**"Jesus, I Will Ponder Now" (*LSB* 440)**

Jesus, I will ponder now

On Your holy passion;

With Your Spirit me endow

For such meditation.

Grant that I in love and faith

May the image cherish

Of Your suff’ring, pain, and death

That I may not perish.

Make me see Your great distress,

Anguish, and affliction,

Bonds and stripes and wretchedness

And Your crucifixion;

Make me see how scourge and rod,

Spear and nails did wound You,

How for them You died, O God,

Who with thorns had crowned You.

Yet, O Lord, not thus alone

Make me see Your passion,

But its cause to me make known

And its termination.

Ah! I also and my sin

Wrought Your deep affliction;

This indeed the cause has been

Of Your crucifixion.

Grant that I Your passion view

With repentant grieving.

Let me not bring shame to You

By unholy living.

How could I refuse to shun

Ev’ry sinful pleasure

Since for me God’s only Son

Suffered without measure?

5 If my sins give me alarm

And my conscience grieve me,

Let Your cross my fear disarm;

Peace of conscience give me.

Help me see forgiveness won

By Your holy passion.

If for me He slays His Son,

God must have compassion!

Graciously my faith renew;

Help me bear my crosses,

Learning humbleness from You,

Peace mid pain and losses.

May I give You love for love!

Hear me, O my Savior,

That I may in heav’n above

Sing Your praise forever.

**"Jesus, Remember Me" (*LSB* 767, twice through)**

Jesus, remember me when You come into Your kingdom.

Jesus, remember me when You come into Your kingdom.

**"Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted" (*LSB* 451)**

Stricken, smitten, and afflicted,

See Him dying on the tree!

’Tis the Christ, by man rejected;

Yes, my soul, ’tis He, ’tis He!

’Tis the long-expected Prophet,

David’s Son, yet David’s Lord;

Proofs I see sufficient of it:

’Tis the true and faithful Word.

Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning,

Was there ever grief like His?

Friends through fear His cause disowning,

Foes insulting His distress;

Many hands were raised to wound Him,

None would intervene to save;

But the deepest stroke that pierced Him

Was the stroke that justice gave.

Ye who think of sin but lightly

Nor suppose the evil great

Here may view its nature rightly,

Here its guilt may estimate.

Mark the sacrifice appointed,

See who bears the awful load;

’Tis the Word, the Lord’s anointed,

Son of Man and Son of God.

Here we have a firm foundation,

Here the refuge of the lost:

Christ, the Rock of our salvation,

Is the name of which we boast;

Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,

Sacrifice to cancel guilt!

None shall ever be confounded

Who on Him their hope have built.

**"Were You There" (*LSB* 456, vs. 1-3)**

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 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?

**"O Sacred Head, Now Wounded" (*LSB* 450)**

O sacred Head, now wounded,

With grief and shame weighed down,

Now scornfully surrounded

With thorns, Thine only crown.

O sacred Head, what glory,

What bliss, till now was Thine!

Yet, though despised and gory,

I joy to call Thee mine.

How pale Thou art with anguish,

With sore abuse and scorn!

How doth Thy face now languish

That once was bright as morn!

Grim death, with cruel rigor,

Hath robbed Thee of Thy life;

Thus Thou hast lost Thy vigor,

Thy strength, in this sad strife.

3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered

Was all for sinners’ gain;

Mine, mine was the transgression,

But Thine the deadly pain.

Lo, here I fall, my Savior!

’Tis I deserve Thy place;

Look on me with Thy favor,

And grant to me Thy grace.

My Shepherd, now receive me;

My Guardian, own me Thine.

Great blessings Thou didst give me,

O Source of gifts divine.

Thy lips have often fed me

With words of truth and love;

Thy Spirit oft hath led me

To heav’nly joys above.

What language shall I borrow

To thank Thee, dearest Friend,

For this Thy dying sorrow,

Thy pity without end?

O make me Thine forever!

And should I fainting be,

Lord, let me never, never,

Outlive my love for Thee.

My Savior, be Thou near me

When death is at my door;

Then let Thy presence cheer me,

Forsake me nevermore!

When soul and body languish,

O leave me not alone,

But take away mine anguish

By virtue of Thine own!

Be Thou my consolation,

My shield, when I must die;

Remind me of Thy passion

When my last hour draws nigh.

Mine eyes shall then behold Thee,

Upon Thy cross shall dwell,

My heart by faith enfold Thee.

 Who dieth thus dies well.

**"O Perfect Life of Love" (*LSB* 452)**

O perfect life of love!

All, all, is finished now,

All that He left His throne above

To do for us below.

No work is left undone

Of all the Father willed;

His toil, His sorrows, one by one,

The Scriptures have fulfilled.

No pain that we can share

But He has felt its smart;

All forms of human grief and care

Have pierced that tender heart.

And on His thorn-crowned head

And on His sinless soul

Our sins in all their guilt were laid

That He might make us whole.

In perfect love He dies;

For me He dies, for me.

O all-atoning Sacrifice,

I cling by faith to Thee.

In ev’ry time of need,

Before the judgment throne,

Thy work, O Lamb of God, I’ll plead,

Thy merits, not mine own.

Yet work, O Lord, in me

As Thou for me hast wrought;

And let my love the answer be

 To grace Thy love has brought.

**"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" (*LSB* 425)**

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?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,

That were a tribute far too small;

Love so amazing, so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all!