

## 216 Beneath the Cross of Jesus

1 Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,  
 2 Up - on the cross of Je - sus mine eye at times can see  
 3 I take, O cross, thy shad - ow for my a - bid - ing place;

the shad - ow of a might - y rock with - in a wea - ry land;  
 the ver - y dy - ing form of One who suf - fered there for me;  
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than the sun - shine of his face;

a home with - in the wil - der - ness, a rest up - on the way,  
 and from my strick - en heart with tears two won - ders I con - fess:  
 con - tent to let the world go by, to know no gain or loss,

from the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, and the bur - den of the day.  
 the won - ders of re - deem - ing love and my un - wor - thi - ness.  
 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.

## 220 Go to Dark Gethsemane

1 Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, all who feel the  
 2 Fol - low to the judg - ment hall; view the Lord of  
 3 Cal - vary's mourn - ful moun - tain climb; there, a - dor - ing  
 4 Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb where they laid his

tempt - er's power; your Re - deem - er's con - flict see;  
 life ar - rained; O the worm - wood and the gall!  
 at his feet, mark that mir - a - cle of time,  
 breath - less clay: all is sol - i - tude and gloom.

watch with him one bit - ter hour; turn not from his  
 O the pangs his soul sus - tained! Shun not suf - fering,  
 God's own sac - ri - fice com - plete; "It is fin - ished!"  
 Who has tak - en him a - way? Christ is risen! He

griefs a - way; learn from Je - sus Christ to pray.  
 shame, or loss; learn from him to bear the cross.  
 hear him cry; learn from Je - sus Christ to die.  
 meets our eyes. Sav - ior, teach us so to rise.

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.

## 218

## Ah, Holy Jesus

1 Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed,  
 2 Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on thee?  
 3 Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered;  
 4 For me, kind Je - sus, was thine in - car - na - tion,  
 5 There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee,

that we to judge thee have in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de -  
 A - las, my trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord  
 the slave hath sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered; for our a -  
 thy mor - tal sor - row, and thy life's o - bla - tion, thy death of  
 I do a - dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee, think on thy

rid - ed, by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed!  
 Je - sus, I it was de - nied thee; I cru - ci - fied thee.  
 tone - ment, while we noth - ing heed - ed, God in - ter - ced - ed.  
 an - guish and thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.  
 pit - y and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

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 sa - cred head, now wound-ed, with grief and shame weighed down;  
 2 What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain;  
 3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear-est friend,

now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;  
 mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.  
 for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?

O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!  
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;  
 O make me thine for - ev - er; and should I faint - ing be,

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.  
 look on me with thy fa - vor, and grant to me thy grace.  
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live 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 223

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the  
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the  
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sor - row and  
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a

Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I  
 death of Christ my God; all the vain things that  
 love flow min - gled down; did e'er such love and  
 pres - ent far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.  
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
 so di - vine, de - mands 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.

Were You There

1 Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? (Were you  
 2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? (Were you  
 3 Were you there when they pierced him in the side? (Were you  
 4 Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine? (Were you  
 5 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? (Were you

there?) Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?  
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 there?) Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine?  
 there?) Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

O! Some-times it caus - es me to

trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble. 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.