**Voices United**

**Hymn #136**

**O Come and Mourn with Me Awhile**

O come and mourn with me awhile;

O come now to the Saviour’s side;

O come, together let us mourn:

Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for him,

while soldiers scoff and foes deride?

Ah! Look how patiently he hangs:

Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Seven times he spake, seven words of love;

and all three hours his silence cried

for mercy on the souls of all:

Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

O love of God!  O sin-filled world!

In this dread act your strength is tried,

and victory remains with love:

Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

**Voices United**

**Hymn #152**

**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.

There was no other good enough

to pay the price of sin;

his death has opened wide the gate

of heaven, to 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.

**Voices United**

**Hymn #145**

**O Sacred Head**

O sacred head, sore wounded,

 with grief and shame weighed down;

now scornfully surrounded

 with thorns, thine only crown:

how art thou pale with anguish,

 with sore abuse and scorn;

how does that visage languish,

 which once was bright as morn!

Thy grief and bitter passion

 were all for sinners’ gain;

mine, mine was the transgression,

 but thine the cruel pain.

Lo, here I fall, my Saviour,

 turn not from me thy face;

but look on me with favour,

 and grant to me thy grace.

**Voices United**

**Hymn #145**

**O Sacred Head**

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 to thee.

Be near when I am dying,

 O show thy cross to me;

and for my succour flying,

 come, Lord, to set me free.

These eyes, new faith receiving,

 from thee shall not remove,

for all who die believing,

die safely through thy love.

**Voices United**

**Hymn #149**

**When I Survey the Wondrous Cross**

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 present far too small:

love so amazing, so divine,

demands my soul, my life, my all.