

Before Pilate, they compare him  
To the worst of men of sin  
What say you, O cruel nation?  
You would take Barabbas in!  
What a most unworthy preference  
We release these guilty men  
And despite his holy innocence  
Jesus Christ will be condemned



But behold as they present him  
With a cross, our Saviour sweet  
Where his flesh is freshly beaten  
She adds on to all his needs.  
Yet he wants the cross so heavy  
From eternity he yearns  
He has always felt it calling  
For his heart, with passion burns



These your calloused hands, O Jesus,  
By much other work are spent.  
These your shoulders, so laborious  
Under other weights have bent.  
Thus it must be such a terror  
This hard burden, my good Lord,  
For the cross, she overwhelms you  
You just can't take any more.



On the way of bitter suffering  
Near her Son, Mary does stand.  
She desires, by her presence,  
To take Jesus by the hand.  
Mary in our humble weakness  
We have so much need of you  
For we fall, our falls are ceaseless  
At our side be always true.



They have chosen our brother  
To take up the Saviour's Cross  
Now, O Cross, you seem much lighter  
And your heavy burden lost  
For the task, O Holy master  
If you need a labourer  
All my being, Lord I offer  
I am here, I long to serve.



Now your traits bear, as by burning  
All the deepest marks of pain  
Sins and deep offense engraving  
On your face their endless stain  
We again deform so often  
Near to us, your hidden face;  
To the world that still ignores you  
We'll proclaim your gift of grace.



On the way again you're falling  
Your foot strikes against a stone.  
As the seal of Godly loving  
Your dear blood on earth is thrown.  
Oh my Jesus, I adore you,  
Near the cross, with you beneath,  
Lying prostrate, I implore you  
I who fall so frequently



“You are crying for my suffering  
Cry much more for all your sins  
On account of your offenses  
My own strength is wearing thin  
Follow me, upon this mountain  
With me learn, the offering  
Of your trials for your brothers  
In redemptive suffering”





What's the use? You suffer greatly!  
What's the use, this pain immense?  
When you see throngs of humanity  
In their sins impenitent!  
Yet for this, his final effort  
He will make, and rise again  
He continues to completion,  
On the way which he began.



They remove your every garment  
Nothing left to clothe your skin  
You were born, on straw, with nothing  
Here you stand naked again.  
Teach us by your love of Heaven  
To despise all earthly goods,  
For on earth your life was poorest,  
You have nothing but this wood.



With what blows the hammer falling  
    Joins the nail to sacred flesh!  
Him they crush with force appalling  
    Like a cluster in the press.  
From his hands, his blood outpouring,  
From his hands that with each touch  
Often blest the crowds and cured them,  
    Often healed and loved so much.



Now behold the awesome moment  
He awaits eternally  
Here to prove to his beloved  
Just how great his love would be  
For his arms, to all extended,  
Spread above the world he made  
And the life of God is ended  
As he dies that we be saved.



In your arms they gently lay him,  
Your dear Son whose life is spent  
You can read upon his torn skin  
All that human sin has meant  
Tell us Mary, what you're saving,  
What you've read in Jesus' flesh!  
On our hearts begin engraving  
All the wounds of Jesus blest.



Now the tomb and death are looming  
Over Jesus, breathless Lord  
And yet you shall be the victor  
You shall live as conqueror  
While the night of death is falling  
All creation holds her breath  
For the reign of hell has ended  
You have died to conquer death

