

## HYMN #1

### “Upon the Cross Extended” 453 (vv. 1 &2)

- 1 Upon the cross extended  
See, world, your Lord suspended.  
Your Savior yields His breath.  
The Prince of Life from heaven  
Himself has freely given  
To shame and blows and bitter death.
- 2 Come, see these things and ponder,  
Your soul will fill with wonder  
As blood streams from each pore.  
Through grief beyond all knowing  
From His great heart came flowing  
Sighs welling from its deepest core.

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## HYMN #2

### “Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted” 451

- 1 Stricken, smitten, and afflicted,  
See Him dying on the tree!  
'Tis the Christ, by man rejected;  
Yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!  
'Tis the long-expected Prophet,  
David's Son, yet David's Lord;  
Proofs I see sufficient of it:  
'Tis the true and faithful Word.
- 2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning,  
Was there ever grief like His?  
Friends through fear His cause  
disowning,  
Foes insulting His distress;  
Many hands were raised to wound Him,  
None would intervene to save;  
But the deepest stroke that pierced Him  
Was the stroke that justice gave.
- 3 Ye who think of sin but lightly  
Nor suppose the evil great  
Here may view its nature rightly,  
Here its guilt may estimate.  
Mark the sacrifice appointed,  
See who bears the awful load;  
'Tis the Word, the Lord's anointed,  
Son of Man and Son of God.
- 4 Here we have a firm foundation,  
Here the refuge of the lost:  
Christ, the Rock of our salvation,  
Is the name of which we boast;  
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,  
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!  
None shall ever be confounded  
Who on Him their hope have built.

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## **HYMN #3**

### **“Were You There” 456**

- 1 Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
Oh . . .  
Sometimes it causes me to tremble,  
tremble,  
tremble.  
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
  
- 2 Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?  
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?  
Oh . . .  
Sometimes it causes me to tremble,  
tremble,  
tremble.  
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
  
- 3 Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?  
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?  
Oh . . .  
Sometimes it causes me to tremble,  
tremble,  
tremble.  
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?