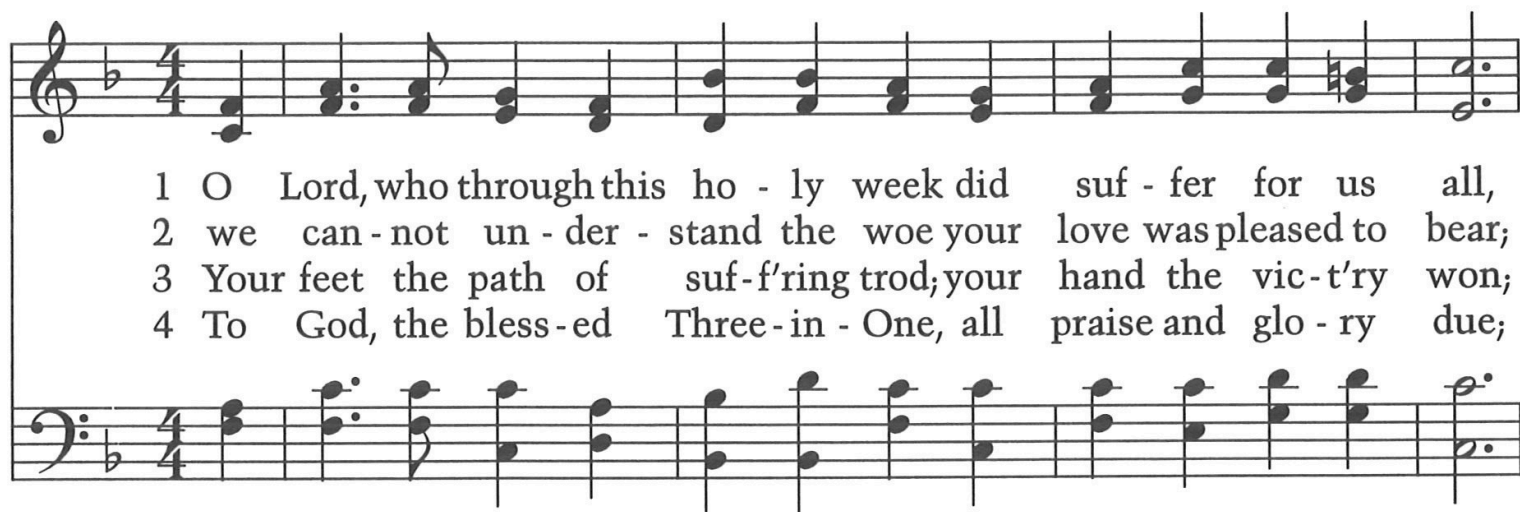




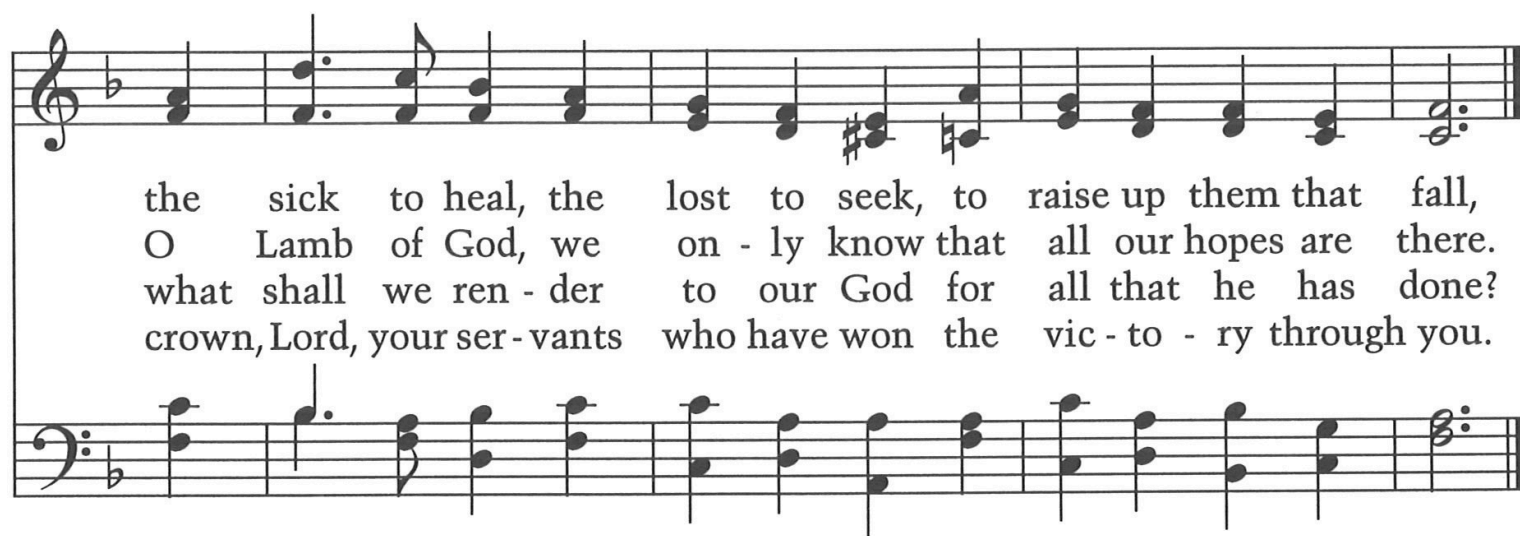
Holy Week Hymnal Insert

2025

348 O Lord, Who Through This Holy Week



1 O Lord, who through this ho - ly week did suf - fer for us all,
 2 we can - not un - der - stand the woe your love was pleased to bear;
 3 Your feet the path of suf - f'ring trod; your hand the vic - t'ry won;
 4 To God, the bless - ed Three - in - One, all praise and glo - ry due;



the sick to heal, the lost to seek, to raise up them that fall,
 O Lamb of God, we on - ly know that all our hopes are there.
 what shall we ren - der to our God for all that he has done?
 crown, Lord, your ser - vants who have won the vic - to - ry through you.

TEXT: John Mason Neale (1842), alt.

TUNE: Este's *Psalter* (1592)C.M.
WINCHESTER, OLD (14 Z)

Christ, the Life of All the Living

1 Christ, the life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the death of death, our foe,
 2 You have suf-fered great af-flic-tion and have borne it pa-tient-ly,
 3 Lord, for all that bought our par-don, for the sor-rows deep and sore,

Christ, for us your - self once giv - ing to the dark - est depths of woe:
 e - ven death by cru - ci - fix - ion: our a - tone - ment full and free.
 for the an - guish in the gar - den, we will thank you ev - er - more,

through your suf-f'ring, death and mer-it, life e - ter-nal we in-her-it;
 Lord, you chose to be tor-ment-ed that our doom should be pre-vent-ed;
 thank you for the groan-ing, sigh-ing, for the vic-t'ry of your dy-ing,

thou-sand, thou-sand thanks are due, dear - est Je - sus, un - to you.
 thou-sand, thou-sand thanks are due, dear - est Je - sus, un - to you.
 for that last tri - um-ph'ant cry, praise you ev - er - more on high.

Jesus, Refuge of the Weary

1 Jesus, refuge of the weary,
blessed redeemer, whom we love,
fountain in life's desert dreary,
Savior from the world above:
often have your eyes, offended,
gazed upon the sinner's fall;
yet upon the cross extended,
you have borne the pain of all.

2 Do we pass that cross unheeding,
breathing no repentant vow,
though we see you wounded, bleeding,
see your thorn-encircled brow?
Yet your sinless death has brought us
life eternal, peace and rest;
only what your grace has taught us
calms the sinner's deep distress.

3 Jesus, may our hearts be burning
with more fervent love for you;
may our eyes be ever turning
to behold your cross anew;
till in glory, parted never
from the blessed Savior's side,
graven in our hearts forever,
dwell the cross, the Crucified.

TEXT: Girolamo Savonarola (1452-1498). Tr. Jane F. Wilde (1826-1896), alt.
TUNE: Herrnhut (c. 1735); J. Thommen (1745); C. Gregor *Choralbuch* (1784)

8.7.8.7.D. Trochaic
CASSEL (167 A)

Go to Dark Gethsemane

349



1 Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, all who feel the tempt-er's pow'r;
2 Fol - low to the judg-ment hall, view the Lord of life ar-raigned;
3 Cal-v'ry's mourn-ful moun-tain climb; there, a - dor-ing at his feet,
4 Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb, where they laid his breath-less clay;



your Re-deem - er's con-flict see, watch with him one bit - ter hour.
O the worm-wood and the gall! O the pangs his soul sus-tained!
mark that mir - a - cle of time, God's own sac - ri - fice com-plete.
all is sol - i - tude and gloom; who has tak - en him a - way?



Turn not from his griefs a - way; learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.
Shun not suf-f'ring, shame or loss; learn of him to bear the cross.
"It is fin-ished!" hear him cry; learn of Je - sus Christ to die.
Christ is ris'n - he meets our eyes! Sav-ior, teach us so to rise.

