

HYMNS

Abide with Me

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1 A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide.
2 I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;
3 Come not in ter - rors, as the King of kings,
4 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;



The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
But kind and good, with heal - ing in Thy wings;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;



When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,
Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?
Tears for all woes, a heart for ev - 'ry plea.
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;



Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.
Come, Friend of sin - ners, thus a - bide with me.
O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.

- 5 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!
- 6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

O Dearest Jesus,
What Law Hast Thou Broken

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sts. 1-5, 14



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!
5 The sin - less Son of God must die in sad - ness;



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;
The sin - ful child of man may live in glad - ness;



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
Man for - feit - ed his life and is ac -



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.
quit - ted; God is com - mit - ted.

- 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.

*Text: Johann Heermann, 1585-1647;
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78, alt.
Tune: Johann Crüger, 1598-1662
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In Silent Pain the Eternal Son

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1 In si - lent pain the e - ter - nal Son Hangs der - e - lict and still;
2 He died that we might die to sin And live for righ-teous-ness;
3 For strife He came to bring a sword, The truth to end all lies;



In dark-ened day His work is done, Ful - filled, His Fa - ther's will.
The earth is stained to make us clean And bring us in - to peace.
To rule in us, our pa - tient Lord, Un - til all e - vil dies:



Up - lift - ed for the world to see He hangs in strang-est vic - to - ry,
For peace He came and met its cost; He gave Him - self to save the lost;
For in His hand He holds the stars, His voice shall speak to end our wars,



For in His bod - y on the tree He car-ries all our ill.
He loved us to the ut - ter - most And paid for our re - lease.
And those who love Him see His scars And look in - to His eyes.

Text: Christopher M. Idle, b. 1938

Tune: John L. Bell, b. 1949

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