

Hymns for Good Friday Tenebrae Service (7pm) – April 2, 2021

SERVICE HYMN - 453 Upon the Cross Extended



1 Up - on the cross ex - tend - ed See, world, your
2 Come, see these things and pon - der, Your soul will
3 Who is it, Lord, that bruised You? Who has so
4 I caused Your grief and sigh - ing By e - vils



Lord sus - pend - ed. Your Sav - ior yields His breath.
fill with won - der As blood streams from each pore.
sore a - bused You And caused You all Your woe?
mul - ti - ply - ing As count - less as the sands.



The Prince of Life from heav - en Him - self has free - ly
Through grief be - yond all know - ing From His great heart came
We all must make con - fes - sion Of sin and dire trans -
I caused the woes un - num - bered With which Your soul is



giv - en To shame and blows and bit - ter death.
flow - ing Sighs well - ing from its deep - est core.
gres - sion While You no ways of e - vil know.
cum - bered, Your sor - rows raised by wick - ed hands.

- 5 Your soul in griefs unbounded,
Your head with thorns surrounded,
You died to ransom me.
The cross for me enduring,
The crown for me securing,
You healed my wounds and set me free.
- 6 Your cords of love, my Savior,
Bind me to You forever,
I am no longer mine.
To You I gladly tender
All that my life can render
And all I have to You resign.
- 7 Your cross I place before me;
Its saving pow'r restore me,
Sustain me in the test.
It will, when life is ending,
Be guiding and attending
My way to Your eternal rest.

OFFICE HYMN - 449 O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



1 O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,
4 Be Thou my con - so - la - tion, My shield, when I must die;



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown.
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?
Re - mind me of Thy pas - sion When my last hour draws nigh.



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
O make me Thine for - ev - er! And should I faint - ing be,
Mine eyes shall then be - hold Thee, Up - on Thy cross shall dwell,



Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine.
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, And grant to me Thy grace.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, Out - live my love for Thee.
My heart by faith en - fold Thee. Who di - eth thus dies well.