

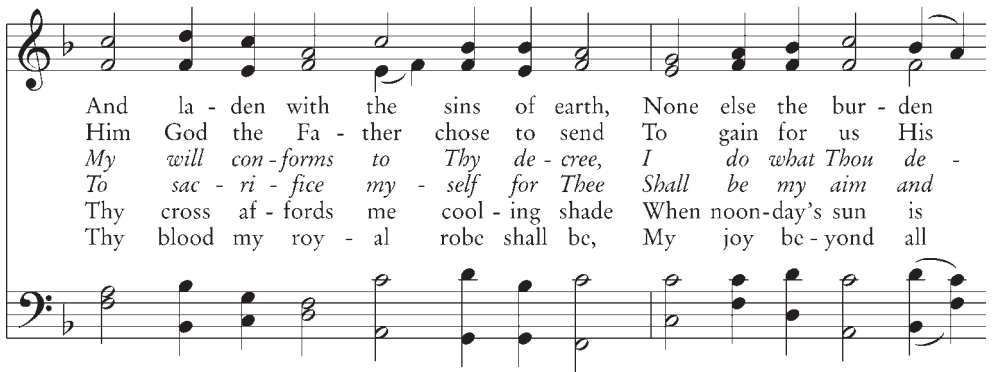
## A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth

AN WASSERFLÜSSEN BABYLON (8 7. 8 7. 8 8 7. 8 8 7)  
Wolfgang Dachstein, *Teutsch Kirchenampt*, Strasbourg, 1525

Paul Gerhardt, 1648  
tr. composite



1. A Lamb goes un - com - plain - ing forth, The guilt of all men bear - ing;  
2. This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great Friend, The Lamb of God, our Sav - ior;  
3. "Yea, Fa - ther, yea, most will - ing - ly I'll bear what Thou com - mand - est;  
4. From morn till eve my theme shall be Thy mer - cy's won - drous meas - ure;  
5. Of death I am no more a - fraid, New life from Thee is flow - ing;  
6. And when Thy glo - ry I shall see And taste Thy king - dom's pleas - ure,



And la - den with the sins of earth, None else the bur - den  
Him God the Fa - ther chose to send To gain for us His  
My will con - forms to Thy de - cree, I do what Thou de -  
To sac - ri - fice my - self for Thee Shall be my aim and  
Thy cross af - fords me cool - ing shade When noon - day's sun is  
Thy blood my roy - al robe shall be, My joy be - yond all



shar - ing! Goes pa - tient on, grows weak and faint, To slaugh - ter  
fa - vor. "Go forth, My Son," the Fa - ther saith, "And free men  
mand - est." O won - drous Love, what hast Thou done! The Fa - ther  
pleas - ure. My stream of life shall ev - er be A cur - rent  
glow - ing. When by my grief I am op - prest, On Thee my right - eous -  
meas - ure; When I ap - pear be - fore Thy throne, Thy right - eous -

CHRIST'S PASSION

led with - out com-plaint, That spot - less life to of - fer;  
 from the fear of death, From guilt and con - dem - na - tion.  
*of - fers up His Son!* *The Son, con - tent, de - scend - eth!*  
*flow - ing cease - less - ly,* *Thy con - stant praise out - pour - ing.*  
 wear - y soul shall rest Se - rene - ly as on pil - lows.  
 ness shall be my crown- With these I need not hide me.

Bears shame, and stripes, and wounds and death, An - guish and mock - er -  
 The wrath and stripes are hard to bear, But by Thy Pas - sion  
*O Love, how strong Thou art to save!* *Thou bed - dest Him with-*  
*I'll trea - sure in my mem - o - ry,* *O Lord, all Thou hast*  
 Thou art my An - chor when by woe My bark is driv - en  
 And there, in gar - ments rich - ly wrought As Thine own bride, I

y, and saith, "Will - ing all this I suf - fer."  
 men will share The fruit of Thy sal - va - tion."  
*in the grave Whose word the moun - tains rend - eth.*  
*done for me, Thy gra - cious love a - dor - ing.*  
 to and fro On trou - ble's surg - ing bil - lows.  
 shall be brought To stand in joy be - side Thee.