

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 - f'ring;
 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 - drills of our hu - man
 Yet, look! it lives! its grief has not de -
 Give me your sick - ness, give me all your

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."

Text: Király Imre von Pécselyi, c. 1590–c. 1641; tr. Erik Routley, 1917–1982

Music: K. Lee Scott, b. 1950

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SHADES MOUNTAIN

11 11 11 5

Were You There

1 Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you there?
 2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
 3 Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
 4 Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine?
 5 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you there?

Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you there?
 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
 Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
 Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine?
 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you there?

Refrain

Oh, 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?
 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
 Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
 Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine?
 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you there?

Beneath the Cross of Jesus

1 Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I long to take my stand;
 2 Up - on the cross of Je - sus, my eye at times can see
 3 I take, O cross, your 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 a wil - der - ness, a rest up - on the way,
 And from my con - trite heart, with tears, two won - ders I con - fess:
 con - tent to let the world go by, to know no gain nor loss,

from the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat and bur - dens of the day.
 the . . . won - der of his glo - rious love and my un - wor - thi - ness.
 my . . . sin - ful self my on - ly shame, my glo - ry all, the cross.

What Wondrous Love Is This



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



that caused the Lord of bliss to bear the dread-ful curse for my
 be - neath God's righ-teous frown, Christ laid a - side his crown for my
 who is the great I AM, while mil - lions join the theme, I will
 I'll sing God's love for me, and through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing



soul, for my soul, to bear the dread-ful curse for my soul?
 soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side his crown 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.



Text: North American folk hymn, 19th cent., alt.

Music: W. Walker, *Southern Harmony*, 1835; arr. Paul J. Christiansen, 1914-1997, alt.

Arr. © 1955 Augsburg Publishing House

WONDROUS LOVE

129 66 129

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
 2 How pale thou art with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn;
 3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,
 4 Lord, be my con - so - la - tion; shield me when I must die;

now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;
 how does thy face now lan - guish, which once was bright as morn!
 for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?
 re - mind me of thy pas - sion when my last hour draws nigh.

O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!
 Thy grief and bit - ter pas - sion were all for sin - ners' gain;
 Oh, make me thine for - ev - er, and should I faint - ing be,
 These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, from thee shall nev - er move;

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.
 mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.
 for all who die be - liev - ing die safe - ly in thy love.

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676, based on Arnulf of Louvain, d. 1250; tr. composite
 Music: German melody, c. 1500; adapt. Hans Leo Hassler, 1564–1612;
 arr. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685–1750

HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN
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Ah, Holy Jesus

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

judge thee have in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,
 trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord Je - sus,
 sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered; for our a - tone - ment,
 sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion; thy death of an - guish
 dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee; think on thy pit - y

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