

Bread of the World, in Mercy Broken

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Reginald Heber, 1827; alt.

John 6:35-58

1 Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul in
2 Look on the heart by sor - row bro - ken, look on the tears by

mer - cy shed, By whom the words of life were spo - ken,
sin - ners shed, And be your feast to us the to - ken

and in whose death our sins are dead,
that by your grace our lives are fed.

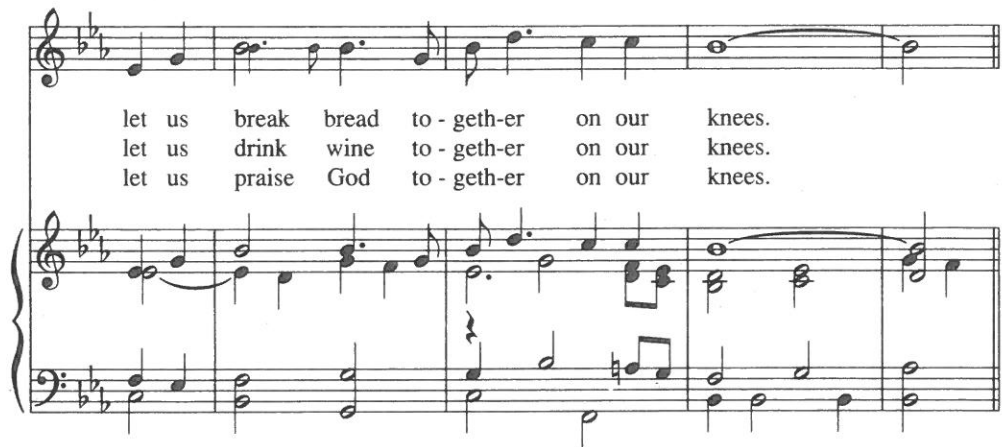
Author of a number of familiar hymns, Reginald Heber published the first modern English hymnal arranged according to the church year. The musical setting for this hymn was written by Episcopal priest and hymnal editor John Sebastian Bach Hodges.

Tune: EUCHARISTIC HYMN 9.8.9.8.
J. S. B. Hodges, 1868

Alternate tune: RENDEZ À DIEU
(sung in one stanza)

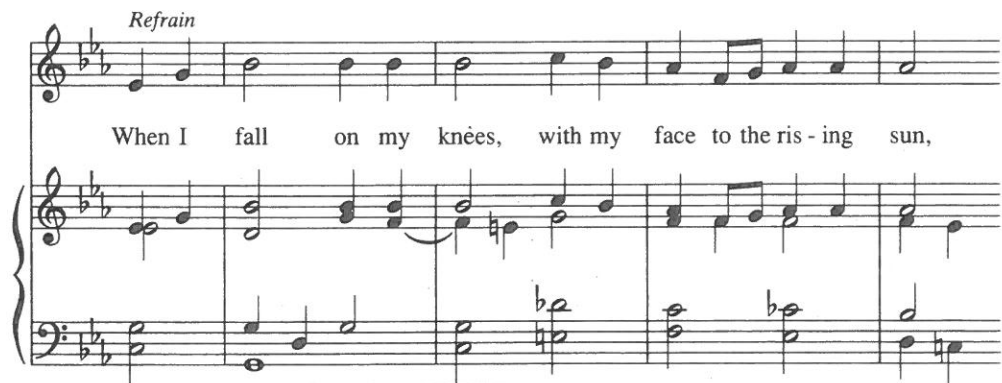


1 Let us break bread to - geth - er on our knees;
 * 2 Let us drink wine to - geth - er on our knees;
 3 Let us praise God to - geth - er on our knees;



let us break bread to - geth - er on our knees.
 let us drink wine to - geth - er on our knees.
 let us praise God to - geth - er on our knees.

Refrain



When I fall on my knees, with my face to the ris - ing sun,

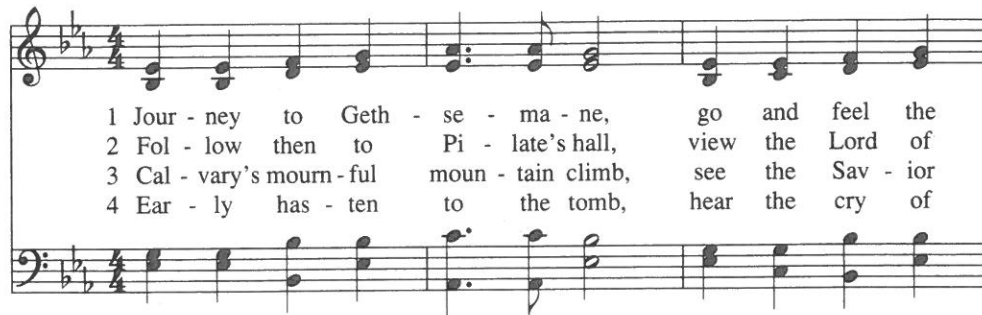


My God, have mer - cy on me.

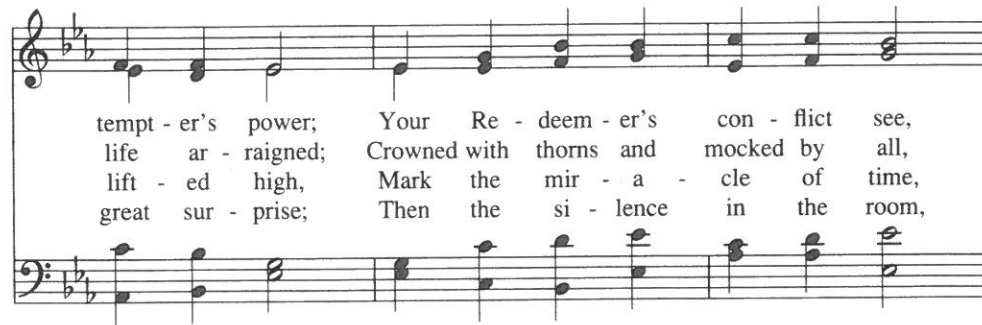
Journey to Gethsemane

John 18:1-20:18

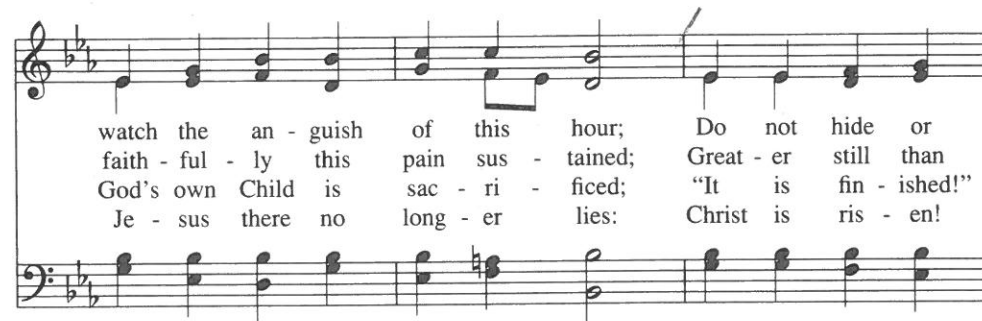
James Montgomery, 1820; alt.



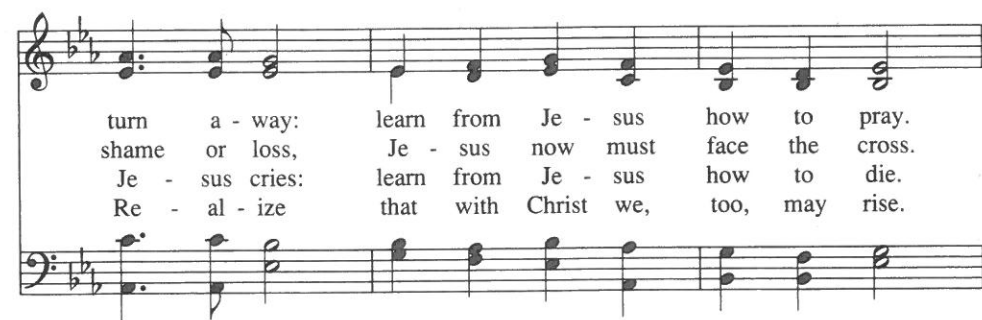
1 Jour - ney to Geth - se - ma - ne, go and feel the
 2 Fol - low then to Pi - late's hall, view the Lord of
 3 Cal - vary's mourn - ful moun - tain climb, see the Sav - ior
 4 Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb, hear the cry of



tempt - er's power; Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see,
 life ar - raigned; Crowned with thorns and mocked by all,
 lift - ed high, Mark the mir - a - cle of time,
 great sur - prise; Then the si - lence in the room,



watch the an - guish of this hour; Do not hide or
 faith - ful - ly this pain sus - tained; Great - er still than
 God's own Child is sac - ri - ficed; "It is fin - ished!"
 Je - sus there no long - er lies: Christ is ris - en!



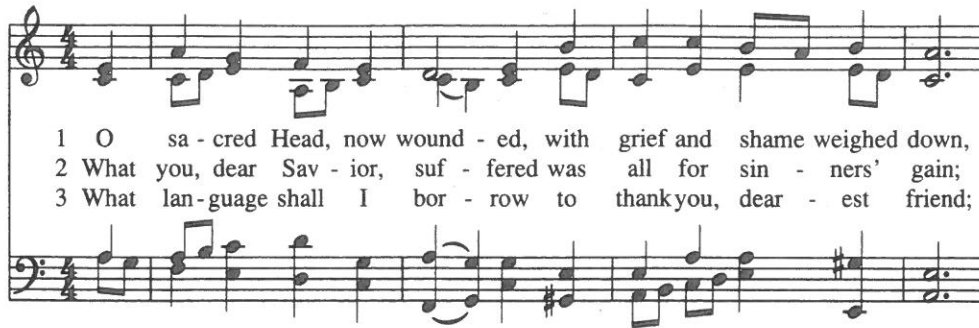
turn a - way: learn from Je - sus how to pray.
 shame or loss, Je - sus now must face the cross.
 Je - sus cries: learn from Je - sus how to die.
 Re - al - ize that with Christ we, too, may rise.

James Montgomery, born of Moravian missionary parents, edited a newspaper in England. Risking imprisonment, he published articles advocating human rights, including the abolition of slavery. He wrote more than 400 hymns.

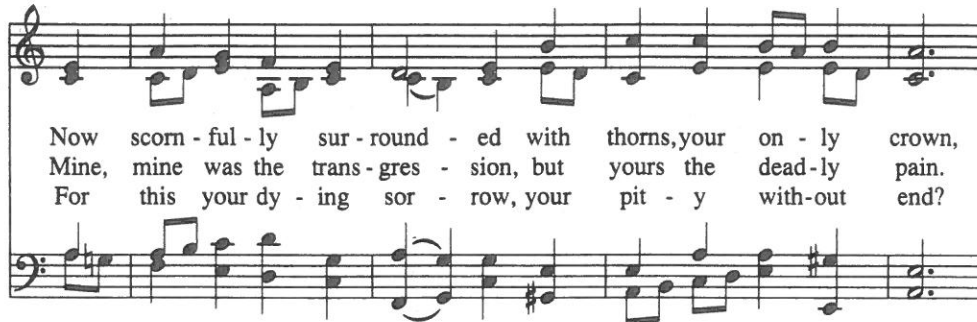
Tune: REDHEAD NO. 76 7.7.7.7.7.
 Richard Redhead, 1853

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

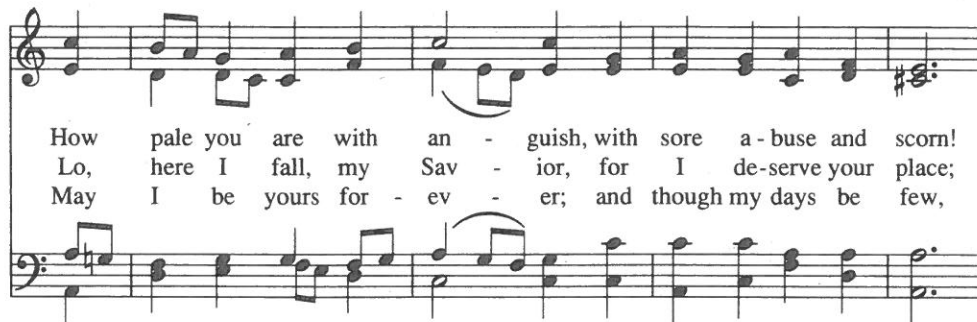
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*Medieval Latin, attrib. to Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153)**German paraphr. by Paul Gerhardt, 1656**Transl. James W. Alexander, 1830; alt.**Isa. 53; John 19:1–3*


1 O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
 2 What you, dear Sav - ior, suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank you, dear - est friend;



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, your on - ly crown,
 Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but yours the dead - ly pain.
 For this your dy - ing sor - row, your pit - y with - out end?



How pale you are with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior, for I de - serve your place;
 May I be yours for - ev - er; and though my days be few,



How does your vis - age lan - guish which once was bright as morn!
 Look on me with your fa - vor, O grant to me your grace.
 O Sav - ior, let me nev - er out - live my love for you!

This hymn is drawn from an extended Latin poem in seven sections, each addressed to a member of Christ's body on the cross. It comes to us by way of a German translation by Lutheran pastor and hymnwriter Paul Gerhardt.

Tune: PASSION CHORALE 7.6.7.6.D.
 (HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN)

Melody by Hans Leo Hassler, 1601

Harm. J. S. Bach, 1729

For another harmonization, see 179

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

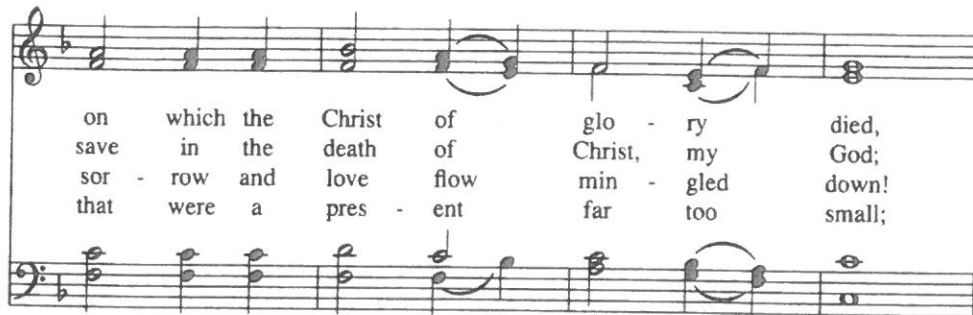
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Isaac Watts, 1707; alt.

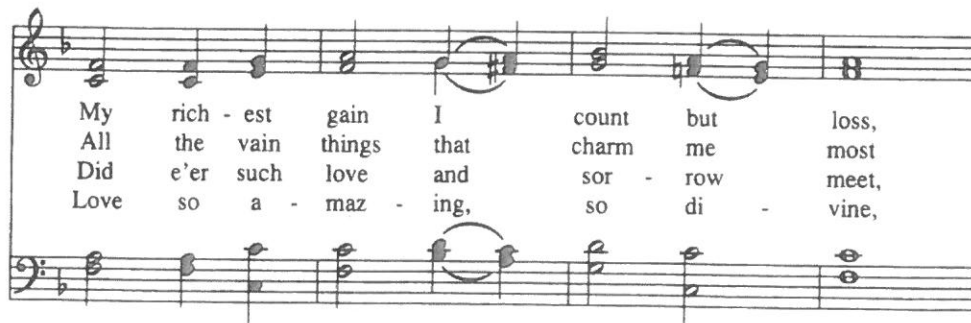
Gal. 6:14; Phil. 3:7-8



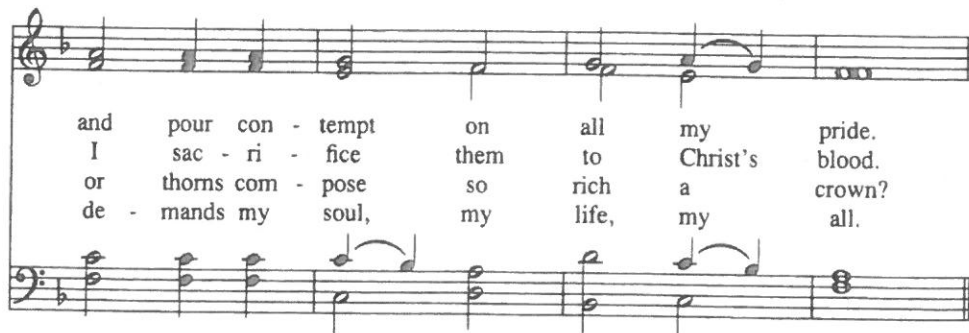
1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross,
 2 For - bid it, then, that I should boast,
 3 From sa - cred head, from hands, and feet,
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,



on which the Christ of glo - ry died,
 save in the death of Christ, my God;
 sor - row and love flow min - gled down!
 that were a pres - ent far too small;



My rich - est gain I count but loss,
 All the vain things that charm me most
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet,
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,



and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 I sac - ri - fice them to Christ's blood.
 or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Originally titled "Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ," this hymn has been acclaimed as one of the finest in the English language. Isaac Watts' hymnody grew out of his dissatisfaction with the restraints of the metrical psalters.

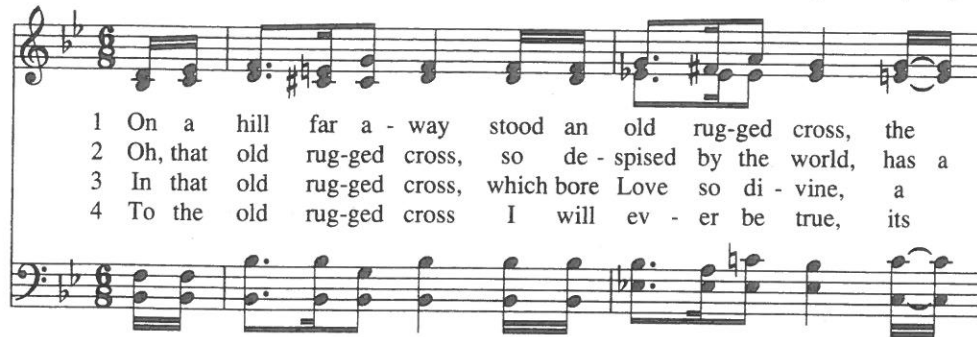
Tune: HAMBURG L.M.
 Lowell Mason, 1825

On a Hill Far Away

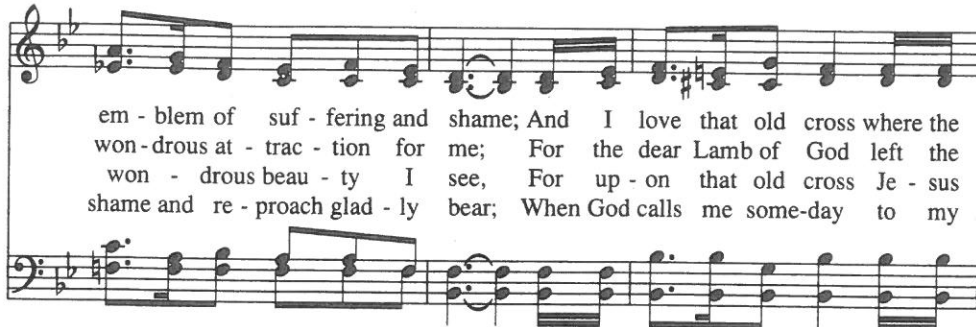
(The Old Rugged Cross)

Heb. 12:2; James 1:12

George Bennard, 1913; alt.



1 On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, the
 2 Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de - spised by the world, has a
 3 In that old rug-ged cross, which bore Love so di - vine, a
 4 To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, its

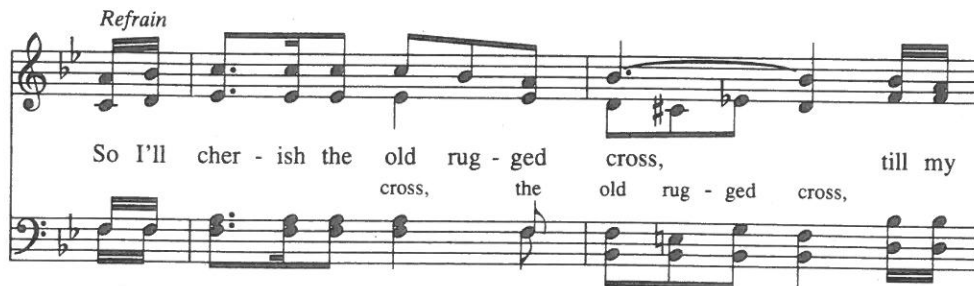


em - blem of suf - fering and shame; And I love that old cross where the
 won - drous at - trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left the
 won - drous beau - ty I see, For up - on that old cross Je - sus
 shame and re - proach glad - ly bear; When God calls me some-day to my

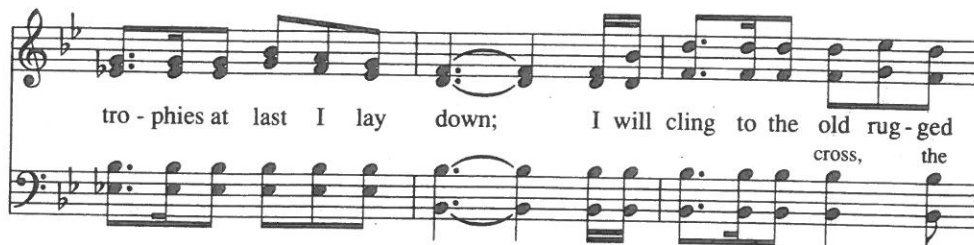


dear - est and best for a world of lost sin - ners was slain.
 glo - ry of heaven to bear it to cold Cal - va - ry.
 suf - fered and died to par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
 home far a - way, there God's glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.

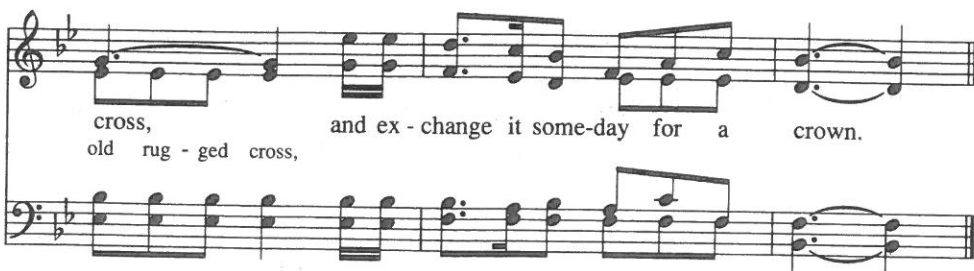
Refrain



So I'll cher - ish the old rug - ged cross, till my
 cross, the old rug - ged cross,



tro - phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug-ged
 cross, the



cross, and ex - change it some-day for a crown.
 old rug - ged cross,