

Over Kidron Jesus Treadeth

GOOD THURSDAY

(also known as Over Kedron Jesus Treadeth or Over Cedron Jesus Treadeth)

Words: Thomas Hansen Kingo, 1689. Translated by J. Jeffrey, before 1866.
 Music: 'Over Kedron Jesus Traeder' Ludvig Mathias Lindeman. Setting: "The Lutheran Hymnal", 1913.
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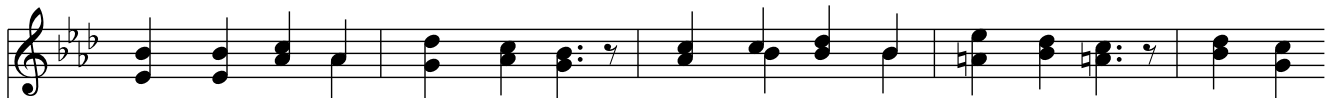
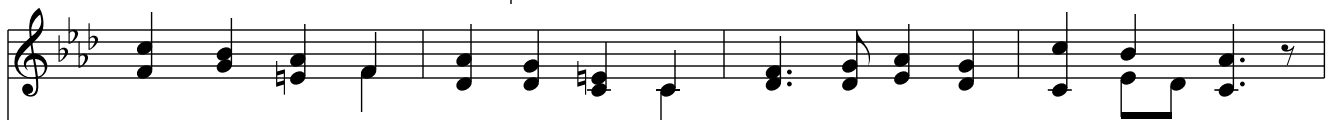
♩ = 100



1. O - ver Kid - ron Je - sus tread - eth To His pas - sion for us all;
 2. Da - vid once, with heart af - flic - ted, Crossed the Kid - ron's nar - row strand,
 3. See how, an - guish struck, He fall - eth Pro - strate, and with strug - gling breath,
 4. See how, in that hour of dark - ness, Batt - ling with the e - vil pow'r,
 5. But, O flow'rs, so sad - ly wa - tered By this pure and prec - ious dew,



Ev - ery hu - man eye be weep - ing, Tears of bit - ter grief let fall!
 Clouds of gloom and grief a - bout him When an ex - ile from his land.
 Three times on His God He call - eth, Pray - ing that the bit - ter death
 A - gon - ies un - told as - sail Him, On His soul the ar - rows show'r;
 In some bless - ed hour your blos - soms 'Neath the ol - ive sha - dows grew!



Round His Spi - rit flock the foes, Place their shafts and bend their bows, Aim - ing
 But, O Je - sus, black - er now Bends the cloud a - bove Thy brow, Hast - ing
 And the cup of doom may go, Still He cries, in all His woe: "Not My
 All the gar - den flow'rs are wet With the drops of blood - y sweat, From His
 E - den's gar - den did not bear Aught that can with you com - pare, For the



at the Sav - ior sole - ly, While the world for - sakes Him whol - - ly.
 to death's drea - ry por - tals For the shame and sin of mor - - tals.
 will, but Thine, O Fa - ther!" And the an - gels round Him ga - - ther.
 an - guished frame dis - till - ing! World's re - demp - tion thus ful - fill - - ing!
 blood, thus free - ly giv - en, Makes my soul the heir of hea - - ven.



6. When as flow'rs themselves I wither, When I droop and fade like grass,
 When the life-streams through my pulses Dull and ever duller pass,
 When at last they cease to roll, Then, to cheer my sinking soul,
 Grace of Jesus, be Thou given- Source of triumph! pledge of heaven!