

**Toward the Barren, Sacred Rise** – (to the tune ‘Repton’)

Toward the barren, sacred rise,  
our hinterland of fear,  
engulfed with new and ancient cries,  
as death makes visible its prize,  
our suffering Lord draws near,  
our suffering Lord draws near.

‘O why have you forsaken me?’,  
his final groaning breath,  
he wears our human tragedy,  
a robe of sorrows lovingly,  
and reconfigures death,  
and reconfigures death.

What love to make such sacrifice,  
should by his bruises show?  
Beset upon the cruel device,  
‘behold the man’, the dying Christ,  
for all the world laid low,  
for all the world laid low.

There on the barren, sacred site,  
in broken, fragile strains,  
our faith, our creed, we still recite,  
though death consumed our Lord of Light,  
his wondrous love remains,  
his wondrous love remains.