

HYMNS

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

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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 - pect - 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.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

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Sung by Choir before the Epistle:

- 1 O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown.
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

sts. 2-4



- 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.



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.



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;



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.

(sts. 5-7 on next page)

sts. 5-7



5 What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,
6 My Sav - ior, be Thou near me When death is at my door;
7 Be Thou my con - so - la - tion, My shield, when I must die;



For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?
Then let Thy pres - ence cheer me, For - sake me nev - er - more!
Re - mind me of Thy pas - sion When my last hour draws nigh.



O make me Thine for - ev - er! And should I faint - ing be,
When soul and bod - y lan - guish, O leave me not a - lone,
Mine eyes shall then be - hold Thee, Up - on Thy cross shall dwell,



Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, Out - live my love for Thee.
But take a - way mine an - guish By vir - tue of Thine own!
My heart by faith en - fold Thee. Who di - eth thus dies well.

Text: attr. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153;

German version, Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76;

tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.

Tune: Hans Leo Hassler, 1564-1612

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Lamb of God, Pure and Holy

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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!

*Text: Nicolaus Decius, c. 1485– after 1546;
tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941*

*Tune: Nicolaus Decius, c. 1485– after 1546
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Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle

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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.

*Text: Venantius Honorius Fortunatus, c. 530–609;
 tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.
 Tune: Carl F. Schalk, b. 1929
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