

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

