

Like a Lamb, the Lord is Led Away”
from *Lift High the Cross* a Lenten Cantata
by Lloyd Larson

In the same night in which he was betrayed, the supper ended, and the dark come down,
There in that lonely garden Jesus prayed, beyond the lamp-light of the sleeping town;
Above the trees the Paschal moon is high, the olive branches black against the sky.

What agony of spirit bowed his head, lies far beyond our human heart to frame,
yet “Not my will, but yours,” at last he said, as lights and torches through the garden came.
So Judas ends what love of self-began, and with a kiss betrays the Son of Man.

The hour is come; the pow’r of darkness reigns.
See, like a lamb, the Lord is led away, our Lord is led a way.

Ah, holy Jesus, how have you offended, that mortal judgement has on you descended?
By foes derided, by your own rejected, O most afflicted!

