

**When I Survey the Wondrous Cross**

PH 177

When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

**Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence** (vs. 1 & 2)

PH 107

Let all mortal flesh keep silence, And with fear and trembling stand;  
Ponder nothing earthly-minded, For with blessing in his hand,  
Christ our God to earth descendeth, Our full homage to demand.

King of kings, yet born of Mary, As of old on earth he stood,  
Lord of lords, in human vesture, In the body and the blood,  
He will give to all the faithful His own self for heavenly food.

**Journey to Gethsemane**

NCH 219

Journey to Gethsemane, go and feel the tempt-er's power;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see, watch the anguish of this hour;  
Do not hide or turn away: learn from Jesus how to pray.

Follow then to Pilate's hall, view the Lord of life arraigned;  
Crowned with thorns and mocked by all, faithfully this pain sustained;  
Greater still than shame or loss, Jesus now must face the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb, see the Savior lifted high,  
Mark the miracle of time, God's own Child is sacrificed;  
"It is finished!" Jesus cries: learn from Jesus how to die.

Early hasten to the tomb, hear the cry of great surprise;  
Then the silence in the room, Jesus there no longer lies:  
Christ is risen! Realize that with Christ we, too, may rise.