

# **HOLY WEEK 2024**

*“Love so amazing, so divine”*

**Passiontide hymns for prayer and meditation**

CHURCH OF ST MICHAEL & ST GEORGE  
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## Monday

THE ROYAL banners forward go,  
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow,  
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made,  
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 Where deep for us the spear was dyed,  
Life's torrent rushing from his side,  
To wash us in that precious flood,  
Where mingled water flowed and blood.

3 Fulfilled is all that David told  
In true prophetic song of old  
Amidst the nations, God, says he,  
Has reigned and triumphed from the tree.

4 O Tree of beauty, Tree of light,  
O Tree with royal purple dight,  
Elect on whose triumphal breast  
Those holy limbs should find their rest.

5 On whose dear arms, so widely flung,  
The weight of this world's ransom hung,  
The price of human kind to pay  
And spoil the spoiler of the prey.

6 O Cross, our one reliance, hail!  
So may thy power with us prevail  
To give new virtue to the saint,  
And pardon to the penitent.

7 To thee, eternal Three in One,  
Let homage meet by all be done:  
Whom by thy Cross thou dost restore  
Preserve and govern evermore. Amen.

(Venantius Fortunatus, c540-early 7th century)

two verses by the same author

Faithful Cross! Above all other,  
One and only noble tree!  
None in foliage, none in blossom,  
None in fruit thy peer may be;  
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron!  
Sweetest weight is hung on thee.

Bend thy boughs, O Tree of glory!  
Thy relaxing sinews bend;  
For awhile the ancient rigour  
That they birth bestowed, suspend;  
And the King of heavenly beauty  
On thy bosom gently tend.

## Tuesday

IT is a thing most wonderful,  
Almost too wonderful to be,  
That's God's own Son should come from heaven,  
And die to save a child like me.

2 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.

3 I sometimes think about the Cross,  
And shut my eyes, and try to see  
The cruel nails and crown of thorns,  
And Jesus crucified for me.

4 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.

5 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.

6 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.

(William Walsham How, 1823-97)

# Wednesday

MORNING glory, starlit sky,  
Soaring music, scholar's truth,  
Flight of swallows, autumn leaves,  
Memory's treasure, grace of youth:

2 Open are the gifts of God,  
Gifts of love to mind and sense;  
Hidden is love's agony,  
Love's endeavour, love's expense.

3 Love that gives, gives ever more,  
Gives with zeal, with eager hands,  
Spares not, keeps not, all outpours,  
Ventures all, its all expends.

4 Drained is love in making full,  
Bound in setting others free,  
Poor in making many rich,  
Weak in giving power to be.

5 Therefore he who shows us God  
Helpless hangs upon the tree;  
And the nails and crown of thorns  
Tell of what God's love must be.

6 Here is God; no monarch he,  
Throned in easy state to reign;  
Here is God, whose arms of love  
Aching, spent, the world sustain.

(W. H. Vanstone, 1923-99)