

Hymns for Good Friday

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
where tdear Lord was crucified,
who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
what pains he had to bear;
but we believe it was for us
he hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
he died to make us good,
that we might go at last to heaven,
saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough,
to pay the price of sin;
he, only, could unlock the gate
of heaven and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he love loved,
and we must love you too;
and trust in his redeeming blood,
and try his works to do.

O sacred head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn.
O bleeding head, so wounded,
So shamed and put to scorn.
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
The glow of life decays;
Yet angel-hosts adore thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

Thy comeliness and vigour
Is withered up and gone,
And in thy wasted figure
I see death drawing on.
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
Turn thou thy face on me.

In this thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With thy most sweet compassion
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath the Cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In thy dear love confiding,
And with thy presence blest.

All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
This our song shall ever be;
For we have no hope nor Saviour
If we have not hope in thee.

All for Jesus! Thou wilt give us
Strength to serve thee hour by hour:
None can move us from thy presence
While we trust thy love and power.

All for Jesus! At thine altar
Thou dost give us sweet content;
There, dear Saviour we receive thee
In thy holy sacrament.

All for Jesus! Thou hast loved us,
All for Jesus! Thou hast died,
All for Jesus! Thou art with us,
All for Jesus, glorified.

All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
This the Church's song shall be,
Till at last the flock is gathered
One in love, and one in thee.

1 My song is love unknown,
My Saviour's love to me;
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
O who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh, and die?

2 He came from His blest throne
Salvation to bestow;
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would
know:
But oh, my Friend,
My Friend indeed,

Who at my need
His life did spend.

3 Sometimes they strew His way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King:
Then "Crucify!"
Is all their breath,
And for His death
They thirst and cry.

4 They rise and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save,
The Prince of life they slay.
Yet cheerful He
To suffering goes,
That He His foes
From thence might free.

5 Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like Thine.
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend