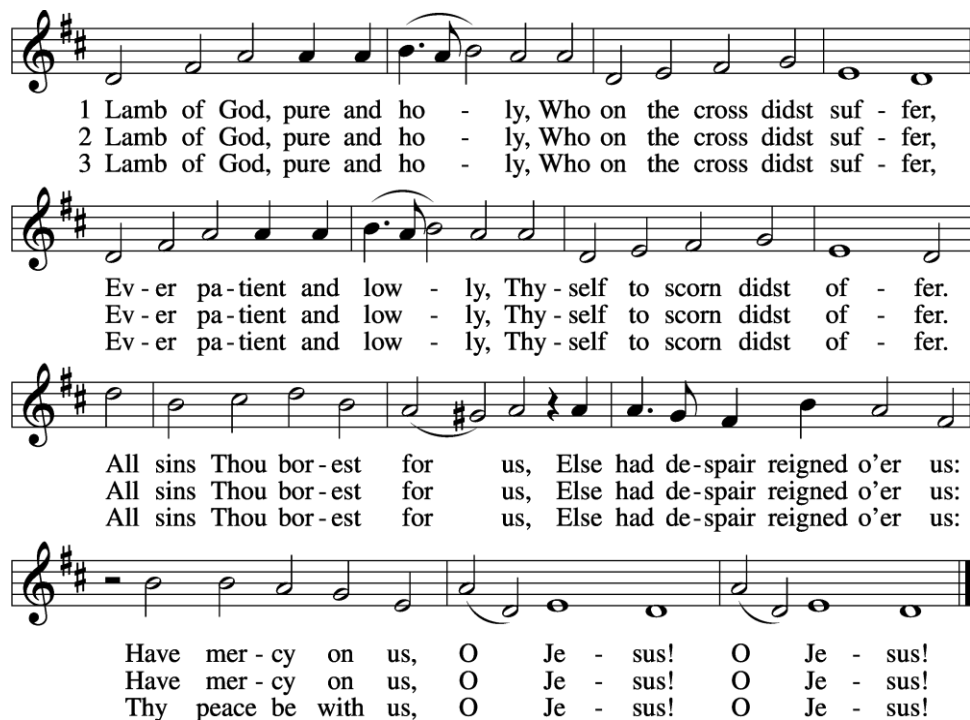
of the fray. Now a - bove the cross, the tro - phy,  
 time was come, He, the Word, was born of wom - an,  
 Naz - a - reth, Des - tined, ded - i - cat - ed, will - ing,  
 no - blest tree; None in fo - liage, none in blos - som,  
 and the Son, To the e - ter - nal Spir - it hon - or

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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#### 434 Lamb of God, Pure and Holy



1 Lamb of God, pure and ho - ly, Who on the cross didst suf - fer,  
 2 Lamb of God, pure and ho - ly, Who on the cross didst suf - fer,  
 3 Lamb of God, pure and ho - ly, Who on the cross didst suf - fer,

Ev - er pa - tient and low - ly, Thy - self to scorn didst of - fer.  
 Ev - er pa - tient and low - ly, Thy - self to scorn didst of - fer.  
 Ev - er pa - tient and low - ly, Thy - self to scorn didst of - fer.

All sins Thou bor - est for us, Else had de - spair reigned o'er us:  
 All sins Thou bor - est for us, Else had de - spair reigned o'er us:  
 All sins Thou bor - est for us, Else had de - spair reigned o'er us:

Have mer - cy on us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!  
 Have mer - cy on us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!  
 Thy peace be with us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!

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