

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. There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee, I do a -

judge thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de -
 trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord
 sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered; for man's a -
 sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion; thy death of
 dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee, think on thy

rid - ed, by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.
 Je - sus, I it was de - nied thee: I cru - ci - fied thee.
 tone - ment, while he noth - ing heed - eth, God in - ter - ced - eth.
 an - guish and thy bit - ter Pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.
 pi - ty and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing. A - men.

Text: Johann Heerman (1585-1647), tr. Robert Bridges, 1899
 Tune: Herzliebster Jesu, Johann Crueger, 1640
 11.11.11.5

1. A most griev - ing Moth - er stood be - neath the Cross,
 2. "Fre - quent - ly I bathed thee, washed thee with my tears,
 3. "Thou who bound up bru - is - es, healed the brok - en heart - ed,
 4. "Though I suf - fer sor - row and lam - ent thy loss

shed - ding tears of sor - row to be - moan her loss,
 as I gave thee nur - ture in thy ten - der years.
 did raise up the low - ly and the thous - and fed:
 who en - dur'st for sin - ners tor - ment on the Cross:

"Son, most be - lov - ed, how didst thou trans - gress? Why dost thou now
 But now I weep as in sor - row deep I be - held the
 art now up - lift - ed on the Tree of Life, to de - liv - er
 I wor - ship thee nailed up - on the Tree and I know thy

suf - fer an - guish and dis - tress, on the Cross?
 shep - herd tak - en from His sheep by the Cross.
 man - kind from sin, death and strife through the Cross.
 Tri - umph know - ing death shall flee from the Cross."

Text: Traditional Ukrainian
 Tune: Grieving Mother, Ukrainian. 65.65.55.653

My Song is Love Unknown

Passiontide

1. My song is love un - known, my
 2. He came from his blest throne, sal -
 3. Some - times they strew his way, and
 4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What
 5. They rise, and needs will have my

Sa - vior's love to me, love to the love - less
 va - tion to be - stow; but men made strange, and
 his sweet prais - es sing; re - sound - ing all the
 makes this rage and spite? He made the lame to
 dear Lord made a - way; a mur - der - er they

shown, that they might love - ly be. O
 none the longed - for Christ would know. But
 day Ho - san - nas to their King. Then
 run, He gave the blind their sight. Sweet
 save, the Prince of Life they slay. Yet

who am I, that for my sake my
 O, my Friend, my Friend in - deed, who
 "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath, and
 in - jur - ies! Yet they at these them -
 cheer - ful he to suffer - ing goes, that

Lord should take frail flesh, and die?
 at my need His life did spend!
 for his death they thirst and cry.
 selves dis - please, and 'gainst him rise.
 he his foes from thence might free.

6. In life, no house, no home
 My Lord on earth might have;
 In death, no friendly tomb
 But what a stranger gave.
 What may I say?
 Heaven was his home;
 But mine the tomb
 Wherein he lay.

7. 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.

Text: S. Crossman (1624-1683)

Tune: Love Unknown, John Ireland (1879-1962)
 66.66.88