

Good Friday Lyrics

Pange Lingua - Gregorian Chant

Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle;
of the mighty conflict sing;
tell the triumph of the victim,
to his cross thy tribute bring.
Jesus Christ, the world's Redeemer
from that cross now reigns as King.

Thirty years among us dwelling,
his appointed time fulfilled,
born for this, he meets his passion,
this the Savior freely willed:
on the cross the Lamb is lifted,
where his precious blood is spilled.

Calvary's Mountain - American Folk Hymn, arr. Walter Wade

Jesus died on Calvary's mountain, long time ago,
And salvation's rolling fountain, now freely flows!
Once his voice in tones of pity, melted in woe,
And he wept o'er Judah's city, long time ago.

On his head the dews of midnight, fell, long ago,
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight sits on his brow.
Jesus died—yet lives forever, no more to die—
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Savior, now reigns on high!

Children, let your lights be burning, in hope of heaven.
Waiting for our Lord's returning at dawn or even.
When he comes a voice from heaven shall pierce the tomb,
"Come, ye blessed of my Father, children, come home."

Were You There - African American Spiritual

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Ah, Holy Jesus - Johann Heerman

Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended,
that man to judge thee hath in hate pretended?
By foes derided, by thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.

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.

My Song is Love Unknown – John Ireland

My song is love unknown, my Savior's love to me,
love to the loveless shown, that they might lovely be.
O who am I, that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh and die?

Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run, he gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries! Yet all his deeds their hatred feeds; they 'gainst him rise.

They rise, and needs will have my dear Lord sent away;
a murderer they save, the Prince of Life they slay.
Yet willing he to suff'ring goes, that he his foes from thence might free.

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.

A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth - Wolfgang Dachstein

A lamb goes uncomplaining forth, the guilt of sinners bearing,
And, laden with the sins of earth, none else, the burden sharing.
Goes patient on, grows weak and faint, to slaughter led without complaint,
that spotless life to offer.
He bears the stripes, and wounds and lies, the mockery and yet replies:
"all this I'll gladly suffer."

The lamb is Christ, the soul's great friend, the Lamb of God our savior,
Whom God the Father chose to send, to gain for us his favor.
"Go forth my son," the Father said, "and free my children from their dead,"
of guilt and condemnation.
The wrath and stripes are hard to bear, but by your passion they will share
the fruit of your salvation.

Crucifixion – Samuel Barber

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that
It was like the parting of day from night
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His mother

Passion Chorale – Hans Leo Hassler

O sacred head, sore wounded, defiled and put to scorn;
O kingly head, surrounded with mocking crown of thorn:
What sorrow mars thy grandeur? Can death thy bloom deflower?
O countenance whose splendor the hosts of heaven adore!

In thy most bitter passion my heart to share doth cry,
with thee for my salvation upon the cross to die.
Ah, keep my heart thus moved to stand thy cross beneath,
to mourn thee, well-beloved, yet thank thee for thy death.

What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest friend,
for this thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?
Oh, make me thine for ever! and should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never, outlive my love for thee.

O God What You Ordain is Right – Samuel Rodegast

Whate'er my God ordains is right: his holy will abideth;
I will be still, whate'er he doth, and follow where he guideth.
He is my God; though dark my road, he holds me that I shall not fall:
wherefore to him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right: though now this cup, in drinking,
may bitter seem to my faint heart, I take it, all unshrinking.
My God is true; each morn anew sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
and pain and sorrow shall depart.

Were You There – African American Spiritual

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Were you there when God raised him from the tomb?
Were you there when God raised him from the tomb?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when God raised him from the tomb?