

Hymns for Maundy Thursday

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What Wondrous Love Is This

John 19:17; Rev. 5:13

19th century, United States; alt.
First published in Mercer's Cluster, 1836

1 What won-drous love is this, O my soul! O my soul! What
2 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing, to
3 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on, and

won-drous love is this, O my soul! What won-drous love is
God and to the Lamb, I will sing; To God and to the
when from death I'm free, I'll sing on! And when from death I'm

this! that Christ should come in bliss to bear the heav-y cross for my
Lamb who is the great I Am, while mil-lions join the theme, I will
free, I'll sing and joy-ful be, and through e-ter-ni-ty I'll sing

soul, for my soul, to bear the heav-y cross for my soul!
sing, I will sing; while mil-lions join the theme, I will sing.
on, I'll sing on, and through e-ter-ni-ty I'll sing on!

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

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Medieval Latin, attrib. to Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153)

German paraphr. by Paul Gerhardt, 1656

Transl. James W. Alexander, 1830; alt.

Isa. 53; John 19:1–3

1 O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
2 What you, dear Sav - ior, suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain;
3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank you, dear - est friend;

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, your on - ly crown,
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but yours the dead - ly pain.
For this your dy - ing sor - row, your pit - y with - out end?

How pale you are with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn!
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior, for I de - serve your place;
May I be yours for - ev - er; and though my days be few,

How does your vis - age lan - guish which once was bright as morn!
Look on me with your fa - vor, O grant to me your grace.
O Sav - ior, let me nev - er out - live my love for you!

Ah, Holy Jesus

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Johann Heermann, 1630

Paraphr. by Robert Bridges, 1899; alt.

Isa. 53:3-5; John 1:11; 18:15-17

1 Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how have you of - fend - ed, that mor-tal
2 Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on you? It is my
3 For me, kind Je - sus, was your in - car - na - tion, your mor-tal
4 There-fore, kind Je - sus, since I can-not pay you, I do a -

judg - ment has on you de - scend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,
trea - son, Je - sus, that has slain you. And I, dear Je - sus,
sor - row, and your life's ob - la - tion, Your death of an - guish
dore you, and will ev - er pray you, Think on your pit - y

by your own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed!
I it was de - nied you; I cru - ci - fied you.
and your bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.
and your love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

Were You There?

*Negro Spiritual*WERE YOU THERE *Irregular*
Negro Melody

1 Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you
2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? Were you
3 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you

there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
there when they nailed him to the tree? Oh!
there when they laid him in the tomb?

Some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble.

Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?