

Hymn Texts for Good Friday Service

“Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed”

Alas! and did my Savior bleed and did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?
Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine, and bathed in its own blood,
while all exposed to wrath divine the glorious Sufferer stood?

Was it for crimes that I had done he groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut his glories in,
when Christ, the mighty Maker, died for man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face while his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness and melt my eyes in tears.
But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give my self away, 'tis all that I can do.

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted No. 257

Stricken, smitten, and afflicted, see him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected; yes, my soul, 'tis he, 'tis he!
'Tis the long-expected Prophet, David's son, yet David's Lord;
By his Son God now has spoken: 'tis the true and faithful Word.

Tell me, ye who hear him groaning, was there ever grief like his?
Friends thro' fear his cause disowning, foes insulting his distress;
Many hands were raised to wound him, none would interpose to save;
But the deepest stroke that pierced him was the stroke that Justice gave.

Ye who think of sin but lightly nor suppose the evil great
Here may view its nature rightly, here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the sacrifice appointed, see who bears the awful load;
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed, Son of Man and Son of God.

Here we have a firm foundation, here the refuge of the lost;
Christ's the Rock of our salvation, his the name of which we boast.
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded, sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded who on him their hope have built.

Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended No. 248

Ah, holy Jesus, how has thou offended,
that man to judge thee hath in hate pretended?
By foes derided, by thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.

Who was the guilty who brought this upon thee?
Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone thee,
'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied thee:
I crucified thee.

Lo, the Good Shepherd for the sheep is offered;
The slave hath sinned, and the Son hath suffered:
For man's atonement, while he nothing heedeth,
God intercedeth.

For me, kind Jesus, was thine incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation:
Thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

Therefore, kind Jesus, since I cannot pay thee,
I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee,
Think on thy pity and thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded No. 247

O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory, what bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, has suffered was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor, vouchsafe to me thy grace.

What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever; and should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to thee.

Be near when I am dying, O show thy cross to me;
And for my succor flying, Come, Lord, to set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving, From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing, Dies safely, through thy love.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross No. 252

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.