

SHROUD HYMN

BSTS member the Revd. Mark Bishop of Baildon, Shipley, W. Yorks, has sent for members' interest the following hymn, which he composed himself, and says he has used several times for Easter Week. He recommends it being set to the tune of Benson's "God is working his purpose out." (A & M.R.271)

Lord, how you suffered, died on the cross
On that Good Friday dark.
Laid in the tomb, your shroud wrapped around,
Your body cold and stark.
How you could conquer that awful day
We cannot fully know;
Our guilt to bear, you died for us there;
We see you loved us so

Lord, the third day you came back to life;
No one at first knew well.
Shroud left behind, your friends saw it there,
What could that grave cloth tell?
Vict'ry you won that day on the cross;
Saviour, we look to you.
Sin done away, with Joy can we say
Your love has made us new.

Lord, we can see today in the shroud
Glimpses of pain and grief.
You suffered them, our Master and Friend;
We tell our great belief.
Death's power gone, its sting overcome,
Praises we now can sing.
We come to you, your love shining through;
You are our Lord and King.