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for

Seven Sevens

to Celebrate the Way to Heaven:

a Resource for Lent

Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed

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Isaac Watts

Hugh Wilson

Chords: A^b D^b A^b B^bm A^b E^b7 A^b

A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed And
 Was it for crimes that I had done He
 Well might the sun in dark - ness hide And
 Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While
 But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The

3 Chords: E^b A^b E^b A^b E^b7 Fm A^b7

did my Sov - ereign die? Would He de - vote that
 groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pi - ty!
 shut His glo - ries in, When Christ, the might - y
 His dear cross ap - pears, Dis - solve my heart in
 debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I give my -

6 Chords: D^b A^b E^b A^b D^b A^b E^b7 A^b

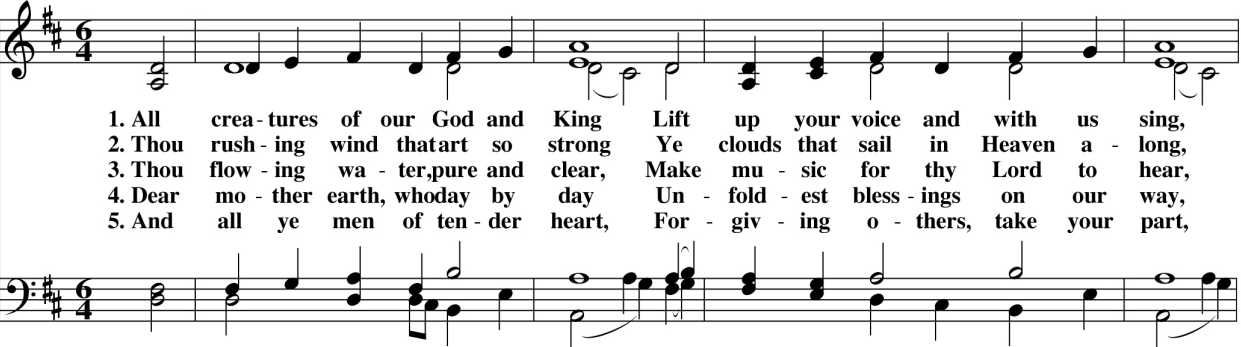
sa - cred head For sin - ners such as I?
 grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
 Ma - ker died, For man the crea - ture's sin.
 thank - ful - ness, And melt my eyes to tears.
 self a - way 'Tis all that I can do.

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All Creatures of Our God and King

Words: Francis of Assisi circa 1225; Translated by William H. Draper, 1919.
 Music: 'Lasst Uns Erfreuen' Geistliche Kirchengesäng Köln 1623. Setting: Ralph Vaughn Williams, 1906.
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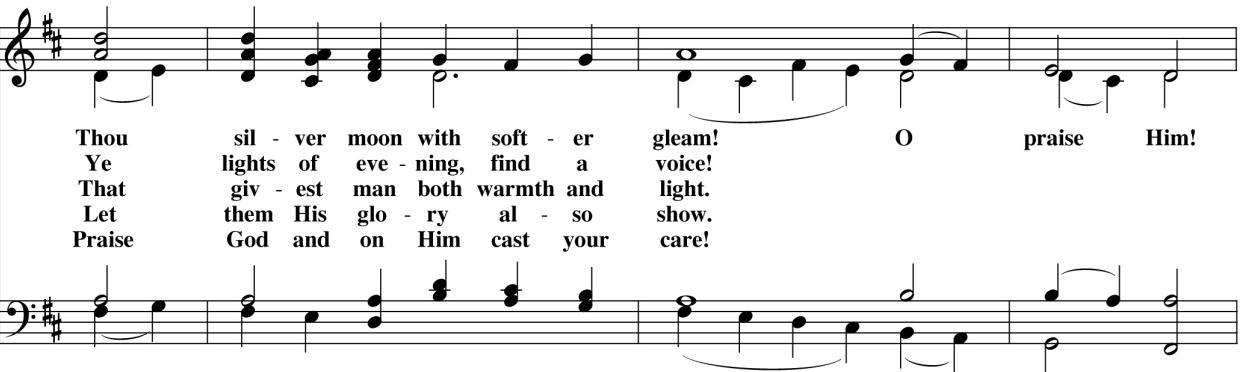
♩ = 160



1. All crea- tures of our God and King Lift up your voice and with us sing,
 2. Thou rush- ing wind that art so strong Ye clouds that sail in Heaven a - long,
 3. Thou flow - ing wa - ter, pure and clear, Make mu - sic for thy Lord to hear,
 4. Dear mo - ther earth, who day by day Un - fold - est bless - ings on our way,
 5. And all ye men of ten - der heart, For - giv - ing o - thers, take your part,



A - lle - lu - ia! A - lle - lu - ia! Thou burn - ing sun with gol - den beam,
 O praise Him! A - lle - lu - ia! Thou ris - ing moon, in praise re - joice,
 O praise Him! A - lle - lu - ia! Thou fire so mas - ter - ful and bright,
 O sing ye! A - lle - lu - ia! The flowers and fruits that in thee grow,
 who long pain and sor - row bear,



Thou sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam! O praise Him!
 Ye lights of eve - ning, find a voice!
 That giv - est man both warmth and light.
 Let them His glo - ry al - so show.
 Praise God and on Him cast your care!



O praise Him! A - lle - lu - ia! A - lle - lu - ia! A - lle - lu - - - ia!

6. And thou most kind and gentle Death,
 Waiting to hush our latest breath,
 O praise Him! Alleluia!
 Thou leadest home the child of God,
 And Christ our Lord the way hath trod.

7. Let all things their Creator bless,
 And worship Him in humbleness,
 O praise Him! Alleluia!
 Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
 And praise the Spirit, Three in One!

All Glory, Laud, and Honor

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Melchior Teschner

♩ = 110

F B^b E^b F⁷ B^bsus⁴ B^b F Gm E^b6 F B^b

1. All glo - ry, laud and hon - or, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,
 2. The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are prais - ing Thee on High,
 3. To Thee, be - fore Thy pas - sion, They sang their hymns of praise;

6 F B^b E^b F⁷ B^bsus⁴ B^b F Gm E^b6 F B^b

To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.
 And mor - tal men and all things Cre - at - ed make re - ply.
 To Thee, now high ex - al - ted, Our me - lo - dy we raise.

11 Gm C C⁷ F C⁷ Dm Gm F B^b13 C F

Thou art the King of Is - ra - el, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
 The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went;
 Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the prayers we bring,

16 F B^b E^b B^b F F⁷ B^b E^b B^b Fsus⁴ F B^b

Who in the Lord's Name com - est, The King and Bles - sed One.
 Our prayer and praise and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.
 Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King.

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All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name

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Music by
Oliver Holden, 1792

F C⁷ F C⁷ F C⁷ Dm F C⁷ F C

All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall; bring
Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, ye ean - somed from the fall, hail
Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get the worm - wood and the gall, go
Crown him, ye mar - trys of your God, who from his al - tar call; ex -
O that with yon - der sa - cred throng we at his feet may fall! We'll

6 F C F Am Gm F C F C F C Dm C G C F

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, and crown him Lord of all. Bring
him who saves you by his grace, and crown him Lord of all. Hail
spread your tro - phies at his feet, and crown him Lord of all. Go
tol the Stem of Je - se's Rod, and crown him Lord of all. Ex -
join the ev - er - last - ing song, and crown him Lord of all. We'll

11 C⁷ Dm F B^b F C C⁷ F

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, and crown him Lord of all.
him who saves you by his grace, and crown him Lord of all.
spread your tro - phies at his feet, and crown him Lord of all.
tol the Stem of Je - se's Rod and crown him Lord of all.
join the ev - er - last - ing song and crown him Lord of all.

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Alleluia! Alleluia!

After His suffering, He . . . gave many convincing proofs that He was alive. Acts 1:3

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise;
2. Now the i - ron bars are bro - ken, Christ from death to life is born,

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise.
Glo - rious life, and life im - mor - tal, On this res - ur - rec - tion morn;

The second system continues the melody with the same instrumental accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

He who on the cross as Sav - ior For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
Christ has tri - umphed, and we con - quer By His might - y en - ter - prise,

The third system continues the melody with the same instrumental accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Je - sus Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.
We with Him to life e - ter - nal By His res - ur - rec - tion rise.

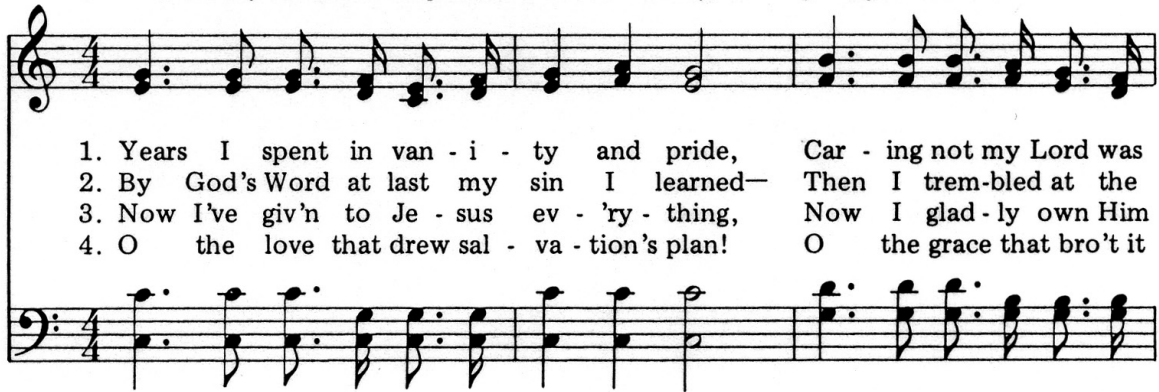
The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the notes.

TEXT: Christopher Wordsworth, altered
MUSIC: Ludwig van Beethoven; adapted by Edward Hodges

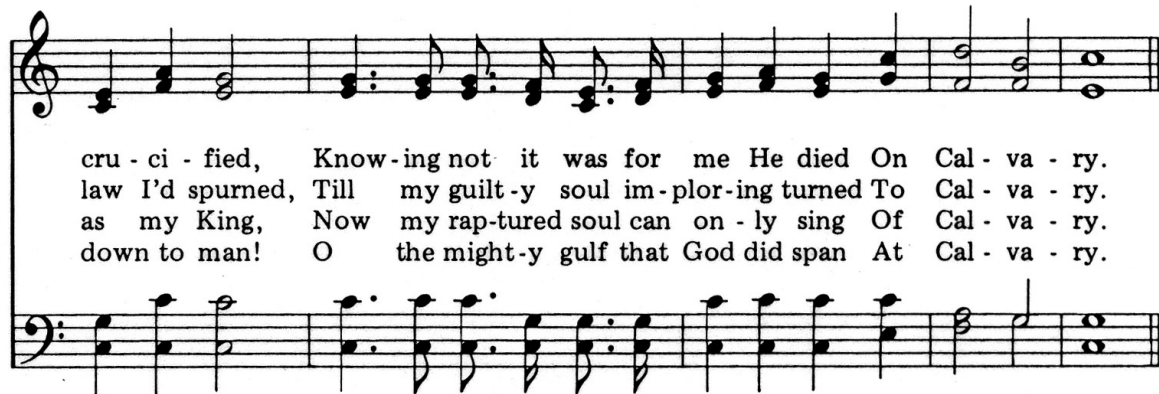
HYMN TO JOY
8.7.8.7.D.

At Calvary

When they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him. Luke 23:33

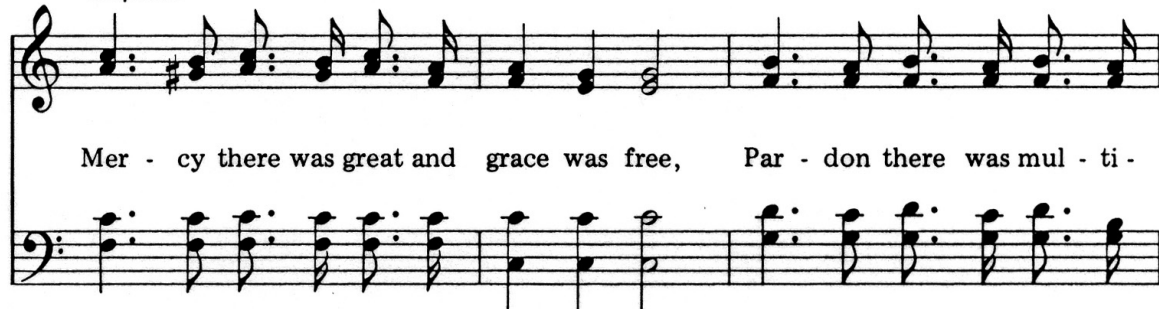


1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
 2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned— Then I trem-bled at the
 3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
 4. O the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan! O the grace that bro't it

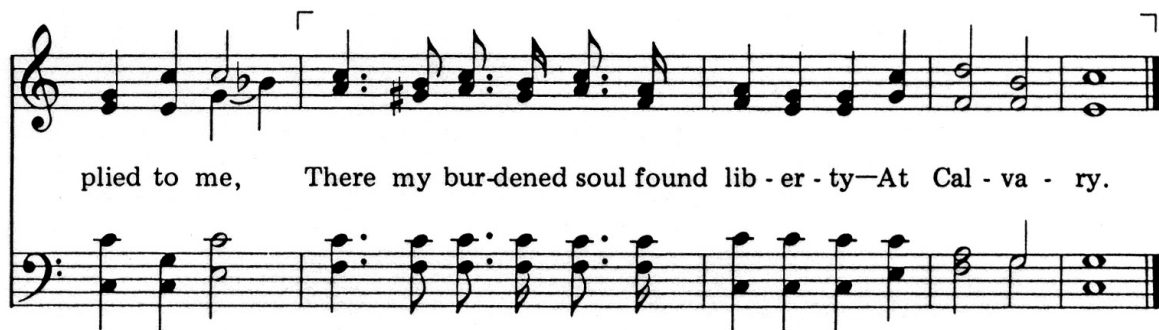


cru - ci - fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
 law I'd spurned, Till my guilt-y soul im-plor-ing turned To Cal - va - ry.
 as my King, Now my rap-tured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
 down to man! O the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.

Refrain



Mer - cy there was great and grace was free, Par - don there was mul - ti -



plied to me, There my bur-dened soul found lib - er - ty—At Cal - va - ry.

TEXT: William R. Newell
 MUSIC: Daniel B. Towner

CALVARY
 9.9.9.4. with Refrain

Be Known to Us in Breaking Bread

LUKE 24:30-31

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854

ST. FLAVIAN CM

Adapt. from *Day's Psalter*, 1562

1. Be known to us in break-ing bread, But do not then de-part; Sav-
2. There sup with us in love di-vine; Thy bod-y and thy blood, That

ior, a-bide with us, and spread Thy ta-ble in our heart.
liv-ing bread, that heaven-ly wine, Be our im-mor-tal food. A-men.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The first system contains the first two lines of the hymn, and the second system contains the final two lines. The score ends with a double bar line.

Beneath The Cross Of Jesus

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Elizabeth C. Cephane, 1868
Frederick C. Maker, 1881

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score is divided into four systems, with measure numbers 6, 11, and 16 indicated at the beginning of each system.

Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
Up - on the cross of Je - sus Mine eyes at times can see
I take, O cross, thy sha - dow For my a - bid - ing place;

6
The sha - dow of a migh - ty rock With - in a wea - ry land,
The ve - ry dy - ing form of one Who suf - fer'd there for me;
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of his face;

11
A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess:
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

16
From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
The won - ders of re - deem - ing love, And my own worth - less - ness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

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Bread of the World in Mercy Broken

Take, eat: this is My body which is broken for you. I Cor. 11:24

EUCCHARISTIC HYMN 9 8 9 8

Reginald Heber, 1827

John S. B. Hodges, 1868

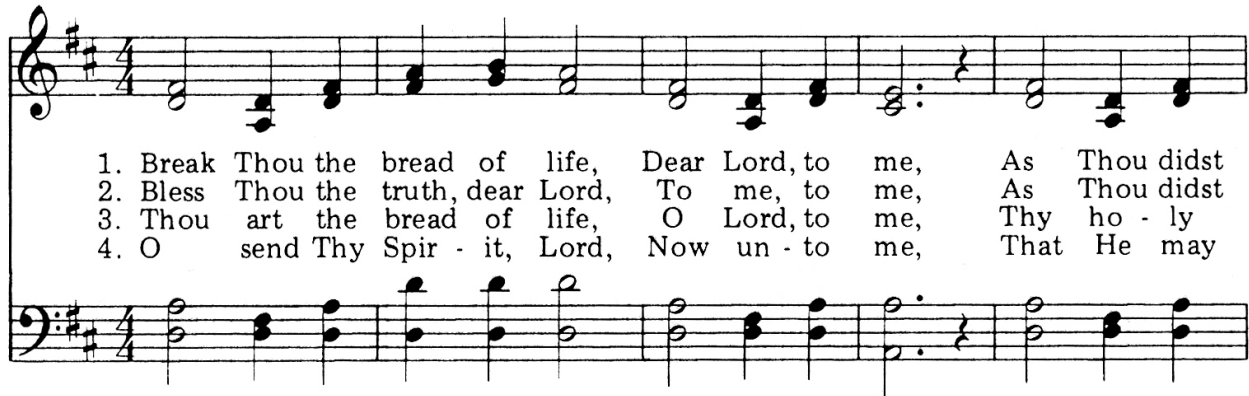
1. Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the
2. Look on the heart by sor - row bro - ken, Look on the

soul in mer - cy shed, By whom the words of life were
tears by sin - ners shed; And be Thy feast to us the

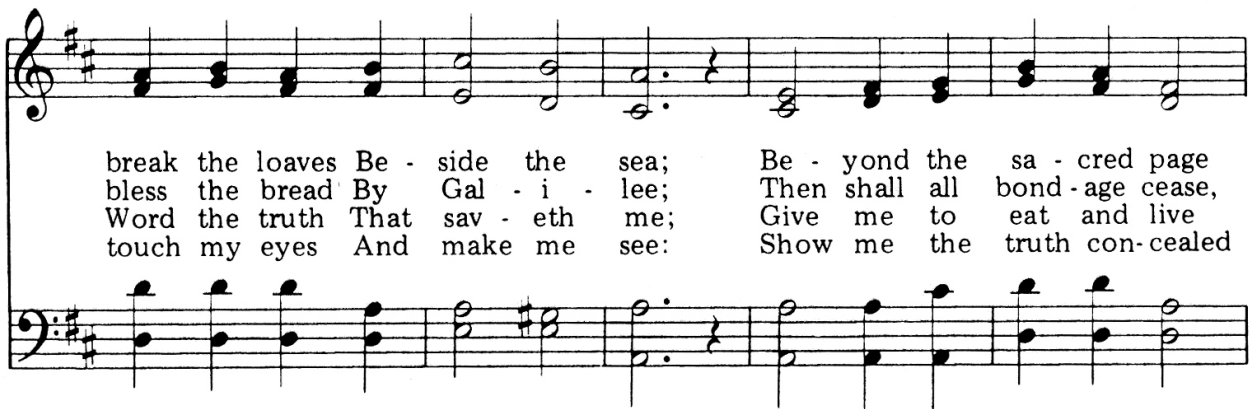
spo - ken, And in whose death our sins are dead:
to - ken That by Thy grace our souls are fed! A - men.

Break Thou the Bread of Life

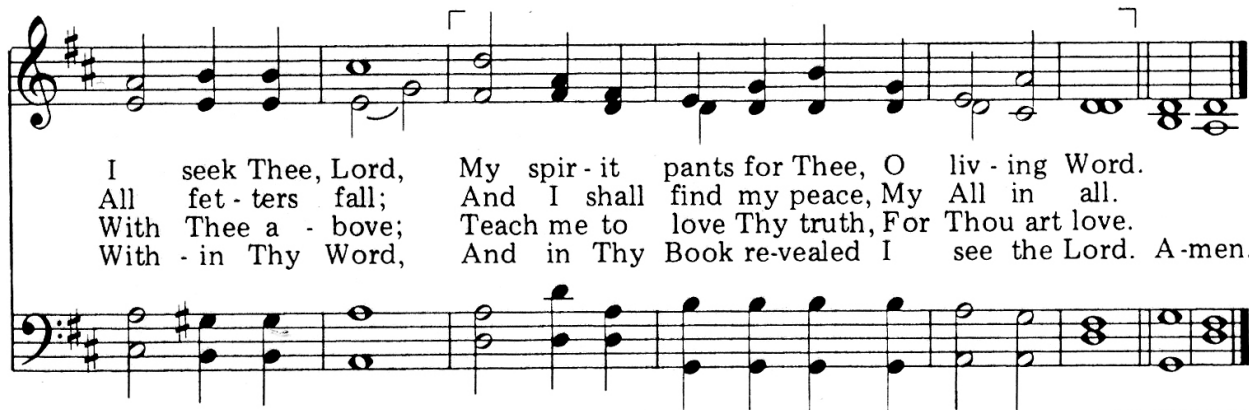
He looked up to heaven, and blessed, and brake the loaves. Mark 6:41



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst
 3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly
 4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may



break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
 bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,
 Word the truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live
 touch my eyes And make me see: Show me the truth con - cealed



I seek Thee, Lord, My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
 All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
 With Thee a - bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
 With - in Thy Word, And in Thy Book re - vealed I see the Lord. A - men.

TEXT: Mary A. Lathbury, stanzas 1, 2; Alexander Groves, stanzas 3, 4;
 based on Matthew 14:19

MUSIC: William F. Sherwin

BREAD OF LIFE
 6.4.6.4.D.

Christ Arose

It was not possible that He should be holden of [death]. Acts 2:24

1. Low in the grave He lay, Je - sus my Sav - ior! Wait - ing the com - ing day,
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed, Je - sus my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead,
 3. Death can-not keep his prey, Je - sus my Sav - ior! He tore the bars a - way,

Refrain
 Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
 He a-rose,

might - y tri-umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic-tor from the
 He a-rose!

dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign, He a -

rose! He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
 He a-rose! He a-rose!

TEXT and MUSIC: Robert Lowry

Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation

No one can lay any foundation other than . . . Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. 3:11



1. Christ is made the sure foun-da-tion, Christ the head and
 2. To this tem-ple, where we call Thee, Come, O Lord of
 3. Here vouch-safe to all Thy serv-ants What they ask of
 4. Laud and hon-or to the Fa-ther, Laud and hon-or



cor-ner-stone, Chos-en of the Lord and pre-cious,
 hosts, to-day; With ac-cus-tomed lov-ing-kind-ness
 Thee to gain, What they gain from Thee for-ev-er
 to the Son, Laud and hon-or to the Spir-it,



Bind-ing all the Church in one, Ho-ly Zi-on's
 Hear Thy peo-ple as they pray, And Thy full-est
 With the bless-ed to re-tain, And here-aft-er
 Ev-er Three and ev-er One, One in might and



help for-ev-er, And her con-fi-dence a-lone.
 ben-e-dic-tion Shed with-in its walls al-way.
 in Thy glo-ry Ev-er-more with Thee to reign.
 One in glo-ry While un-end-ing a-ges run. A-men.



TEXT: Latin Hymn, 7th century; translated by John M. Neale
 MUSIC: Henry T. Smart

REGENT SQUARE
 8.7.8.7.8.7.

Christ Jesus Lay In Death's Strong Bands (In Death's Strong Bands)

Words: Martin Luther, 1524. Translated by Richard Massie, 1854.
Music: "Christ lay in Todes Banden" or "Lorzan" from *Geistliche Gesangsbüchlein*, 1524.
Setting: Evangelical Lutheran Hymn Book, 1931, alt.
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♩ = 110

1. Christ Je sus lay in death's strong bands. For our af fen ses
2. No son of man could con quer Death. Such mis chief sin had
3. But Je sus Christ, God's on ly Son, To our low state de
4. It was a strange and dread ful strife When life and death con
5. Here: the true Pas chal Lamb we see. Whom God su free ly

giv en; But now at God's right hand He stands. And brings us life from
wrought us; For in no cence dwell not on earth, And there fore Death had
sweat ed. The cause of Death He has un done. His power for ev er
ten ded; The vic ti mous re mained with life; The reign of death was to
gave us; He died on the ac cur sed tree So strong His love to

Hea ven. Where fore let us joy ful ly, he, And sing to God right
brought us In to all thrill dunn from of old And ex er grew more
cod ed, Re tued all his right and claim And left him no thing
end ed. Stripped of power, no more it reigns. An emp ty form a
save us. See, His blood duth mark our door; Faith points to it. Death

thank ful ly Laud songs of Al le lu ia! Al le lu ia!
strong and bold And kept us in his bou tie in! Al le lu ia!
but the name, His sling is lost for ev dage, Al le lu ia!
tone re mums Death's sting is lost fur ev er! Al le lu ia!
pas ses o'er, And Sa tan can not harm us. Al le lu ia!

6. So let us keep the festival
Where to the Lord invites us;
Christ is Himself the joy of all,
The Sun that warms and lights us.
By His grace He doth impart
Eternal sunshine to the heart;
The night of sin is ended! Alleluia!

7. Then let us feast this Easter day
On the true Bread of Heaven;
The Word of grace hath purged away
The old and wicked leaven,
Christ alone our souls will feed;
He is our Meat and Drink indeed;
Faith lives upon no other! Alleluia!

Christ, The Lord, Is Risen Today

Charles Wesley

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

Lyra Davidica

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, — Al - - le - lu - ia!
 2. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King, — Al - - le - lu - ia!
 3. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, — Al - - le - lu - ia!
 4. Soar we now where Christ hath led, — Al - - le - lu - ia!

5. Sons of men and an - gels say, — Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Where, O death, is now — thy sting? — Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won, — Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Fol - low - ing our exal - ted Head, — Al - - le - lu - ia!

9. Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Once He died our souls to save, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Lo! the Sun's e - clipse is over, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Made like Him, like Him we rise, Al - - le - lu - ia!

13. Sing, — ye — heavens, and earth, re - ply, — Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave? — Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Lo! — He — sets in blood no more, — Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Ours — the — cross, the grave, the skies, — Al - - le - lu - ia!

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Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy

Come . . . take the water of life freely. Rev. 22:17

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
 2. Come, ye thirst - y, come, and wel-come, God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
 3. Let not con-science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;
 4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
Refrain: I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;

D.C. for Refrain

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.
 True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - ery grace that brings you nigh.
 All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
 In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, O, there are ten thou-sand charms.

TEXT: Joseph Hart; Refrain, source unknown

MUSIC: Traditional American melody; Walker's *Southern Harmony*, 1835

ARISE

8.7.8.7. with Refrain

Crown Him With Many Crowns

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George J. Elvey

D Bm G D G D⁷ D A

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on His throne.
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love, be - hold His hands and side,
 3. Crown Him the Lord of life, who tri - umphed over the grave,
 4. Crown Him the Lord of Heaven, en - throned in worlds a - bove,

5 D A Bm D E Bm⁶ A G A D Esus⁴ E A

Hark! How the heaven - ly an - them____drowns all mu - sic but its own.
 Those wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, in beau - ty glo - ri - fied.
 And rose vic - to - rious in the____strife for those He came to save.
 Crown Him the King to Whom is____given the won - drous name of Love.

10 A⁷ D A D G B⁷ E D E A A⁷

A - wake, my soul, and sing of Him who died for thee, And
 No an - gel in the sky can ful - ly bear that sight, But
 His glo - ries now we sing, Who died, and rose on high, Who
 Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, as thrones be - fore Him fall; Crown

15 D G D Em⁷ A D G D Asus⁴ A⁷ D

hail Him as thy match - less King through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 down - ward bends his burn - ing eye at mys - ter - ies so bright.
 died e - ter - nal life to bring, and lives that death may die.
 Him, ye kings, with ma - ny crowns, for He is King of all.

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For the Beauty of the Earth

Folliot S. Pierpoint

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

Conrad Kocher

G D7 D G C D7 G C D7 G C

For the beau - ty of the earth For the glo - ry
 For the beau - ty of each hour, Of the day and
 For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter,
 For Thy Church, that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly
 For Thy - seld, best gift di - vine, To our race so

4 G D G D7 D G C D7 G

of the skies, For the love which from our birth
 of the night, Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
 par - ent, child, Friends on earth and friends a - bove,
 hands a - bove, Of - fer - ing up on ev - ery shore
 free - ly given; For that great, great love of Thine,

7 C D7 G C G D G

O - ver and a - round us lies.
 Sun and moon, and stars of light.
 For all gen - tle thoughts and mild.
 Her pure sac - ri - fice of love.
 Peace on earth and joy in heaven.

9 G D G D G C D7 G C G D G

Lord of all, to Thee we raise, This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

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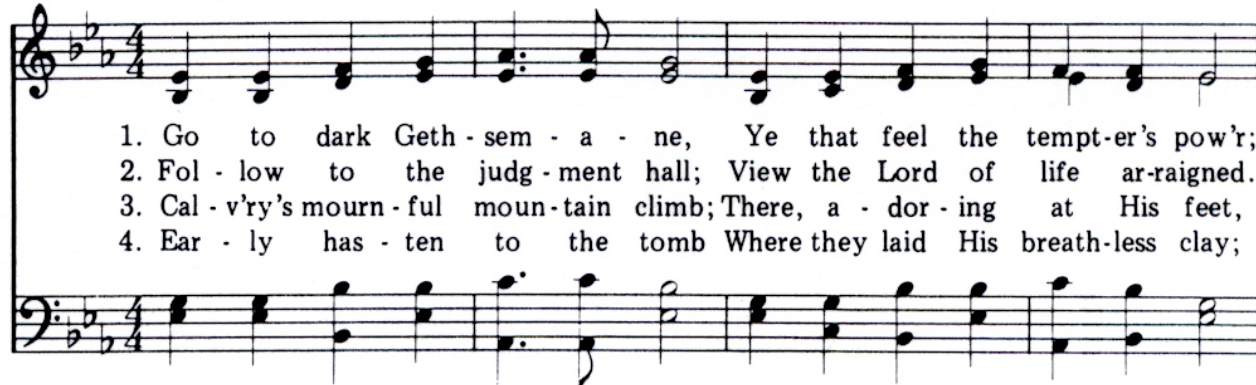
Go to Dark Gethsemane

Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane . . . Matt. 26:36

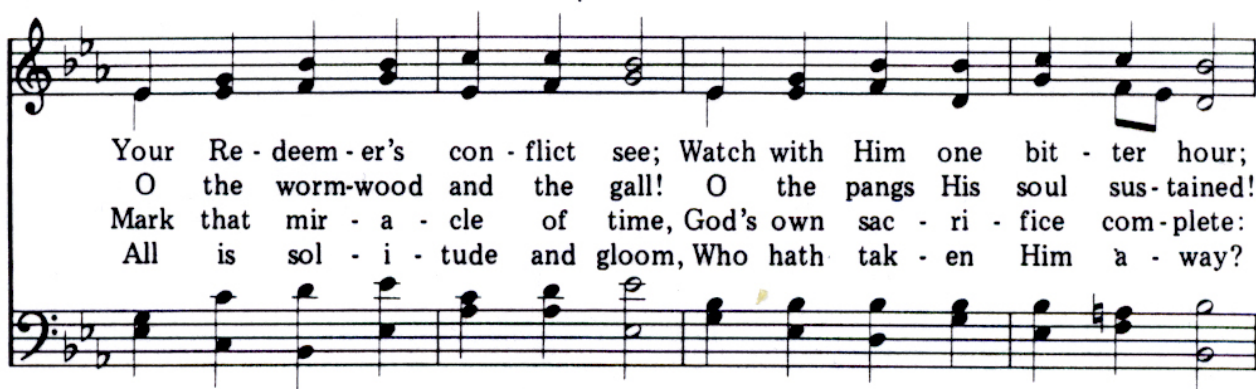
James Montgomery, 1825

REDHEAD 777777

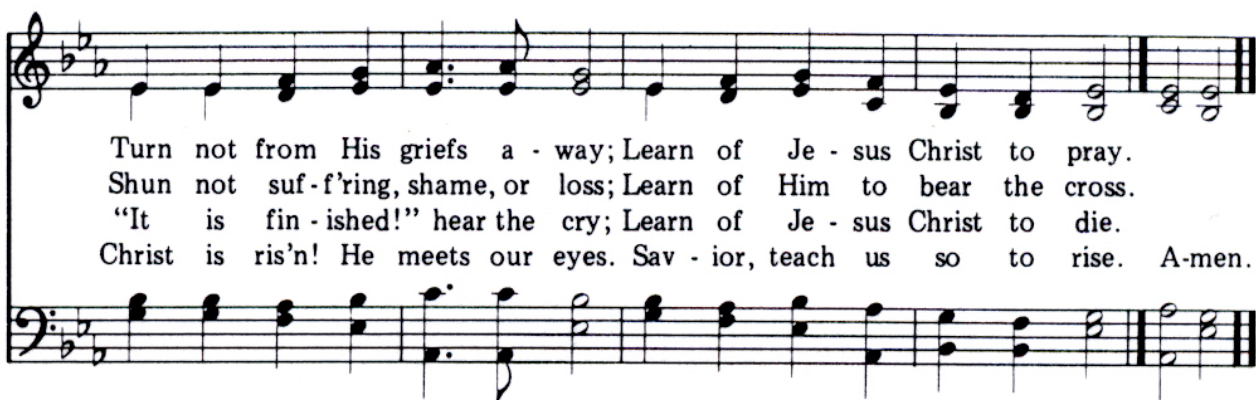
Richard Redhead, 1853



1. Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempt - er's pow'r;
2. Fol - low to the judg - ment hall; View the Lord of life ar-raigned.
3. Cal - v'ry's mourn - ful moun - tain climb; There, a - dor - ing at His feet,
4. Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb Where they laid His breath-less clay;



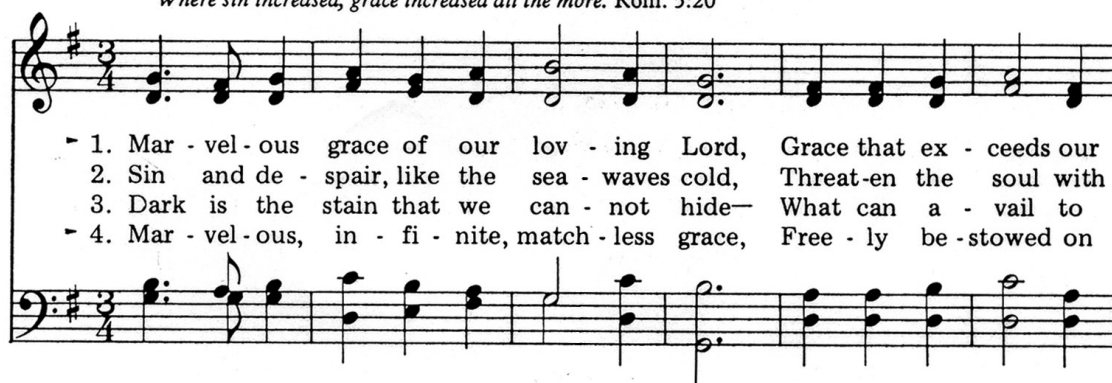
Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see; Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;
O the worm-wood and the gall! O the pangs His soul sus-tained!
Mark that mir - a - cle of time, God's own sac - ri - fice com-plete:
All is sol - i - tude and gloom, Who hath tak - en Him a - way?



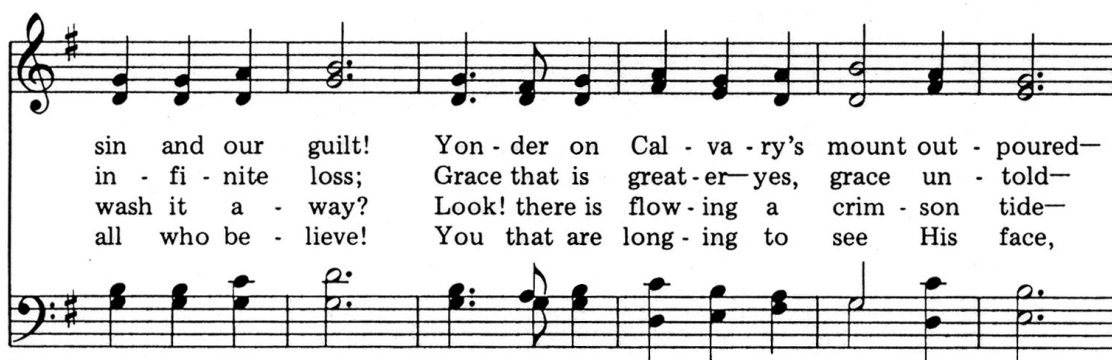
Turn not from His griefs a - way; Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.
Shun not suf - f'ring, shame, or loss; Learn of Him to bear the cross.
"It is fin - ished!" hear the cry; Learn of Je - sus Christ to die.
Christ is ris'n! He meets our eyes. Sav - ior, teach us so to rise. A-men.

Grace Greater Than Our Sin

Where sin increased, grace increased all the more. Rom. 5:20

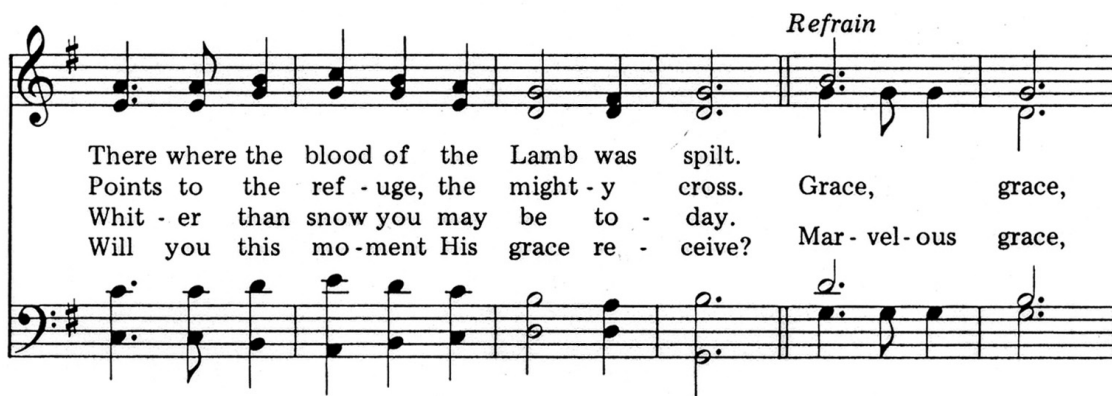


1. Mar - vel - ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our
 2. Sin and de - spair, like the sea - waves cold, Threat - en the soul with
 3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide— What can a - vail to
 4. Mar - vel - ous, in - fi - nite, match - less grace, Free - ly be - stowed on

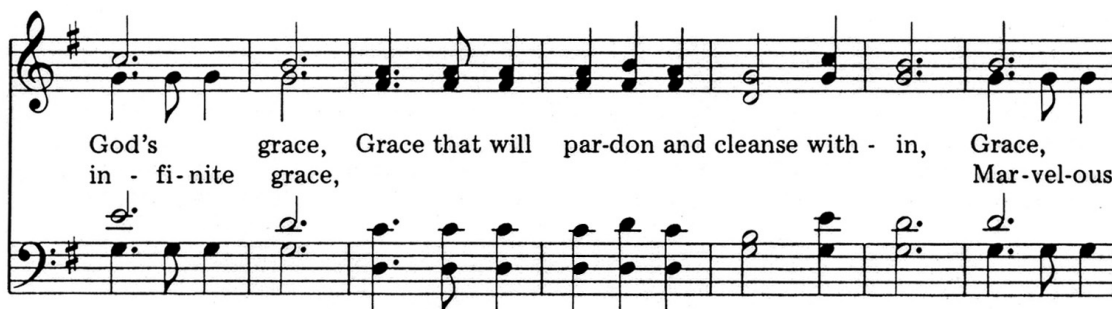


sin and our guilt! Yon - der on Cal - va - ry's mount out - poured—
 in - fi - nite loss; Grace that is great - er—yes, grace un - told—
 wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide—
 all who be - lieve! You that are long - ing to see His face,

Refrain



There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.
 Points to the ref - uge, the might - y cross. Grace, grace,
 Whit - er than snow you may be to - day. Mar - vel - ous grace,
 Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive?



God's grace, Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in, Grace,
 in - fi - nite grace, Mar - vel - ous

TEXT: Julia H. Johnston
 MUSIC: Daniel B. Towner

MOODY
 9.9.9.9. with Refrain

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

William Williams

John Hughes

G C G/B A⁷sus⁴ G G/B G/D D

Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah,
O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain,
When I tread the verge of Jor - dan,

3 G C/E C Am⁷ G/D D⁷ G G C G/B

Pil - grim through this bar - ren land. I am weak, but
Whence the heal - ing stream doth flow; Let the fire and
Bid my an - xious fears sub - side; Death of deaths, and

6 G G/B G/D D G C/E G/B C G/D D G

Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy power - ful hand.
cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through.
hell's de - struc - tion, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side.

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Hallelujah, What a Savior!

... a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Isa. 53:3

1. "Man of Sor - rows!" what a name For the Son of God, who came
 2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place con - demned He stood—
 3. Guilt - y, vile and help - less we, Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
 4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin - ished!" was His cry;
 5. When He comes, our glo - rious King, All His ran -omed home to bring,

Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!
 Sealed my par - don with His blood: Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!
 Full a - tone - ment! can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!
 Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high: Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!
 Then a - new this song we'll sing: Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!

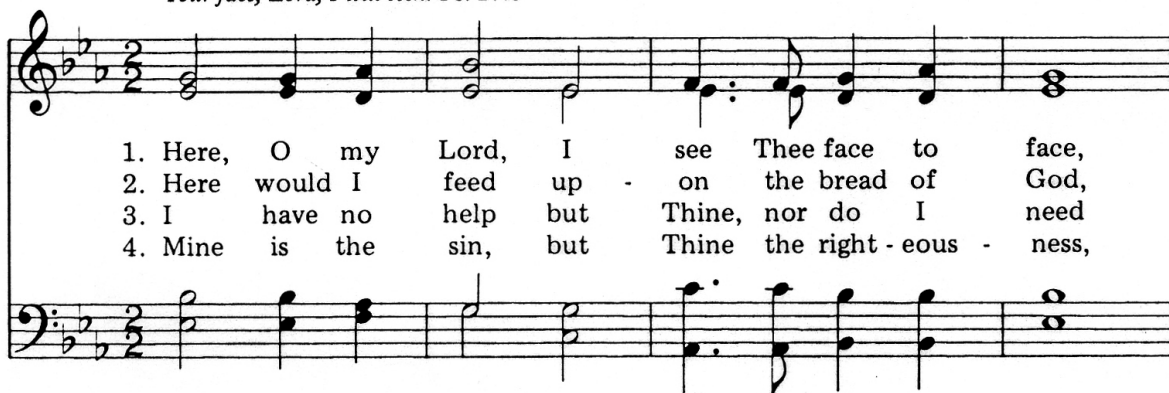
*Optional last stanza setting
 Broader*

rit. 5. When He comes, our glo - rious King, All His ran -omed home to

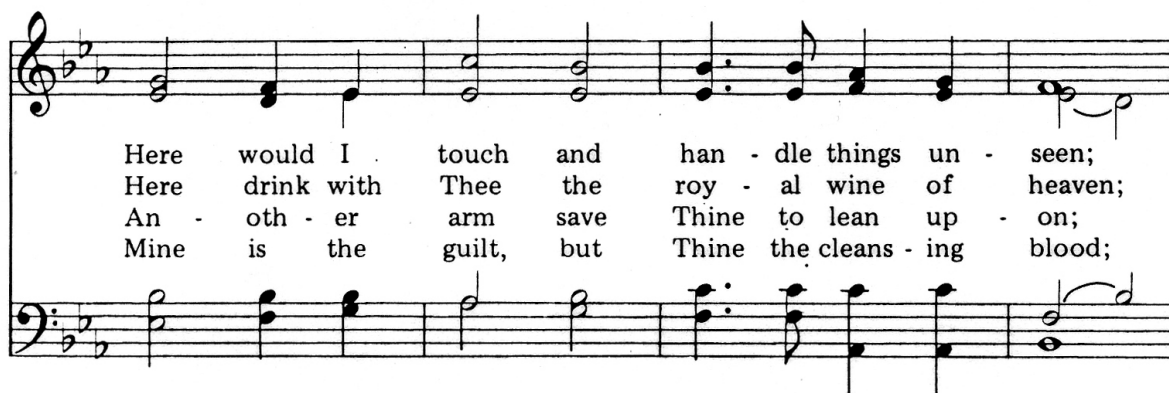
bring, Then a - new this song we'll sing: Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!

Here, O My Lord, I See Thee Face to Face

Your face, Lord, I will seek. Ps. 27:8



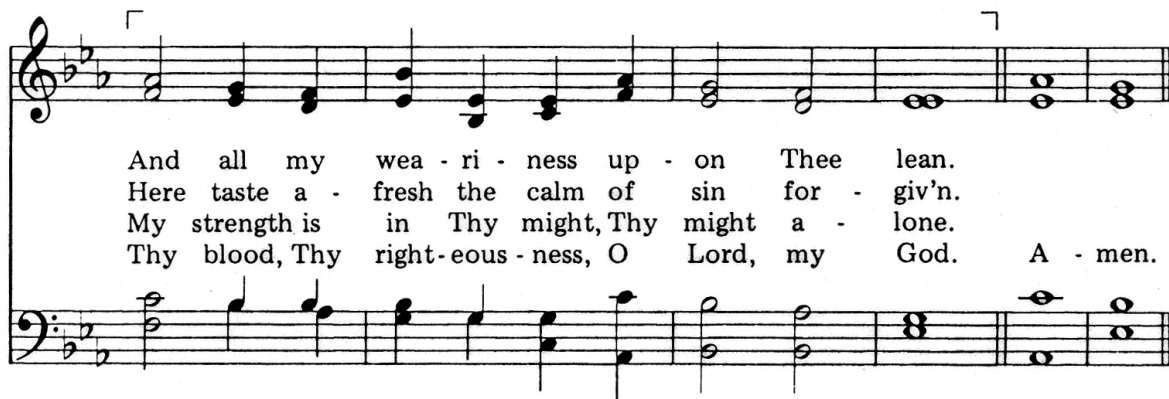
1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face,
 2. Here would I feed up - on the bread of God,
 3. I have no help but Thine, nor do I need
 4. Mine is the sin, but Thine the right - eous - ness,



Here would I touch and han - dle things un - seen;
 Here drink with Thee the roy - al wine of heaven;
 An - oth - er arm save Thine to lean up - on;
 Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleans - ing blood;



Here grasp with firm - er hand e - ter - nal grace,
 Here would I lay a - side each earth - ly load,
 It is e - nough, my Lord, e - nough in - deed—
 Here is my robe, my ref - uge, and my peace—



And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean.
 Here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - giv'n.
 My strength is in Thy might, Thy might a - lone.
 Thy blood, Thy right - eous - ness, O Lord, my God. A - men.

TEXT: Horatius Bonar
 MUSIC: Edward Dearle

PENITENTIA
 10.10.10.10.

Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

Jennette Threfall

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

Gesambuch, Wurttemberg

♩ = 115

A^b Fm B^bm E^b A^b D^b A^b D^b E^b A^b

1. "Ho - san - na, loud ho - san na," The lit - tle chil - dren sang; Through
 2. From Ol - i - vet they fol - lowed 'Mid an ex - ul - tant crowd, The
 3. "Ho - san - na in the high - est!" That an - cient song we sing, For

6 A^b Fm B^bm E^b A^b D^b D^b9 A^b

pil - lared court and tem - ple The love - ly an - them rang. To
 vic - tor palm branch wav - ing, And chant - ing clear and loud. The
 Christ is our Re - deem - er, The Lord of heav'n, our King. O

10 E^b A^b D^b E^b Fm A^b E^b A^b D^b E^b

Je - sus, Who had blessed them Close - fold - ed to His breast, The
 Lord of men and an - gels Rode on in low - ly state, Nor
 may we ev - er praise Him With heart and life and voice, And

14 A^b Fm B^bm E^b A^b D^b Fm E^b A^b

chil - dren sang their prais - es, The sim - plest and the best.
 scorned that lit - tle chil - dren Should on His bid - ding wait.
 in His bliss - ful pres - ence E - ter - nal - ly re - joice!

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In The Cross Of Christ I Glory

John Bowring

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

Ithamar Conkey

B $\flat$ F 7 B $\flat$

In the cross of Christ I glo - ry,
 When the woes of life o'er - take me,
 When the sun of bliss is beam - ing,
 Bane and bles - sing, pain and plea - sure,

5 B $\flat$ E $\flat$ B $\flat$ F B $\flat$ Gm C 7 F

Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
 Hopes de - ceive, the and fears an - noy,
 Light and love and up - on my way,
 By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

9 B $\flat$ F 7 E $\flat^2$ B $\flat$

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me,
 From the cross the the ra - di - ance stream - ing
 Peace is there that knows no mea - sure,

13 B $\flat$ E $\flat$ B $\flat$ F 7 B $\flat$

Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 Adds more lus - ter to the day.
 Joys that through all time a - bide.

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Jesus Calls Us; o'er the Tumult

He saith unto them, Follow Me. Matt. 4:19

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852

GALILEE 8 7 8 7
William H. Jude, 1887

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more."
Still He calls in cares and pleas-ures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thine o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A-men.

The musical score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. It is in 3/2 time and G major. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a clear call-and-response structure. The lyrics are printed below the notes, and the piece concludes with a final Amen.

Jesus Loves Me

Words: Anna B. Warner, 1860. except verses 2,3 David Rutherford McGuire.
 Music: untitled by William B. Bradbury, 1862. Setting: The Evangelical Hymnal, 1921.
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

$\text{♩} = 120$

1. Je - sus loves me! This I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so.
 2. Je - sus loves me! This I know, As He loved so long a - go,
 3. Je - sus loves me still to - day, Walk - ing with me on my way,
 4. Je - sus loves me! He who died Hea - ven's gate to op - en wide;
 5. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long; They are weak, but He is strong.
 Tak - ing child - ren on His knee, Say - ing, "Let them come to Me."
 Want - ing as a friend to give Light and love to all who live.
 He will wash a - - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
 Thou hast bled and died for me, I will hence - forth live for Thee.

Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me!

Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so.

Jesus Paid It All

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

Elvina M. Hall

John T. Grape

D^b
A^b
B^bm
D^b

I ____ hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small; Child of
 Lord, ____ now in - deed I find Thy power and Thine a - lone, Can ____
 For ____ noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim, I'll ____
 And ____ when be - fore the throne I stand in Him com - plete, "Je - sus

5

B^bm
D^b

weak - ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
 change the lep - er's spots And ____ melt the heart of stone.
 wash my gar - ments white In the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb.
 died my sould to save," My ____ lips shall still re - peat.

9

D^b
A^b

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

13

D^b
G^b
G^o
D^b
B^bm
D^b

Sin had left a crim - son stain, He washed it white as snow.

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Lord, Speak to Me

Frances Ridley Havergal

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

Robert Schumann

Chords: G B⁷ Em Am D Em⁷ G

4 C F[♯] G A D A⁷ D

7 G B E Am D Em⁷ G

9 C F[♯] G E/C G D⁷ G

Lord, speak to me that I may speak In
 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The
 O fill me with Thy full - ness, Lord, Un -
 O use me, Lord, use e - ven me, Just

liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone; As
 pre - cious things Thou dost im - part; And
 til my ver - y heart over - flow In
 as Thou wilt, and when, and where, Un -

Thou has sought, so let me seek Thine
 wing my words, that they may reach The
 kin - dling thought and glow - ing word, Thy
 til Thy bless - ed face I see, Thy

err - ing child - ren lost and lone.
 hid - den depths of many a heart.
 love to tell, Thy praise to show.
 rest, Thy joy, Thy glo - ry share.

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May Jesus Christ Be Praised

Christ . . . is God over all, forever praised! Rom. 9:5

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries, May
 2. Does sad - ness fill my mind? A sol - ace here I find, May
 3. The night be - comes as day, When from the heart we say, May
 4. Ye na - tions of man - kind, In this your con - cord find, May
 5. Sing, suns and stars of space, Sing, ye that see His face, May
 6. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine, May

Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer To
 Je - sus Christ be praised! Or fades my earth - ly bliss? My
 Je - sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark - ness fear When
 Je - sus Christ be praised! Let all the earth a - round Ring
 Je - sus Christ be praised! God's whole cre - a - tion o'er, For
 Je - sus Christ be praised! Be this th'e - ter - nal song Thro'

Je - sus I re - pair, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 com-fort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 this sweet chant they hear, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 joy - ous with the sound, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 aye and ev - er - more May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 all the a - ges long, May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - men.

TEXT: *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, Würzburg, 1828;

translated by Edward Caswall

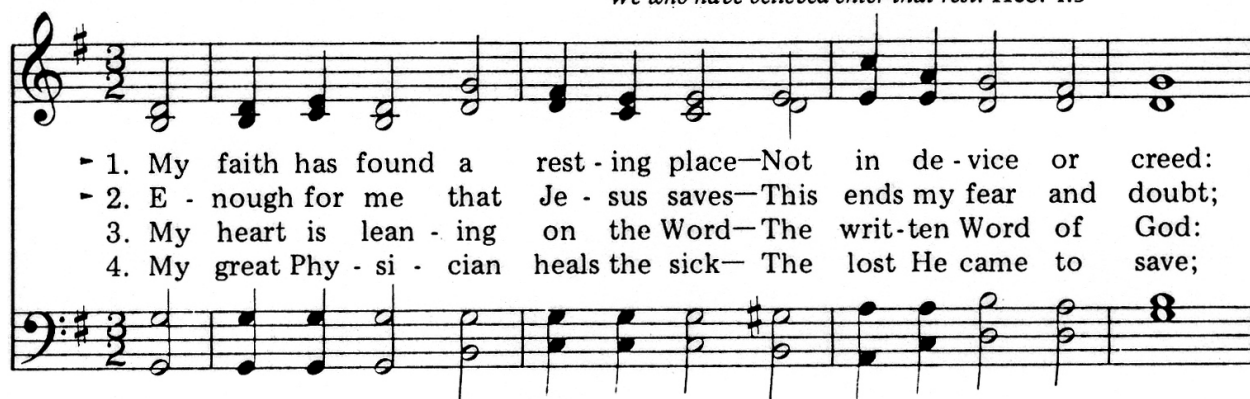
MUSIC: Joseph Barnby

LAUDES DOMINI

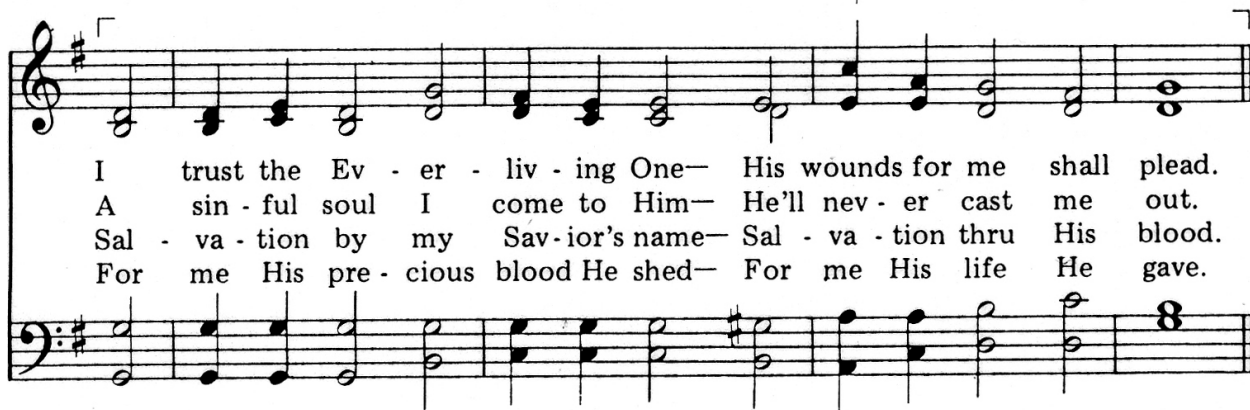
6.6.6.6.6.6.

My Faith Has Found a Resting Place

We who have believed enter that rest. Heb. 4:3

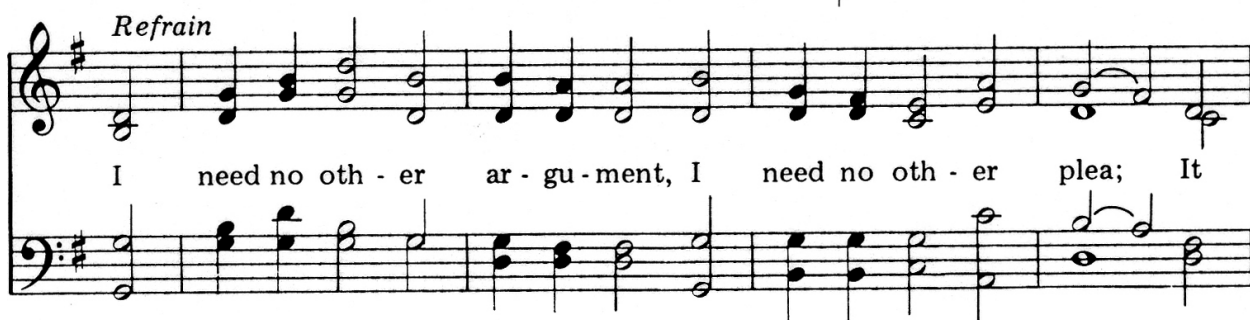


1. My faith has found a rest - ing place—Not in de - vice or creed:
 2. E - nough for me that Je - sus saves—This ends my fear and doubt;
 3. My heart is lean - ing on the Word—The writ - ten Word of God:
 4. My great Phy - si - cian heals the sick— The lost He came to save;

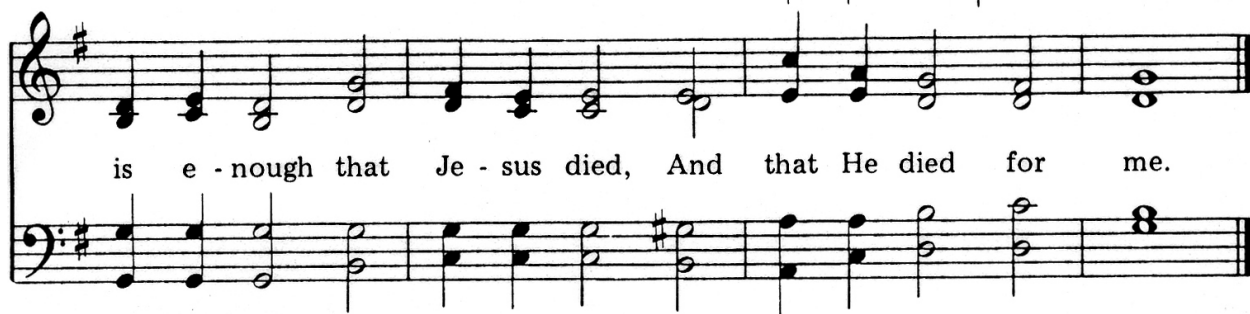


I trust the Ev - er - liv - ing One— His wounds for me shall plead.
 A sin - ful soul I come to Him— He'll nev - er cast me out.
 Sal - va - tion by my Sav - ior's name— Sal - va - tion thru His blood.
 For me His pre - cious blood He shed— For me His life He gave.

Refrain



I need no oth - er ar - gu - ment, I need no oth - er plea; It



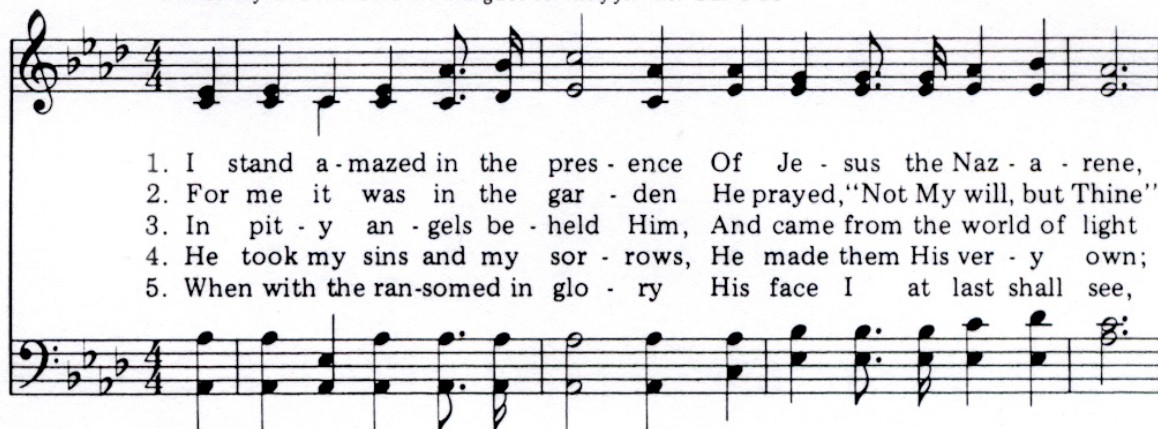
is e - nough that Je - sus died, And that He died for me.

TEXT: Lidie H. Edmunds
 MUSIC: André Grétry; arranged by William J. Kirkpatrick

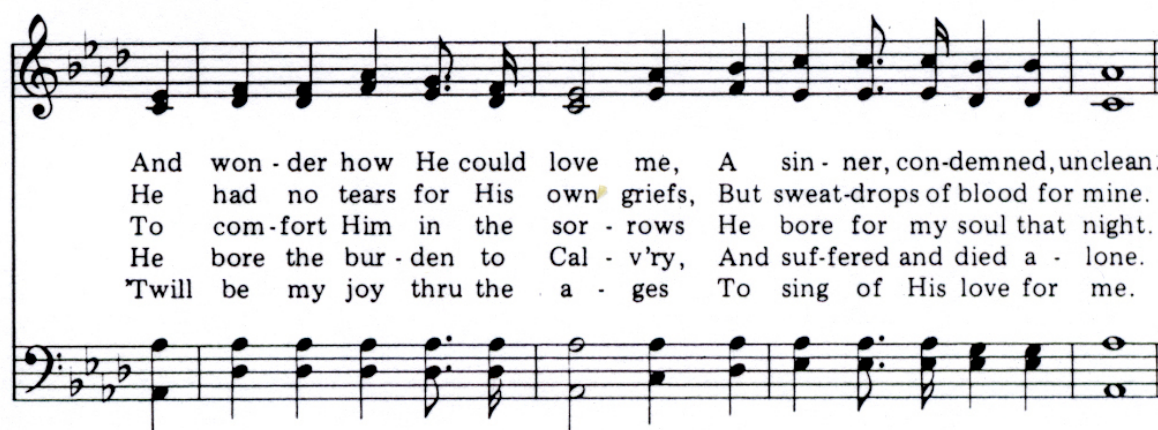
LANDAS
 C.M. with Refrain

My Savior's Love

The Son of God . . . loved me and gave Himself for me. Gal. 2:20

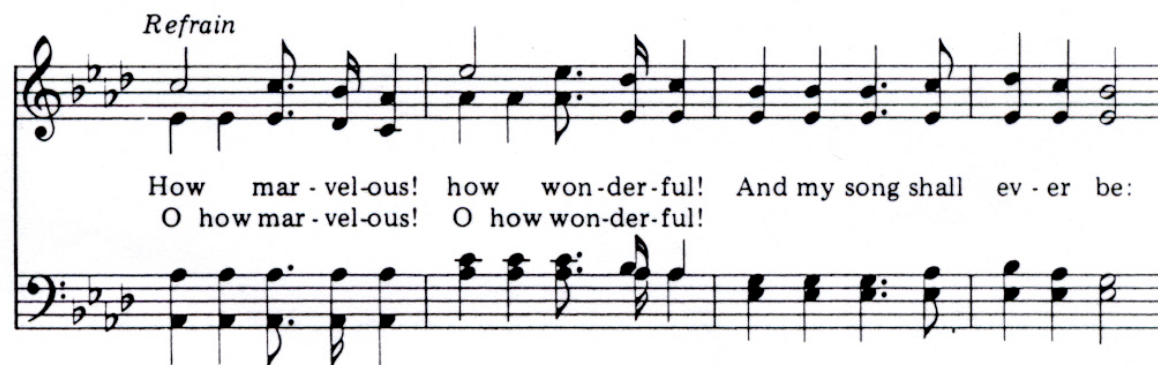


1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
 2. For me it was in the gar-den He prayed, "Not My will, but Thine";
 3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
 4. He took my sins and my sor-rows, He made them His ver-y own;
 5. When with the ran-somed in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,



And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, con-demned, unclean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
 To com-fort Him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.
 He bore the bur-den to Cal-v'ry, And suf-fered and died a-lone.
 'Twill be my joy thru the a-ges To sing of His love for me.

Refrain



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:
 O how mar-vel-ous! O how won-der-ful!



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-ior's love for me!
 O how mar-vel-ous! O how won-der-ful

TEXT and MUSIC: Charles H. Gabriel

MY SAVIOR'S LOVE
 8.7.8.7. with Refrain

Near the Cross

Fanny J. Crosby

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

William H. Doane

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
 2. Near the cross, a tremb - ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

5 Free to all, a heal - ing stream Flows from Cal - vary's moun - tain.
 There the bright and morn - ing star Sheds its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

9 In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

13 Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

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Nothing But The Blood

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

Robert Lowry

F C F C⁷ F

What can wash a - way my sin? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 For my par - don, this I see, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 Noth - ing can for sin a - tone, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 This is all my hope and peace, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;

5 F C F C⁷ F

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 For my cleans - ing this my plea, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Naught of good that I have done, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 This is all my right - eous - ness, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

9 F C F C⁷ Dm C F

Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;—

13 C F C⁷ F

No oth - er fount I know, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

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O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

Charles Wesley

Carl. G. Gläser
Arranged by Lowell Mason

Chords: A^b E^b A^b E^b7 Fm E^b

O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My
Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That
He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin, He
Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your
My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As -

Chords: A^b E^b7 A^b E^b A^b

great Re - deem - er's praise, The glor - ies of my
bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the
sets the pris - oner free; His blood can make the
loos - ened tongues em - ploy; Ye blind, be - hold your
sist me to pro - claim, To spread through all the

Chords: D^b A^b E^b7 A^b

God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!
sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
foul - est clean, His blood a - vailed for me.
Sav - ior come, And leap, ye lame, for joy.
earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.

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O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee

Washington Gladden

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

H. Percy Smith

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee,
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move
 3. Teach me Thy pa - tience; still with Thee
 4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray

5 In low - ly paths of ser - vice free;
 By some clear, win - ning word of love;
 In clos - er, clear - er, com - ny,
 Far down the fu - ture's broad - en - ing way,

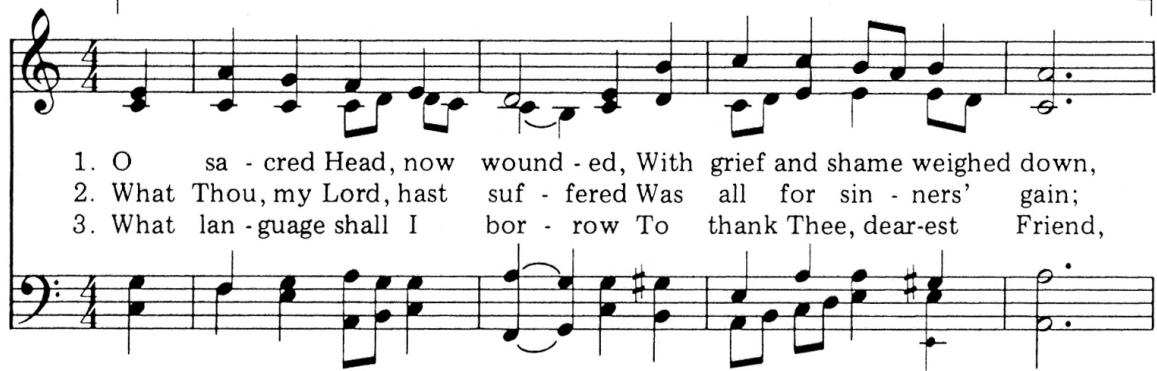
9 Tell me Thy se - cret; help me bear The
 Teach me the way - ward feet to stay, And
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In
 In peace that on - ly Thou canst give, With

13 strain of toil, the fret of care.
 guide them in the home - ward way.
 trust that tri - umphs o - ver wrong.
 Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live.

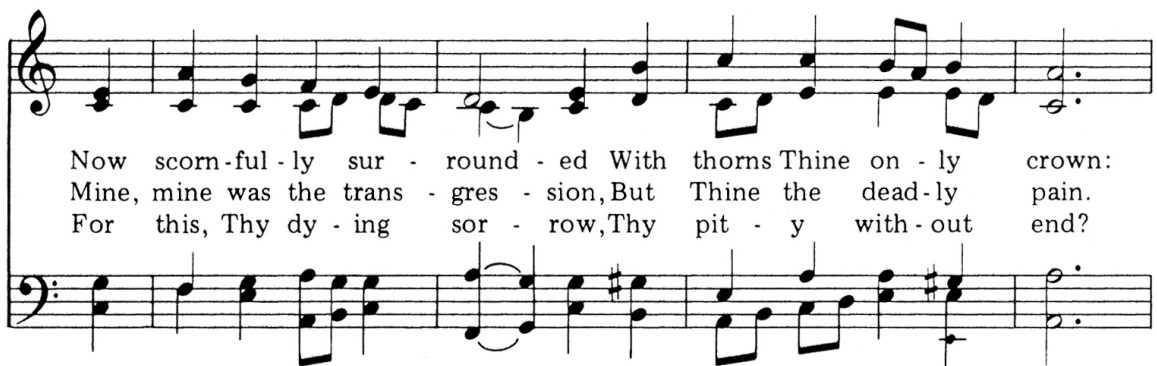
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O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

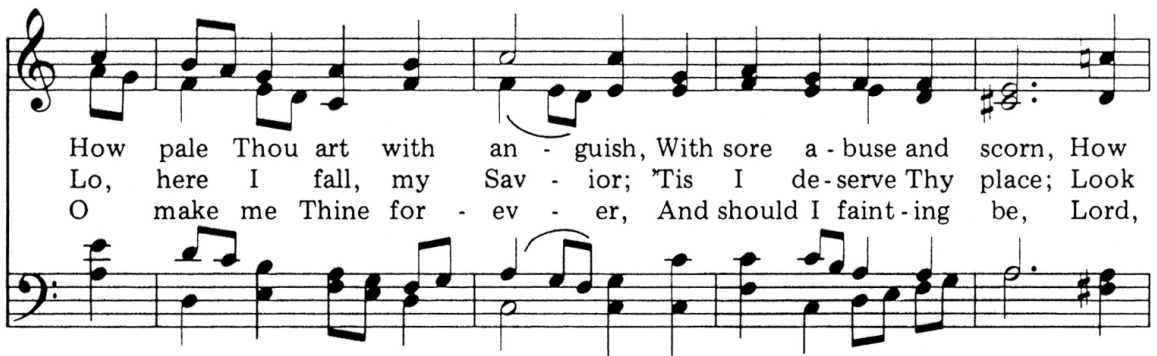
They . . . platted a crown of thorns, and put it about His head. Mark 15:17



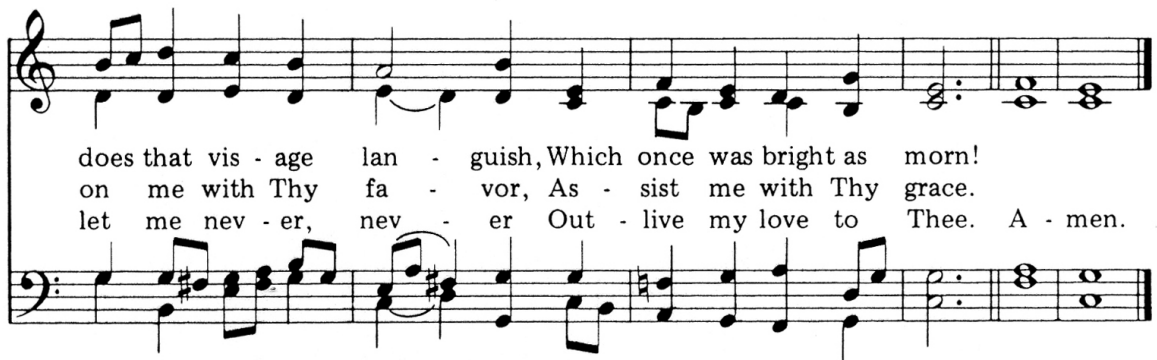
1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear-est Friend,



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns Thine on - ly crown:
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
For this, Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?



How pale Thou art with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn, How
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior; 'Tis I de - serve Thy place; Look
O make me Thine for - ev - er, And should I faint - ing be, Lord,



does that vis - age lan - guish, Which once was bright as morn!
on me with Thy fa - vor, As - sist me with Thy grace.
let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee. A - men.

TEXT: Paul Gerhardt; based on Medieval Latin poem ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux; translated from the German by James W. Alexander
MUSIC: Hans Leo Hassler; harmonized by J. S. Bach

PASSION CHORALE
7.6.7.6.D.

Ride On! Ride On in Majesty

Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass. Matt. 21:5

WINCHESTER NEW L.M.

Henry H. Milman, 1827

Georg Rebenlein's *Musicalisch Handbuch*, Hamburg, 1690
Arr. by William H. Havergal, 1847

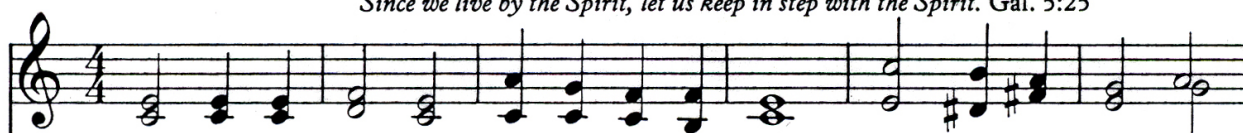
1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry; O
2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die: O
3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The wing-ed squad-rons of the sky Look
4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die; Bow

Sav - ior meek, pur - sue Thy road With palms and scat-tered gar-ments strowed.
Christ, Thy tri - umphs now be - gin O'er cap-tive death and con-quer'd sin.
down with sad and wond'-ring eyes To see th'ap-proach-ing sac - ri - fice.
Thy meek head to mor - tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign. A-men.

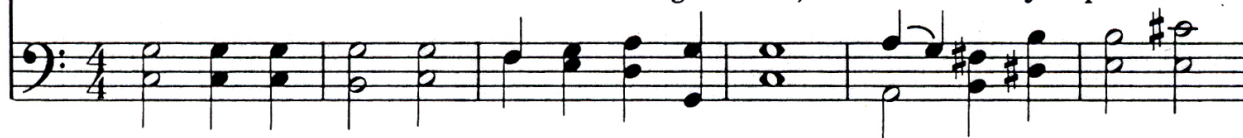
The musical score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. It is in 4/4 time and B-flat major. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a strong emphasis on the lyrics. The lyrics are arranged in four lines, each corresponding to a different verse. The first line is the main melody, and the subsequent lines are variations. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Spirit of God, Descend upon My Heart

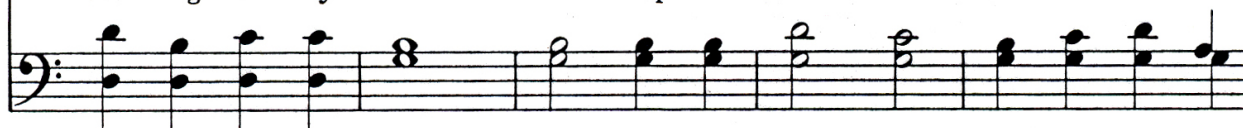
Since we live by the Spirit, let us keep in step with the Spirit. Gal. 5:25



1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart: Wean it from earth, thro'
2. Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King? All, all Thine own - soul,
3. Teach me to feel that Thou art al - ways nigh; Teach me the strug - gles
4. Teach me to love Thee as Thine an - gels love, One ho - ly pas - sion



all its puls - es move. Stoop to my weak - ness, might-y as Thou
heart and strength and mind. I see Thy cross - there teach my heart to
of the soul to bear - To check the ris - ing doubt, the reb - el
fill - ing all my frame: The bap - tism of the heav'n-de-scend-ed



art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
cling; O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.
sigh; Teach me the pa - tience of un - an - swered prayer.
Dove - My heart an al - tar and Thy love the flame. A - men.



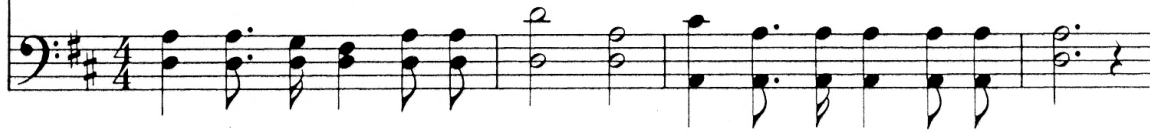
Tell Me the Story of Jesus

Philip . . . began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus. Acts 8:35



1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - ery word;
2. Fast - ing a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that are past,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writh - ing in an - guish and pain;

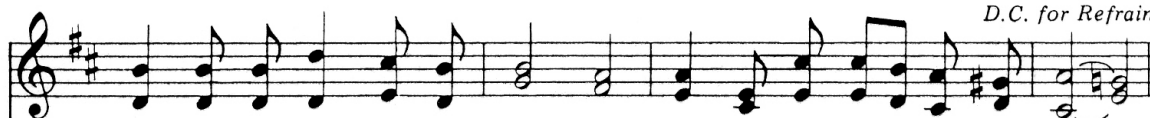
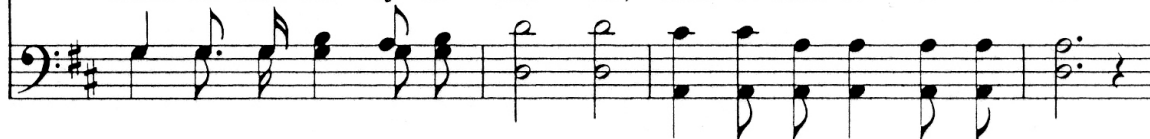
Refrain: Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - ery word;



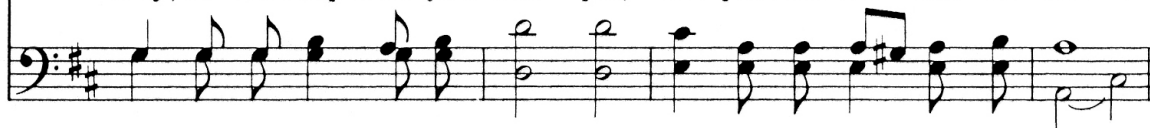
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.
How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - um - phant at last.
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain.
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.



Tell how the an - gels in cho - rus Sang as they wel - comed His birth,
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see:



"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth."
He was de - spised and af - flict - ed, Home - less, re - ject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.

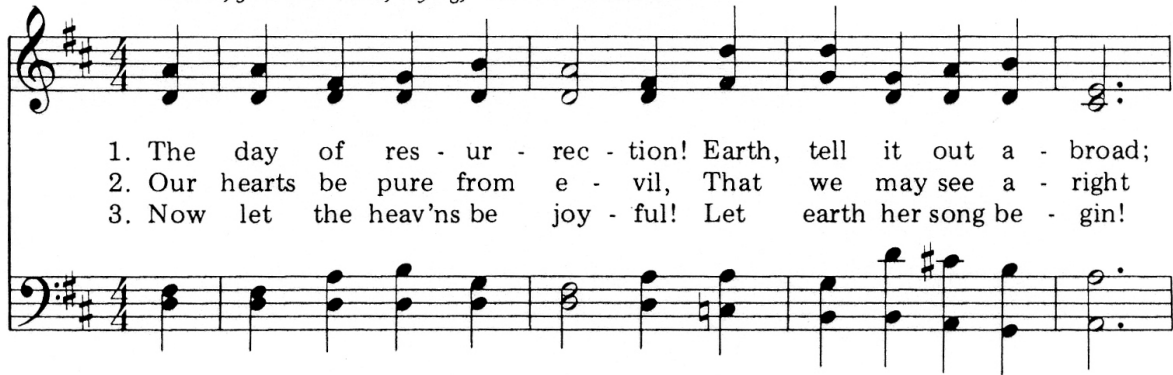


TEXT: Fanny J. Crosby
MUSIC: John R. Sweney

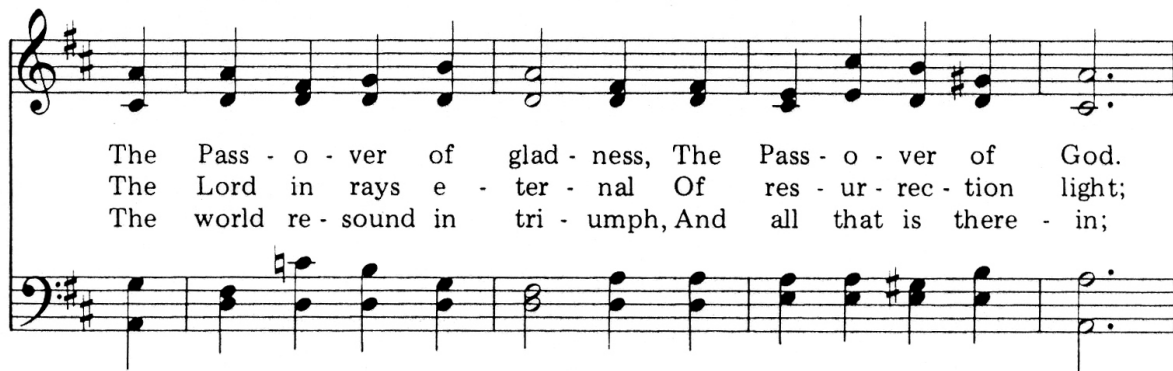
STORY OF JESUS
8.7.8.7.D. with Refrain

The Day of Resurrection

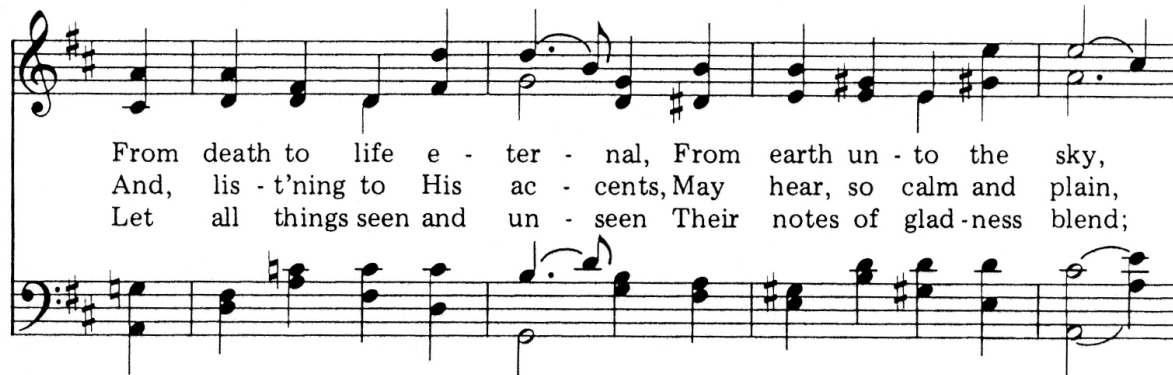
Behold, Jesus met them, saying, "All hail". Matt. 28:9



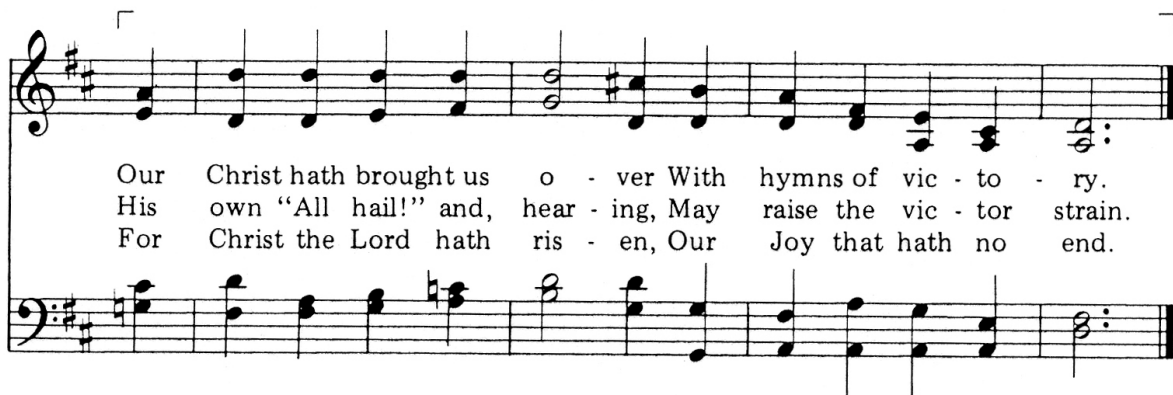
1. The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;
2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right
3. Now let the heav'ns be joy - ful! Let earth her song be - gin!



The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
The Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion light;
The world re - sound in tri - umph, And all that is there - in;



From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,
And, lis - t'ning to His ac - cents, May hear, so calm and plain,
Let all things seen and un - seen Their notes of glad - ness blend;



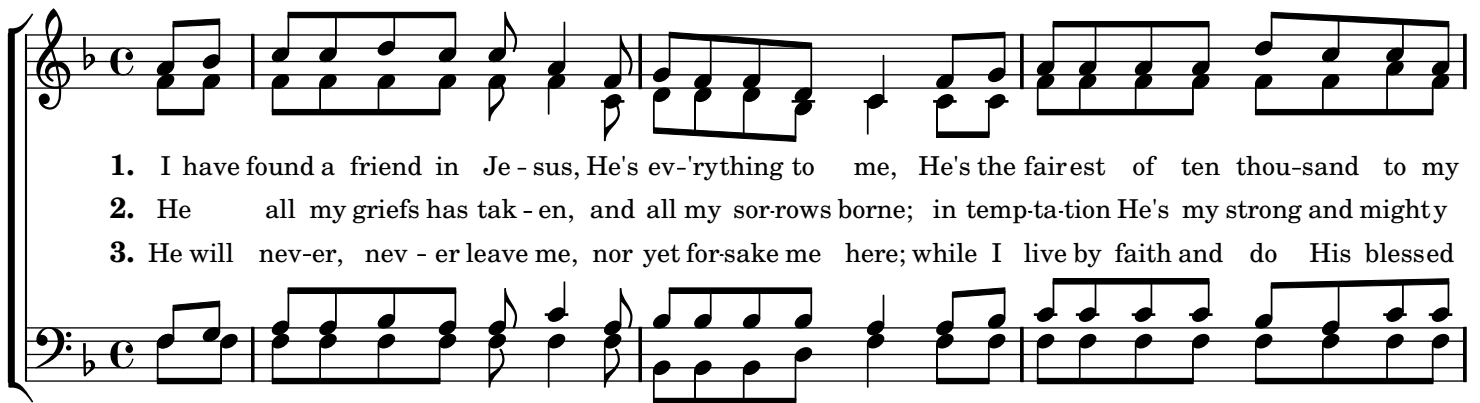
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.
His own "All hail!" and, hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.
For Christ the Lord hath ris - en, Our Joy that hath no end.

TEXT: John of Damascus, 8th century; translated by John M. Neale
MUSIC: Henry T. Smart

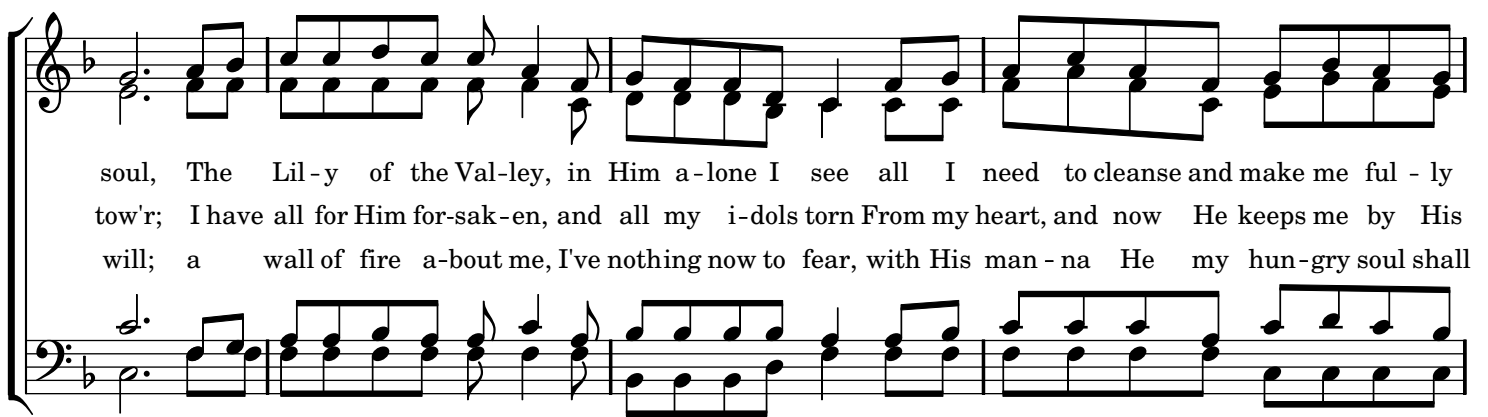
LANCASHIRE
7.6.7.6.D.

The Lily of the Valley

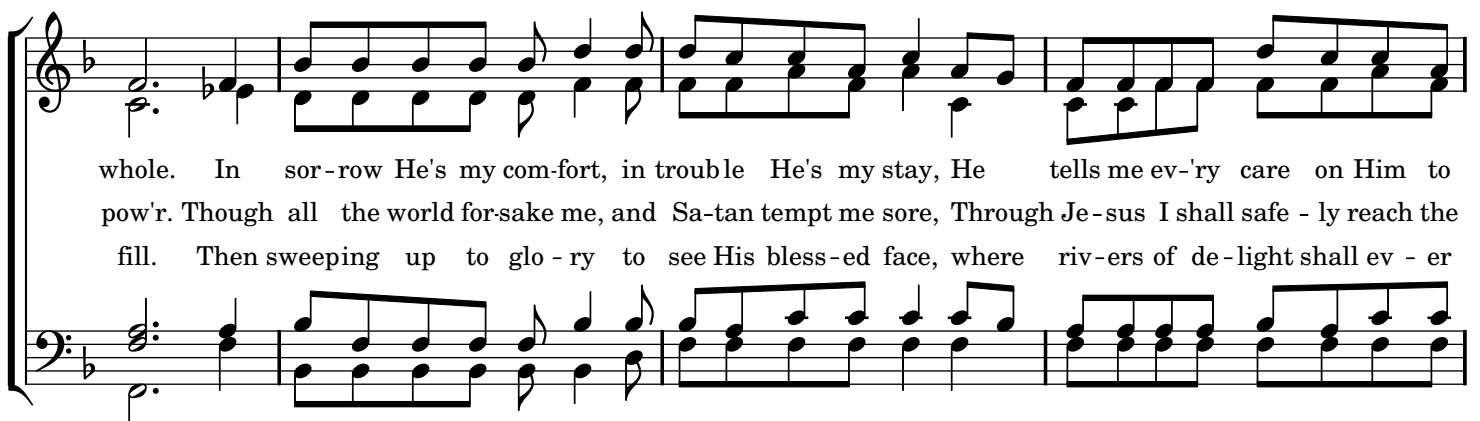
English Melody



1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev-'rything to me, He's the fairest of ten thou-sand to my
2. He all my griefs has tak - en, and all my sor-rows borne; in temp-ta-tion He's my strong and mighty
3. He will nev-er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here; while I live by faith and do His blessed



soul, The Lil-y of the Val-ley, in Him a-lone I see all I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly
tow'r; I have all for Him for-sak-en, and all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His
will; a wall of fire a-bout me, I've nothing now to fear, with His man - na He my hun-gry soul shall



whole. In sor-row He's my com-fort, in trouble He's my stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to
pow'r. Though all the world for-sake me, and Sa-tan tempt me sore, Through Je-sus I shall safe - ly reach the
fill. Then sweeping up to glo - ry to see His bless-ed face, where riv-ers of de-light shall ev - er



roll.
goal. He's the Lil-y of the Valley, in Him alone I see all I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole.
roll.

The Son of God Goes Forth to War

Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of . . . ? Mark 10:38

ALL SAINTS, NEW C.M.D.

Reginald Heber, 1827

Henry S. Cutler, 1872



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky And called on Him to save.
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew And mocked the cross and flame:
 A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed.



Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain,
 Like Him, with par - don on his tongue In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They met the ty - rant's bran - dished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
 They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n Through per - il, toil, and pain;



Who pa - tient bears His cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?
 They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train! A - men.



The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done

Death is swallowed up in victory. I Cor. 15:54

Latin hymn, c. 1695
Trans. by Francis Pott, 1859

VICTORY 8 8 8 4 Alleluias
Giovanni P. da Palestrina, 1591
Arr. by William H. Monk, 1861

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their le - gions hath dis-
3. The three sad days have quick - ly sped; He ris - es glo - rious from the
4. He closed the yawn - ing gates of hell; The bars from heav'n's high por - tals
5. Lord, by the stripes which wound-ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy serv - ants

won; The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!
persed: Let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst. Al - le - lu - ia!
dead: All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Al - le - lu - ia!
fell: Let hymns of praise His tri - umphs tell. Al - le - lu - ia!
free, That we may live and sing to Thee. Al - le - lu - ia!

There Is A Fountain

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

William Cowper

William Horsley

1. There is a fountain filled with blood drawn
 2. The dying thief re-joiced to see that
 3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood shall
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy
 5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll

from Em-man-uel's veins; And sin-ners plunged be-
 foun-tain in his day; And there have I, though
 nev-er lose its power Till all the ran-somed
 flow-ing wounds sup-ply, Re-deem-ing love has
 sing Thy pow-er to save, When this poor lisp-ing,

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. Lose
 vile as he, washed all my sins a-way. Washed
 church of God be saved, to sin no more. Be
 been my theme, and shall be till I die. And
 stammer-ing tongue lies si-lent in the grave. Lies

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Were You There?

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

Traditional Spiritual

E^b B^{b7} Cm Gm E^b

1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? _____
 2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? _____
 3. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? _____
 4. Were you there when He rose up from the dead? _____

5 E^b B^b Cm B^b E^b B^b

— Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 — Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
 — Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
 — Were you there when He rose up from the dead?

9 E^b B^{b7} E^b A^b Gm B^{b7} E^b A^b E^b G Cm

Oh! _____ Some - times it caus - es me to
 Oh! _____ Some - times it caus - es me to
 Oh! _____ Some - times it caus - es me to
 Oh! _____ Some - times I feel like shout - ing

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What Wondrous Love Is This

Anyone who is hung on a tree is under God's curse. Deut. 21:23

Unison



1. What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What
 2. When I was sink-ing down, sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When
 3. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing, To
 4. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on, And

won-drous love is this, O my soul! What won-drous love is
 I was sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When I was sink-ing
 God and to the Lamb I will sing, To God and to the
 when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, And when from death I'm

this That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread-ful curse
 down Be-neath God's right-eous frown, Christ laid a-side His crown
 Lamb Who is the great "I Am," While mil-lions join the theme,
 free, I'll sing and joy-ful be, And thro'e-ter-ni-ty

for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul.
 for my soul, for my soul, Christ laid a-side His crown for my soul.
 I will sing, I will sing, While mil-lions join the theme, I will sing.
 I'll sing on, I'll sing on, And thro'e-ter-ni-ty I'll sing on.

TEXT: American Folk Hymn
 MUSIC: William Walker's *Southern Harmony*, 1835

WONDROUS LOVE
 12.9.6.6.12.9.

When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

Isaac Watts

Lowell Mason

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 3. See from His head, His hands, His feet,
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,

5 On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 Save in the death of Christ my God!
 Sor - row and love flow min - gled down!
 That were a pre - sent far too small;

9 My rich - est gain I count but loss,
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet,
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,

13 And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 I sa - cri - fice them to His blood.
 Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 De - mands my soul, my life, my all!

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When Morning Guilds The Skies

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

Joseph Barnby

B $\flat$ Cm 7 B $\flat$ E $\flat$ Cm 7 F 7 E $\flat$ F 7 Gm F Gm 7

When morn - ing gilds the skies _____ my heart a - wak - ing
 The night be - comes as day _____ when from the heart we
 Ye na - tions of man - kind, _____ in this your con - cord
 Be this, while life is mine, _____ my can - ti - cle di -

4 C 7 Dm 7 C 7 F B $\flat$ Gm C 7 F F 7

cries: May Je - sus Christ be praised! A -
 say: May Je - sus Christ be praised! The
 find: May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let
 vine: May Je - sus Christ be praised! Sing

7 B $\flat$ Gm Cm 6 E $\flat$ F 7 Dm F 7 B $\flat$ Am C 7

like at work and prayer, to Je - sus I re -
 powers of dark - ness fear when this sweet chant they
 all the earth a - round ring joy - ous with the
 this e - ter - nal song through all the a - ges

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