

A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth

LSB 438

Paul Gerhardt (1607–76)

Lutheran Service Book

1. A Lamb goes uncomplaining forth,
The guilt of sinners bearing
And, laden with the sins of earth,
None else the burden sharing;
Goes patient on, grows weak and faint,
To slaughter led without complaint,
That spotless life to offer,
He bears the stripes, the wounds, the lies,
The mockery, and yet replies,
“All this I gladly suffer.”
2. This Lamb is Christ, the soul’s great friend,
The Lamb of God, our Saviour,
Whom God the Father chose to send
To gain for us His favour
“Go forth, My Son,” the Father said,
“And free My children from their dread
Of guilt and condemnation.
The wrath and stripes are hard to bear,
But by Your passion they will share
The fruit of Your salvation.”
3. “Yes, Father, yes, most willingly
I’ll bear what You command Me.
My will conforms to Your decree,
I’ll do what You have asked Me.”
O wondrous Love, what have You done!
The Father offers up His Son,
Desiring our salvation.
O Love, how strong You are to save!
You lay the One into the grave
Who built the earth’s foundation.

Full Version (TLH translation, 1942)

1. A Lamb goes uncomplaining forth,
The guilt of all men bearing;
And laden with the sins of earth,
None else the burden sharing!
Goes patient on, grow weak and faint,
To slaughter led without complaint,
That spotless life to offer;
Bears shame and stripes, and wounds and death,
Anguish and mockery, and saith,
“Willing all this I suffer.”
2. This Lamb is Christ, the soul’s great Friend,
The Lamb of God, our Saviour;
Him God the Father chose to send
To gain for us His favour.
“Go forth, My Son,” the Father saith,
“And free men from the fear of death,
From guilt and condemnation.
The wrath and stripes are hard to bear,
But by Thy Passion men shall share
The fruit of Thy salvation.”
3. “Yea, Father, yea, most willingly
I’ll bear what Thou commandest;
My will conforms to Thy decree,
I do what Thou demandest.”
O wondrous Love, what hast Thou done!
The Father offers up His Son!
The Son, content, descendeth!
O Love, how strong Thou art to save!
Thou beddest Him within the grave
Whose word the mountains rendeth.
4. Thou lay’st Him, Love, upon the cross,
With nails and spear Him bruising;
Thou slay’st Him as a lamb,
His loss From soul and body oozing;
From body ’tis the crimson flood
Of precious sacrificial blood,
From soul, the strength of anguish.
My gain it is; sweet Lamb, to Thee
What can I give whose love to me
For me doth make Thee languish?
5. Lord, all my life I’ll cling to Thee,
Thy love fore’er beholding,
Thee ever, as Thou ever me,
With loving arms enfolding.
Yea, Thou shalt be my precious Light
To guide me safe through death’s dark night,
My heart in sorrow cheering;
Henceforth myself and all I have
To Thee, my Saviour, e’er I’ll give,
Into Thy cause all pouring.

Bible References

4. Lord, when Your glory I shall see
 And taste Your kingdom's pleasure,
 Your blood my royal robe shall be,
 My joy beyond all measure!
 When I appear before Your throne,
 Your righteousness shall be my crown;
 With these I need not hide me.
 And there, in garments richly wrought,
 As Your own bride shall we be brought
 To stand in joy beside You.
6. From morn till eve my theme shall be
 Thy mercy's wondrous measure;
 To sacrifice myself for Thee
 Shall be my aim and pleasure.
 My stream of life shall ever be
 A current flowing ceaselessly,
 Thy constant praise outpouring.
 I'll treasure in my memory,
 O Lord, all Thou hast done for me,
 Thy gracious love adoring.
7. Enlarge, my heart's own shrine, and swell,
 To thee shall now be given
 A treasure that doth far excel
 The worth of earth and heaven.
 Away with the Arabian gold,
 With treasures of an earthly mould!
 I've found a better jewel.
 My priceless treasure, Lord, my God,
 Is Thy most holy, precious blood,
 Which flowed from wounds so cruel.
8. This treasure ever I'll employ,
 This ev'ry aid shall yield me;
 In sorrow it shall be my joy,
 In conflict it shall shield me;
 In joy, the music of my feast,
 And when all else has lost its zest,
 This manna still shall feed me;
 In thirst my drink, in want my food;
 My company in solitude,
 To comfort and to lead me.
9. Of death I am no more afraid,
 New life from Thee is flowing;
 Thy cross affords me cooling shade
 When day's hot sun is glowing.
 When by my grief I am oppressed,
 On Thee my weary soul shall rest
 And o'er grief's ills so conquer.
 And when beneath life's storm woe
 My ship is driven to and fro,
 So art Thou then my Anchor.
10. And when Thy glory I shall see
 And taste Thy kingdom's pleasure,
 Thy blood my royal robe shall be,
 My joy beyond all measure;
 When I appear before Thy throne,
 Thy righteousness shall be my crown,
 With these I need not hide me.
 And there, in garments richly wrought
 As Thine own bride, I shall be brought
 To stand in joy beside Thee.