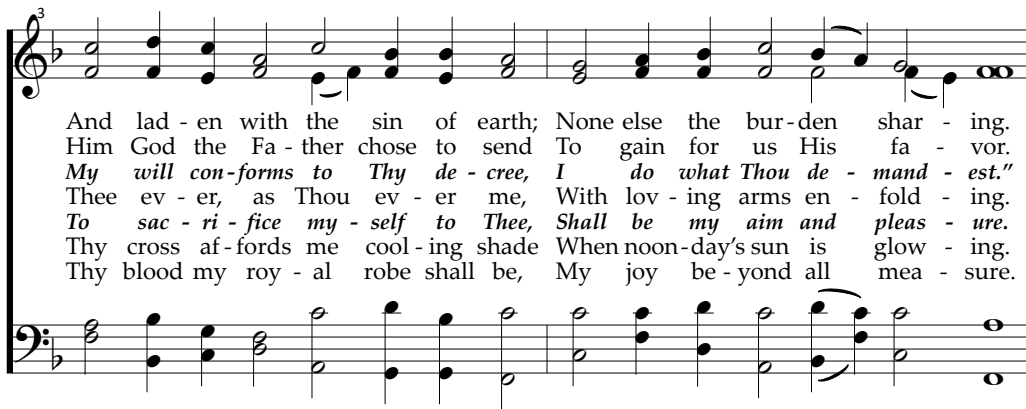


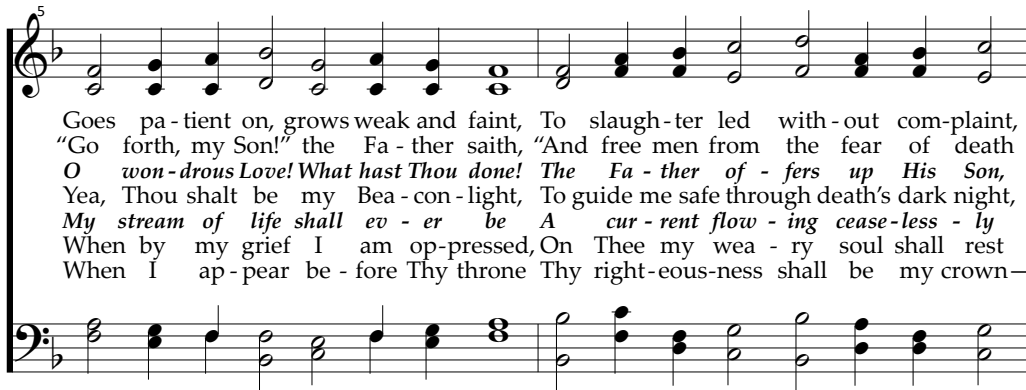
# A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth



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 And ev-er-last-ing Sav-ior;  
 3. "Yea, Fa-ther, yea, most will-ing-ly I'll bear what Thou com-mand-est;  
 4. Lord, all my life I'll cleave to Thee, Thy love for-e'er be-hold-ing,  
 5. From morn and eve my theme shall be Thy mer-cy's won-drous mea-sure;  
 6. Of death I am no more a-fraid, New life from Thee is flow-ing;  
 7. And when Thy glo-ry I shall see And taste Thy king-dom's pleas-ure,



And lad-en with the sin of earth; None else the bur-den shar-ing.  
 Him God the Fa-ther chose to send To gain for us His fa-vor.  
*My will con-forms to Thy de-cree, I do what Thou de-mand-est."*  
 Thee ev-er, as Thou ev-er me, With lov-ing arms en-fold-ing.  
*To sac-ri-fice my-self to Thee, Shall be my aim and pleas-ure.*  
 Thy cross af-fords me cool-ing shade When noon-day's sun is glow-ing.  
 Thy blood my roy-al robe shall be, My joy be-yond all mea-sure.



Goes pa-tient on, grows weak and faint, To slaugh-ter led with-out com-plaint,  
 "Go forth, my Son!" the Fa-ther saith, "And free men from the fear of death  
*O won-drous Love! What hast Thou done! The Fa-ther of-fers up His Son,*  
 Yea, Thou shalt be my Bea-con-light, To guide me safe through death's dark night,  
*My stream of life shall ev-er be A cur-rent flow-ing cease-less-ly*  
 When by my grief I am op-pressed, On Thee my wea-ry soul shall rest  
 When I ap-pear be-fore Thy throne Thy right-eous-ness shall be my crown—

Music: Wolfgang Dachstein, *Teutsch Kirchenamt*, 1525  
 Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1648; tr. composite

AN WASSERFLÜSSEN BABYLON  
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That spot-less life to of - fer; Bears shame and stripes and wounds and death,  
 From guilt and con-dem-na - tion. The wrath and stripes are hard to bear,  
*The Son, con - tent, de - scend - eth!* O Love! how strong art Thou to save!  
 And cheer my heart in sor - row; Hence - forth my - self, and all that's mine,  
*Thy con - stant praise out - pour - ing. I'll treas - ure in my mem - o - ry*  
 Se - rene - ly as on pil - lows. Thou art my an - chor, when by woe  
 With these I need not hide me. And there, in gar - ments rich - ly wrought,



An - guish, and mock - er - y, and saith, "Will - ing all this I suf - fer."  
 But by Thy Pas - sion, men will share The fruit of Thy sal - va - tion."  
*Thou lay'st Him low with - in the grave Whose word the mountains rend - eth!*  
 To Thee, my Sav - ior, I con - sign, From whom all things I bor - row.  
*O Lord, all Thou hast done for me Thy gra - cious love a - dor - ing.*  
 My bark is driv - en to and fro On trou - ble's surg - ing bil - lows.  
 As Thine own bride, I shall be brought To stand in joy be - side Thee.

