

# 226 There in God's Garden

1 There in God's gar - den stands the tree of Wis - dom,  
 2 Its name is Je - sus, name that says, "Our Sav - ior!"  
 3 Thorns not its own are tan - gled in its fo - liage;  
 4 See how its branch - es reach to us in wel - come;

whose leaves hold forth the heal - ing of the na - tions:  
 There on its branch - es see the scars of suf - fering;  
 our greed has starved it; our de - spite has choked it.  
 hear what the Voice says, "Come to me, ye wea - ry!

tree of all knowl - edge, tree of all com -  
 see there the ten - drils of our hu - man  
 Yet, look! it lives! its grief has not de -  
 Give me your sick - ness; give me all your

These evocative stanzas on Christ's Passion come from a twelve-stanza hymn by a 17th-century Hungarian pastor, as translated by the preeminent 20th-century hymnologist of the English-speaking world. The tune name honors the composer's home in the foothills of the Appalachians.

JESUS CHRIST: PASSION AND DEATH



pas - sion, tree of all beau - ty.  
self - hood feed on its life - blood.  
stroyed it nor fire con - sumed it.  
sor - row; I will give bless - ing."

5 This is my ending;  
this, my resurrection;  
into your hands,  
Lord, I commit my spirit.  
This have I searched for;  
now I can possess it.  
This ground is holy.

6 All heaven is singing,  
"Thanks to Christ whose passion  
offers in mercy  
healing, strength, and pardon.  
Peoples and nations,  
take it; take it freely!"  
Amen! My Master!

## 218

## Ah, Holy Jesus

1 Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed,  
 2 Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on thee?  
 3 Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered;  
 4 For me, kind Je - sus, was thine in - car - na - tion,  
 5 There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee,

that we to judge thee have in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de -  
 A - las, my trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord  
 the slave hath sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered; for our a -  
 thy mor - tal sor - row, and thy life's o - bla - tion, thy death of  
 I do a - dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee, think on thy

rid - ed, by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed!  
 Je - sus, I it was de - nied thee; I cru - ci - fied thee.  
 tone - ment, while we noth - ing heed - ed, God in - ter - ced - ed.  
 an - guish and thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.  
 pit - y and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

This beautiful English paraphrase of a German meditation on Christ's Passion bears testimony to the unobtrusive poetic skill and musical sensitivity of a future Poet Laureate of England. The associated chorale is no less carefully crafted and rewards singing in parts.

# Lord Jesus, Think on Me 417

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are arranged in two systems, each with four stanzas. The first system contains stanzas 1-4, and the second system contains stanzas 5-8. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and simple rhythmic patterns that support the vocal line.

1 Lord Je - sus, think on me, and purge a - way my sin. From  
2 Lord Je - sus, think on me, a - mid the bat - tle's strife. In  
3 Lord Je - sus, think on me, nor let me go a - stray. Through  
4 Lord Je - sus, think on me, that, when this life is past, I

earth-born pas - sions set me free, and make me pure with - in.  
all my pain and mis - er - y be thou my health and life.  
dark - ness and per - plex - i - ty point thou the heaven - ly way.  
may the e - ter - nal bright - ness see, and share thy joy at last.

This text is among the oldest hymns in this book; its original Greek version dates from around the beginning of the 5th century. The stanzas used here come from a 19th-century paraphrase, whose simplicity and directness are well complemented by a 16th-century psalm tune.

TEXT: Synesius of Cyrene, 5th cent.; trans. Allen W. Chatfield, 1876, alt.  
MUSIC: Daman's *Psalmes*, 1579, alt.

SOUTHWELL  
SM

# 216 Beneath the Cross of Jesus

1 Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,  
 2 Up - on the cross of Je - sus mine eye at times can see  
 3 I take, O cross, thy shad - ow for my a - bid - ing place;

the shad - ow of a might - y rock with - in a wea - ry land;  
 the ver - y dy - ing form of One who suf - fered there for me;  
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than the sun - shine of his face;

a home with - in the wil - der - ness, a rest up - on the way,  
 and from my strick - en heart with tears two won - ders I con - fess:  
 con - tent to let the world go by, to know no gain or loss,

from the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, and the bur - den of the day.  
 the won - ders of re - deem - ing love and my un - wor - thi - ness.  
 my sin - ful self my on - ly shame, my glo - ry all the cross.

For sheer intensity of feeling few hymns can match this meditation on the cross; impressive images and strong contrasts combine to give the text its ardor. The passionate language is augmented by the highly chromatic tune later composed for these words.

# 212 Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed

1 A - las! And did my Sav - ior bleed, and  
 2 Was it for sins that I have done he  
 3 Well might the sun in dark - ness hide and  
 4 But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the

did my Sov - ereign die! Would he de - vote that  
 suf - fered on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y!  
 shut its glo - ries in, when Christ, the great Re -  
 debt of love I owe; here, Lord, I give my -

sa - cred head for sin - ners such as I!  
 Grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 deem - er, died for hu - man crea - tures' sin.  
 self a - way; 'tis all that I can do.

Much like this author's "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" (nos. 223, 224), this more introspective treatment of Christ's crucifixion calls forth self-sacrifice from the beholder. It is set here to a tune that may well have originated as an 18th-century Scottish folk song.

# 224 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the  
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the  
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sor - row and  
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a

Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I  
 death of Christ my God; all the vain things that  
 love flow min - gled down; did e'er such love and  
 pres - ent far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.  
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

This carefully crafted text from the beginning of the 18th century conveys much the same intensity and vividness as a miniature painting of Christ's crucifixion, and this lyrical and dignified tune reinforces the sense that time stands still while we share such meditation.

# 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 - rained; 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 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,

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.