Beneath the Cross of Jesus

1 Be-neth the cross of Je-sus I fain would take my stand,
the shad-ow of a might-y rock within a wea-ry land;
from the burn-ing of the noon-tide heat, and the bur-den of the day.
For sheer intensity of feeling few hymns can match this meditation on the cross; impressive images and strong contrasts combine to give the text its ardor. The passionate language is augmented by the highly chromatic tune later composed for these words.

2 Up-on the cross of Je-sus mine eye at times can see
the ver-y dy-ing form of One who suf-fered there for me;
the won-ders of re-deem-ing love and my un-wor-thi-ness,
For sheer intensity of feeling few hymns can match this meditation on the cross; impressive images and strong contrasts combine to give the text its ardor. The passionate language is augmented by the highly chromatic tune later composed for these words.

3 I take, O cross, thy shad-ow for my a-bid-ing place;
I ask no oth-er sun-shine than the sun-shine of his face;
my sin-ful self my on-ly shame, my glo-ry all the cross.
For sheer intensity of feeling few hymns can match this meditation on the cross; impressive images and strong contrasts combine to give the text its ardor. The passionate language is augmented by the highly chromatic tune later composed for these words.
Holy Lamb of God
Ya hamalallah

Dm   Gm   Dm

Holy Lamb of God, you take away the
Ya ha-ma-lal-lah al-ha-mel kha-ta-yal

sin of the world. Have mercy on us.
'ya-lam: ir-ham-na.

Dm   Gm   Dm

Holy Lamb of God, you take away the
Ya ha-ma-lal-lah al-ha-mel kha-ta-yal

sin of the world. Grant us your peace;
'ya-lam: im-nah-nas-sa-lam, im-

Gm7   A   A7   D

grant us your peace; grant us your peace.
nah-nas-sa-lam, im-nah-nas-sa-lam.

ARABIC

يا حمل اللّه
يا حمل اللّه الحامل خطايا العالم: ارحمنا.
يا حمل اللّه الحامل خطايا العالم: ارحمنا.
يا حمل اللّه الحامل خطايا العالم: امنحنا السلام، امنحنا السلام،
Go to Dark Gethsemane

1 Go to dark Geth-sa-né, all who feel the tempt-er's power; your life ar-raigned; O the worm-wood and the gall!

2 Fol-low to the judg-ment hall; view the Lord at his feet, mark that breath-less clay: all is sol-i-tude and gloom.

3 Cal-vary's mourn-ful moun-tain climb; there, a-dor-ing breast less clay: all is sol-i-tude and gloom.

4 Ear-ly has-ten to the tomb where they laid his watch with him one bit-ter hour; turn not from his O the pangs his soul sus-tained! Shun not suf-fering.

5 Go to dark Geth-sa-né, all who feel the tempt-er's power; your life ar-raigned; O the worm-wood and the gall!

6 Go to dark Geth-sa-né, all who feel the tempt-er's power; your life ar-raigned; O the worm-wood and the gall!

7 Go to dark Geth-sa-né, all who feel the tempt-er's power; your life ar-raigned; O the worm-wood and the gall!

8 Go to dark Geth-sa-né, all who feel the tempt-er's power; your life ar-raigned; O the worm-wood and the gall!

The composer intended this tune for “Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me” (no. 438), but its solemn tone and small range make it an effective setting for this series of somber vignettes portraying what Christians can learn from Christ: to pray, to bear the cross, to die, and to rise.
This beautiful English paraphrase of a German meditation on Christ’s Passion bears testimony to the unobtrusive poetic skill and musical sensitivity of a future Poet Laureate of England. The associated chorale is no less carefully crafted and rewards singing in parts.
O Sacred Head, Now Wounded 221

1 O sacred head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down; mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain. now scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine only crown; for this thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered was all for sinners' gain: mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain. for this thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?

3 What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest friend, O sacred head, what glory, what bliss till now was thine! Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve thy place; O make me thine forever, and should I fainting be,

4 Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine. look on me with thy favor, and grant to me thy grace. Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to thee.

This poignant hymn originated in a series of Holy Week meditations focused on the parts of Christ's crucified body: feet, knees, hands, side, breast, heart, face. First joined to secular words, this chorale melody has appeared with this text since the mid-17th century.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross  

1 When I survey the wondrous cross on which the
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sorrow and
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a

Prince of glory died, my richest gain I
death of Christ my God: all the vain things that
love flow mingled down; did e'er such love and
present far too small; love so amazing,

count but loss, and pour contempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.
sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown?
so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.

This familiar text from the beginning of the 18th century grew out of Isaac Watts's desire to give Christians the ability to sing about gospel events. It is set here to a very restrained tune from the early 19th century inspired by the patterns of Gregorian chant.
JESUS CHRIST: PASSION AND DEATH

228 Were You There

Were you there when they crucified my Lord? (Were you there?)
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? (Were you there?)
Were you there when they pierced him in the side? (Were you there?)
Were you there when the sun refused to shine? (Were you there?)
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? (Were you there?)

Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble. Were you

Few hymns from any culture have captured the pathos of Jesus' crucifixion as movingly as this African American spiritual. Its emotional climax (and highest pitch) comes in the great "O!" at the center of each stanza, a moment that moves beyond anything words can convey.

TEXT: African American spiritual
Music Arr. © 1990 Melva Wilson Costen
there when they crucified my Lord? (Were you
there when they nailed him to the tree? (Were you
there when they pierced him in the side? (Were you
there when the sun refused to shine? (Were you
there when they laid him in the tomb? (Were you

Opt. 6 Were you there when he rose up from the dead?

In the Darkness of the Morning 229

Dm

1 In the dark-ness of the morn-ing, just be-
2 Days be-fore, she faced his suf-fering; she stayed
3 As she wept, the warmth of sun-rise filled the
4 Asked the man, “Why are you weep-ing?” in a
5 “Mar-y!” said the smil-ing strang-er as her

A  Dm  Gm

fore the hint of dawn, Mar-y Mag-da-lene dis-
with him as he died. See-ing now his tomb was
wait-ing world with light. Then she turned and saw a
voice she vague-ly knew. “He is gone, and I must
vi-sion was re-stored. She cried “Teach-er!” and she

F  Dm  Gm  Am  Dm

cov-ered Je-sus Christ, her friend, was gone.
em-p-ty, she re-main-ed out-side and cried.
strang-er, though her tears ob-scured her sight.
find him,” she re-plied as morn-ing grew.
touched him: Je-sus Christ, her ris-en Lord.

The moving Easter morning encounter between Mary Magdalene and the risen Christ, described in John 20:1–18, gives evidence of the importance of women in Jesus’ life and ministry. As the first witness to his resurrection, Mary Magdalene became “the apostle to the apostles.”