

- 8 Christ gave no answer unto them.  
Then spake the high priest unto Him:  
What sayest Thou? Now hasten:  
By God I put Thee under oath,  
Say, art Thou Christ, God's Son? he  
quoth.  
Then without hesitation:  
I am, He said, And from now on  
The Son of Man you'll see upon  
The shining clouds of glory,  
Sitting enthroned at God's right hand!  
The bishop did his garments rend,  
And said, Ye've heard His story,
- 9 How He blasphemes the God we fear!  
Spake he: What more need we to hear?  
Spake they: To death! With screaming,  
They spat upon Him in His face,  
His cheeks they struck, Him they  
disgraced,  
With bitter words blaspheming.  
His face they covered, Him to blind,  
And struck Him with their fists unkind,  
Saying: Tell, who hath struck Thee?  
Then in the dark of early morn,  
With many threats and bitter scorn  
They dragged Him, beaten, bloody,
- 10 And brought Him unto Pilate's throne.  
When Judas saw what had been done,  
He rued the matter sorely.  
The silver to the priests he gave  
And spake, I've sinned a sin most grave.  
He knew he'd served Him poorly.  
Himself he hanged, and burst in twain.  
The high priests gathered both again,  
The blood-stained silver selling:  
A potter's field with it they bought;  
Pilgrims for burial there were brought,  
The Prophet thus foretelling.
- 11 As before Pilate Jesus stood,  
There rose a clamor from the crowd,  
Crying with great upheaval:  
Much against Caesar hath He done,  
Calling Himself God's only Son,  
Leading astray the people.  
Pilate to Him his questions put,  
But Christ to him no answer spoke.  
At this was Pilate startled.  
He sent Him unto Herod's lair;  
Herod rejoiced to see Him there,  
Hoping to see some marvel.
- 12 As Jesus not a word would speak,  
Herod despised the Savior meek,  
And sent Him back to Pilate.  
He summoned then the Jews, and spake:  
This Man did Herod also take,  
In Him saw nothing violent.  
You have a custom ev'ry year  
That I release a prisoner;  
I'll give unto you Jesus!  
They shrieked with voices raised on high:  
No, Jesus take and crucify,  
More doth Barabbas please us!
- 13 So Pilate then had Jesus bound,  
To the praetorium driven round.  
With purple they bedecked Him.  
Of thorns they twisted Him a crown,  
Which pressed His head and pierced His  
brow,  
And with a reed they struck Him.  
As king they greeted Him, cruel sport!  
Their filth they spat upon the Lord,  
His holy head they chastened.  
Then Pilate spake: Behold the Man!  
I find no violence in His hand,  
No cause for condemnation.
- 14 They cried the more with voices loud:  
Crucify, crucify Him now,  
Else you're no friend of Caesar!  
When Pilate heard them this repeat,  
He sat upon the judgment seat,  
Hands washed, the crowd's appeaser.  
He freed Barabbas at their cry,  
Jesus he took to crucify,  
Gave in to their defiance.  
His clothes they put on Him again.  
As a loud clamor rose from them,  
He bore His cross in silence.
- 15 Then, as they followed Him without,  
Simon they forced to leave the crowd,  
Helping His cross to carry.  
The women wailed and loudly wept,  
But Jesus stopped, and round He  
stepped,  
Briefly with them to tarry:  
O weep ye not for Me, He said,  
Daughters of Zion, weep instead  
For yourselves and your children!  
For of the barren ye will say,  
Who never nursed: How blest are they!  
Such terrors then will fill them.
- 16 To Golgotha at last they came.  
Two evildoers there in shame  
Were nailed upon their crosses,  
One at His right, one at His left,  
As Scripture long ago had said.  
Spake Christ, as was His office:  
Father, forgive them, every one,  
For they know not what they have done!  
Pilate a sign had written  
In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongue:  
To Jesus, king of Jews, 'tis done,  
Much to the priests' vexation.
- 17 As Jesus there they crucified,  
His clothing then did they divide,  
And lots they cast thereover.  
As Jesus saw His mother there,  
And John, this word with them He  
shared:  
Woman, you'll be his mother.  
Behold thy son! To John He spake:  
Behold thy mother—ne'er forsake!  
Henceforth he gave her shelter.  
Then the high priests the Savior mocked,  
And all the rest blasphemed their God:  
Is God in truth Thy helper?
- 18 If Thou art God's beloved Son,  
Leave Thou Thy cross, come down  
therefrom!  
So said the thief, His neighbor.  
Yet did the other thief confess,  
Told him of Jesus' innocence,  
And said: Lord, me remember  
When Thou Thy kingdom dost receive!  
Spake Jesus: Truly thou shalt be  
In paradise beside Me!  
At the sixth hour the darkness fell,  
And at the ninth from Jesus swelled  
A great voice, loudly crying:
- 19 My God, My God! Why leavest Me?  
Sour wine they brought in mockery  
And for a drink they offered.  
As Jesus tasted then the gall,  
Spake He: 'Tis finished, I've done all!  
And finally, as He suffered:  
O Father, into Thy dear hand  
My spirit now do I commend!  
Then with a loud voice crying  
Gave up the ghost. Then tore the veil  
Within the temple; earth did quake  
And tremble at His dying.
- 20 The ground beneath did also shake,  
The graves were opened as it quaked.  
The captain and his servants  
Said: Yea, this Man was good indeed,  
Truly the Son of God was He!  
They beat their breasts in earnest.  
To break their legs the thieves they  
sought,  
Jesus was dead; they brake Him not,  
Him with a spear they piercèd:  
Water and blood poured from His side.  
He who hath seen hath testified,  
The Scripture further bears it.
- 21 Then, with the ev'ning drawing nigh,  
Joseph, the righteous man, came by,  
Him from the cross to carry.  
Good Nicodemus also came,  
Aloes and myrrh with him to bring;  
Jesus he helped to bury,  
Wrapped in a pure and linen shroud;  
Within the rock a grave was found  
Where none had lain reposing.  
There they laid Jesus, holy one,  
And o'er the grave they rolled a stone,  
His body there enclosing.
- 22 The Jews a guard nearby had set,  
But on the third day, from the dead  
Jesus arose in power,  
That we in Him might righteous be,  
Within His kingdom now made free,  
Nor sin within us flower.  
O therefore let us all rejoice,  
Unto our Savior raise our voice,  
For Christ did truly conquer  
For us sin's pow'r and deep distress,  
And us redeemed from hell and death;  
The devil rules no longer.
- 23 So let us thank Him evermore  
That for our sakes such pain He bore,  
After His will now living.  
Yea, let us be the foes of sin,  
Since God's Word brightly shines within  
And daily aids our striving.  
Let us show love to ev'ryone  
As Christ Himself to us hath done  
By His own suffer'ing, dying.  
O child of man, reflect aright  
How God's dread wrath our sin did  
smite,  
Thou from transgression flying!

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Behold thy son! To John He spake:  
Behold thy mother—ne'er forsake!  
Within the rock a grave was found  
Where none had lain reposing.  
There they laid Jesus, holy one,  
And o'er the grave they rolled a stone,  
His body there enclosing.
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