

# “A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth”

by Paul Gerhardt

From:

*The Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book*  
(Pittsburgh: American Lutheran Publication  
Board, 1909)

1. A Lamb goes uncomplaining forth,  
The guilt of all men bearing;  
‘Tis laden with the sin of earth;  
None else the burden sharing  
It goes its way, grows weak and faint,  
To slaughter led without complaint,  
Its 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  
And everlasting Saviour;  
Him, Him God chose, sin’s reign to end  
And bring us to His favor  
“Go forth, my Son!” He said, “and bail  
The children, who are doomed to hell  
Without Thine intercession.  
The punishment is great, and dread  
The wrath, but Thou Thy blood shalt shed,  
And save them from perdition.” ·

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! O Love! how strong art Thou!  
In shroud and grave Thou lay’st Him low  
Whose word the mountains rendeth!

4 Thou lay’st Him, Love, upon the cross,  
With nails and spikes 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 cleave to Thee,  
Thy love fore'er beholding,  
Thee ever, as Thou ever me,  
With loving arms enfolding.  
Yea, Thou shalt be my Beacon-light,  
To guide me safe through death's dark night,  
And cheer my heart in sorrow;  
Henceforth myself and all that's mine  
'To Thee, my Saviour, I consign,  
From whom all things I borrow.

6 By morn and eve my theme shall be  
Thy mercy's wondrous measure;  
To sacrifice myself to Thee,  
My foremost aim and pleasure.  
My stream of life shall flow for Thee,  
Its steadfast current ceaselessly  
In praise to Thee outpouring;  
And all that Thou hast done for me,  
I'll treasure in my memory,  
Thy gracious love adoring.

7 Dilate, shrine of my heart, 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 mold!  
I 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 ever 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 Death's poison cannot harm me now,  
Thy blood new life bestoweth;  
My Shadow from the heat art Thou,  
When noonday's sunlight gloweth.  
When I'm by inward grief opprest,  
On Thee my weary soul shall rest,  
As sick man on his pillow.  
Thou art my Anchor, when by woe  
My bark is driven to fro  
On trouble's restless billow.

10 And when Thy glory I shall see  
And taste Thy kingdom's pleasure,  
Thy blood shall then my purple be,  
I'll clothe me in this treasure;  
It then shall be my glorious crown  
Thus I'll appear before the throne  
Of God, and need not hide me;  
And shall, by Him to Thee betrothed,  
By Thee in bridal garments clothed,  
Stand as a bride beside Thee.

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Notes:

Hymn #58 from *The Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book*, 54-57.

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