

It Was a Sad and Solemn Night

Mark 14:22-25; 1 Cor. 11:23-26

Isaac Watts, 1709; alt.

1 It was a sad and sol - emn night, when powers of earth  
 2 Be - fore the mourn - ful scene be - gan, our Je - sus blessed  
 3 "This is my bod - y, broke for sin, re - ceive and eat  
 4 "Share this, my feast, till time shall end, in mem - ory of  
 5 O Christ your feast we cel - e - brate; we show your death,

and hell a - rose A - gainst the Child of  
 and broke the bread; What love through all these  
 the liv - ing food"; Then took the cup and  
 your dy - ing friend: Meet at my ta - ble  
 we sing your name, Till you re - turn, and

God's de - light, whom friends be - trayed to wick - ed foes.  
 ac - tions ran, what won - drous words of love were said!  
 blessed the wine, "This the new cov - enant in my blood."  
 and re - call the love which God has shown to all."  
 we shall eat the mar - riage sup - per of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, often considered the founder of English hymnody, recalls very powerfully in this hymn the Maundy Thursday events. The meal in the upper room is recounted, and the great marriage feast of the Lamb is anticipated.

Tune: BOURBON L.M.  
 Melody attrib. to Freeman Lewis, 1825  
 Harm. Louise McAllister (1913-1960)  
 Alternate tune: ERHALT UNS, HERR

PRAYER

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# I Need You Every Hour

Annie S. Hawks, 1872; alt.  
Refrain added by Robert Lowry, 1872; alt.

1 I need you ev - ery hour, O God of grace;  
2 I need you ev - ery hour, in faith or fear;  
3 I need you ev - ery hour, in joy or pain;  
4 I need you ev - ery hour; teach me your will,

the peace your voice af - fords, I now em - brace.  
temp - ta - tions lose their power when you are near.  
come quick - ly and a - bide or life is vain.  
and your rich prom - is - es in me ful - fill.

*Refrain*

I need you, how I need you! Ev - ery hour I need you;

O bless me now, my Sav - ior; I come to you.

First sung at a convention of the National Baptist Sunday School Association, this hymn was used by Dwight Moody and Ira Sankey in both England and the United States. Annie S. Hawks, a Baptist, was the author of some 400 hymns.

Tune: NEED 6.4.6.4. with refrain  
Robert Lowry, 1872

# Ah, Holy Jesus

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Johann Heermann, 1630

Isa. 53:3-5; John 1:11; 18:15-17

Paraphr. by Robert Bridges, 1899; alt.

1 Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how have you of - fend - ed, that mor - tal  
2 Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on you? It is my  
3 For me, kind Je - sus, was your in - car - na - tion, your mor - tal  
4 There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay you, I do a -

judg - ment has on you de - scend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,  
treason, Je - sus, that has slain you. And I, dear Je - sus,  
sor - row, and your life's ob - la - tion, Your death of an - guish  
dore you, and will ev - er pray you, Think on your pit - y

by your own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed!  
I it was de - nied you; I cru - ci - fied you.  
and your bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.  
and your love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

Based on an eleventh-century Latin meditation by Jean de Fécamp, this is one of many fine hymns by Johann Heermann. Though poor, Heermann's parents prepared him for the Lutheran pastorate. Much of his ministry took place during the Thirty Years' War.

Tune: HERZLIEBSTER JESU 11.11.11.5.  
Johann Crüger, 1640

# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

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Medieval Latin, attrib. to Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153)

Isa. 53; John 19:1-3

German paraphr. by Paul Gerhardt, 1656

Transl. James W. Alexander, 1830; alt.

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

# 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,

# 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