

Lenten and Holy Week Hymn Sing April 3, 2020

419 Savior, When in Dust to Thee



1 Sav - ior, when in dust to Thee Low we bow the a -
 2 By Thy help - less in - fant years, By Thy life of
 3 By Thine hour of dire de - spair, By Thine ag - o -
 4 By Thy deep ex - pir - ing groan, By the sad se -



dor - ing knee; When, re - pen - tant, to the skies
 want and tears, By Thy days of deep dis - tress
 ny of prayer, By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 pul - chral stone, By the vault whose dark a - bode



Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes; O, by all Thy
 In the sav - age wil - der - ness, By the dread, mys -
 Pierc - ing spear, and tor - turing scorn, By the gloom that
 Held in vain the ris - ing God, O, from earth to



pains and woe Suf - fered once for us be - low, Bend - ing
 te - rious hour Of the in - sult - ing tempt - er's pow'r, Turn, O
 veiled the skies O'er the dread - ful sac - ri - fice, Lis - ten
 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 a fa - v'ring eye; Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!
 to our hum - ble sigh; Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!
 from Thy throne on high, Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!

427 In the Cross of Christ I Glory



1 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r - ing
2 When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de -
3 When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and
4 Bane and bless - ing, pain and plea - sure By the



o'er the wrecks of time. All the light of sa - cred
ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the cross for -
love up - on my way, From the cross the ra - diance
cross are sanc - ti - fied; Peace is there that knows no



sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
sake me; Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
stream - ing Adds more lus - ter to the day.
mea - sure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

756 Why Should Cross and Trial Grieve Me



1 Why should cross and tri - al grieve me? Christ is near
2 When life's trou - bles rise to meet me, Though their weight
3 God gives me my days of glad - ness, And I will
4 From God's joy can noth - ing sev - er, For I am
5 Now in Christ, death can - not slay me, Though it might,



With His cheer; Nev - er will He leave me.
May be great, They will not de - feat me.
Trust Him still, When He sends me sad - ness.
His dear lamb, He, my Shep - herd ev - er.
Day and night, Trou - ble and dis - may me.



Who can rob me of the heav - en That God's Son
God, my lov - ing Sav - ior, sends them; He who knows
God is good; His love at - tends me Day by day,
I am His be - cause He gave me His own blood
Christ has made my death a por - tal From the strife



For me won When His life was giv - en?
All my woes Knows how best to end them.
Come what may, Guides me and de - fends me.
For my good, By His death to save me.
Of this life To His joy im - mor - tal!

444 No Tramp of Soldiers' Marching Feet



1 No tramp of sol - diers' march - ing feet
 2 And yet He comes. The chil - dren cheer;
 3 What fad - ing flow'rs His road a - dorn;
 4 Now He who bore for mor - tals' sake



With ban - ners and with drums, No sound of mu - sic's
 With palms His path is strown. With ev - 'ry step the
 The palms, how soon laid down! No bloom or leaf but
 The cross and all its pains And chose a ser - vant's



mar - tial beat: "The King of glo - ry comes!"
 cross draws near: The King of glo - ry's throne.
 on - ly thorn The King of glo - ry's crown.
 form to take, The King of glo - ry reigns.



To greet what pomp of king - ly pride
 A - stride a colt He pass - es by
 The sol - diers mock, the rab - ble cries,
 Ho - san - na to the Sav - ior's name



No bells in tri - umph ring, No cit - y gates swing
 As loud ho - san - nas ring, Or else the ver - y
 The streets with tu - mult ring, As Pi - late to the
 Till heav - en's raf - ters ring, And all the ran - somed



o - pen wide: "Be - hold, be - hold your King!"
 stones would cry "Be - hold, be - hold your King!"
 mob re - plies, "Be - hold, be - hold your King!"
 host pro - claim "Be - hold, be - hold your King!"

443 Hosanna, Loud Hosanna



1 Ho - san - na, loud ho - san - na, The lit - tle chil - dren sang;
2 From Ol - i - vet they fol - lowed Mid an ex - ul - tant crowd,
3 "Ho - san - na in the high - est!" That an - cient song we sing;



Through pil - lared court and tem - ple The love - ly an - them rang.
The vic - tor palm branch wav - ing And chant - ing clear and loud.
For Christ is our Re - deem - er, The Lord of heav'n our King.

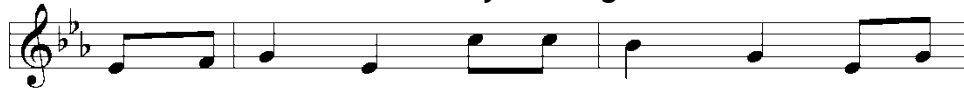


To Je - sus, who had blessed them, Close fold - ed to His breast,
The Lord of earth and heav - en Rode on in low - ly state
Oh, may we ev - er praise Him With heart and life and voice

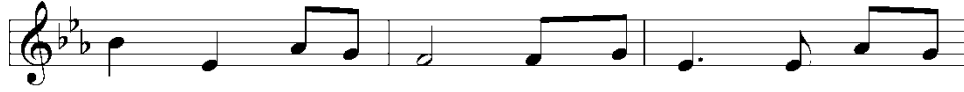


The chil - dren sang their prais - es, The sim - plest and the best.
Nor scorned that lit - tle chil - dren Should on His bid - ding wait.
And in His bliss - ful pres - ence E - ter - nal - ly re - joice!

445 When You Woke That Thursday Morning



1 When You woke that Thurs - day morn - ing, Sav - ior,
 2 Nev - er so a - lone and lone - ly, Long - ing
 3 What was there that You could give them That would
 4 One in faith, in love u - nit - ed, All one
 5 One day all the Church will cap - ture That bright



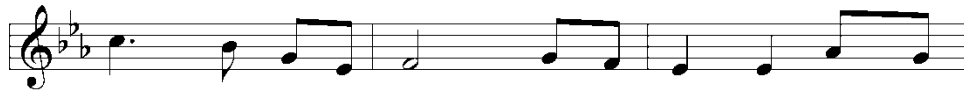
teach - er, faith - ful friend, Thoughts of self and safe - ty
 with tor - ment - ed heart To be with Your dear ones
 nev - er be out - spent, What great gift that would out -
 bod - y, You the head, When we meet, by You in -
 vi - sion glo - ri - ous, And Your saints will know the



scorn - ing, Know - ing how the day would end;
 on - ly For a qui - et hour a - part:
 live them, What last will and tes - ta - ment?
 vit - ed, You are with us, as You said.
 rap - ture That Your heart de - sired for us,



Lamb of God, fore - told for a - ges, Now at
 Sin - less Lamb and fall - en crea - ture, One last
 "Show Me and the world you love Me, Know Me
 One with You and one an - oth - er In a
 When the longed - for peace and u - nion Of the



last the hour had come When but One could pay sin's
 pas - chal meal to eat, One last les - son as their
 as the Lamb of God: Do this in re - mem - brance
 u - ni - ty sub - lime, See in us Your sis - ter,
 Great - est and the least Meet in joy - ous, blest com -



wa - ges: You as - sumed their dread - ful sum.
 teach - er, Wash - ing Your dis - ci - ples' feet.
 of Me, Eat this bod - y, drink this blood."
 broth - er, One in ev - 'ry place and time.
 mu - nion In Your nev - er - end - ing feast.

434 Lamb of God, Pure and Holy



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:

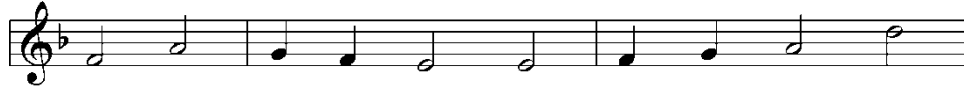


Have mer - cy on us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!
Have mer - cy on us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!
Thy peace be with us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!

429 We Sing the Praise of Him Who Died



1 We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who
2 In - scribed up - on the cross we see In shin - ing
3 The cross! It takes our guilt a - way; It holds the
4 It makes the cow - ard spir - it brave And nerves the



died up - on the cross. The sin - ner's hope let
let - ters, "God is love." He bears our sins up -
faint - ing spir - it up; It cheers with hope the
fee - ble arm for fight; It takes the ter - ror



all de - ride; For this we count the world but loss.
on the tree; He brings us mer - cy from a - bove.
gloom - y day And sweet - ens ev - 'ry bit - ter cup.
from the grave And gilds the bed of death with light;

- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heav'n above.
- 6 To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
Forever and forevermore.

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420 Christ, the Life of All the Living



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.
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 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.

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