

11 O Lord, Your Loving Angel Send

O Lord, your loving angel send
to bear me home, when life shall end,
held close in Abraham's keeping.
My body, in its quiet place,
safe from all pain, shall rest in peace
till morn that ends all sleeping.
That day from death awaken me;
let my own eyes your glory see:
my Joy, my All, God's only Son,
Redeemer living, Grace enthroned!
Lord Jesus Christ! Oh, hear my plea, oh, hear my plea
to sing your praise eternally!

or

Lord, let at last your angels come,
to Abraham's bosom bear me home,
that I may die unfearing;
and in its narrow chamber keep
my body safe in peaceful sleep
until your reappearing.
And then from death awaken me
that these my eyes with joy may see
O Son of God, your glorious face,
my Savior and my fount of grace.
Lord Jesus Christ, my prayer attend, my prayer attend,
and I will praise you without end!

Texts from Chorales from the St. John Passion

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Chorales from the St. John Passion Johann Sebastian Bach

Reading John 18:1-8

1 O Wondrous Love

O wondrous Love! O Love divine, unbounded!
You chose a painful road, by hate surrounded.
I live for all the joys this world can offer,
but you must suffer.

Reading John 18:9-11

2 Your Gracious Will on Earth Be Done

Your gracious will on earth be done
as there in heaven before your throne,
that firm in faith we may remain
in time of joy and time of pain.
Curb flesh and blood and every ill
that sets itself against your will.

Reading John 18:12-23

3 Who Is the One?

Who is the one that beats you?
My Savior, who mistreats you,
that torment is your lot?
For you are no offender,
yet we to sin surrender.
You are as pure as we are not.

I, I and my offenses—
like ocean's wide expanses,
like sands upon the shore—
I caused your grief and sighing,
your suffering and your dying.
My sin is vast; your love is more.

Reading John 18:24-27

4 Peter Did Not Recognize

Peter did not recognize
his foretold denial;
then he met his Savior's eyes,
wept in bitter trial.
Jesus, look upon me still,
though repentance fail me;
when my evil causes ill,
stir my conscience, heal me.

5 Christ, Whose Blessing Makes Us Right

Christ, whose blessing makes us right,
sin had not enraptured;
yet he, for our sake, that night
like a thief was captured,
led before a haughty throng,
falsely there convicted,
laughed at, mocked, and spat upon,
as God's word predicted.

Reading John 18:28-36

6 Eternal King, Supreme beyond All Measure

Eternal King, supreme beyond all measure,
how can I rightly show your love, my treasure?
No mortal can repay the gift you tender.
What shall I render?

With all my senses I could never fashion
an offering that would equal your compassion.
How can I manifest your love's oblation
in my vocation?

Reading John 18:37—19:12a

7 By Your Cruel Bondage

By your cruel bondage, God's dear Son,
we live, our freedom gaining;
your prison is a grace-filled throne—

there liberty is reigning.
Had you not deigned a slave to be,
we would be slaves eternally.

Reading John 19:12b-22

8 Deep in My Heart, O Savior

Deep in my heart, O Savior,
your name and cross alone
like stars, shine with your favor;
your joy is now my own.
May I this image treasure
when troubles test my faith:
your love, beyond all measure;
your life, poured out in death.

Reading John 19:23-27

9 Jesus Thought, with Tender Care

Jesus thought, with tender care,
at his hour of parting,
on his faithful mother there,
named for her a guardian.
So may we seek what is right,
loving God and neighbor;
death shall no more be our night
nor our lives belabor.

Reading John 19:28-37

10 Help Us, Christ, O Son of God

Help us, Christ, O Son of God,
through your bitter anguish,
that misdeeds we would avoid,
nor in vices languish.
Your blest death, and why you died,
help us to consider,
that, though poor, we may abide,
offering thanks forever!

Reading John 19:38-42