

# Good Friday Hymnsing



# All Glory, Laud, and Honor

ST. THEODULPH

1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,  
2. The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went;  
3. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the prayers we bring,

To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring;  
Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.  
Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King!

Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,  
To Thee, be - fore Thy pas - sion, They sang their hymns of praise;  
All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,

Who in the Lord's name com - est, the King and bless - ed One.  
To Thee, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise.  
To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring!

St. 1: Theodulph of Orleans  
760-821  
Trans. John Mason Neale, 1854

7.6.7.6.D.

Melchior Teschner  
1584-1635, alt.

## The Sacrifice | George Herbert

*Oh all ye, who pass by, whose eyes and mind  
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind;  
To me, who took eyes that I might you find:  
Was ever grief like mine?*

The Princes of my people make a head 5  
Against their Maker: they do wish me dead,  
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread;  
Was ever grief like mine?

Without me each one, who doth now me brave, 10  
Had to this day been an Egyptian slave.  
They use that power against me, which I gave:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did bear, 15  
Though he had all I had, did not forbear  
To sell me also, and to put me there:  
Was ever grief like mine?

For thirty pence he did my death devise, 20  
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,  
Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Therefore my soul melts, and my heart's dear treasure  
Drops blood (the only beads)<sup>†</sup> my words to measure:  
*O let this cup pass, if it be thy pleasure:*  
Was ever grief like mine?

These drops being temper'd with sinners tears 25  
A Balsam are for both the Hemispheres:<sup>†</sup>  
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears:  
Was ever grief like mine?

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<sup>†</sup>**22 the only beads:** The beads that Christ used to count his prayers were drops of his own blood.

<sup>†</sup>**26 both the Hemispheres:** the whole world

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Yet my Disciples sleep; I cannot gain<br>One hour of watching; but their drowsy brain<br>Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine stain:<br>Was ever grief like mine?            | 30 |
| Arise, arise, they come. Look how they run!<br>Alas! what haste they make to be undone!<br>How with their lanterns do they seek the sun!<br>Was ever grief like mine?         | 35 |
| With clubs and staves they seek me, as a thief,<br>Who am the Way and Truth, the true relief;<br>Most true to those, who are my greatest grief:<br>Was ever grief like mine?  | 40 |
| <i>Judas</i> , dost thou betray me with a kiss?<br>Canst thou find hell about my lips? and miss<br>Of life, just at the gates of life and bliss?<br>Was ever grief like mine? |    |
| See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands<br>Of faith, but fury: yet at their commands<br>I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands.<br>Was ever grief like mine?      | 45 |
| All my Disciples fly; fear puts a bar<br>Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the star,<br>That brought the wise men of the East from far.<br>Was ever grief like mine?      | 50 |
| Then from one ruler to another bound<br>They lead me; urging, that it was not sound<br>What I taught: Comments would the text confound.†<br>Was ever grief like mine?         | 55 |
| The Priest and rulers all false witness seek<br>'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek<br>And ready Paschal Lamb of this great week:<br>Was ever grief like mine?   | 60 |

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†55 *Comments would the text confound*: The opponents of Christ insist that his teachings undermine the Scriptures.

Then they accuse me of great blasphemy,  
That I did thrust into the Deity,  
Who never thought that any robbery:<sup>†</sup>  
Was ever grief like mine?

Some said, that I the Temple to the floor 65  
In three days raz'd, and raised as before.  
Why, he that built the world can do much more:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they condemn me all with that same breath,  
Which I do give them daily, unto death. 70  
Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth:  
Was ever grief like mine?

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod*: he  
Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree;<sup>†</sup>  
But yet their friendship is my enmity: 75  
Was ever grief like mine?

*Herod* and all his bands do set me light,<sup>†</sup>  
Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,<sup>†</sup>  
And only am the Lord of Hosts and might: 80  
Was ever grief like mine?

*Herod* in judgment sits, while I do stand;  
Examines me with a censorious hand:  
I him obey, who all things else command:  
Was ever grief like mine?

The *Jews* accuse me with despitefulness; 85  
And vying malice with my gentleness,  
Pick quarrels with their only happiness:  
Was ever grief like mine?

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<sup>†</sup>63 **never thought that any robbery**: Philippians 2:6: "Who, being in very nature God, did not consider equality with God something to be grasped."

<sup>†</sup>74 **This makes them agree**: Luke 23:12: "That day Herod and Pilate became friends—before this they had been enemies."

<sup>†</sup>77 **do set me light**: They do not think Christ is powerful.

<sup>†</sup>78 **fingers to fight**: Psalm 144:1: "Praise be to the LORD my Rock, who trains my hands for war, my fingers for battle."

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| I answer nothing, but with patience prove <sup>†</sup><br>If stony hearts will melt with gentle love.<br>But who does hawk at eagles with a dove? <sup>†</sup><br>Was ever grief like mine?     | 90  |
| My silence rather doth augment their cry;<br>My dove doth back into my bosom fly,<br>Because the raging waters still are high: <sup>†</sup><br>Was ever grief like mine?                        | 95  |
| Hark how they cry aloud still, <i>Crucify:</i><br><i>It is not fit he live a day,</i> they cry,<br>Who cannot live less then eternally:<br>Was ever grief like mine?                            | 100 |
| <i>Pilate,</i> a stranger, holdeth off; but they,<br>Mine own dear people, cry, <i>Away, away,</i><br>With noises confused frightening the day:<br>Was ever grief like mine?                    |     |
| Yet still they shout, and cry, and stop their ears,<br>Putting my life among their sins and fears,<br>And therefore wish <i>my blood on them and theirs:</i><br>Was ever grief like mine?       | 105 |
| See how spite cankers things. These words aright<br>Used, and wished, are the whole worlds light:<br>But honey is their gall, brightness their night: <sup>†</sup><br>Was ever grief like mine? | 110 |

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†**89 prove:** test, to find out if something is true

†**91 hawk at eagles with a dove:** Who would use a dove as a hunting bird to capture an eagle? The dove is used as a symbol of peace and love.

†**95 the raging waters still are high:** Christ's *dove* (mentioned in the previous stanza), like that of Noah, returns to him because it has no safe place to land.

†**109–111 These words etc:** In the previous stanza, the Jews say, "Let his blood be on us and on our children!" (Matt 27:25). *These words*, when used rightly, speak of salvation and grace; the intent of the crowd, however, is to bring condemnation on themselves.

They choose a murderer,† and all agree  
In him to do themselves a courtesy:  
For it was their own case who killed me: 115  
Was ever grief like mine?

And a seditious murderer he was:  
But I the Prince of peace; peace that doth pass  
All understanding, more than heav'n doth glass:† 120  
Was ever grief like mine?

Why, Caesar is their only King, not I:  
He clave the stony rock, when they were dry;†  
But surely not their hearts, as I well try:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Ah! how they scourge me! yet my tenderness 125  
Doubles each lash: and yet their bitterness  
Winds up my grief to a mysteriousness:†  
Was ever grief like mine?

They buffet him, and box him as they list,† 130  
Who grasps the earth and heaven with his fist,  
And never yet, whom he would punish, miss'd:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Behold, they spit on me in scornful wise,  
Who by my spittle gave the blind man eyes,  
Leaving his blindness to my enemies: 135  
Was ever grief like mine?

My face they cover, though it be divine.  
As *Moses'* face was veiled, so is mine,  
Lest on their double-dark souls either shine:  
Was ever grief like mine? 140

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†113 *a murderer*: Barabbas

†119 *more than heav'n doth glass*: The Prince of Peace brings peace that transcends all bounds.

†122 *He clave etc*: Jesus rebukes the Jews with irony: it is he himself, not Caesar, who gave them water in the wilderness.

†127 *Winds up my grief to a mysteriousness*: Each stroke from the soldiers is as two strokes, because Christ is so tender, and the bitterness of the soldiers multiplies Christ's grief beyond comprehension.

†129 *as they list*: as they wish

Servants and abjects flout me; they are witty:  
*Now prophesy who strikes thee*, is their ditty.  
So they in me deny themselves all pity:  
Was ever grief like mine?

And now I am deliver'd unto death,  
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath, 145  
That he before me well nigh suffereth:†  
Was ever grief like mine?

Weep not, dear friends, since I for both have wept  
When all my tears were blood, the while you slept: 150  
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept:†  
Was ever grief like mine?

The soldiers lead me to the common hall;  
There they deride me, they abuse me all:  
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call: 155  
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with a scarlet robe they me array;  
Which shows my blood to be the only way  
And cordial left to repair mans decay: 160  
Was ever grief like mine?

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear:  
For these are all the grapes *Sion* doth bear,  
Though I my vine planted and watered there:†  
Was ever grief like mine?

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†146 *That he before me well nigh suffereth*: Those who call for Christ's death do so with such vehemence that it seems they may die before he does.

†151 *Your tears for your own etc*: Luke 23:28: "Jesus turned and said to them, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me; weep for yourselves and for your children.'"

†162-163 *For these are all the grapes etc*: God often speaks of Israel as a garden that he is cultivating. Instead of grapes, Israel has produced (a crown of) thorns.



So sits the earth's great curse in Adam's fall<sup>†</sup> 165  
Upon my head: so I remove it all  
From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with the reed they gave to me before,  
They strike my head, the rock from thence all store 170  
Of heav'nly blessings issue evermore:†  
Was ever grief like mine?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail king*:  
What ever scoffs or scornfulness can bring,  
I am the floor, the sink, where they it fling: 175  
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet since man's scepters are as frail as reeds,  
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds;  
I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds: 180  
Was ever grief like mine?

The soldiers also spit upon that face,  
Which Angels did desire to have the grace,  
And Prophets, once to see,† but found no place:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Thus trimmed, forth they bring me to the rout, 185  
Who *Crucify him*, cry with one strong shout.  
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out:  
Was ever grief like mine?

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†165 *the earth's great curse in Adam's fall*: Part of the curse following Adam's sin was the growth of thorns and thistles (Gen 3:18). In this stanza, Christ bearing the thorns on his head pictures his taking the entirety of the curse upon himself.

†170–171 *the rock from thence etc*: The beating of Christ releases blessing, as the striking of the rock in the wilderness released the water.

†182 *Which Angels did desire...And Prophets*: 1 Peter 1:10–12: "Concerning this salvation, the prophets, who spoke of the grace that was to come to you, searched intently and with the greatest care.... Even angels long to look into these things."

They lead me in once more, and putting then  
Mine own clothes on, they lead me out again. 190  
Whom devils fly, thus is he toss'd of men;†  
Was ever grief like mine?

And now weary of sport, glad to engross  
All spite in one, counting my life their loss,  
They carry me to my most bitter cross: 195  
Was ever grief like mine?

My cross I bear my self until I faint:  
Then Simon bears it for me by constraint,  
The decreed burden of each mortal Saint;† 200  
Was ever grief like mine?

*O all ye who pass by, behold and see;†*  
Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree;†  
The tree of life to all, but only me:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sin, 205  
The greater world o' th' two; for that came in  
By words, but this by sorrow I must win:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Such sorrow as, if sinful man could feel,  
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel. 210  
Till all were melted, though he were all steel:  
Was ever grief like mine?

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†191 *Whom devils fly etc*: Christ makes demons flee, and yet he himself is ordered around by mere men.

†199 *The decreed burden*: Jesus commands all of his followers to take up the cross.

†197 *O all ye who pass by etc*: Both here and line 1 of the poem echo Lamentations 1:12: "Is it nothing to you, all you who pass by? Look around and see. Is any suffering like my suffering that was inflicted on me, that the LORD brought on me in the day of his fierce anger?"

†198 *Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree*: Although Adam sinned in taking the fruit from the tree, it is Christ who takes the curse of being hung on a tree (Deut 21:23; Gal 3:13).

But, *O my God, my God!* why leav'st thou me,  
The son, in whom thou dost delight to be?  
*My God, my God*————— 215  
Never was grief like mine.

Shame tears my soul, my body many a wound;  
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;  
Reproaches, which are free, while I am bound. 220  
Was ever grief like mine?

Now heal thy self, Physician; now come down.  
Alas! I did so,<sup>†</sup> when I left my crown  
And father's smile for you, to feel his frown:  
Was ever grief like mine?

In healing not my self, there doth consist 225  
All that salvation, which ye now resist;  
Your safety in my sickness doth subsist:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Betwixt two thieves I spend my utmost breath,  
As he that for some robbery suffereth. 230  
Alas! what have I stolen from you? Death.  
Was ever grief like mine?

A king my title is, prefixt on high;  
Yet by my subjects am condemn'd to die  
A servile death in servile company: 235  
Was ever grief like mine?

They give me vinegar mingled with gall,  
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,  
With Manna, Angels' food, I fed them all:  
Was ever grief like mine? 240

They part my garments, and by lot dispose  
My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd those  
Who sought for help,<sup>†</sup> never malicious foes:  
Was ever grief like mine?

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<sup>†</sup>222 *I did so*: Jesus did *come down*, in his incarnation and suffering.

<sup>†</sup>242–243 *My coat...which one cur'd*: A reference to the woman healed of her bleeding by touching Jesus's coat (Matt 9:20–22 and parallels).

Nay, after death their spite shall further go; 245  
For they will pierce my side, I full well know;  
That as sin came, so Sacraments might flow:†  
    Was ever grief like mine?

But now I die; now all is finished. 250  
My woe, man's weal:† and now I bow my head.  
Only let others say, when I am dead,  
    Never was grief like mine.

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†247 *so Sacraments might flow*: From Christ's pierced side flowed blood and water; Herbert sees these as picturing the Lord's Table and baptism, respectively.

†250 *weal*: good, or benefit

# Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

O MEIN JESU, ICH MUSS STERBEN

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

'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; Yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!  
Friends thro' fear His cause dis - own - ing, Foes in - sult - ing His dis - tress;  
Here may view its na - ture right - ly, Here its guilt may es - ti - mate.  
Christ the Rock of our sal - va - tion, His the name of which we boast.

'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed Proph - et, Da - vid's Son, yet Da - vid's Lord;  
Man - y hands were raised to wound Him, None would in - ter - vene to save;  
Mark the Sac - ri - fice ap - point - ed, See Who bears the aw - ful load;  
Lamb of God, for sin - ners wound - ed, Sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt!

By His Son God now has spo - ken: 'Tis the true and faith - ful Word.  
But the deep - est stroke that pierced Him Was the stroke that Jus - tice gave.  
'Tis the Word, the Lord's A - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.  
Nonshall ev - er be con - found - ed Who on Him their hope have built.

Thomas Kelly  
1769-1854

87.87.D.

*Geistliche Volkslieder*  
1850

# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

## PASSION CHORALE

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 near when I am dy - ing, Oh, show Thy cross to me;

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;  
Mine, mine the dread trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.  
For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?  
And for my suc - cor fly - ing, Come, Lord, to set me free:

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss 'til now was Thine;  
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour, 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;  
Oh, make me Thine for - ev - er; And, should I faint - ing be,  
These eyes new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Thee shall not re - move,

Yet though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine!  
Oh, look on me with fa - vor; Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.  
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.  
For he who dies be - liev - ing Dies safe - ly thro' Thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux  
1091-1153

7.6.7.6.D.

Hans L. Hassler  
1564-1612

Trans. James W. Alexander, 1804-1859

Harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685-1750

# Ah, Holy Jesus

## ISTE CONFESSOR

1. Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast Thou of - fend - ed, That man to  
2. Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on Thee? A - las, my  
3. Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered; The slave hath  
4. For me, kind Je - sus, was Thy in - car - na - tion, Thy mor - tal  
5. Therefore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay Thee, I do a -

judge Thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,  
trea - son, Je - sus hath un - done Thee. 'Twas I, Lord Je - sus,  
sin - ned and the Son hath suf - fered. For our a - tone - ment,  
sor - row and Thy life's ob - la - tion: Thy death of an - guish  
dore Thee, and will ev - er pray Thee Think on Thy pit - y

by Thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.  
I it was de - nied Thee: I cru - ci - fied Thee.  
while we noth - ing heed - ed, God in - ter - ced - ed.  
and Thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.  
and Thy love un - swerv - ing not my de - serv - ing.

Johann Heermann  
1585-1647  
Trans. *Yattendon Hymnal*, 1899

11.11.11.5.

Rouen church melody  
Harm. Healey Willan, 1880-1968

from **La Corona** | John Donne

5. CRUCIFYING

*By miracles exceeding power of man,  
He faith in some, envy in some begat,  
For, what weak spirits admire, ambitious hate:†  
In both affections many to Him ran. 5  
But O! the worst are most,† they will and can,  
Alas! and do, unto th' Immaculate,  
Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a fate,  
Measuring self-life's infinity to'a span,  
Nay to an inch.† Lo! where condemned He  
Bears His own cross, with pain, yet by and by 10  
When it bears him, He must bear more and die.  
Now Thou art lifted up, draw me to Thee,  
And at Thy death giving such liberal dole,†  
*Moist with one drop of Thy blood my dry soul.**

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†3 **ambitious hate**: Those things which weak people admire, ambitious people loathe.

†5 **the worst are most**: The majority who followed Christ were the ambitious spirits, not the weak spirits.

†5–9 **But O!...Nay to an inch**: A paraphrase: This evil majority not only can, but does take Christ (who controls Fate), and subjects him to the fate of death, even though he is immortal.

†13 **dole**: a grant



# Hark! the Voice of Love and Mercy

BRYN CALFARIA

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;  
 2. "It is fin - ished!" O what pleas - ure Do these pre - cious words af - ford;  
 3. Fin - ished all the types and shad - ows Of the ce - re - mo - nial law;  
 4. Tune your harps a - new, ye ser - aphs, Join to sing the glo - rious theme;

See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shake the earth, and veils the sky:  
 Heav'n - ly bles - sings, with - out mea - sure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord:  
 Fin - ished all that God had prom - ised; Death and hell no more shall awe:  
 All in earth, and all in heav - en, Join to praise Em - man - uel's Name;

"It is fin - ished!" "It is fin - ished!" "It is fin - ished!"  
 "It is fin - ished!" "It is fin - ished!" "It is fin - ished!"  
 "It is fin - ished!" "It is fin - ished!" "It is fin - ished!"  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Hear the dy - ing Sav - ior cry; Hear the dy - ing Sav - ior cry.  
 Saints the dy - ing words re - cord; Saints the dy - ing words re - cord.  
 Saints, from hence your com - fort draw; Saints, from hence your com - fort draw.  
 Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb! Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb!

Jonathan Evans  
 c. 1748-1809

8.7.8.7.D4.7.

William Owen  
 1814-1893

## Sepulchre | George Herbert

O blessed body! Whither art thou thrown?  
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone?  
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one  
Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts' good store; 5  
For they can lodge transgressions by the score:  
Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of door  
They leave thee.

But that which shows them large, shows them unfit.<sup>†</sup> 10  
What ever sin did this pure rock commit,  
Which holds thee now? Who hath indicted it  
Of murder?

Where<sup>†</sup> our hard hearts have took up stones to brain thee,<sup>†</sup>  
And missing this,<sup>†</sup> most falsely did arraign thee;  
Only these stones in quiet entertain thee, 15  
And order.<sup>†</sup>

And as of old, the law by heav'nly art,  
Was writ in stone; so thou, which also art  
The letter of the word, find'st no fit heart  
To hold thee. 20

Yet do we still persist as we began,  
And so should perish, but that nothing can,  
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man  
Withhold thee.<sup>†</sup>

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<sup>†</sup>9 *that which shows them large, shows them unfit*: The multitude of transgressions and sins that we cherish show that our hearts are large, but because our hearts are full of transgressions and sins, they are not a fit dwelling for Christ.

<sup>†</sup>13 *where*: whereas (in contrast to the *pure rock*)

<sup>†</sup>13 *took up stones to brain thee*: A reference to passages like John 8:59 and John 10:31, in which Jesus's opponents intend to stone him to death

<sup>†</sup>14 *and missing this*: and failing to accomplish the stoning

<sup>†</sup>16 *And order*: The stones maintain both Christ's body and order.

<sup>†</sup>21-24 *Yet do we etc*: We should perish, but nothing, even what is cold, hard, and foul, can keep Jesus from loving man.

# Hallelujah, What a Savior!

MAN OF SORROWS

1. "Man of Sor - rows," what a name For the Son of God who came  
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place con - demned He stood;  
3. Guilt - y, vile and help - less we; Spotless Lamb of God was He;  
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin - ished," was His cry;  
5. When He comes, our glo - rious King, All His ran - somed home to bring,

Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
"Full a - tone - ment" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
Then a - new this song we'll sing; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

Philip P. Bliss  
1838-1876

7.7.7.8.

Philip P. Bliss  
1838-1876

## A Dialogue-Anthem | George Herbert

Christian, Death

- Chr. ALAS, poor Death! where is thy glory?  
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?
- Dea. *Alas, poor mortal, void of story!*  
*Go spell and read how I have killed thy King.*
- Chr. Poor Death! and who was hurt thereby?  
Thy curse being laid on Him makes thee accurst.
- Dea. *Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die;*  
*These arms shall crush thee.*
- Chr. Spare not, do thy worst.  
I shall be one day better than before;  
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

# When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

HAMBURG

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.

Isaac Watts  
1647-1748

L.M.

Gregorian Chant  
Arr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872