

# OUR SAVIOR WENT WHERE NO ONE'S GONE

JOHN DURHAM PETERS  
& ETHAN F. WICKMAN

Fervently ♩ = 84

1. Our Sa - vior went where no one's gone That dark night in Geth  
2. We can - not fix what has oc - curred Yet he trans - fig - ures  
3. We seek the man - na of re - lief To off - set li - ving's

7  
se - ma - ne. His friends, a - sleep, left Him\_ a - lone; Not  
what we've done. He takes the pain we have\_ in - curred. The  
loss and gain, More light to ba - nish un - be - lief, And

13  
one\_ could bear the a - go - ny. The sins of all, so  
les - son stays, the sting is gone. Re - pen - tance chan - ges  
make some sense of pas - sing pain. The wheat must die to

19  
vast a sum: A - tone - ment stag - gers mor - tal brain.  
all our past, From sin and death we are set free.  
make the bread The grape be crushed to make the wine:

25  
We lit - tle grasp the won - drous storm That  
Our cov' - nants make our fu - ture fast: What  
By res - sur - rec - tion we\_ are fed Which

29  
bathes\_ our de - sert heart with rain.  
once\_ has been need no more be.  
makes\_ this week - ly meal di - vine.

Words & Music  
John Durham Peters (b. 1958)  
Ethan F. Wickman (b. 1973)

To listen to a recording of this hymn, visit  
[wayfare.org/our-savior-went](http://wayfare.org/our-savior-went).