O Thou, who through this holy week



O thou, who through this holy week, didst suffer for us all, the sick to cure, the lost to seek, to raise up them that fall.

We cannot understand the woe thy love was pleased to bear: O Lamb of God, we only know that all our hopes are there.

Thy feet the path of suffering trod, thy hand the victory won: what shall we render to our God for all that he hath done? O grant us, Lord, with thee to die, with thee to rise anew; grant us the things of earth to fly, the things of heaven pursue.

To God, the blessèd Three in One, all praise and glory be: crown, Lord, thy servants who have won the victory through thee.

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