

## HOLY WEEK HYMNS

### MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN

My song is love unknown,  
My Saviour's love to me:  
Love to the loveless shown,  
That they might lovely be.  
O who am I, that for my sake  
My Lord should take frail flesh and die?

He came from his blessed throne,  
Salvation to bestow;  
But men made strange, and none  
The longed-for Christ would know:  
But O! my Friend, my Friend indeed,  
Who at my need his life did spend.

Sometimes they strew his way,  
And his sweet praises sing;  
Resounding all the day  
Hosannas to their King:  
Then 'Crucify!' is all their breath,  
And for his death they thirst and cry.

They rise and needs will have  
My dear Lord made away;  
A murderer they save,  
The Prince of life they slay,  
Yet cheerful he to suffering goes,  
That he his foes from thence might free.

Here might I stay and sing,  
No story so divine;  
Never was love, dear King!  
Never was grief like thine.  
This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise  
I all my days could gladly spend.

*Samuel Crossman*

## **THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY,**

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

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.

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.

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

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

*Cecil Frances Alexander*

## **WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS**

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.

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.

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?

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*

### **PRAISE TO THE HOLIEST IN THE HEIGHT**

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise;  
In all his words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all his ways.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,  
Which did in Adam fail,  
Should strive afresh against the foe,  
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace  
Should flesh and blood refine,  
God's presence and his very self,  
And essence all-divine.

O generous love! that he, who smote  
In Man for man the foe,  
The double agony in Man  
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,  
And on the cross on high,  
Should teach his brethren, and inspire  
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise;  
In all his words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all his ways.

*John H. Newman*

### **THINE BE THE GLORY**

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son;  
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.  
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,  
Kept the folded grave-clothes where Thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son;  
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won!*

Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb!  
Lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom.  
Let the church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,  
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.

No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of life;  
Life is naught without Thee: aid us in our strife;  
Make us more than conquerors, through Thy deathless love;  
Lead us in Thy triumph to Thy home above.

*Edmond Louis Budry. Tr. R. Birch Hoyle*

### **JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY**

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

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!

But the pains which he endured; Alleluia!  
Our salvation have procured; Alleluia!  
Now in heaven above he's King; Alleluia!  
Where the angels ever sing: Alleluia!

*Lyra Davidica, 1708*