

## 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."

# 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?  
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*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?

# O Sons and Daughters, Let Us Sing

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Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

- 1 O sons and daughters, let us sing  
with heav'nly hosts to Christ our king:  
today the grave has lost its sting!  
Alleluia!
- 2 That Easter morn, at break of day,  
a faithful woman went her way  
to seek the tomb where Jesus lay.  
Alleluia!
- 3 When Mary's heart was filled with gloom  
and she stood weeping near the tomb,  
a stranger spoke, she knew not whom.  
Alleluia!
- 4 "Why do you weep?" his question came.  
"Whose is the body you would claim?"  
And then, at last, he spoke her name.  
Alleluia!
- 5 No longer weeping, anguish-bent,  
but with rejoicing Mary went,  
by Christ as first apostle sent.  
Alleluia!  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Text: Jean Tisserand, d. 1494, st. 1; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–1866, alt.;  
Delores Dufner, OSB, b. 1939, sts. 2–5  
Text sts. 2–5 © 1994, 2003 GIA Publications, Inc.

O FILII ET FILIAE  
8 8 8 with alleluias

# Be Not Afraid

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Be not a-fraid, sing out for joy! Christ is ris-en, al-le - lu - ia!

The first system of musical notation for 'Be Not Afraid' consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

Be not a-fraid, sing out for joy! Christ is ris-en, al-le - lu - ia!

The second system of musical notation is identical to the first system, providing a second staff for the same piece.

Text: Matthew 28:5; Taizé Community  
Music: Jacques Berthier, 1923–1994  
Text and music © 1998 Les Presses de Taizé, admin. GIA Publications, Inc.

BE NOT AFRAID  
4 4 8 D

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## 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

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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.

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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.