THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

HERZLIEBSTER JESU. (111, 115.)
Very slow and solemn $\frac{\text{C}}{4} = 46$.

Melody by J. Cristian, 1598–1682.

[May be sung in unison throughout.]

J. Hermann, 1855–1947. Tr. H.B.

HERZLIEBSTER JESU.

1 A, holy Jesu, how hast thou offended,
That man to judge thee hath in hate pretended?
By foes derided, by thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.

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

3 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.

4 For me, kind Jesu, was thy incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation;
Thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

5 Therefore, kind Jesu, 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.
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

SOLOMON. (C. M.)
In moderate time $\frac{4}{4} = 72$.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW. (L. M.)
In moderate time $\frac{4}{4} = 96$.

Adapted from the Air ' What tho' I trace.'
G. F. Handel, 1685-1759.

Henry Dunstable (1532)

O God, ego amum te.
12th cent. Tr. F. Ouseley.

Christe qui lux est dies.
Before 800. Tr. W. J. Ockeghem and others.

NOTES.—This hymn may also be sung to ALFREDON (No. 240).

O CHRIST, who art the Light and Day,
Thou drivest darksome night away
We know thee as the Light of light,
Illuminating mortal sight.

1 All-holy Lord, we pray to thee,
Keep us to-night from danger free;
Grant us, dear Lord, in thee to rest,
So be our sleep in quiet bless.

2 And while the eyes soft slumber take,
Still be the heart to thee awake;
Be thy right hand upheld above
Thy servants resting in thy love.

3 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well,
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!

5 E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thine praise will sing,
Soledy because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

6 Amen.

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117
0 Thou who dost accord us
The highest prize and guerdon,
Thou hope of all our race,
Jesu, do thou afford us
The gift we ask of pardon
For all who humbly seek thy face.

2 With whispered accusation
Our conscience tells of sinning
In thought, and word, and deed;
Thine is our restoration,
The work of grace beginning
For souls from every burden freed.

3 For who, if thou reject us,
Shall raise the fainting spirit?
'Tis thine alone to spare:
If thou to life elect us,
With cleansed hearts to near it,
Shall be our task, our lowly prayer.

4 O Trinity most glorious,
Thy pardon free bestowing,
Defend us evermore;
That in thy courts victorious,
Thy love more truly knowing,
We may with all thy Saints adore.
SAVIOR, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes.
O, by all thy pains and woes,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany.

By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter’s power:
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany.

By the sacred graces that went
O’er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem’s loved abode;
By the anguish sighs that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold;
From thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn Litany.

LENT

4 By thine hour of dire despair,
   By thine agony of prayer,
   By the Cross, the nail, the thorn,
   Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
   By the gloom that veiled the skies
   Over the dreadful Sacrifice;
   Listen to our humble cry;
   Hear our solemn Litany.

5 By thy deep expiring groan,
   By the sad sepulchral stone,
   By the vault whose dark abode
   Held in vain the rising God;
   O! from earth to heaven restored,
   Mighty resounded Lord,
   Listen, listen to the cry
   Of our solemn Litany.

TUNBRIDGE. (77.77.)

8 INFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest;
God, be merciful to me.

2 Holiness I’ve none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need;
God, be merciful to me.

5 There is One beside thy throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in him and him alone:
God, be merciful to me.

8 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to thee;
Yet thou canst interpret sights:
God, be merciful to me.

4 From this sinful heart of mine
To thy bosom I would flee;
I am not mine own, but thine:
God, be merciful to me.

J. S. B. Monell, 1811-75.

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THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the Tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away,
Lest Christ our life may slay.

2. See him at the judgement-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned;
See him meekly bearing all;
Love to man his soul sustained.
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Christ to bear the Cross.

3. Calvary's mournful mountain view;
There the Lord of Glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on the accursed tree:
"It is finished!" hear him cry;
Trust in Christ and learn to die.

PASSIONTIDE

My God! my God! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts
Than of the wind that waves the bough?

2. I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine; breathe the air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and thy long prayer.

3. Shall it be always thus, O Lord?
Wilt thou not work this hour in me
The grace thy Passion merited,
Hatred of self, and love of thee?

4. Ever when tempted, make me so,
Beneath the olives' moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth he made;

5. And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to him who bears the world
A load that he could scarcely bear.
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

PASSION CHORALE. (78.76. D.)
Very slow and solemn $d = 42.$

Melody by H. L. Hassler, 1564-1612.
Adapted and harmonised by J. S. Bach.

O SÄDLY head, sore wounded,
Defiled and put to scorn;
Oh kingly head, surrounded
With mocking crown of thorn;
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?
Can death thy bloom deflower?
O countenance whose splendour
The hosts of heaven adore.

2 Thy beauty, long-desired,
Hath vanished from our sight;
Thy power is all expired,
And quenched the light of light.
Ah me! for whom thou diest,
Hide not so far thy grace:
Show me, O Love most highest,
The brightness of thy face.

3 I pray thee, Jesus, own me,
Me, Shepherd good, for thine;
Who to thy fold hast won me,
And fed with truth divine.
Me guilty, me refuse not,
Incline thy face to me,
This comfort that I lose not,
On earth to comfort thee.

4 In thy most bitter passion
My heart to share doth cry,
With thee for my salvation
Upon the Cross to die.
Ah, keep my heart thus moved
To stand thy Cross beneath,
To mourn thee, well-beloved,
Yet thank thee for thy death.

5 My days are few, O fall not,
With thine immortal power,
To hold me that I quasi not
In death's most fearful hour:
That I may fight befriended,
And see in my last strife
To me thine arms extended
Upon the Cross of life.
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

103

Adapted (1524) from Easter plain song * Gloria in excelsis (later form of the melody).

Very broad.

0 SINNER, raise the eye of faith,
To true repentance turning,
Consider well the curse of sin,
Its shame and guilt discerning:
Upon the Crucified One look,
So shalt thou learn, as in a book,
What well is worth thy learning.

1. Look on the head, with such a crown
   Of bitter thorns surrounded;
   The feet and hands thus wounded;
   And see his flesh with scourgis rent:
   Mark how upon the Innocent
   Man's malice hath abounded.

2. But though upon him many a pain
   Its bitterness is spending,
   Yet more, O how much more! his heart
   Man's wickedness is rending;
   Such is the load for sinners borne,
   As Mary's Son in woe forlorn
   His life for us is ending.

3. But none ever knew such pangs before,
   None ever such affliction,
   As when his people brought to pass
   The Saviour's crucifixion.
   He willed to bear for us the thorns,
   For us the unimagined woes,
   Of death's most foul inflection.

4. O sinner, stay and ponder well
   Sin's fearful condemnation;
   Think on the wounds that Christ endured
   In working thy salvation;
   For if thy Lord had never died,
   Nought else could sinful man betide
   But utter reprobation.

5. Lord, give us sinners grace to flee
   The death of evil-doing,
   To shun the gloomy gates of hell,
   Thine awful judgement viewing.
   So thank we thee, O Christ, to-day,
   And so for life eternal pray,
   The holy road pursuing.

6. And so for life eternal pray,
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

104

NUN LASST UNS GEHN. (777.)
Moderately slow $\tau = 60.$

Eichen- und Haus-Buch, Dresden, 1604.

PASSIONTIDE

105

BATTY. (G7 87.)
Moderately slow $\tau = 60.$

Erbaulicher musikalisichen Christenчат, 1745.

Note.—The plain song tune for this hymn will be found in the Appendix (No. 2).

STEVENS, b. 848. Tr. T. A. L.

Composed.

Cultur Dei, memento.

S The soul remember, thy God, remember,
The stream thy soul bedewing,
The grace that came upon thee
Anointing and renewing.

2 When kindly slumber calls thee,
Upon thy bed reclining,
Trace thou the Cross of Jesus,
Thy heart and forehead signing.

3 The Cross dissolves the darkness,
And drives away temptation;
It calms the wavering spirit
By quiet consecration.

4 Begone, begone, the terrors
Of vague and formless dreaming;
Begone, then fall deceiver,
With all thy boasted scheming.

5 Begone, thou crooked serpent,
Who, twisting and pursuing,
By fraud and lies preparing
The simple soul's undoing,

6 Tremble, for Christ is near us,
Depart, for here he dwelleth,
And this, the Sign thou knowest,
Thy strong battalions quelling.

7 Then while the weary body
Its rest in sleep is hearing,
The heart will muse in silence
On Christ and his appearing.

8 To God, eternal Father,
To Christ, our King, be glory,
And to the Holy Spirit,
In never-ending story. Amen.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the Sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I stay, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his Blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his Cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy full salvation,
And unveiled thy glories see.

A - men.

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THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

106

HORSLEY. (G. M.)

Moderately slow $\frac{1}{8}=88.$

W. Horsley, 1774-1858.

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

2 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.

3 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.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming Blood,
And try his works to do.

PASSIONTIDE

107

CATON OR ROCKINGHAM. (I. M.)

Very slow $\frac{1}{8}=68.$

MRS. C. F. Alexander, 1828-86.

Note.—A different harmonisation of this tune will be found in the Appendix (No. 45).

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.

2 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.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;

* Weble's original version of this passage is:

Did o'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5. 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.
**THE CHRISTIAN YEAR**

108

EBENEZER (TON-V-BOTEL). (67, 67, B.)

Very slow d = 44. [This tune may be sung throughout in unison.]

*Welsh Hymn Melody.*

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**HOLY WEEK**

Unison. 4. Hail! All hail! Thou Lord of Glory! Thou, our Father, thee we own; Abram heard not of our story, Israel ne'er our name hath known. But, Redeemer, thou hast sought us, Thou hast heard thy children's wail, Thou with thy dear Blood hast bought us: Hail! Thou mighty Victor, hail!

*The following are also suitable, in addition to several of the Lent hymns:
118 It is finished.
318 Head of the world.
478 King of kings. 514 Jesus, name all names above.
409 In the Cross of Christ I glory.
477 Rock of ages.*

**HOLY WEEK**

Paschal Office Hymns till Maundy Thursday. No Office Hymns from Maundy Thursday till Low Sunday.

**CHESHIRE. (C.M.)**

*Earl's Patter, 1602.*

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**PALM SUNDAY**

See

119 Come, faithful people, come away.
260 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
321 Glory and praise and devotion.
522 All glory, laud, and honour.
523 Now, my soul, thy voice uprasing.

---

**MAUNDY THURSDAY**

The following are suitable:

200 According to thy gracious word.
317 Land, O land, thy salvation.
387 Of the glorious Body telling.
388 The Word of God proceeding forth.

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**NOTE.**—This hymn may also be sung to ZUM FRIEDEN (No. 499).

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, 1813-96.

Who art thou, the valleys seeking
Whereas our peaceful harvests wave?
'I, in righteous anger speaking,' I, the mighty One to save;
3 'I, that of the raging heathen
Trod the winepress all alone,
Now in victor-garlands wreathen
Coming to redeem mine own:
I am he with sprinkled raiment,
Glorious for my vengeance hour,
Ransoming, with priceless payment,
And delivering with power.'

---

**WHO is this with garments gory,**
Triumphing from Bozrah's way;
This that weareth robes of glory,
Bright with more than victory's ray?

Who is this unwearied cometh
From his journey's sultry length,
Travelling through Idume's summer,
In the greatness of his strength?

2 Wherefore red in thine apparel
Like the conquerors of earth,
And arrayed like those who carol
O'er the reeking vineyard's mirth?

---

**0 Thou who through this holy week**
Didst suffer for us all,
The sick to cure, the lost to seek,
To raise up them that fall:

3 Thy foot the path of suffering trod;
Thy hand the victory won;
What shall we render to our God
For all that he hath done?

4 O grant us, Lord, with thee to die,
With thee to rise anew;
Grant us the things of earth to fly,
The things of heaven pursue.
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

110

NUN KOMM, DER HEIDEN HEILAND. (77,77.)
Very slow \( \text{C} = 44 \).

Melody in Weller’s ”Gesangbuchlein,” 1524,
Harmony from J. S. Bach.

GOOD FRIDAY

See also 737 The Reproaches.

Bishop R. Munt, 1773-1842.

SEE the destined day arise!

2 Jesus, who but thou had borne,
Lifted on that Tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter thee,
Finishing thy life of woe?

3 Who but thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain,
And with tender body bore
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 There, poured forth, the water flowed,
Mingled with thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished Sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that Sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

Unison. 6. Grant us grace to sing to thee,
In the Trinal Unity,
Ever with the sons of light,
Blessed, honour, glory, might. Amen.

PASSIONTIDE: GOOD FRIDAY

111

ST. CROSS. (L.M.)
In a moderate time \( \text{C} = 72 \).

J. H. Dykes, 1823-76.

COME and mourn with me awhile;
O come and let us mourn with her:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for him,
Ah, look how patiently he hangs:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

3 How fast his hands and feet are nailed;
His blessed tongue with thirst is dry:
Jesus, our Love is crucified.

4 His Mother cannot reach his face;
Her heart is martyred with her Son’s;
Jesus, our Love is crucified.

5 Seven times he spoke, seven words of love;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Love is crucified.

6 O break, O break, hard heart of mine;
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Filate and his Judas bore;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

7 A broken heart, a fountain of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love’s cradle is:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

8 O Love of God! O sin of Man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with Love:
For he, our Love, is crucified.

Of the following:
97 Plead thou truly, seek renown.
484 Take up thy cross.
Easter Hymn. (74, 74, D.)

Note.—A higher setting of this tune will be found in the Appendix (No. 18).
Lyra Davidica (1705), and the Supplement (1815).
Based partly on St. Cecilia's Christmas Hymn.

Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
Who did once, upon the Cross, Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia!

190

Note.—Either of these two versions may be used, not, of course, together. The second (original) version may also be sung to the words of Hymn 143.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save, Alleluia!

3. But the pains that he endured, Alleluia!
Our salvation have procured, Alleluia!
Now above the sky he's King, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!

191
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

136

RESURRECTION MORNING. (37. 28.)

With some freedom, but not too fast. \( \text{\textcopyright} \) 1833.

P. C. Buxton.

\begin{align*}
0 & \text{On the Resurrection morning} \\
& \text{Soul and body meet again;} \\
& \text{No more sorrow, no more weeping,} \\
& \text{No more pain!} \\
3^\text{a} & \text{For a while the wearied body} \\
& \text{Lies with feet toward the morn;} \\
& \text{Till the last and brightest Easter} \\
& \text{Day be born.} \\
2^\text{a} & \text{Here awhile they must be parted,} \\
& \text{And the flesh its Sabbath keep,} \\
& \text{Waiting in a holy stillness,} \\
& \text{Wrapped in sleep.} \\
4^\text{a} & \text{But the soul in contemplation} \\
& \text{Utters earnest prayer and strong;} \\
& \text{Bursting at the Resurrection} \\
& \text{Into song.}
\end{align*}

5 Soul and body reunited

Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.

6 O the beauty, O the gladness

Of that Resurrection day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away!

7 On that happy Easter morning

All the graves their dead restore;
Father, sister, child, and mother
Meet once more.

6 To that brightest of all meetings

Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last,
By thy Cross, through death and judgement,
Holding fast.

NOTE. — This hymn may also be sung to Honeym (Appendix, No. 28).

S. Earp's song, 1833-1834.

137

ELLACOMBE. (76. 76. D.)

Brightly \( \text{\textcopyright} \) 1855.

Maine Cenney-Loch, 1838.

\begin{align*}
1 & \text{This hymn may also be sung to ACH Gott von Himmelreiche (No. 170).}
\end{align*}

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION!

1 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own 'All hail,' and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
And earth her song begin.
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

188 (Alternative Tune)

MACH’S MIT GOTT. (St. 87. 8.8.)

Very slow and solemn $= 45$.


Harmony from J. S. Bach.

DIES IST DER TAG. (St. 87. 8.8.)

In moderate time $= 120$.

Melody by J. Scherf, c. 1676.

(3) Rise, Sion, rise! and looking forth,

Behold thy children round thee!

From east and west, from south and north,

Thy scattered sons have found thee;

And in thy bosom Christ adore

For ever and for evermore.

3 Thou hallowed chosen morn of praise,

That best and greatest shinest:

Lady and queen and day of days,

Of things divine, divinest!

On thee our praises Christ adore

For ever and for evermore.

4. O Father, O co-equal Son,

O co-eternal Spirit,

In persons Three, in substance One,

And One in power and merit;

In thee baptized, we thee adore

For ever and for evermore. Amen.

St. John Damascene, p. 152.

Thou art the eternal King

For ever and for evermore.

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197