



The Parish of St Mary Portsea

Hymns for Mass on Monday in Holy Week

Hymn I – Introit Hymn

O thou who through this holy week
the path of suffering trod,
our sins to heal, our souls to seek,
and bring us to our God.

We cannot comprehend the woe
thy love was pleased to bear;
O Saviour Christ, we only know
that all our hopes are there.

Then grant us, Lord, this week to trace
thy passion and thy love,
and by thine all-inspiring grace
uplift our hearts above:

beyond the pain, beyond the cross,
the Christ of glory see,
and count the things of earth but loss

to gain our heaven in thee.

J.M. Neale 1818-66 Tune: DUNDEE

Hymn 2 – Preparation of the Table

It is a thing most wonderful,
almost too wonderful to be,
that God's own Son should come
from heaven,
and die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true:
he chose a poor and humble lot,
and wept and toiled and mourned
and died
for love of those who loved him not.

But even could I see him die,
I could but see a little part
of that great love which like a fire,
is always burning in his heart.

It is most wonderful to know
his love for me so free and sure;
but 'tis more wonderful to see
my love for him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to love thee, Lord!
O light the flame within my heart,
and I will love thee more and more,
until I see thee as thou art.

W. Walsham How 1823-97 Tune: HERONGATE

Hymn 3 – Final Hymn

When I survey the wondrous cross,
on which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
save in the death of Christ my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down;
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?
His dying crimson like a robe,
spreads o'er his body on the tree;
then am I dead to all the globe,
and all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,

that were a present far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts 1674-1748 Tune: ROCKINGHAM