

A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth

LENT

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1648. Translation composite.
 Music: 'An Wasserflüssen Babylon' Wolfgang Dachstein, 1525. Setting: "Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book", 1931.
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♩ = 120

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, The Lamb of God, our Sa - vior;
 3. "Yea, Fa - ther, yea, most will - ing - ly I'll bear what Thou com - man - dest;
 4. Thou lay'st Him, Love, u - - pon the cross, With nails and spear Him bruise - ing;
 5. Lord, all my life I'll cleave to Thee, Thy love for - e'er be - - hold - ing,

And la - den with the sins 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 - - man - dest."
 Thou slay'st Him as a lamb, His loss from soul and bod - y ooz - - ing;
 Thee ev - er, as Thou ev - er me, With lo - ving arms en - - fold - - ing.

Goes pa - tient on, grow weak and faint, To slaugh - ter led with -
 "Go forth, My Son," the Fa - ther saith, "And free men from the
 O won - drous Love, what hast Thou done! The Fa - ther o - - ffers
 From bo - dy 'tis the crim - son flood Of pre - cious sac - - ri - -
 Yea, Thou shalt be my Bea - con - light, To guide me safe through

out com - plaint, That spot - less life to o - - ffer; Bears shame and
 fear of death, From guilt and con - dem - - na - - tion. The wrath and
 up His Son! The Son, con - tent, de - - scend - eth! O Love, how
 fi - cial blood From soul, the strength of an - guish: My gain it
 death's dark night. And cheer my heart in sor - - row; Hence - forth my -

6. From morn till eve my theme shall be
 Thy mercy's wondrous measure;
 To sacrifice myself for Thee
 Shall be my aim and pleasure.
 My stream of life shall ever be
 A current flowing ceaselessly,
 Thy constant praise outpouring.
 I'll treasure in my memory,
 O Lord, all Thou hast done for me,
 Thy gracious love adoring.

8. This treasure ever I'll employ,
 This every aid shall yield me;
 In sorrow it shall be my joy,
 In conflict it shall shield me;
 In joy, the music of my feast,
 And when all else has lost its zest,
 This manna still shall feed me;
 In thirst my drink; in want my food;
 My company in solitude,
 To comfort and to lead me.

7. Enlarge, my heart's own shrine, and swell,
 To thee shall now be given
 A treasure that doth far excel
 The worth of earth and heaven.
 Away with the Arabian gold,
 With treasures of an earthly mold!
 I've found a better jewel.
 My priceless treasure, Lord my God,
 Is Thy most holy, precious blood,
 Which flowed from wounds so cruel.

9. Of death I am no more afraid,
 New life from Thee is flowing;
 Thy cross affords me cooling shade
 When noonday's sun is glowing.
 When by my grief I am oppressed,
 On Thee my weary soul shall rest
 Serenely as on pillows.
 Thou art my Anchor when by woe
 My bark is driven to and fro
 On trouble's surging billows.

10. And when Thy glory I shall see
 And taste Thy kingdom's pleasure,
 Thy blood my royal robe shall be,
 My joy beyond all measure.
 When I appear before Thy throne,
 Thy righteousness shall be my crown-
 With these I need not hide me.
 And there, in garments richly wrought
 As Thine own bride, I shall be brought
 To stand in joy beside Thee.