

Hymns for 2nd April 2021 – GOOD FRIDAY

I cannot tell why he, whom angels worship

A&M 666. Tune: Londonderry Air.

1. I cannot tell why He, whom angels worship,
should set his love upon the sons of men,
or why, as Shepherd,
 he should seek the wanderers
to bring them back,
 they know not how or when.
But this I know: that he was born of Mary,
when Bethlehem's manger
 was his only home,
and that he lived at Nazareth and laboured,
and so the Saviour,
 Saviour of the world is come.
2. I cannot tell how silently he suffered
as with his peace he graced this place of tears,
or how his heart upon the cross was broken,
the crown of pain to three-and-thirty years.
But this I know: he heals the broken-hearted,
and stays our sin, and calms our lurking fear,
and lifts the burden from the heavy-laden,
for yet the Saviour,
 Saviour of the world is here.
3. I cannot tell how he will win the nations,
how he will claim his earthly heritage,
how satisfy the needs and aspirations
of east and west, of sinner and of sage.
But this I know: all flesh shall see his glory,
and he shall reap the harvest he has sown,
and some glad day
 his sun shall shine in splendour
when he the Saviour,
 Saviour of the world is known.
4. I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship
when, at his bidding, every storm is stilled,
or who can say how great the jubilation
when every heart with love and joy is filled.
But this I know:
 the skies will thrill with rapture,
and myriad, myriad human voices sing,
and earth to heaven
 and heaven to earth will answer:
At last the Saviour,
 Saviour of the world is King.

William Young Fullerton (1857–1932)

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Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

TiS 345. Tune: Were you There

1. Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
O sometimes it causes me to tremble,
 tremble, tremble;
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
2. Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
O sometimes it causes me to tremble,
 tremble, tremble;
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
3. Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
sometimes it causes me to tremble,
 tremble, tremble;
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
4. Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
O sometimes it causes me to tremble,
 tremble, tremble;
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
5. Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
O sometimes it causes me to tremble,
 tremble, tremble;
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
6. Were you there when he rose out from the tomb?
Were you there when he rose out from the tomb?
O sometimes it causes me to tremble,
 tremble, tremble;
Were you there when he rose out from the tomb?

Based on an African-American spiritual

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See His hands

AOV2 48. Tune: See His Hands

1. See his hands,
see the cruel marks of bitterness and shame.
See his hands
reaching out to take the whole world's pain.
O, see his hands,
O, see his wounds,
O, see his hands reaching out to the world.
2. Feel his hands,
feel his touch upon your tear-stained face.
Feel his hands
gently lifting you to beauty and grace.
O, feel his hands,
O, feel his wounds,
O, feel his hands reaching out to your pain.
3. Take his hands
in your own, touch those precious scars.
Take the love
from his wounds: heal your wounded heart.
O, take his hands,
O, touch his wounds,
O, feel his love flowing into your heart.

Words & Music by Sandra Sears

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When I survey the wondrous cross

TiS 342. Tune: Rockingham.

1. 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;
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small:
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

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