

## Hymns for Good Friday April 15, 2022

### Hymn: CP 192 Were You There

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?

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 pierced him in the side?

Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

Oh! Sometimes it causes me  
to tremble, tremble, tremble:

were you there when they pierced him in the side?

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?

## Hymn: CP 202 There is a Green Hill Far Away

There is a green hill far away,  
outside a city wall,  
where the dear Lord was crucified  
who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,  
what pains he had to bear;  
but we believe it was for us  
he hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
he died to make us good,  
that we might go at last to heaven,  
saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough  
to pay the price of sin;  
he only could unlock the gate  
of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved,  
and we must love him too,  
and trust in his redeeming blood,  
and try his works to do.

## Hymn: CP 196 Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended

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.

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.

Lo, the good Shepherd for the sheep is offered;  
the slave hath sinned, and the Son hath suffered;  
for our atonement, while we nothing heeded,  
God interceded.

For me, kind Jesus, was thy incarnation,  
thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation;  
thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion,  
for my salvation.

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.