

# Eternal Lord of love, behold your church

## ELW 321

4-24

1. Lord of the journey, undergird your church  
once more as pilgrims pressing on through Lent,  
cloud by the day and pillar by the night,  
moved by your presence, sheltered by your tent,  
distant but here, the goal of all delight.
2. As we're alert to incidents of self,  
so you sustain us daily by your breath,  
as we advance along the road you trod  
knowing ourselves baptized into your death,  
dead to the world and glorified in God.
3. If we're in you, so also would we claim  
you as the first of many to arise,  
as through the ground the shoot begins to break,  
spring reassuring flowers with surprise,  
so would your own into new life awake.

10 10 10 10 10 alt. Chris Nelson 2024

1. Eternal Lord of love, behold your church  
walking once more the pilgrim way of Lent,  
led by your cloud by day, by night your fire,  
moved by your love and toward your presence bent:  
far off yet here - the goal of all desire.
2. So daily dying to the way of self,  
so daily living in your way of love,  
we walk the road, Lord Jesus, that you trod,  
knowing ourselves baptized into your death:  
so we are dead and live with you in God.
3. If dead in you, so in you we arise,  
you the firstborn of all the faithful dead;  
and as through stony ground the green shoots break,  
glorious in springtime dress of leaf and flow'r,  
so into life and glory shall we wake.

Thomas H. Cain 1980

O love, how deep  
ELW 322

- 1. Oh, love, how deep, how broad, how high,  
beyond the realm of ear and eye,  
that God, the Son of God, should take  
mortality for mortals' sake!
- 2. For us was sent to take our place  
no angel of dispensing grace,  
but only Christ in human form  
to visit earth and calm the storm.
- 3. For us baptized and then the fast,  
for us a hunger unsurpassed,  
for us the desert's savage view  
to make the whole creation new.
- 4. For us the prayer to meet our need,  
for us the sympathetic deed,  
for us the signs that point to sin  
to prove that good will always win.
- 5. For us by wickedness betrayed,  
for us a crown of thorns arrayed,  
for us a cross of shameful death,  
a final word, a dying breath.
- 6. For us the rising of the sun  
on Easter when the fight was won,  
for us the Spirit like a tongue  
believing folk to be among.
- 7. All glory to our Lord and God  
for love so deep, so high, so broad:  
the Trinity whom we adore  
forever and forevermore.

LM alt. Chris Nelson 2019

- 1. Oh, love, how deep, how broad, how high,  
beyond all thought and fantasy,  
that God, the Son of God, should take  
our mortal form for mortals' sake!
- 2. God sent no angel to our race,  
of higher or of lower place,  
but wore the robe of human frame,  
in Christ our Lord to this world came.
- 3. For us baptized, for us he bore  
his holy fast and hungered sore;  
for us temptation sharp he knew;  
for us the tempter overthrew.
- 4. For us he prayed; for us he taught;  
for us his daily works he wrought,  
by words and signs and actions thus  
still seeking not himself, but us.
- 5. For us by wickedness betrayed,  
for us, in crown of thorns arrayed,  
he bore the shameful cross and death;  
for us he gave his dying breath.
- 6. For us he rose from death again;  
for us he went on high to reign;  
for us he sent his Spirit here  
to guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.
- 7. All glory to our Lord and God  
for love so deep, so high, so broad:  
the Trinity whom we adore  
forever and forevermore.

Thomas a Kempis  
translated by Benjamin Webb 1860

As the deer runs to the river  
ELW 331

6-19

1. As the deer regards the river  
an asylum from the chase,  
from their hurry you deliver  
those who thirst for healing grace.

Refrain:

Jesus, well of living water,  
may we drink of you and live!

2. When your pilgrim sons and daughters  
crossed the desert, parched and dry,  
Moses struck the rock, and waters  
were enough to make them cry.

3. In our worship on this mountain,  
for your mercy would we plead,  
where forgiveness, like a fountain,  
bubbles up to fill our need.

4. From the tempest that was blowing,  
from a thirst unsatisfied,  
we have come to solace flowing  
from the cross on which you died.

87 87 87 Chris Nelson 2018

1. As the deer runs to the river,  
parched and weary from the chase,  
we have come from hurt and hurry,  
thirsting for your healing grace.

Refrain:

Jesus, source of living water,  
may we drink of you and live!

2. When your Israel crossed the desert  
where no stream or spring was seen,  
Moses struck the rock, and water  
flowed for them, refreshing, clean.

3. "Come and drink," Isaiah summoned,  
"all who for God's mercy plead!  
God's forgiveness, like a fountain,  
flows to satisfy your need."

4. Christ, we come from desert places,  
deepest thirst unsatisfied.  
Lead us to the waters flowing  
from the cross on which you died.

Herman G. Stuempfle Jr. 2002

# A lamb goes uncomplaining forth

6-19

1. A lamb advances, like a sheep  
oppressed with our affliction,  
in silence that would try to keep  
confirming that depiction  
of slaughter, growing weak and faint,  
directed on without complaint,  
an offering, an oblation,  
bearing the stripes of sin and shame,  
sent all alone by those who'd frame  
a spotless reputation.

2. This lamb is Christ, our greatest friend,  
the Lamb of God appointed  
to shower mercy and ascend  
as royalty anointed.  
"Go down, my child," the Father said,  
"and free my people from their dread  
of death and condemnation.  
Pain and distress are hard to bear,  
but by your offering all can share  
the gladness of salvation."

3. Our Counselor could understand  
how burdens may be hidden.  
"The Father's will is my command  
to do as I am bidden."  
Oh, wondrous love! Oh, loving might!  
To right what mortals cannot right  
the Son of God has striven,  
rebels in darkness come to save,  
loving creation to the grave  
until a tomb was riven.

4. No more afraid of deathly probes,  
I joy to go on living,  
my overlay, your royal robes,  
absolving and forgiving,  
a garment that's enough for me  
to wear through all eternity  
before the throne of heaven,  
where we'll be standing by your side,  
church that we are, your holy bride,  
conditioned by your leaven.

1. A lamb goes uncomplaining forth  
to save a world of sinners.  
He bears the burden all alone,  
dies shorn of all his honors.  
He goes to slaughter, weak and faint,  
is led to die without complaint;  
his spotless life he offers.  
He bears the shame, the stripes, the wrath;  
his anguish, mockery, and death  
for us he gladly suffers.

2. This lamb is Christ, our greatest friend,  
the Lamb of God, our Savior,  
whom God in mercy chose to send  
to win us rebels over.  
"Go down, my child," the Father said,  
"and free my children from their dread  
of death and condemnation.  
The painful stripes are hard to bear,  
but by your death they all can share  
the joy of your salvation."

3. Our Savior answered from his heart  
that he would take the burden:  
"My Father's will is my command;  
I'll do as I am bidden."  
Oh, wondrous love! Oh, loving might!  
To right what mortals cannot right  
the Son was sent from heaven.  
What love, O Love, who came to save  
by loving even to the grave  
until the stone was riven.

4. Of death I am no more afraid;  
your dying is my living.  
You clothe me in your royal robes  
that you are always giving.  
Your love is dress enough for me  
to wear through all eternity  
before the throne of heaven,  
where we shall stand close by your side,  
your church, the well-appointed bride,  
when all the faithful gather.

There in God's garden  
ELW 342

6-19

1. There carries Wisdom, growing in the garden,  
leaves that bequeath some healing with a pardon,  
knowledge that helps our feelings not to harden,  
Tree ever pleasing.
2. This we regard as representing Jesus,  
scars on its branch, the suffering that frees us,  
tendrils of human selfishness that sees us  
sapping its power.
3. Thorns not its own, its foliage in a tangle,  
greed that would starve it, malice that would mangle.  
Yet would it live, though death would try to wangle  
ways to destroy it.
4. Look at its branches, welcoming and reaching:  
Come, all you weary, listen to my teaching.  
Give me the worn-out favors you're beseeching,  
prayers for my counsel.
5. This is my ending, this my resurrection,  
into your hands I'm placing my protection,  
all that I hoped for, meaningful connection,  
sacred and holy.
6. Heaven is singing, "This is what the passion  
offers in mercy: sustenance and ration,  
always in season, never out of fashion,  
life for the nations".

11 11 11 5 alt. Chris Nelson 2018

1. There in God's garden stands the Tree of Wisdom,  
whose leaves hold forth the healing of the nations:  
Tree of all knowledge, Tree of all compassion,  
Tree of all beauty.
2. Its name is Jesus, name that says, "Our Savior!"  
There on its branches see the scars of suffering;  
see there the tendrils of our human selfhood  
feed on its life blood.
3. Thorns not its own are tangled in its foliage;  
our greed has starved it, our despite has choked it.  
Yet, look! it lives! its grief has not destroyed it  
nor fire consumed it.
4. See how its branches reach to us in welcome;  
hear what the Voice says, "Come to me, ye weary!  
Give me your sickness, give me all your sorrow,  
I will give blessing."
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 heav'n 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!

translated from the Polish by  
Erik Routley 1976

My song is love unknown  
ELW 343

6.19

1. My song is love unknown,  
my Savior's love to me,  
to all the loveless shown  
that they might lovely be.  
Oh, who am I  
that for my sake  
the Lord should take  
our flesh and die?
2. You left your royal throne  
salvation to bestow;  
the world that was your own  
would not its Maker know.  
But, oh, my friend,  
my friend indeed,  
who at my need  
your life did spend!
3. Sometimes we strew your way  
with praises to proclaim,  
resounding all the day  
hosannas to your name.  
Then "Crucify!"  
is all our breath,  
and for your death  
we thirst and cry.
4. We'll have, and so we rave,  
our hero made away,  
a murderer to save,  
our Shepherd-King to slay.  
Yet onward goes  
the cosmic strife  
'twixt death and life  
the Father chose.

1. My song is love unknown,  
my Savior's love to me,  
love to the loveless shown  
that they might lovely be.  
Oh, who am I  
that for my sake  
the Lord should take  
frail flesh and die?
2. He came from his blest throne  
salvation to bestow;  
the world that was his own  
would not its Savior know.  
But, oh, my friend,  
my friend indeed,  
who at my need  
his life did spend!
3. Sometimes we strew his way  
and his sweet praises sing;  
resounding all the day  
hosannas to our king.  
Then "Crucify!"  
is all our breath,  
and for his death  
we thirst and cry.
4. We cry out, we will have  
our dear Lord made away,  
a murderer to save,  
the prince of life to slay.  
Yet cheerful he  
to suffering goes  
that he his foes  
from thence might free.

(continued)

5. In life no house, no room,  
 no place to have a slave,  
 in death no friendly tomb  
 but what a stranger gave.  
 What may I say?  
 While you're divine  
 the place is mine  
 wherein you lay.

6. Here might I stay and sing -  
 a story that allures!  
 A higher love you bring,  
 a deeper grief was yours.  
 This is my Lord,  
 in whose sweet praise  
 I all my days  
 could live restored!

6666 4444 alt. Chris Nelson 2018

5. In life no house, no home  
 my Lord on earth might have;  
 in death no friendly tomb  
 but what a stranger gave.  
 What may I say?  
 Heav'n was his home  
 but mine the tomb  
 wherein he lay.

6. 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 1680

Jesus, I will ponder now  
ELW 345

1. Jesus, I would ponder how  
with divine perfection  
you could readily endow  
thoughts for my reflection,  
thoughts of how the Spirit's breath  
gave me this to cherish:  
how you'd stoop to suffer death,  
suffer lest I perish,
2. how you, in complete distress,  
over what I'm needing,  
took the yoke of wretchedness,  
truly interceding,  
how when scourge and nail appeared  
I became disloyal,  
when the thorns were volunteered  
for a brow so royal.
3. Not through these extremes alone  
may I see your passion,  
but through me, as you have shown  
in your holy fashion.  
It was I whose sinful strife  
drove you to surrender  
up your truly blameless life,  
all for each offender.
4. Let me view your every loss  
with repentant grieving,  
nor necessitate the cross  
by my unbelieving.  
May I give you love for love!  
Let my lips endeavor  
so to sing to you above  
psalms of praise forever.

76 76 D alt. Chris Nelson 2024

1. Jesus, I will ponder now  
on your holy passion;  
let your Spirit now endow  
me for meditation.  
Grant that I in love and faith  
may the image cherish  
of your suff'ring, pain and death,  
that I may not perish.
2. Make me see your great distress,  
anguish and affliction,  
bonds and blows and wretchedness  
and your crucifixion;  
make me see how scourge and rod,  
spear and nails, did wound you,  
how you died for those, O God,  
who with thorns had crowned you.
3. Yet, O Lord, not thus alone  
make me see your passion,  
but its cause to me make known  
and its termination.  
For I also and my sin  
wrought your deep affliction;  
this the shameful cause has been  
of your crucifixion.
4. Let me view your pain and loss  
with repentant grieving,  
nor prepare again your cross  
by unholy living.  
May I give you love for love!  
Hear me, O my Savior,  
that I may in heav'n above  
sing your praise forever.

translated from the German  
by August Crull 1890



Ah, holy Jesus  
ELW 349

1. Ah, holy Jesus, how have you offended  
that we to be your judges have pretended,  
by foes derided, by your own rejected,  
most unprotected?
2. Who was the guilty? Who is this observer  
having abandoned any real fervor?  
While you were left suspended for a season,  
I was the reason.
3. Good was the Shepherd for the aimless given,  
there where the veil of holiness was riven.  
While we had gone astray for what we needed,  
God interceded.
4. Mine was your everlasting incarnation,  
from the beginning leading to salvation,  
yours was the passion filled with bitter sorrows  
for my tomorrows.
5. Therefore, my Jesus, free from any fetter,  
I will adore you evermore a debtor.  
Think on your mercy flowing in uniqueness,  
not on my weakness.

11 11 11 5 alt. Chris Nelson 2024

1. Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended  
that we to judge thee have in hate pretended?  
By foes derided, by thine own rejected,  
O most afflicted.
2. Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon thee?  
Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone thee.  
'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied thee;  
I crucified thee.
3. Lo, the Good Shepherd for the sheep is offered;  
the slave hath sin-ned, and the Son hath suffered;  
for our atonement, while we nothing heeded,  
God interceded.
4. For me, kind Jesus, was thine incarnation,  
thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation;  
thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion,  
for my salvation.
5. Therefore, kind Jesus, since I cannot pay thee,  
I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee;  
think on thy pity and thy love unswerving,  
not my deserving.

translated from the German by  
Robert Bridges 1900

O sacred head, now wounded  
ELW 351

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| <p>1. O sacred head surrounded<br/>with thorns your only crown,<br/>my Master whom they hounded<br/>from countryside and town.<br/>O sacred head, what glory,<br/>what majesty was yours!<br/>I'd gladly tell the story<br/>of benefits and cures.</p> <p>2. Weighed down with grief and sorrow,<br/>with shamefulness and scorn,<br/>what prospect for tomorrow,<br/>what brightness for the morn?<br/>Your treatment in the session,<br/>your agony and pain,<br/>were all for my transgression,<br/>my liberty to gain.</p> <p>3. What language shall I tender<br/>to thank you, dearest friend,<br/>for this divine surrender<br/>my maladies to mend?<br/>When I am yours forever,<br/>I'll give you all that's due,<br/>that I may never, never<br/>outlive my love for you.</p> <p>4. Protect me in your fashion,<br/>console me when I die,<br/>remind me of your passion<br/>when apathy is nigh.<br/>These eyes, my view receiving,<br/>from you that never moved,<br/>will close at last believing<br/>that goodness has been proved.</p> | <p>1. O sacred head, now wounded,<br/>with grief and shame weighed down,<br/>now scornfully surrounded<br/>with thorns, thine only crown;<br/>O sacred head, what glory,<br/>what bliss till now was thine!<br/>Yet, though despised and gory,<br/>I joy to call thee mine.</p> <p>2. How pale thou art with anguish,<br/>with sore abuse and scorn;<br/>how does thy face now languish,<br/>which once was bright as morn!<br/>Thy grief and bitter passion<br/>were all for sinners' gain;<br/>mine, mine was the transgression,<br/>but thine the deadly pain.</p> <p>3. What language shall I borrow<br/>to thank thee, dearest friend,<br/>for this thy dying sorrow,<br/>thy pity without end?<br/>Oh, make me thine forever,<br/>and should I fainting be,<br/>Lord, let me never, never<br/>outlive my love to thee.</p> <p>4. Lord, be my consolation;<br/>shield me when I must die;<br/>remind me of thy passion<br/>when my last hour draws nigh.<br/>These eyes, new faith receiving,<br/>from thee shall never move;<br/>for all who die believing<br/>die safely in thy love.</p> |
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7676D alt. Chris Nelson 2024

Paul Gerhardt 1670  
translated by the hymnal committee

Sing, my tongue  
ELW 355-6

1-20

1. Sing, my tongue, the road to glory  
wending onward far and wide.  
Tell abroad the wondrous story  
of the cross, the Crucified  
sculpting in the ancient quarry  
life from death the day it died.
2. God had seen our spirits harden,  
sink in shame and misery,  
not adapted to the garden  
where in pride we claimed a tree  
while another offered pardon,  
paradise and liberty.
3. Time appointed for fulfilling  
came the future to consume,  
Christ, the Word, of woman willing,  
of the bride to be the groom,  
all the strife of struggle stilling,  
shining out amidst the gloom.
4. Thirty years, the right duration,  
working wood in Nazareth,  
destined from his dedication,  
moving on to meet a death  
at the source of all creation  
offering up a dying breath.
5. Supple boughs of strength and vigor,  
your relaxing sinews, bend,  
for a while the ancient rigor  
that your birth bestowed, suspend,  
so to be the worthy trigger  
of events without an end.

1. Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle;  
tell the triumph far and wide;  
tell aloud the wondrous story  
of the cross, the Crucified;  
tell how Christ, the world's redeemer,  
vanquished death the day he died.
2. God in mercy saw us fallen,  
sunk in shame and misery,  
felled to death in Eden's garden,  
where in pride we claimed the tree;  
then another tree was chosen,  
which the world from death would free.
3. Tell how, when at length the fullness  
of the appointed time was come,  
Christ, the Word, was born of woman,  
left for us the heav'nly home,  
blazed the path of true obedience,  
shone as light amidst the gloom.
4. Thirty years among us dwelling,  
Jesus went from Nazareth,  
destined, dedicated, willing,  
did his work, and met his death;  
like a lamb he humbly yielded  
on the cross his dying breath.
5. Bend your boughs, O tree of glory,  
your relaxing sinews bend;  
for a while the ancient rigor  
that your birth bestowed, suspend;  
and the Lord of heav'nly beauty  
gently on your arms extend.

(continued)

6. Faithful cross, the sign of power  
over all, the noblest tree,  
none in foliage, none in flower,  
none in fruit your equal be,  
symbol of the tallest tower  
stretching to infinity.

7. Unto God our fervent praises,  
to the Father and the Son,  
to the Spirit and its phases  
for the marvels lately done,  
claiming our poetic phrases  
while eternal ages run.

878787 alt. Chris Nelson 2019

6. Faithful cross, true sign of triumph,  
be for all the noblest tree;  
none in foliage, none in blossom,  
none in fruit your equal be;  
symbol of the world's redemption,  
for your burden makes us free.

7. Unto God be praise and glory;  
to the Father and the Son,  
to the eternal Spirit honor  
now and evermore be done;  
praise and glory in the highest,  
while the timeless ages run.

translated from the Latin by  
John Mason Neale 1850

Great God, your love has called us  
ELW 358

- 1. Father, in Christ you called us here,  
as we, by love, for love were made,  
that your depiction now appear,  
though we have sinned a disobeyed,  
coming with all our heart and mind  
your face to glimpse, yourself to find.
- 2. Here are our self-inflicted pains,  
broken belief and chosen wrong,  
limited still by inner chains,  
swept by our social ties along,  
bound by our systems so entwined,  
yet seeking hope for humankind.
- 3. Father, in Christ you know our name,  
glad to receive us as your own,  
not through some merit, right, or claim,  
but by your grace through faith alone.  
Straining to reach your mercy seat,  
we find you kneeling at our feet.
- 4. Take up the towel and break the bread,  
humble our pride and call us friends.  
Suffer and serve till all are fed,  
show us how grandly love intends  
working till we on earth succeed  
in aiming for the crowning deed.
- 5. Father, in Christ you set us free,  
living our lives your joy to share,  
letting your Holy Spirit be  
turning us from a dull despair,  
offering what faith in you can do  
to make the whole creation new.

88 88 88 alt. Chris Nelson 2024

- 1. Great God, your love has called us here,  
as we, by love, for love were made.  
Your living likeness still we bear,  
though marred, dishonored, disobeyed.  
We come, with all our heart and mind  
your call to hear, your love to find.
- 2. We come with self-inflicted pains  
of broken trust and chosen wrong,  
half-free, half-bound by inner chains,  
by social forces swept along,  
by pow'rs and systems close confined,  
yet seeking hope for humankind.
- 3. Great God, in Christ you call our name  
and then receive us as your own,  
not through some merit, right, or claim,  
but by your gracious love alone.  
We strain to glimpse your mercy seat  
and find you kneeling at our feet.
- 4. Then take the towel, and break the bread,  
and humble us, and call us friends.  
Suffer and serve till all are fed,  
and show how grandly love intends  
to work till all creation sings,  
to fill all worlds, to crown all things.
- 5. Great God, in Christ you set us free  
your life to live, your joy to share.  
Give us your Spirit's liberty  
to turn from guilt and dull despair,  
and offer all that faith can do  
while love is making all things new.

Brian A Wren 1977