

Suffering from Gethsemane to Calvary

Praise of the Lord — Remembrance of Him

1. Lord, You suf - fered and were rav - aged By the cru - el - ty of
 men. From Geth - se - mane to Cal - va - ry, Men op - pressed and judged You
 then; Our trans - gres - sions caused You wound - ing, Pain and suf - fering all con -
 sum - ing, 'Til a breach in Your com - mun - ing Caused You grief un - known from
 birth. From the gar - den to Gol - go - tha, All You passed through proved Your worth.

2. You had one friend who betrayed You,
 With a kiss, to hate-filled men,
 And another who denied You
 Out of fear towards all of them.
 When they took You as their prisoner,
 Questioned You, their anger bitter,
 And then mocked You, thought a sinner,
 You did not Yourself defend.
 You were mute and long-enduring
 With a view to reach Your end.

3. The Sanhedrin sought to weaken
 Your endurance and Your strength,
 Then delivered You to Pilate
 Whose men scourged You, whipped at length.
 At Golgotha, soldiers stripped You,
 And with violent pounding nailed You
 To Your cross, through joint and sinew,
 There to hang upon the tree,
 Where bystanders mocked, despising,
 Wagging heads contempt'ously.

4. Those who hated You were staring,
 No respect, their visage hard.
 Soldiers gambled for Your garments
 While Your strength dried like a shard.
 Like hot wax, Your heart was melting.
 Gravity each joint was rending.
 In Your mouth, Your tongue was cleaving.
 As Your weight each breath then stole,
 Your ordeal made all the harder
 When God made You sin for all.

5. At the noon hour, when God judged You,
 Laid on You the whole of sin,
 God's dear presence fled, departed,
 From Your fellowship within.
 This was much worse than the violence;
 This forsaking—dreaded silence,
 All the scorn of men's derision
 Paling in comparison
 To the scope of God's own judgement
 Poured upon His only Son.

6. After three hours, at Your limit,
 You cried out in agony,
 In the words of David, Psalmist,
 "Why have You forsaken Me?"
 Saying, "I thirst... It is finished"
 You were done, Your work unblemished.
 You prayed "Father, into Your hands
 I commit My spirit." Then
 With a loud cry, You expired,
 As Your loved ones grieved again.

7. When Your death the soldiers noticed,
 One took up His weighted spear
 And he pierced Your side in coldness,
 Blood and water flowing clear.
 From Gethsemane to Calvary
 You were broken, suffering greatly.
 Wounds innumerable, a fountain,
 Flowing precious priceless blood,
 For our sins and our redemption,
 Reconciling us to God.

8. Lord, I praise You and I thank You
 That You bled and died for me,
 As I ponder how You loved me
 And You gave Yourself for me.
 I am filled with love and reverence,
 Gratitude and deep assurance
 You forgive me in Your mercy,
 By Your blood, for all my sin!
 And You joined me to the Father!
 Hallelujah, Lord! Amen!