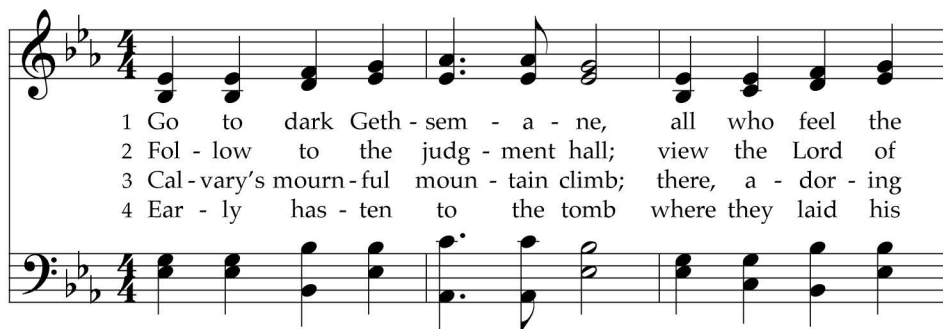
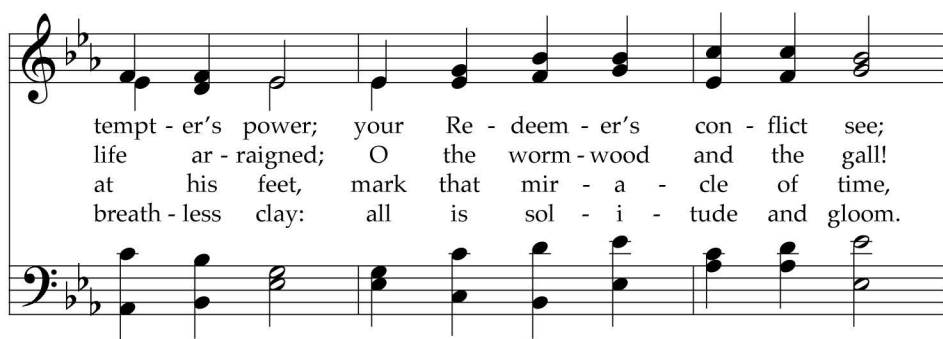


## 220 Go to Dark Gethsemane



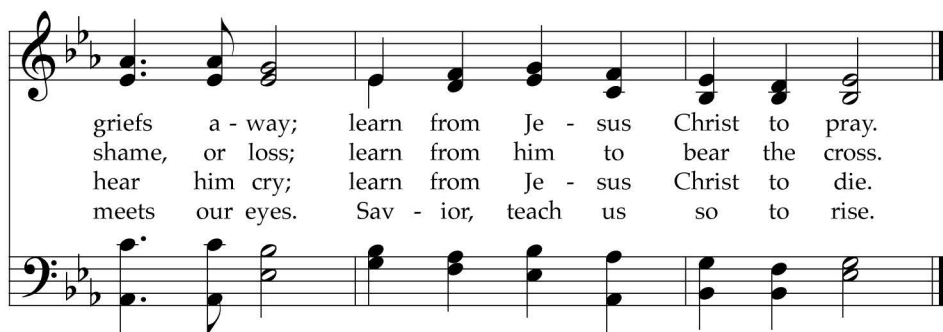
1 Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, all who feel the  
 2 Fol - low to the judg - ment hall; view the Lord of  
 3 Cal - vary's mourn - ful moun - tain climb; there, a - dor - ing  
 4 Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb where they laid his



tempt - er's power; your Re - deem - er's con - flict see;  
 life ar - raigned; O the worm - wood and the gall!  
 at his feet, mark that mir - a - cle of time,  
 breath - less clay: all is sol - i - tude and gloom.



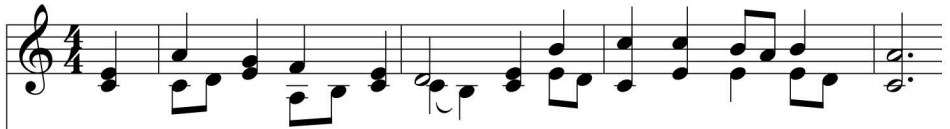
watch with him one bit - ter hour; turn not from his  
 O the pangs his soul sus - tained! Shun not suf - fering,  
 God's own sac - ri - fice com - plete; "It is fin - ished!"  
 Who has tak - en him a - way? Christ is risen! He



griefs a - way; learn from Je - sus Christ to pray.  
 shame, or loss; learn from him to bear the cross.  
 hear him cry; learn from Je - sus Christ to die.  
 meets our eyes. Sav - ior, teach us so to rise.

The composer intended this tune for "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me" (no. 438), but its solemn tone and small range make it an effective setting for this series of somber vignettes portraying what Christians can learn from Christ: to pray, to bear the cross, to die, and to rise.

## O Sacred Head, Now Wounded 221



1 O sa - cred head, now wound-ed, with grief and shame weigh-ed 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,



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?



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,



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 to thee.



This poignant hymn originated in a series of Holy Week meditations focused on the parts of Christ's crucified body: feet, knees, hands, side, breast, heart, face. First joined to secular words, this chorale melody has appeared with this text since the mid-17th century.