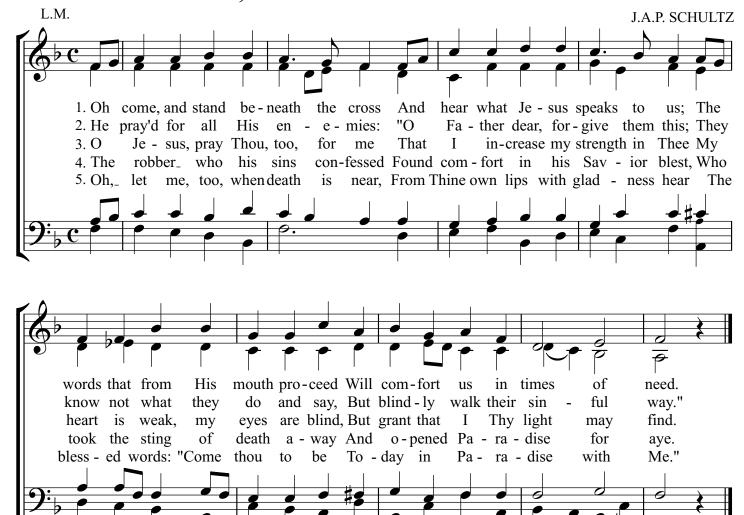
LENT AND PASSION

148 Oh Come, And Stand Beneath The Cross



And when His mother He beheld, Whose heart with agony was fill'd He said: "Behold thy mother, John!" And unto her: "Behold thy son!"

7.

O Jesus, should I suffer loss And stand forsaken with my cross, Yea even scorn'd by man I be, Send friends of Thine to comfrot me.

8

He then the words in anguish spoke, At which the earth and heaven shook; "My God," He cried in agony, "Why hast Thou thus forsaken Me?"

9

God's wrath Thou borest on the cross; For me Thou borest grief and loss, For me Thou didst in anguish cry And die that I should never die. "I thirst," He said; O evil thought, A sop of vinegar they brought! O Jesus, through its bitterness Thou drank'st the cup of my distress.

11

""Tis finished!" said our dying Lord; O blessed comfort, glorious word! My sin and shame on Him were laid, And all my debts forever paid.

12

His final word, this blessed cry, Was full of hope from heaven high; He cried: "My Father, I commend My spirit in Thy loving hand."

13.

Oh, how this word sweet hope instills And heart and soul with comfort fills! Oh, may that also be the word Which at my death I speak, O Lord!