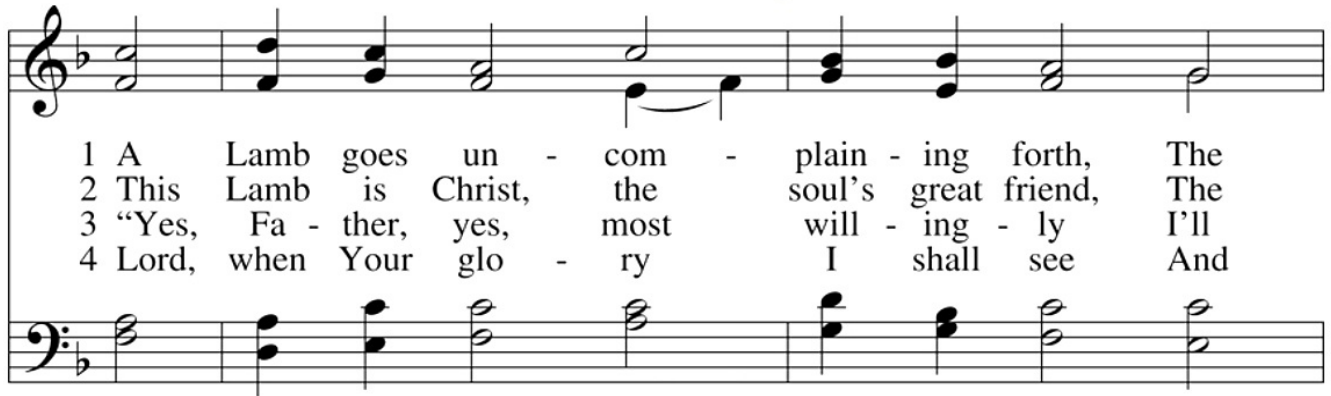


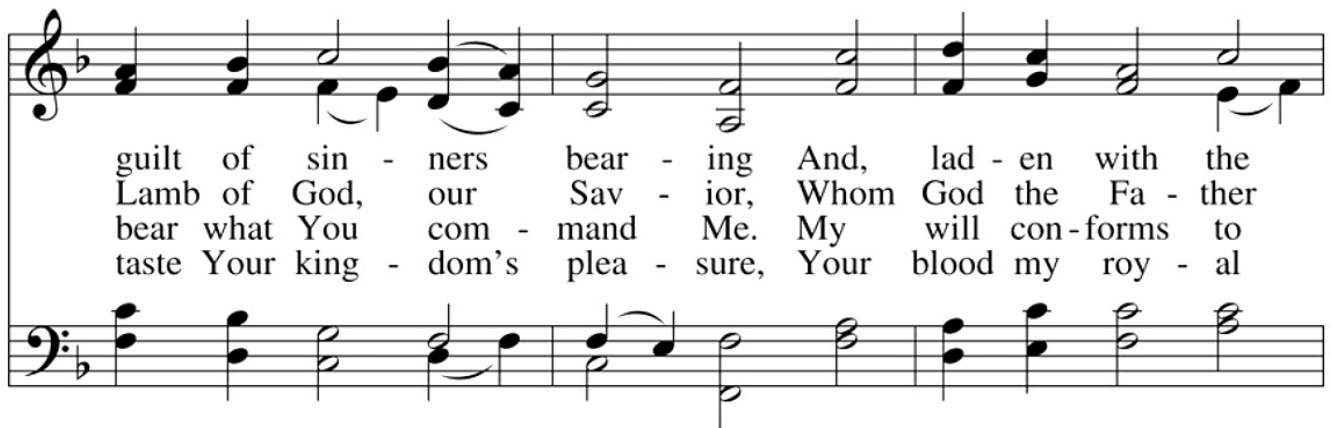
GOOD FRIDAY HYMNS

Hymns for the Tre Ore

TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH, MENASHA, WI



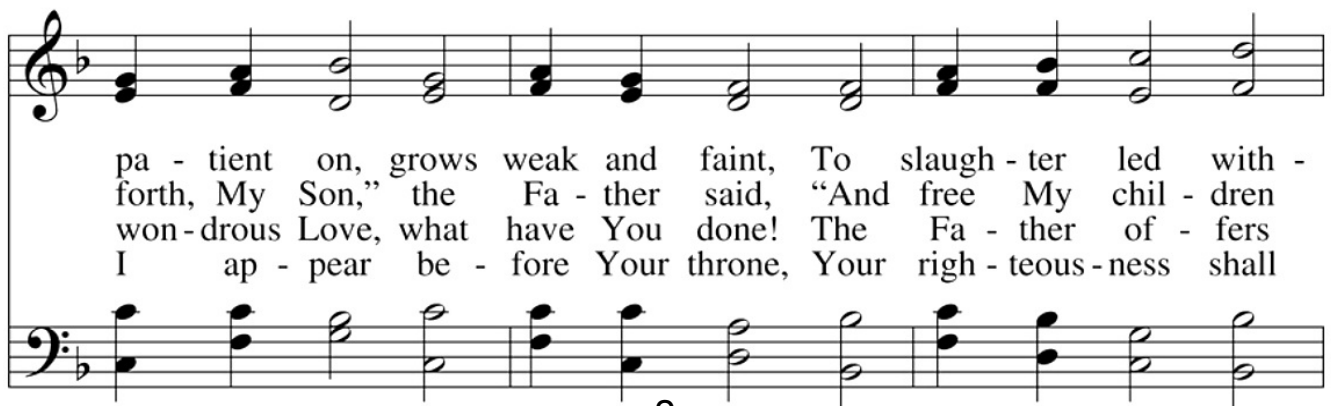
1 A Lamb goes un - com - plain - ing forth, The
 2 This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great friend, The
 3 "Yes, Fa - ther, yes, most will - ing - ly I'll
 4 Lord, when Your glo - ry I shall see And



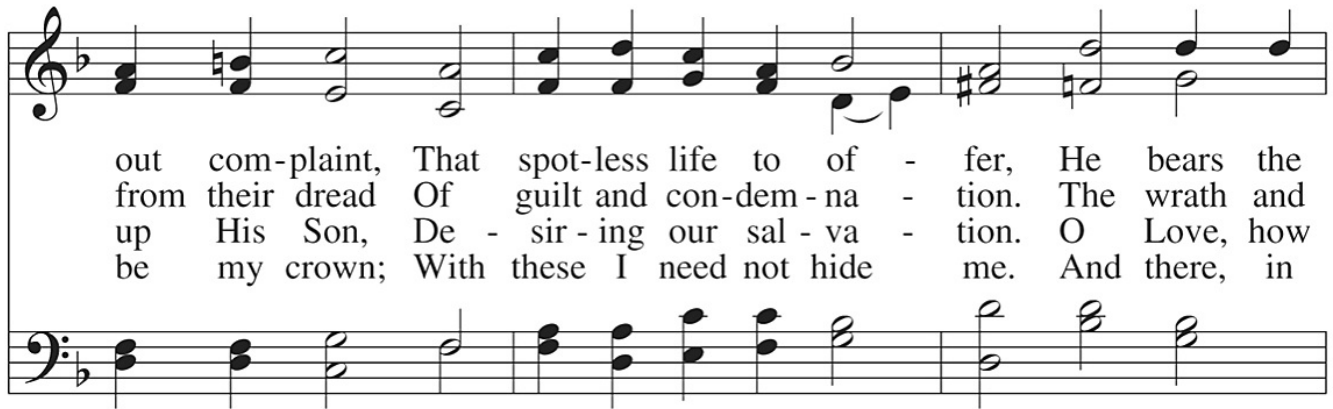
guilt of sin - ners bear - ing And, lad - en with the
 Lamb of God, our Sav - ior, Whom God the Fa - ther
 bear what You com - mand Me. My will con - forms to
 taste Your king - dom's plea - sure, Your blood my roy - al



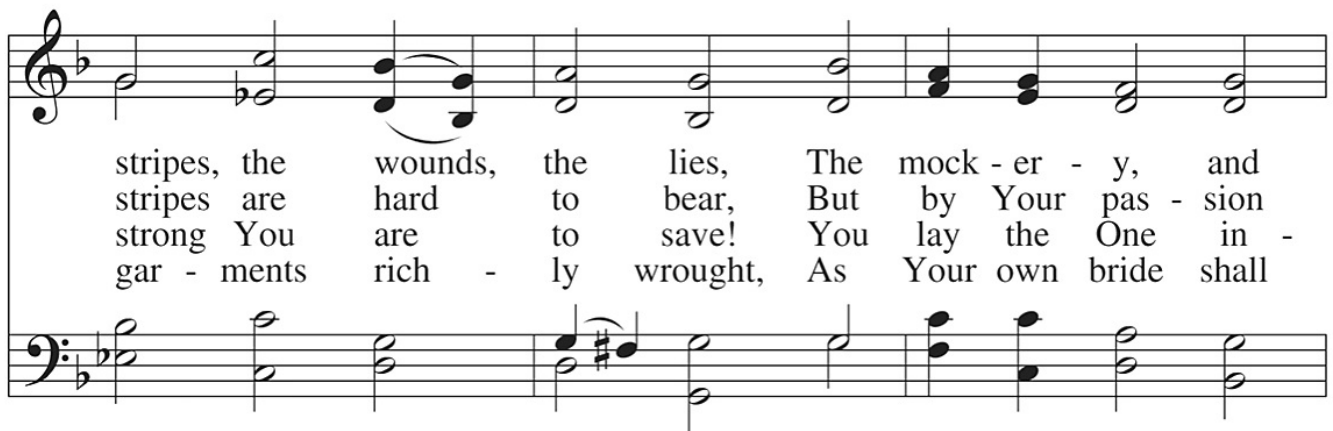
sins of earth, None else the bur - den shar - ing; Goes
 chose to send To gain for us His fa - vor. "Go
 Your de - cree, I'll do what You have asked Me." O
 robe shall be, My joy be - yond all mea - sure! When



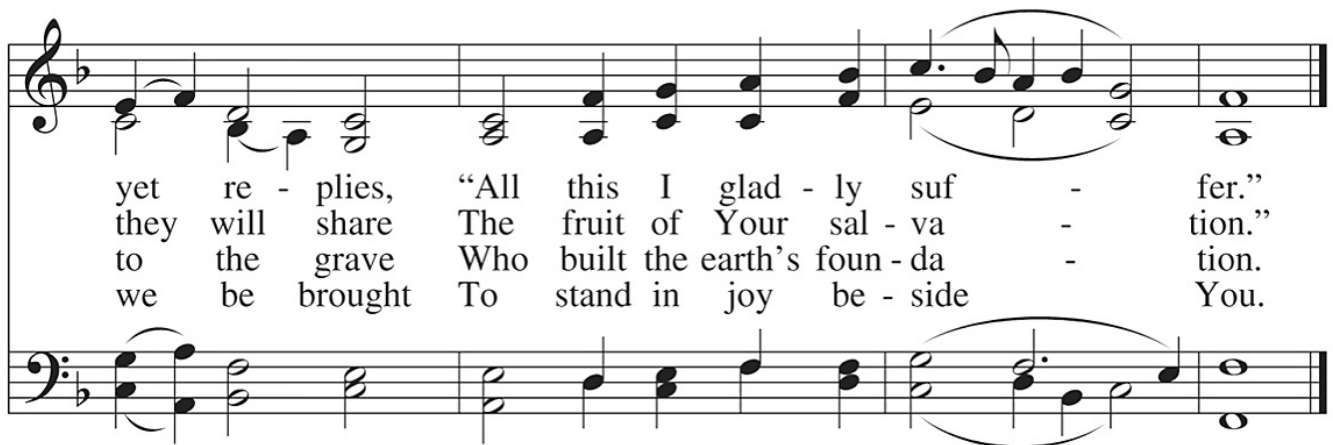
pa - tient on, grows weak and faint, To slaugh - ter led with -
 forth, My Son," the Fa - ther said, "And free My chil - dren
 won - drous Love, what have You done! The Fa - ther of - fers
 I ap - pear be - fore Your throne, Your righ - teous - ness shall



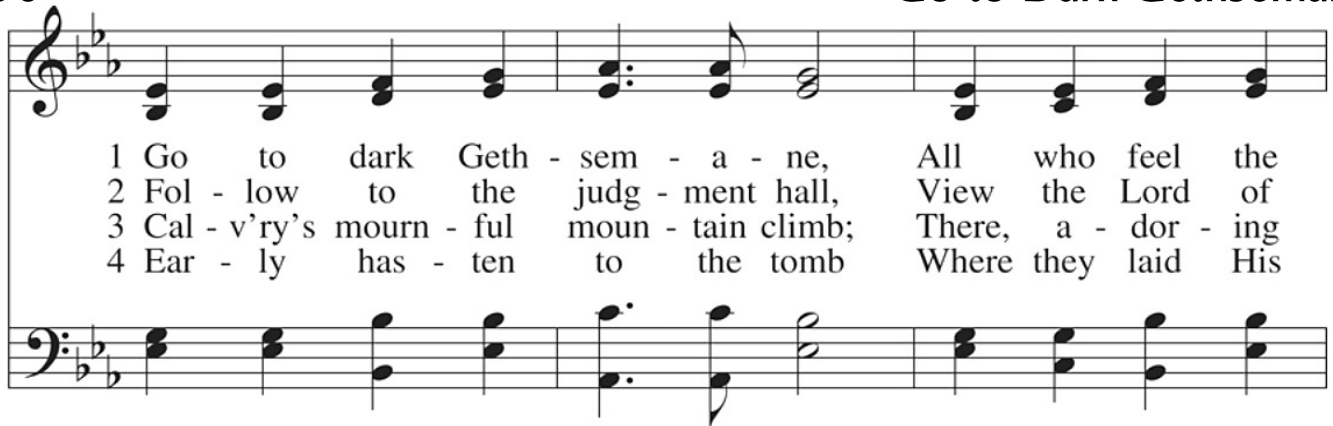
out com-plaint, That spot-less life to of - fer, He bears the
 from their dread Of guilt and con-dem - na - tion. The wrath and
 up His Son, De - sir - ing our sal - va - tion. O Love, how
 be my crown; With these I need not hide me. And there, in



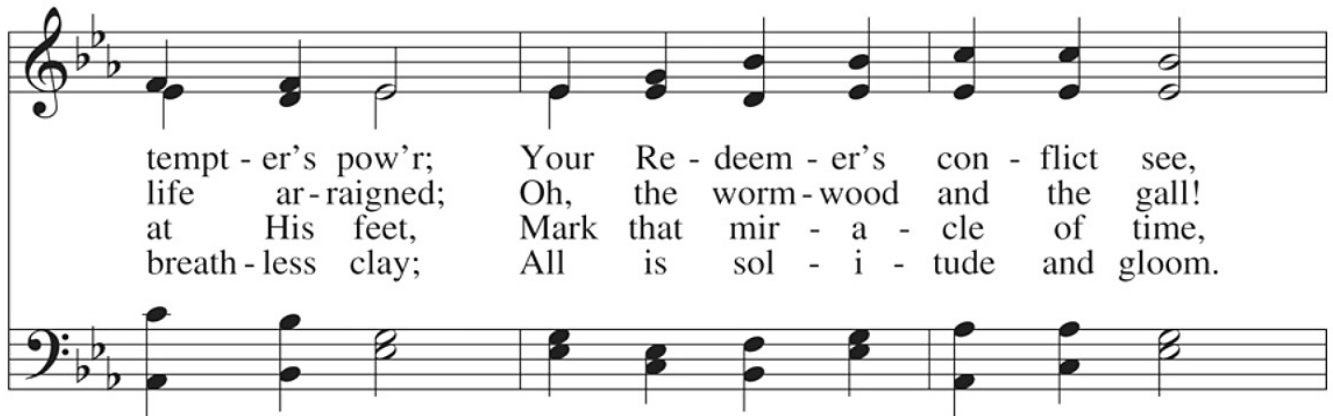
stripes, the wounds, the lies, The mock - er - y, and
 stripes are hard to bear, But by Your pas - sion
 strong You are to save! You lay the One in -
 gar - ments rich - ly wrought, As Your own bride shall



yet re - plies, "All this I glad - ly suf - fer."
 they will share The fruit of Your sal - va - tion."
 to the grave Who built the earth's foun - da - tion.
 we be brought To stand in joy be - side You.



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 - v'ry'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 pow'r; Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see,
 life ar-raigned; Oh, 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
 Oh, the pangs His soul sus-tained! Shun not suf - f'ring,
 God's own sac - ri - fice com-plete. "It is fin - ished!"
 Who has tak - en Him a - way? Christ is ris'n! 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.

1 Sav - ior, when in dust to Thee Low we bow the a - dor - ing knee;
 2 By Thy help-less in - fant years, By Thy life of want and tears,
 3 By Thine hour of dire de - spair, By Thine ag - o - ny of prayer,
 4 By Thy deep ex - pir - ing groan, By the sad se - pul - chral stone,

When, re - pen - tant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes;
 By Thy days of deep dis - tress In the sav - age wil - der - ness,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn, Pierc - ing spear, and tor - turing scorn,
 By the vault whose dark a - bode Held in vain the ris - ing God,

O, by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fer - ed once for us be - low,
 By the dread, mys - te - rious hour Of the in - sult - ing tempt - er's pow'r,
 By the gloom that veiled the skies O'er the dread - ful sac - ri - fice,
 O, from earth to heav'n re - stored, Might - y, re - as - cend - ed Lord,

Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!
 Turn, O turn a fa - v'ring eye; Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!
 Lis - ten to our hum - ble sigh; Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!
 Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!

1 Je - sus, ref - uge of the wea - ry, Blest Re - deem - er,
 2 Do we pass that cross un - heed - ing, Breath - ing no re -
 3 Je - sus, may our hearts be burn - ing With more fer - vent

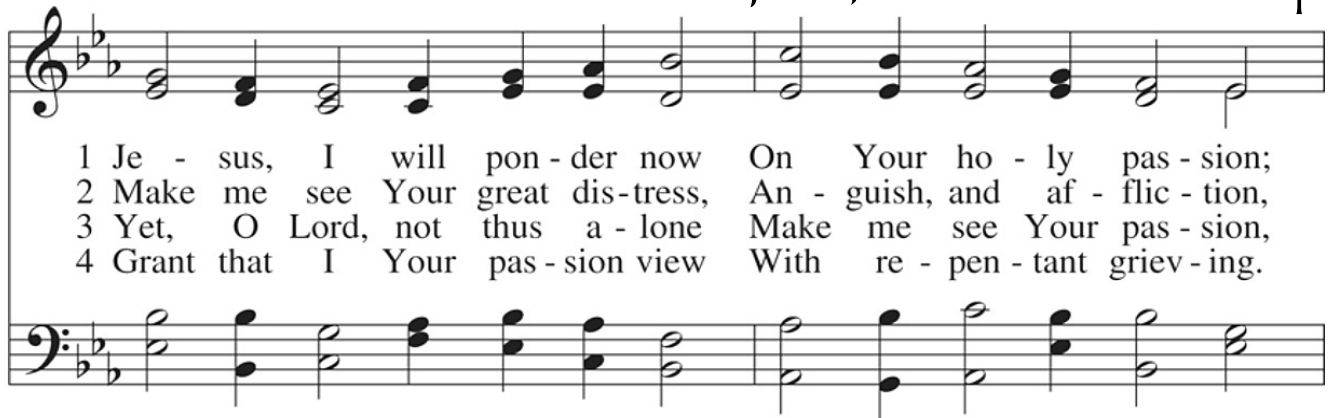
whom we love, Foun - tain in life's des - ert drea - ry, Sav - ior
 pen - tant vow, Though we see You wound - ed, bleed - ing, See Your
 love for You; May our eyes be ev - er turn - ing To be -

from the world a - bove: Of - ten have Your eyes, of - fend - ed,
 thorn - en - cir - cled brow? Yet Your sin - less death has brought us
 hold Your cross a - new Till in glo - ry, part - ed nev - er

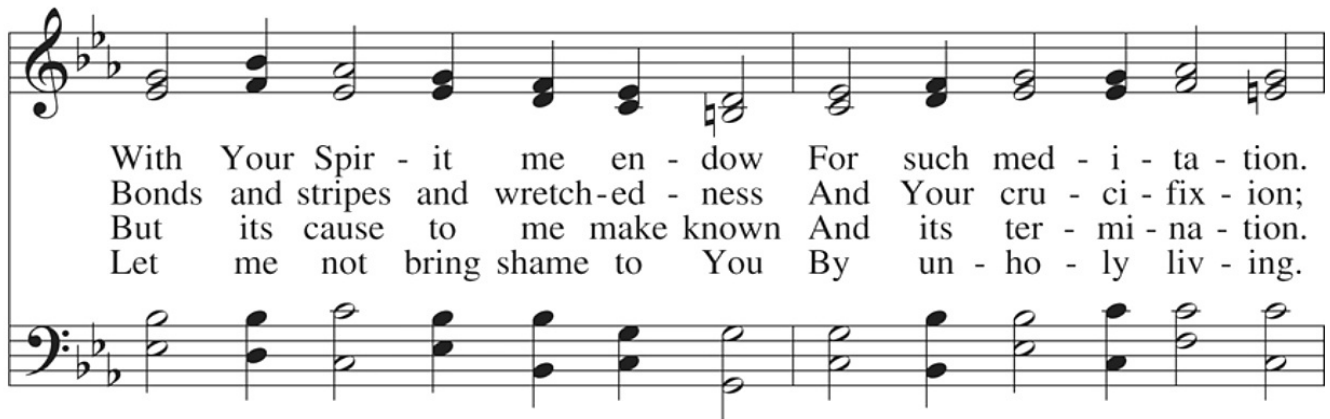
Gazed up - on the sin - ner's fall; Yet up - on the
 Life e - ter - nal, peace, and rest; On - ly what Your
 From the bless - ed Sav - ior's side, Grav - en in our

cross ex - tend - ed, You have borne the pain of all.
grace has taught us Calms the sin - ner's deep dis - tress.
hearts for - ev - er, Dwell the cross, the Cru - ci - fied.

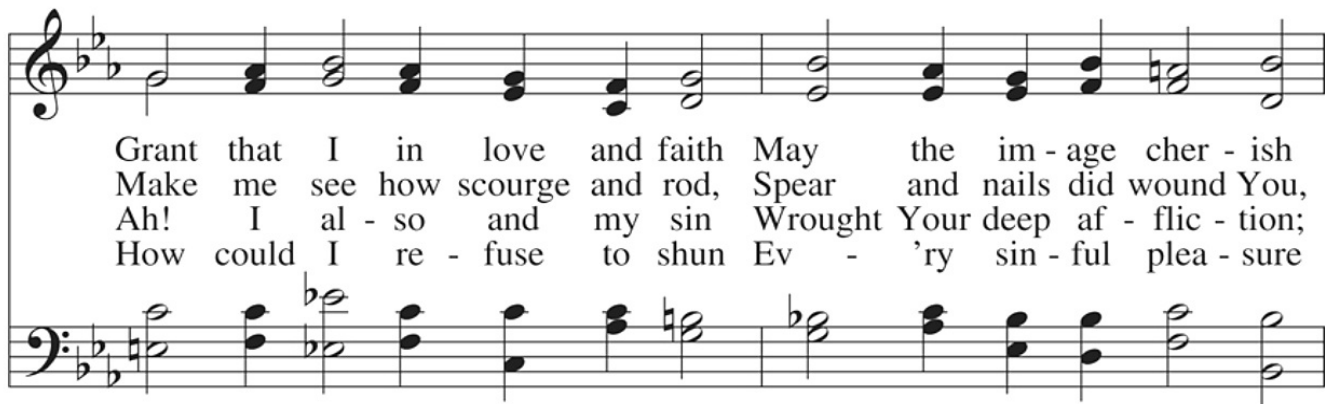
The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a bass line of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written between the two staves, aligned with the notes.



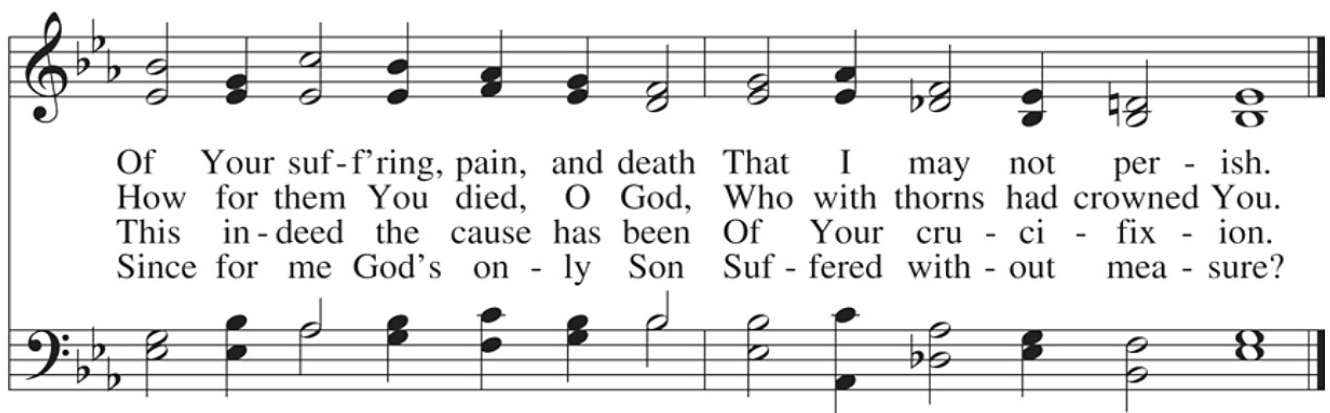
1 Je - sus, I will pon - der now On Your ho - ly pas - sion;
 2 Make me see Your great dis - tress, An - guish, and af - flic - tion,
 3 Yet, O Lord, not thus a - lone Make me see Your pas - sion,
 4 Grant that I Your pas - sion view With re - pen - tant griev - ing.



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!

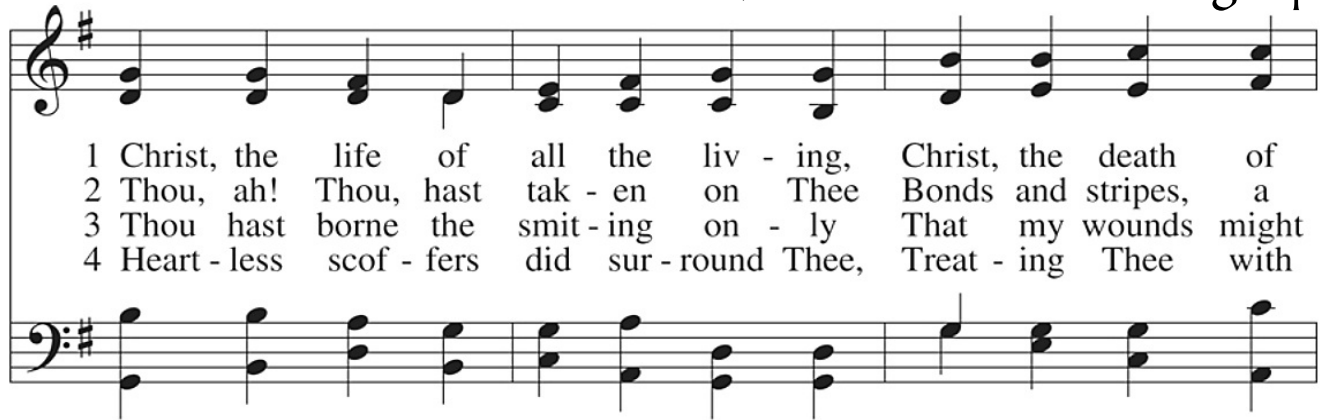
6 Graciously my faith renew;
Help me bear my crosses,
Learning humbleness from You,
Peace mid pain and losses.
May I give You love for love!
Hear me, O my Savior,
That I may in heav'n above
Sing Your praise forever.

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,

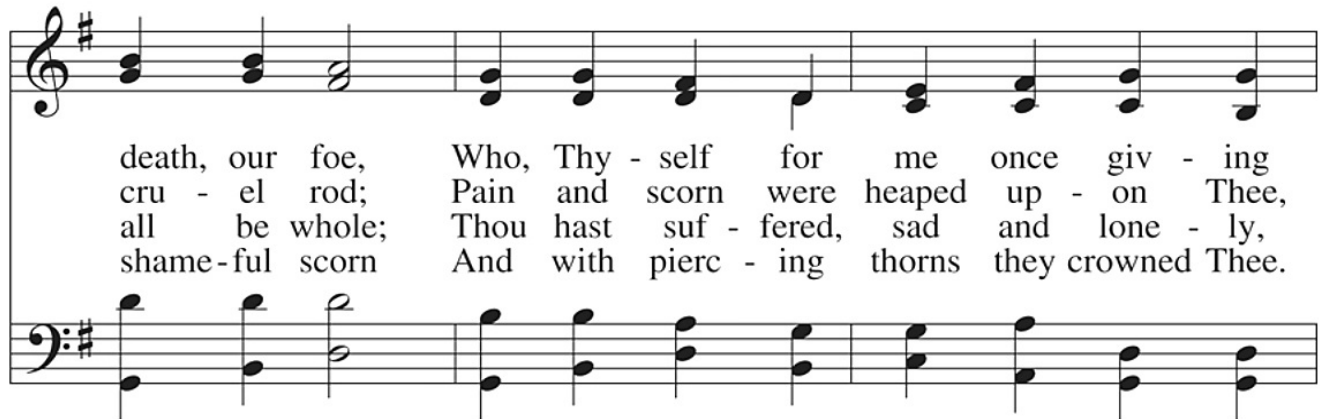
Ev - er pa - tient and low - ly, Thy - self to scorn didst of - fer.
 Ev - er pa - tient and low - ly, Thy - self to scorn didst of - fer.
 Ev - er pa - tient and low - ly, Thy - self to scorn didst of - fer.

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:

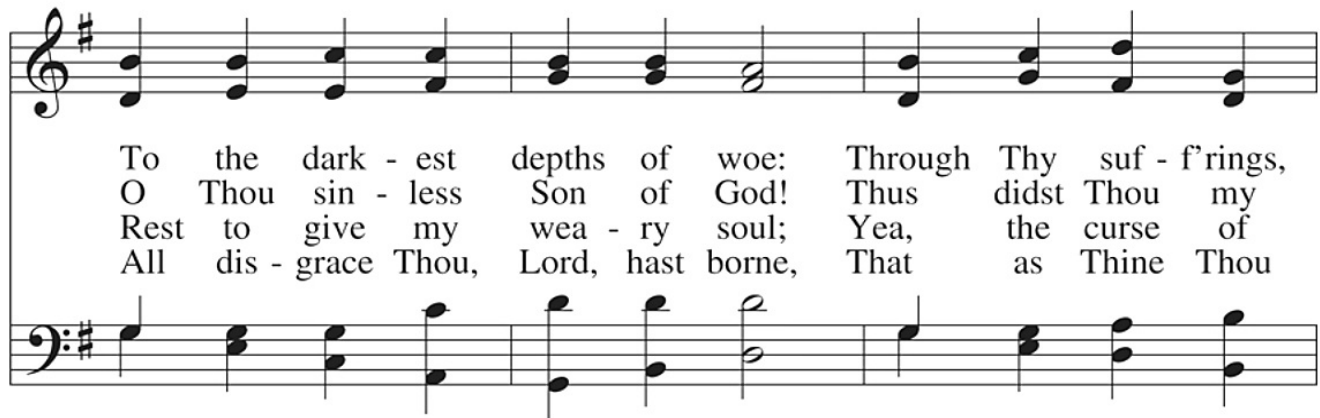
Have mer - cy on us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!
 Have mer - cy on us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!
 Thy peace be with us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!



1 Christ, the life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the death of
 2 Thou, ah! Thou, hast tak - en on Thee Bonds and stripes, a
 3 Thou hast borne the smit - ing on - ly That my wounds might
 4 Heart - less scof - fers did sur - round Thee, Treat - ing Thee with



death, our foe, Who, Thy - self for me once giv - ing
 cru - el rod; Pain and scorn were heaped up - on Thee,
 all be whole; Thou hast suf - fered, sad and lone - ly,
 shame - ful scorn And with pierc - ing thorns they crowned Thee.



To the dark - est depths of woe: Through Thy suf - f'rings,
 O Thou sin - less Son of God! Thus didst Thou my
 Rest to give my wea - ry soul; Yea, the curse of
 All dis - grace Thou, Lord, hast borne, That as Thine Thou



death, and mer - it I e - ter - nal life in - her - it.
 soul de - liv - er From the bonds of sin for - ev - er.
 God en - dur - ing, Bless - ing un - to me se - cur - ing.
 might - est own me And with heav'n - ly glo - ry crown me.

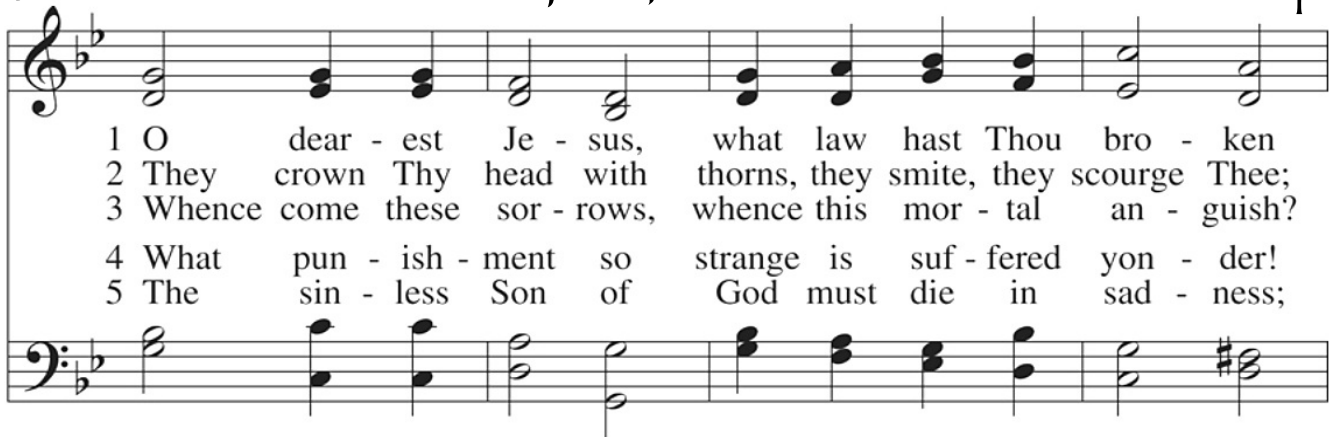


Thou-sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
 Thou-sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
 Thou-sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
 Thou-sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.

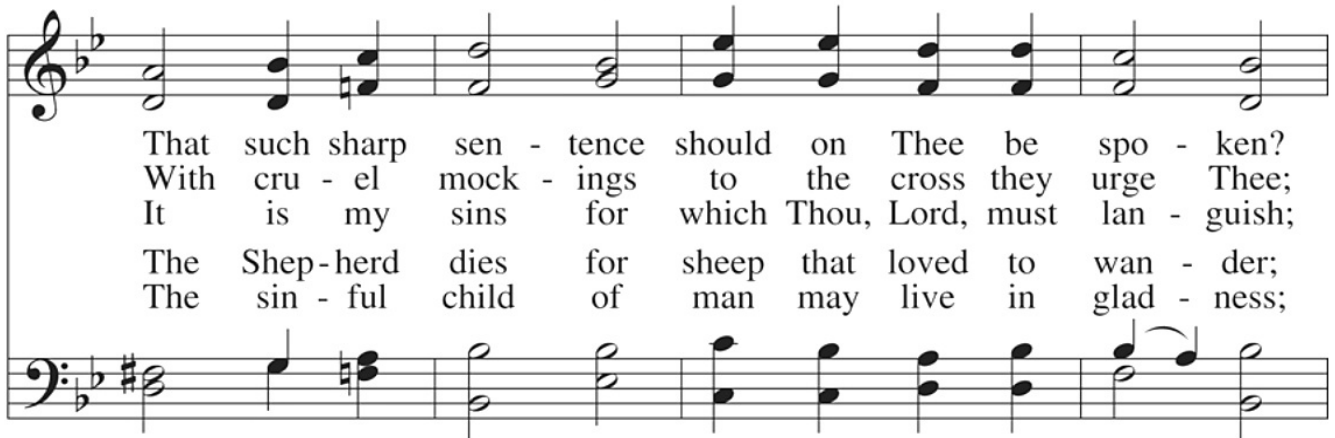
5 Thou hast suffered men to bruise Thee,
 That from pain I might be free;
 Falsely did Thy foes accuse Thee:
 Thence I gain security;
 Comfortless Thy soul did languish
 Me to comfort in my anguish.
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
 Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

6 Thou hast suffered great affliction
 And hast borne it patiently,
 Even death by crucifixion,
 Fully to atone for me;
 Thou didst choose to be tormented
 That my doom should be prevented.
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
 Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

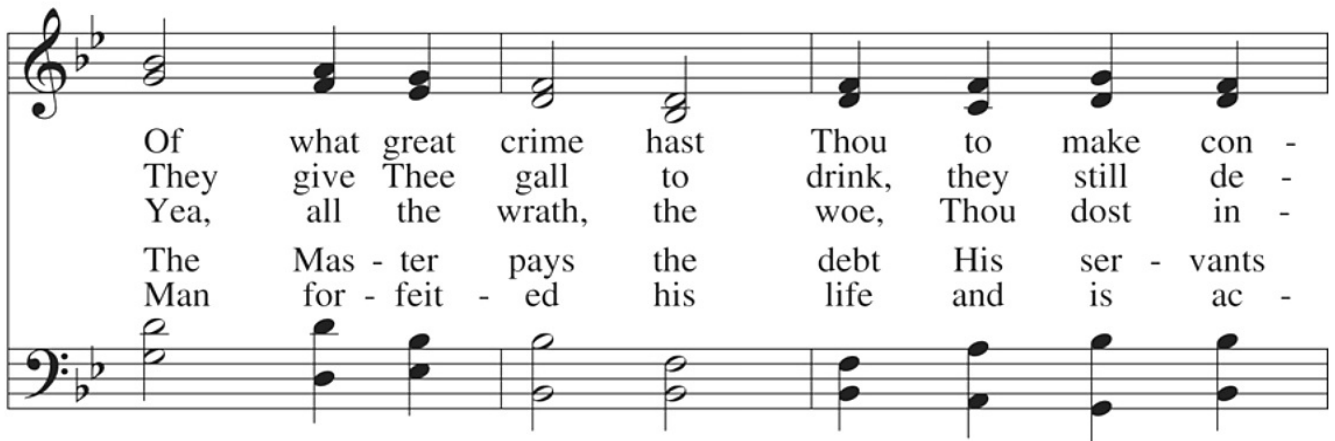
7 Then, for all that wrought my pardon,
 For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
 For Thine anguish in the Garden,
 I will thank Thee evermore,
 Thank Thee for Thy groaning, sighing,
 For Thy bleeding and Thy dying,
 For that last triumphant cry,
 And shall praise Thee, Lord, on high.



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.

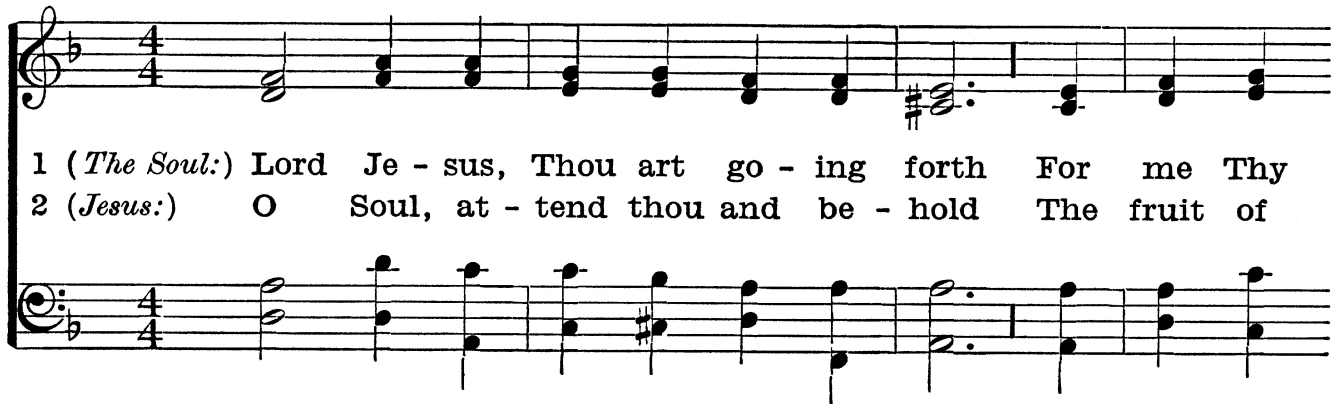
- 6 There was no spot in me by sin untainted;
Sick with sin's poison, all my heart had fainted;
My heavy guilt to hell had well-nigh brought me,
Such woe it wrought me.
- 7 O wondrous love, whose depth no heart hath sounded,
That brought Thee here, by foes and thieves surrounded!
All worldly pleasures, 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.

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.



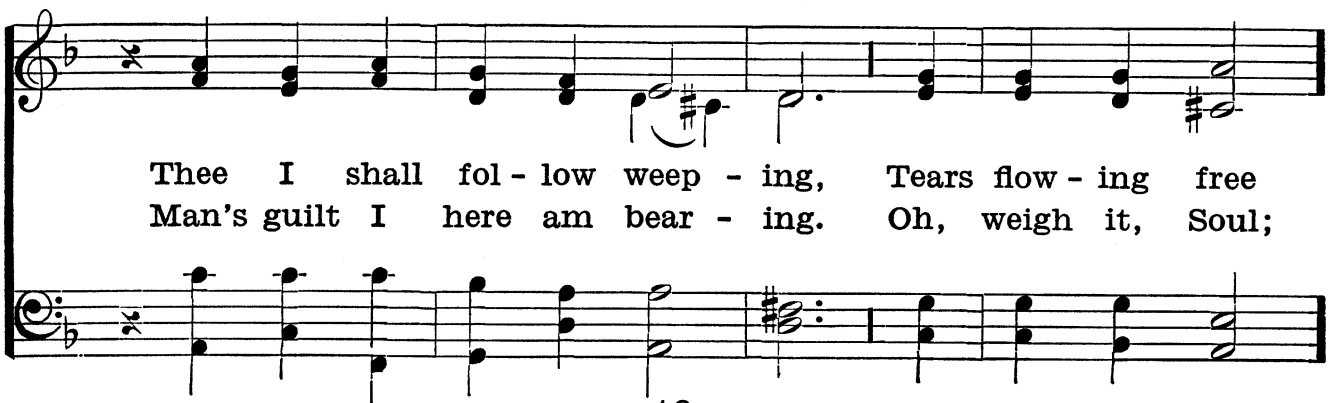
1 (*The Soul*:) Lord Je - sus, Thou art go - ing forth For me Thy
2 (*Jesus*:) O Soul, at - tend thou and be - hold The fruit of



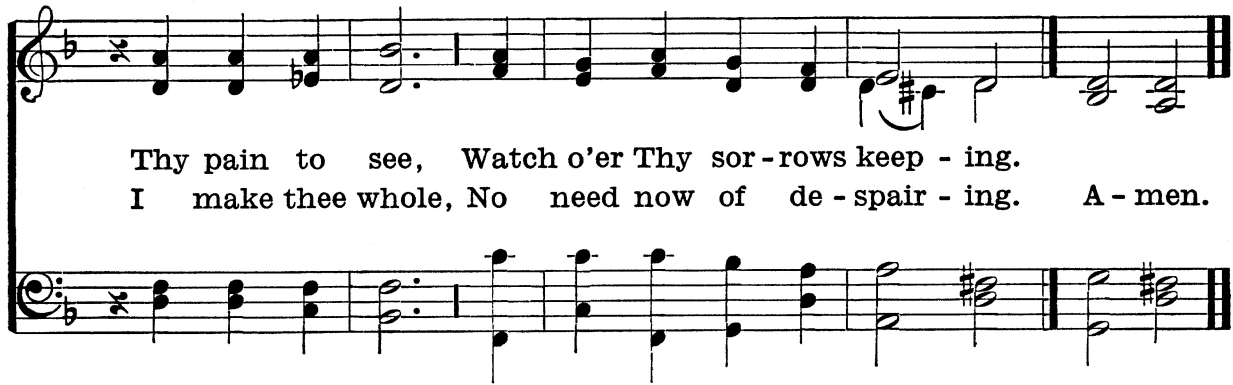
life to of - fer; For me, a sin - ner from my birth, Who
thy trans-gres - sion! My por-tion is the curse of old And



caused all Thou must suf - fer. So be it, then, Thou Hope of men;
for man's sin My Pas - sion. Now comes the night Of sin's dread night,



Thee I shall fol - low weep - ing, Tears flow - ing free
Man's guilt I here am bear - ing. Oh, weigh it, Soul;



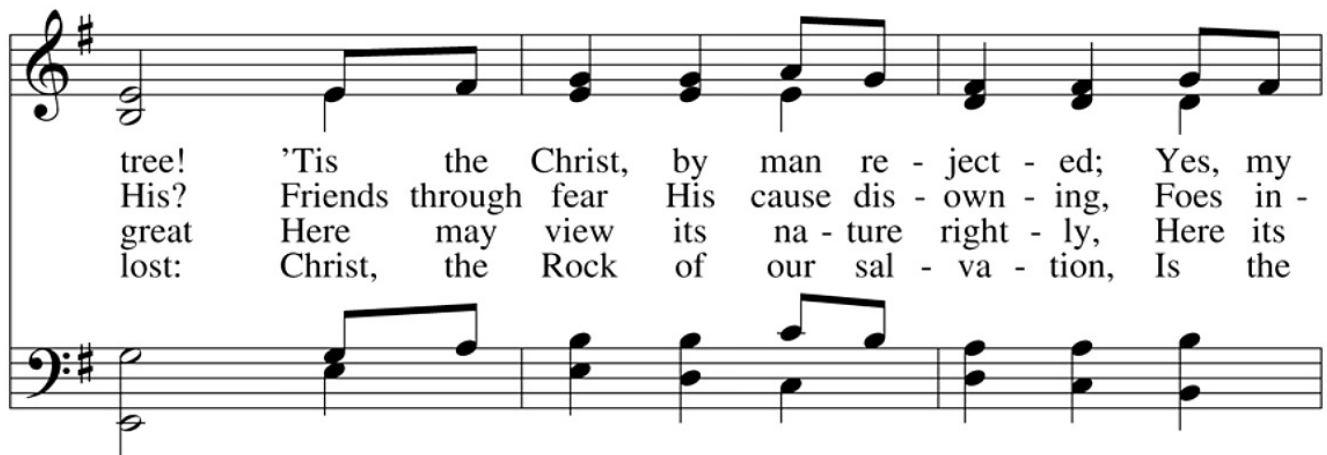
3 (*The Soul:*) 'Tis I, Lord Jesus, I confess,
Who should have borne sin's wages
And lost the peace of heavenly bliss
Through everlasting ages.
Instead 'tis Thou
Who goest now
My punishment to carry.
Thy death and blood
Lead me to God;
By grace I there may tarry.

4 (*Jesus:*) O Soul, I take upon Me now
The pain thou shouldst have suffered.
Behold, with grace I thee endow,
Grace freely to thee offered.
The curse I choose
That thou mightst lose
Sin's curse and guilt forever.
My gift of love
From heaven above
Will give thee blessing ever.

5 (*The Soul:*) What can I for such love divine
To Thee, Lord Jesus, render?
No merit has this heart of mine;
Yet while I live, I'll tender
Myself alone,
And all I own,
In love to serve before Thee;
Then when time's past,
Take me at last
To Thy blest home in glory.



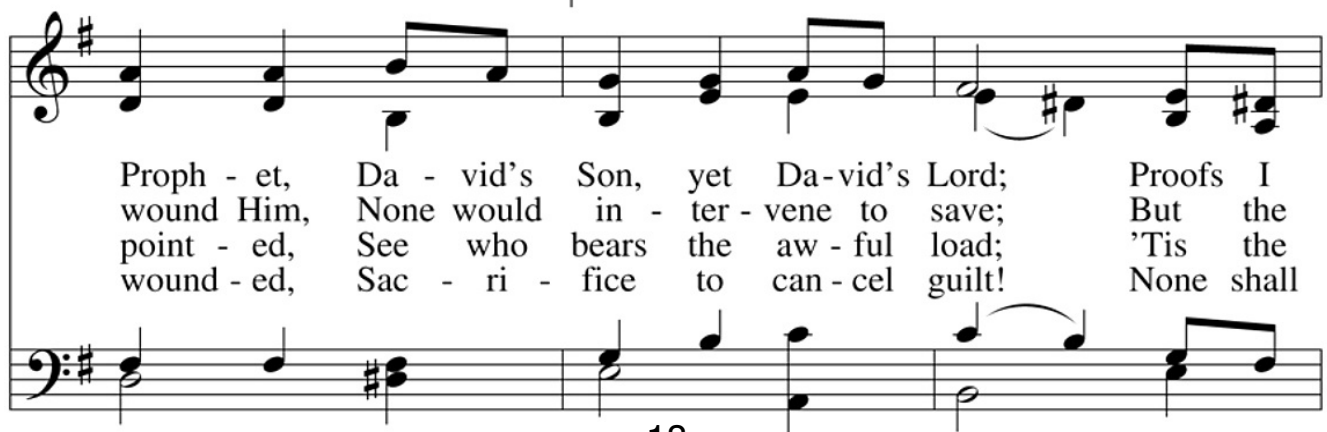
1 Strick-en, smit-ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the
 2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groan-ing, Was there ev - er grief like
 3 Ye who think of sin but light - ly Nor sup - pose the e - vil
 4 Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the ref - uge of the



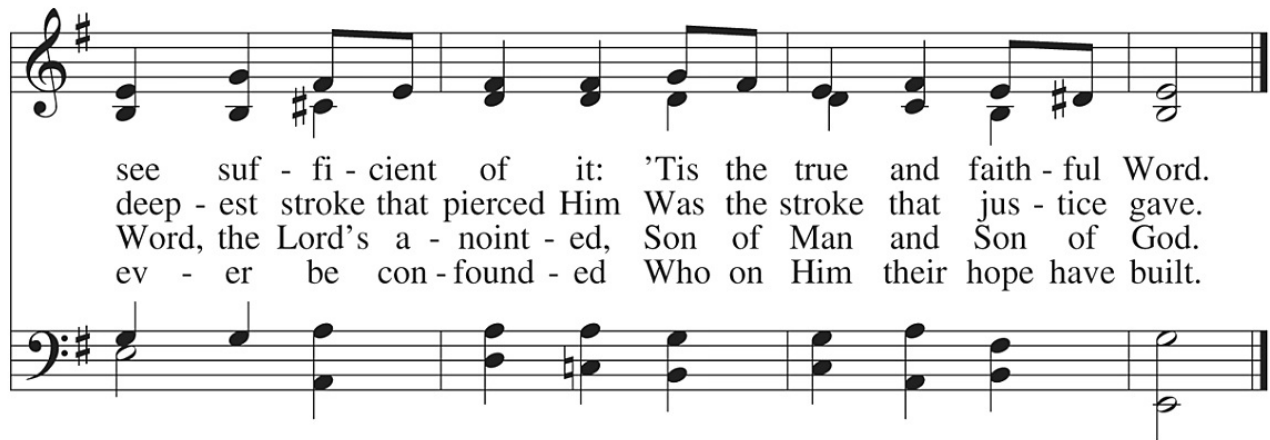
tree! 'Tis the Christ, by man re - ject - ed; Yes, my
 His? Friends through fear His cause dis - own - ing, Foes in -
 great Here may view its na - ture right - ly, Here its
 lost: Christ, the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Is the



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



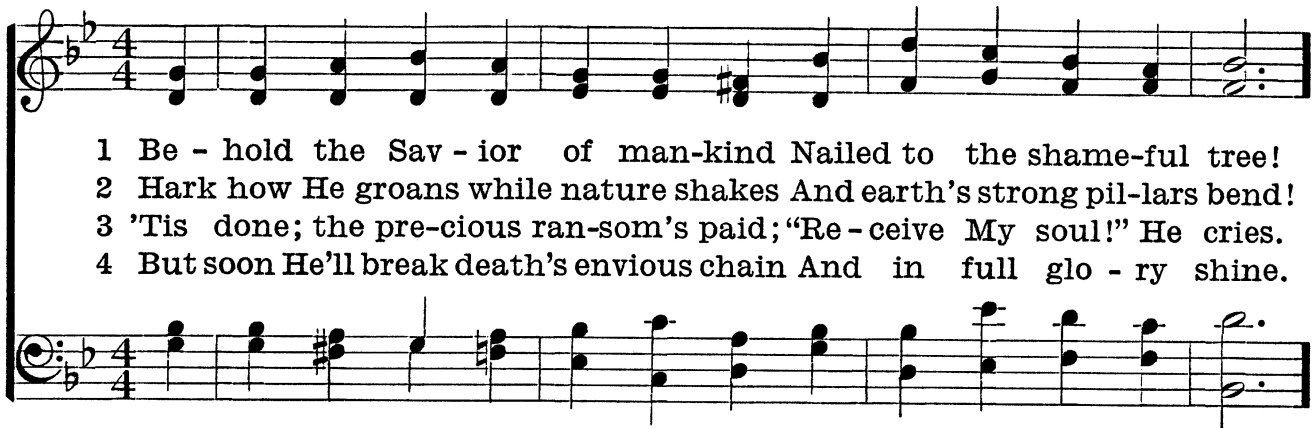
Proph - et, Da - vid's Son, yet Da - vid's Lord; Proofs I
 wound Him, None would in - ter - vene to save; But the
 point - ed, See who bears the aw - ful load; 'Tis the
 wound - ed, Sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt! None shall



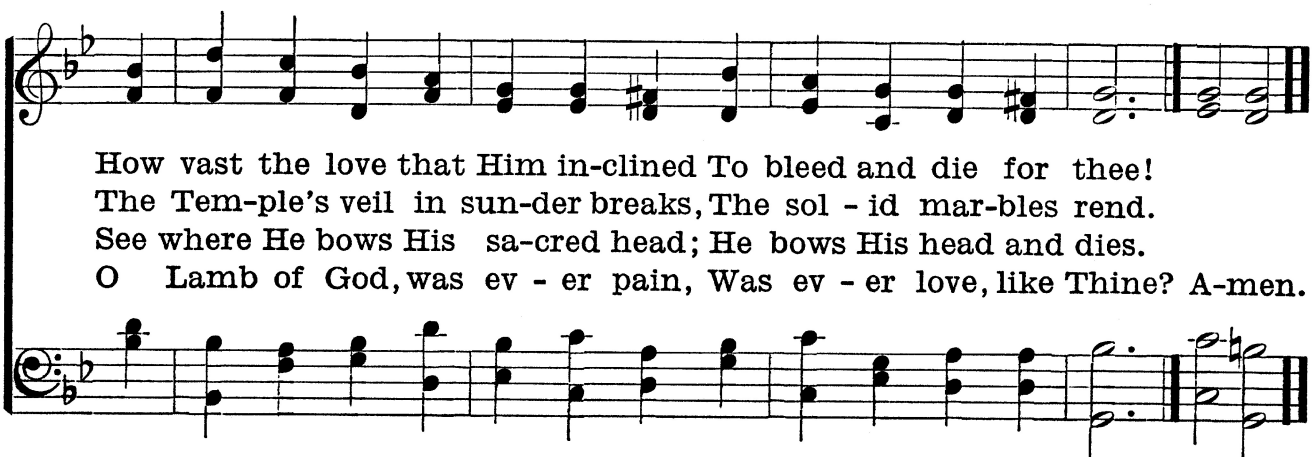
see suf - fi - cient of it: 'Tis the true and faith - ful Word.
 deep - est stroke that pierced Him Was the stroke that jus - tice gave.
 Word, the Lord's a - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.
 ev - er be con - found - ed Who on Him their hope have built.

TLH 176

Behold the Savior of Mankind



1 Be - hold the Sav - ior of man-kind Nailed to the shame-ful tree!
 2 Hark how He groans while nature shakes And earth's strong pil-lars bend!
 3 'Tis done; the pre-cious ran-som's paid; "Re - ceive My soul!" He cries.
 4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain And in full glo - ry shine.



How vast the love that Him in-clined To bleed and die for thee!
 The Tem-ple's veil in sun-der breaks, The sol - id mar-bles rend.
 See where He bows His sa-cred head; He bows His head and dies.
 O Lamb of God, was ev - er pain, Was ev - er love, like Thine? A-men.

The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with chords in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

First Word: Luke 23:34

1 Je - sus, in Your dy - ing woes, E - ven while Your life-blood flows,
 2 Sav - ior, for our par - don sue When our sins Your pangs re - new,
 3 Oh, may we, who mer - cy need, Be like You in heart and deed,

Crav - ing par - don for Your foes:
 For we know not what we do: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.
 When with wrong our spir - its bleed:

Second Word: Luke 23:43

- 4 Jesus, pitying the sighs
 Of the thief, who near You dies,
 Promising him paradise:
 Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 5 May we in our guilt and shame
 Still Your love and mercy claim,
 Calling humbly on Your name:
 Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 6 May our hearts to You incline
 And their thoughts Your cross entwine.
 Cheer our souls with hope divine:

Hear us, holy Jesus.

Third Word: John 19:26–27

7 Jesus, loving to the end

Her whose heart Your sorrows rend,

And Your dearest human friend:

Hear us, holy Jesus.

8 May we in Your sorrows share,

For Your sake all peril dare,

And enjoy Your tender care:

Hear us, holy Jesus.

9 May we all Your loved ones be,

All one holy family,

Loving, since Your love we see:

Hear us, holy Jesus.

Fourth Word: Matthew 27:46; Mark 15:34

10 Jesus, whelmed in fears unknown,

With our evil left alone,

While no light from heav'n is shown:

Hear us, holy Jesus.

11 When we seem in vain to pray

And our hope seems far away,

In the darkness be our stay:

Hear us, holy Jesus.

12 Though no Father seem to hear,

Though no light our spirits cheer,
May we know that God is near:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

Fifth Word: John 19:28

13 Jesus, in Your thirst and pain,
While Your wounds Your lifeblood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

14 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Your holy work fulfill;
Satisfy Your loving will:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

15 May we thirst Your love to know.
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

Sixth Word: John 19:30

16 Jesus, all our ransom paid,
All Your Father's will obeyed;
By Your suff'rings perfect made:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

17 Save us in our soul's distress;
Be our help to cheer and bless
While we grow in holiness:

Hear us, holy Jesus.

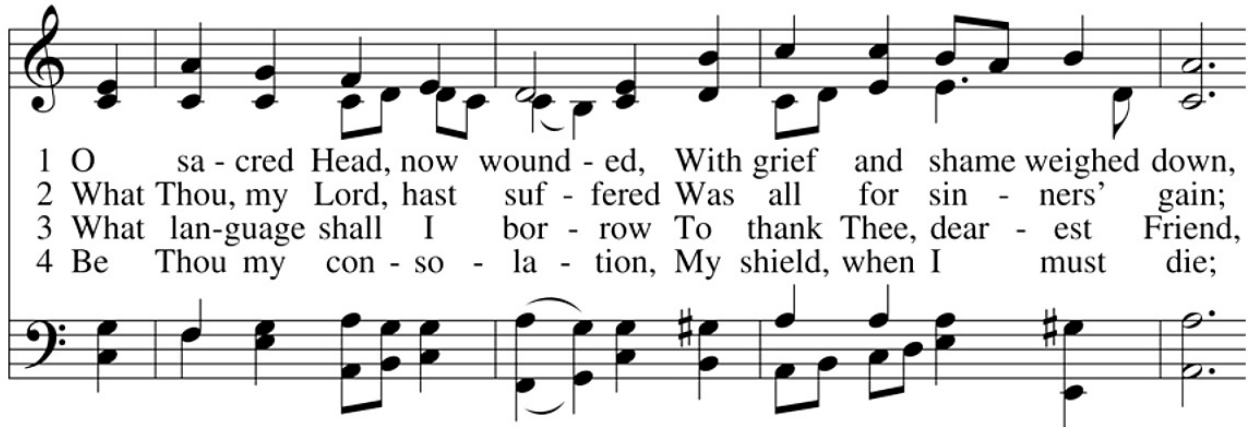
18 Brighten all our heav'nward way
With an ever holier ray
Till we pass to perfect day:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

Seventh Word: Luke 23:46

19 Jesus, all Your labor vast,
All Your woe and conflict past,
Yielding up Your soul at last:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

20 When the death shades round us low'r,
Guard us from the tempter's pow'r,
Keep us in that trial hour:
Hear us, holy Jesus.


21 May Your life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high:
Hear us, holy Jesus.



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,
 4 Be Thou my con - so - la - tion, My shield, when I must die;



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?
 Re - mind me of Thy pas - sion When my last hour draws nigh.



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,
 Mine eyes shall then be - hold Thee, Up - on Thy cross shall dwell,



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 for Thee.
 My heart by faith en - fold Thee. Who di - eth thus dies well.

1 Up - on the cross ex - tend - ed See, world, your
 2 Come, see these things and pon - der, Your soul will
 3 Who is it, Lord, that bruised You? Who has so
 4 I caused Your grief and sigh - ing By e - vils

Lord sus - pend - ed. Your Sav - ior yields His breath.
 fill with won - der As blood streams from each pore.
 sore a - bused You And caused You all Your woe?
 mul - ti - ply - ing As count - less as the sands.

The Prince of Life from heav - en Him - self has free - ly
 Through grief be - yond all know - ing From His great heart came
 We all must make con - fes - sion Of sin and dire trans -
 I caused the woes un - num - bered With which Your soul is

giv - en To shame and blows and bit - ter death.
 flow - ing Sighs well - ing from its deep - est core.
 gres - sion While You no ways of e - vil know.
 cum - bered, Your sor - rows raised by wick - ed hands.

5 Your soul in griefs unbounded,
Your head with thorns surrounded,
You died to ransom me.
The cross for me enduring,
The crown for me securing,
You healed my wounds and set me free.

6 Your cords of love, my Savior,
Bind me to You forever,
I am no longer mine.
To You I gladly tender
All that my life can render
And all I have to You resign.

7 Your cross I place before me;
Its saving pow'r restore me,
Sustain me in the test.
It will, when life is ending,
Be guiding and attending
My way to Your eternal rest.



On my heart im - print Your im - age, Bless - ed Je - sus, King of grace,



That life's rich-es, cares, and plea-sures Nev - er may Your work e-rase;



Let the clear in - scrip-tion be: Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for me,



Is my life, my hope's foun - da - tion, And my glo - ry and sal - va - tion!