

Wednesday Mid-Day Prayer Service

Ah, Holy Jesus



1 Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed that we to
2 Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on thee? A - las, my
3 Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered; the slave hath
4 For me, kind Je - sus, was thine in - car - na - tion, thy mor - tal
5 There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee, I do a -



judge thee have in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,
treason, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord Je - sus,
sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered; for our a - tone - ment,
sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion; thy death of an - guish
dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee; think on thy pit - y



by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.
I it was de - nied thee; I cru - ci - fied thee.
while we noth - ing heed - ed, God in - ter - ced - ed.
and thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.
and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

Text: Johann Heermann, 1585–1647; tr. Robert Bridges, 1844–1930, alt.
Music: HERZLIEBSTER JESU, Johann Crüger, 1598–1662

P The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

C **And also with you.**

P Let us pray. Lord Jesus, your death broke the bonds of sin and death, and by your wounds we are healed. Send us your blessing, and strengthen us by your power and grace, that we may praise you now and forever. (Psalm 129)

C **Amen.**

They Crucified My Lord



1 They cru - ci - fied my Lord, and he nev - er said a mum - ba - lin' word;
2 They nailed him to a tree, and he nev - er said a mum - ba - lin' word;
3 They pierced him in the side, and he nev - er said a mum - ba - lin' word;
4 The blood came stream - in' down, and he nev - er said a mum - ba - lin' word;
5 He hung his head and died, and he nev - er said a mum - ba - lin' word;



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not a word, not a word, not a word.

mumbalin' = complaining

Isaiah 53:1-5

Who has believed what we have heard?
And to whom has the arm of the LORD been revealed?
²For he grew up before him like a young plant,
and like a root out of dry ground;
he had no form or majesty that we should look at him,
nothing in his appearance that we should desire him.
³He was despised and rejected by others;
a man of suffering and acquainted with infirmity;
and as one from whom others hide their faces
he was despised, and we held him of no account.
⁴Surely he has borne our infirmities
and carried our diseases;
yet we accounted him stricken,
struck down by God, and afflicted.
⁵But he was wounded for our transgressions,
crushed for our iniquities;
upon him was the punishment that made us whole,
and by his bruises we are healed.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
2 How pale thou art with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn;
3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,
4 Lord, be my con - so - la - tion; shield me when I must die;



now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;
how does thy face now lan - guish, which once was bright as morn!
for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?
re - mind me of thy pas - sion when my last hour draws nigh.



O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!
Thy grief and bit - ter pas - sion were all for sin - ners' gain;
Oh, make me thine for - ev - er, and should I faint - ing be,
These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, from thee shall nev - er move;



Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.
mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.
for all who die be - liev - ing die safe - ly in thy love.

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676, based on Arnulf of Louvain, d. 1250; tr. composite

Music: HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN, German melody, c. 1500; adapt. Hans Leo Hassler, 1564–1612

Blood on Holy Ground

We have all shed blood on holy ground.
Christians. Muslims. Jews.
We have all used anger, violence and hatred
To prosecute our cause.
Woe unto the land
That has soaked in so much blood.
Woe unto the generations
That has soaked in so much death.

We have all shed tears on holy ground.
Christians. Muslims. Jews.
We have all buried the lost
And dressed the wounds
Of those who prosecuted our cause.
Woe unto the generations
Who have tasted so many tears.
Let no one proclaim innocence.
Let no one proclaim justice.
Let no one proclaim G-d's blessing.

We have all prayed for peace on holy ground.
Christians. Muslims. Jews.
Woe unto the land
That has waited for our words to become deeds.
Let these hopes become the work of our hands.
Let these blessings become the work of our hearts.
Let no blood be shed on holy ground.
Let all ground be holy.
And let peace spread to the four corners of the earth.

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The LORD bless you and protect you!
The LORD deal kindly and graciously with you!
The LORD bestow His favor upon you and grant you peace!