

A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth

1. A Lamb goes un-com-plain-ing forth, The guilt of all men bear-ing;
 2. This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great Friend And ev-er-last-ing Sav-ior;
 3. "Yea, Fa-ther, yea, most will-ing-ly I'll bear what Thou com-mand-est;
 4. Lord, all my life I'll cleave to Thee, Thy love for-e'er be-hold-ing,
 5. From morn and eve my theme shall be Thy mer-cy's won-drous mea-sure;
 6. Of death I am no more a-fraid, New life from Thee is flow-ing;
 7. And when Thy glo-ry I shall see And taste Thy king-dom's pleas-ure,

And lad-en with the sin of earth; None else the bur-den shar-ing.
 Him God the Fa-ther chose to send To gain for us His fa-vor.
 My will con-forms to Thy de-cree, I do what Thou de-mand-est."
 Thee ev-er, as Thou ev-er me, With lov-ing arms en-fold-ing.
 To sac-ri-fice my-self to Thee, Shall be my aim and pleas-ure.
 Thy cross af-fords me cool-ing shade When noon-day's sun is glow-ing.
 Thy blood my roy-al robe shall be, My joy be-yond all mea-sure.

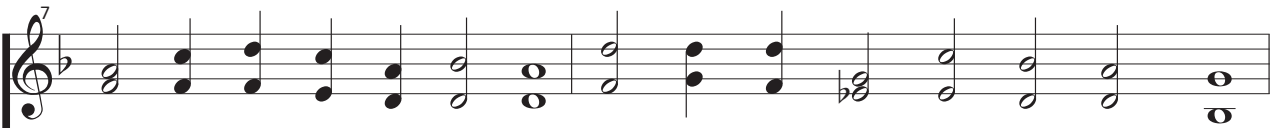
Goes pa-tient on, grows weak and faint, To slaugh-ter led with-out com-plaint,
 "Go forth, my Son!" the Fa-ther saith, "And free men from the fear of death
 O won-drous Love! What hast Thou done! The Fa-ther of-fers up His Son,
 Yea, Thou shalt be my Bea-con-light, To guide me safe through death's dark night,
 My stream of life shall ev-er be A cur-rent flow-ing cease-less-ly
 When by my grief I am op-pressed, On Thee my wea-ry soul shall rest
 When I ap-pear be-fore Thy throne Thy right-eous-ness shall be my crown—

Music: Wolfgang Dachstein, *Deutsch Kirchenampt*, 1525

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1648; tr. composite

AN WASSERFLÜSSEN BABYLON

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That spot-less life to of - fer; Bears shame and stripes and wounds and death,
From guilt and con-dem-na - tion. The wrath and stripes are hard to bear,
The Son, con - tent, de - scend-eth! O Love! how strong art Thou to save!
And cheer my heart in sor-row; Hence-forth my - self, and all that's mine,
Thy con-stant praise out-pour-ing. I'll treas - ure in my mem - o - ry
Se - rene - ly as on pil-lows. Thou art my an - chor, when by woe
With these I need not hide me. And there, in gar - ments rich - ly wrought,



An-guish, and mock-er-y, and saith, "Will-ing all this I suf - fer."
But by Thy Pas-sion, men will share The fruit of Thy sal - va - tion."
Thou lay'st Him low with-in the grave Whose word the mountains rend - eth!
To Thee, my Sav-ior, I con - sign, From whom all things I bor - row.
O Lord, all Thou hast done for me Thy gra-cious love a - dor - ing.
My bark is driv-en to and fro On trou-ble's surg-ing bil - lows.
As Thine own bride, I shall be brought To stand in joy be - side Thee.

