

GOOD FRIDAY HYMNS
Hymns for the Office of Tenebrae

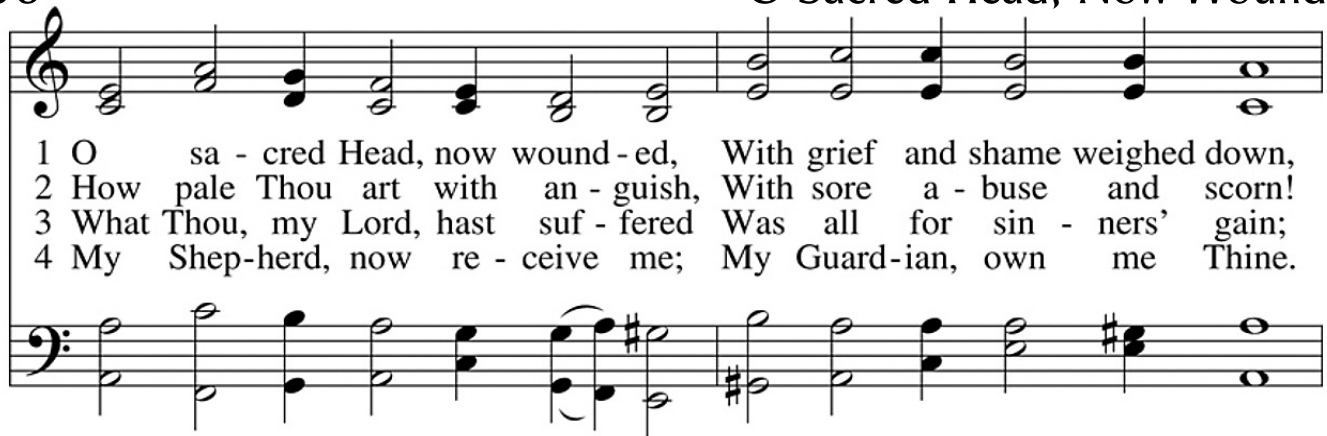
TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH, MENASHA, WI

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,

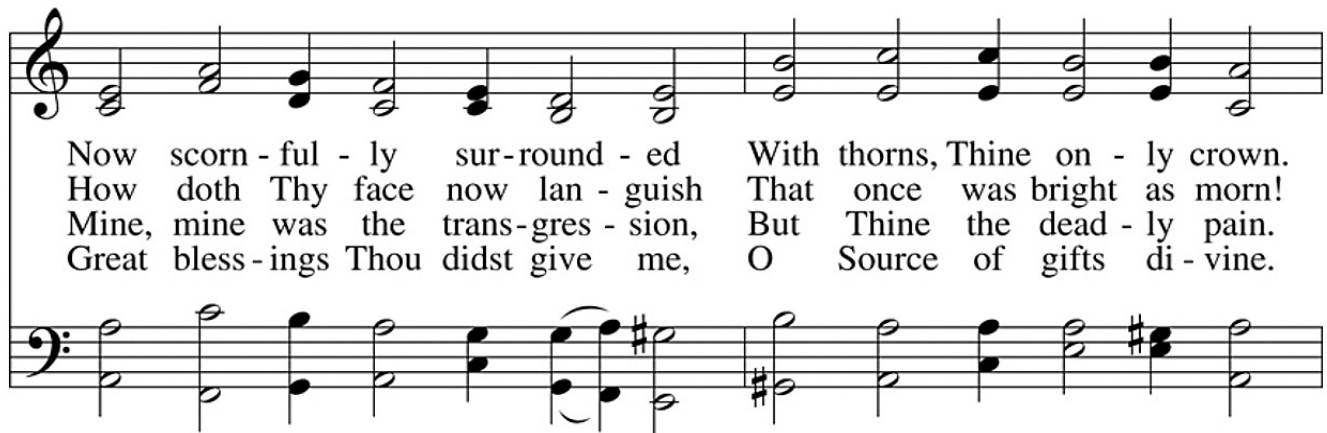
Ev - er pa - tient and low - ly, Thy - self to scorn didst of - fer.
 Ev - er pa - tient and low - ly, Thy - self to scorn didst of - fer.
 Ev - er pa - tient and low - ly, Thy - self to scorn didst of - fer.

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:

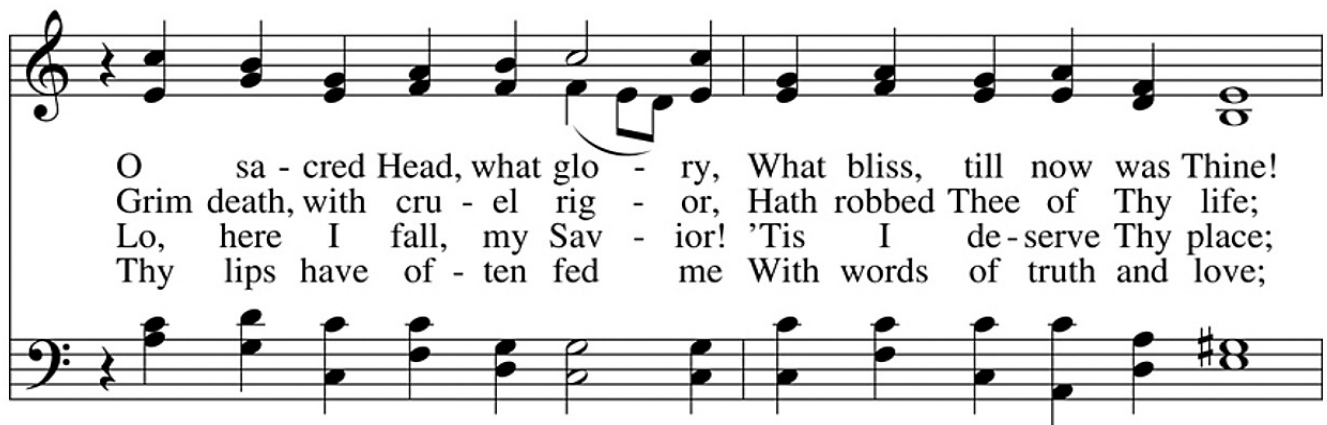
Have mer - cy on us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!
 Have mer - cy on us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!
 Thy peace be with us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!



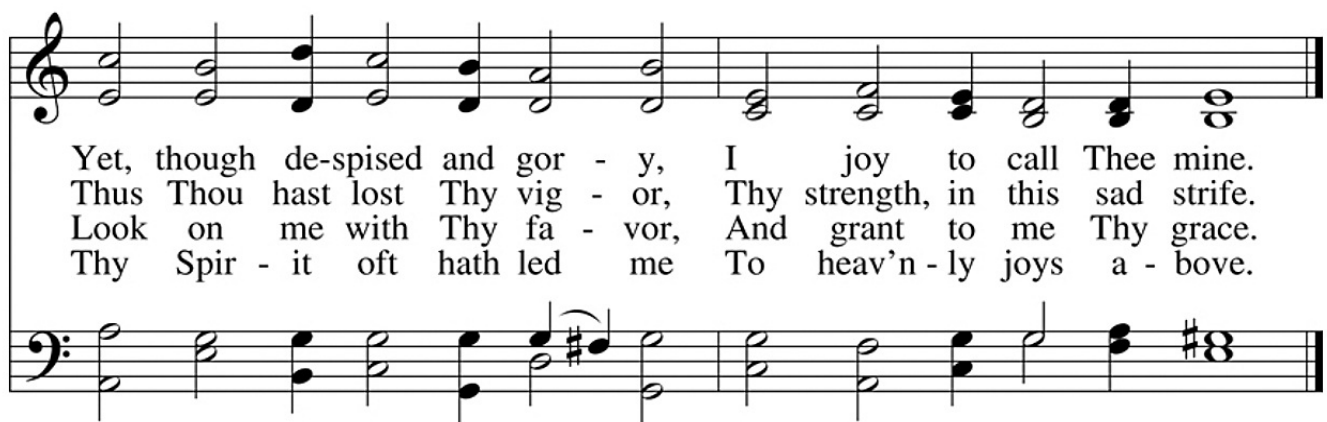
1 O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
 2 How pale Thou art with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
 3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
 4 My Shep-herd, now re - ceive me; My Guard-ian, own me Thine.



Now scorn - ful - ly sur-round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown.
 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.



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!
 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;

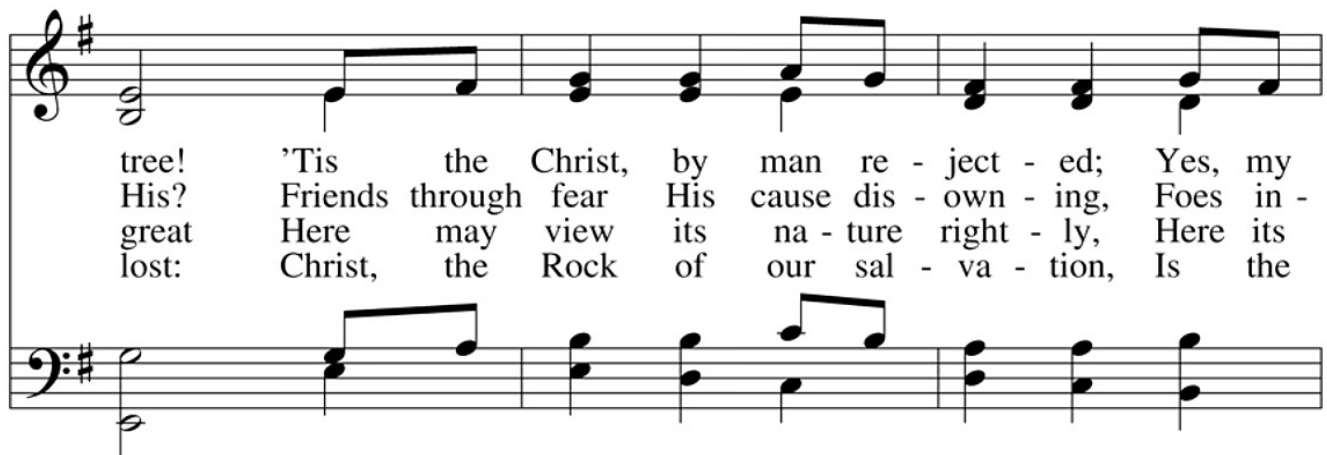


Yet, though de-spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine.
 Thus Thou hast lost Thy vig - or, Thy strength, in this sad strife.
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor, And grant to me Thy grace.
 Thy Spir - it oft hath led me To heav'n - ly joys a - bove.

- 5 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever!
 And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love for Thee.
- 6 My Savior, be Thou near me
 When death is at my door;
Then let Thy presence cheer me,
 Forsake me nevermore!
When soul and body languish,
 O leave me not alone,
But take away mine anguish
 By virtue of Thine own!
- 7 Be Thou my consolation,
 My shield, when I must die;
Remind me of Thy passion
 When my last hour draws nigh.
Mine eyes shall then behold Thee,
 Upon Thy cross shall dwell,
My heart by faith enfold Thee.
 Who dieth thus dies well.



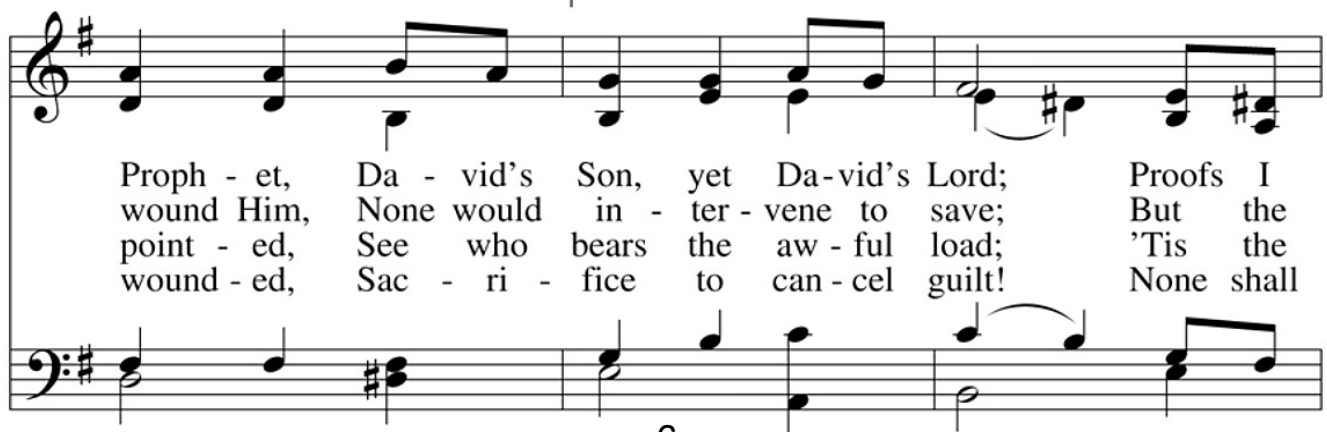
1 Strick-en, smit-ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the
 2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groan-ing, Was there ev - er grief like
 3 Ye who think of sin but light - ly Nor sup - pose the e - vil
 4 Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the ref - uge of the



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

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass, in the key of D major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

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.