

Bless the Lord, O my soul, O my soul, wor-ship his ho - ly name.

Sing like ne-ver be-fore, O my soul, I'll wor-ship your ho - ly name.

The sun comes up, it's a new day dawning;  
 It's time to sing your song again.  
 Whatever may pass and whatever lies before me,  
 Let me be singing when the evening comes.

*(Chorus)*

You're rich in love and you're slow to anger;  
 Your name is great and your heart is kind.  
 For all your goodness I will keep on singing,  
 Ten thousand reasons for my heart to find.

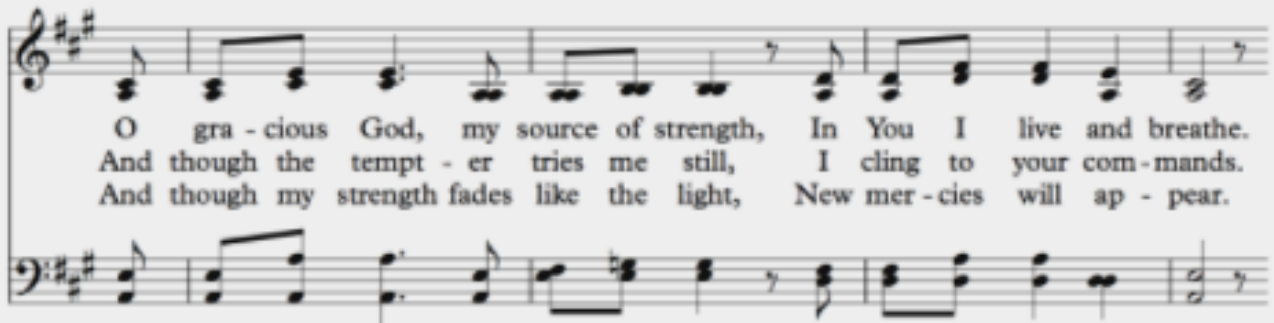
*(Chorus)*

And on that day when my strength is failing,  
 The end draws near and my time has come;  
 Still my soul will sing your praise unending,  
 Ten thousand years and then forevermore.

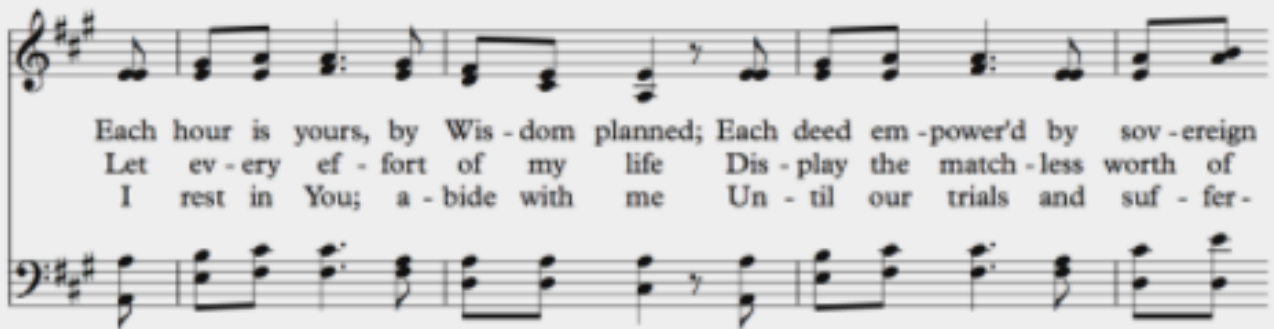
*(Chorus)*



1. As morn - ing dawns and day a - wakes, To You I bring my need;  
 2. As day un - folds, I seek your will In all of life's de - mands;  
 3. As sun gives way to dark - est night Your Spi - rit still is here;



O gra - cious God, my source of strength, In You I live and breathe.  
 And though the tempt - er tries me still, I cling to your com - mands.  
 And though my strength fades like the light, New mer - cies will ap - pear.



Each hour is yours, by Wis - dom planned; Each deed em - power'd by sov - erain  
 Let ev - ery ef - fort of my life Dis - play the match - less worth of  
 I rest in You; a - bide with me Un - til our trials and suf - fer -



hands; Re - new my spi - rit, help me stand; Be glo - ri - fied, to - day.  
 Christ; Make me a liv - ing sac - ri - fice; Be glo - ri - fied, to - day.  
 ring Give way to fin - al vic - to - ry; Be glo - ri - fied, to - day;  
*Final verse, add:* Be glo - ri - fied, I pray.

## A Debtor to Mercy Alone

Words by Augustus Toplady, 1771, Music by Kevin Twit, 1998

(Capo 2)

D Em A D G A D Dsus  
 A debtor to mercy alone, Of covenant mercy I sing;  
 D Em A D G A D  
 Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on, My person and offering to bring.  
 Bm A D Em D A  
 The terrors of law and of God With me can have nothing to do;  
 Bm A D D<sub>sus</sub> D Em G A D  
 My Savior's obedience and blood Hide all my transgressions from view  
  
 D Em A D G A D Dsus  
 The work which His goodness began, The arm of His strength will complete;  
 D Em A D G A D  
 His promise is yea and amen, And never was forfeited yet.  
 Bm A D Em D A  
 Things future, nor things that are now, Not all things below nor above  
 Bm A D D<sub>sus</sub> D Em G A D  
 Can make Him His purpose forego, Or sever my soul from His love.  
  
 D Em A D G A D Dsus  
 My name from the palms of His hands Eternity will not erase;  
 D Em A D G A D  
 Impressed on His heart it remains In marks of indelible grace.  
 Bm A D Em D A  
 Yes, I to the end shall endure, As sure as the earnest is given  
 Bm A D D<sub>sus</sub> D Em G A D  
 More happy, but not more secure, The glorified spirits in heaven.

## A Debtor to Mercy Alone

*Words by Augustus Toplady, 1771, Music by Kevin Twit, 1998*

E F# B E A B E Esus  
 A debtor to mercy alone, Of covenant mercy I sing;  
 E F# B E A B E Esus  
 Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on, My person and offering to bring.  
 C# B E F# E B  
 The terrors of law and of God With me can have nothing to do;  
 C# B E Esus E F# A B E  
 My Savior's obedience and blood Hide all my transgressions from view

E F# B E A B E Esus  
 The work which His goodness began, The arm of His strength will complete;  
 E F# B E A B E Esus  
 His promise is yea and amen, And never was forfeited yet.  
 C# B E F# E B  
 Things future, nor things that are now, Not all things below nor above  
 C# B E Esus E F# A B E  
 Can make Him His purpose forego, Or sever my soul from His love.

E F# B E A B E Esus  
 My name from the palms of His hands Eternity will not erase;  
 E F# B E A B E Esus  
 Impressed on His heart it remains In marks of indelible grace.  
 C# B E F# E B  
 Yes, I to the end shall endure, As sure as the earnest is given  
 C# B E Esus E F# A B E  
 More happy, but not more secure, The glorified spirits in heaven.

## A Debtor to Mercy

1. A debt - or to mer - cy a - lone Of cov - e - nant mer - cy I sing.  
 2. The work which your good - ness be - gan, The arm of Your strength will com - plete.  
 3. My name from the palms of Your hands E - ter - ni - ty will not e - rase.

I come with Your right - eous - ness on, My hum - ble of - fring to bring.  
 Your prom - ise is yes and a - men, And nev - er was for - feit - ed yet.  
 Im - pressed on Your heart it re - mains, In marks of in - del - i - ble grace.

The judg - ments of Your ho - ly law With me can have noth - ing to do  
 The fu - ture or things that are now, No pow - er be - low or a - bove  
 Yes, I to the end will en - dure, Un - til I bow down at Your throne,

My Sav - ior's o - be - dience and blood hide all my trans - gres - sions from view.  
 Can make You Your pur - pose fore - go, or sev - er my soul from Your love.  
 For - ev - er and al - ways se - cure, a debt - or to mer - cy a - lone.

Words: Augustus M. Toplady (1740-1778); Addl. words by Bob Kauflin (1998);  
 Music: Bob Kauflin (1998); Arr. Ruth Coleman © 2010 Sovereign Grace Praise (CCLI# 264766)

## A Mighty Fortress Is Our God (cont.)

And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.  
For lo, his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are placed between the two staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er  
 2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be  
 3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threat-en to un-  
 4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a-

fail-ing; Our help-er He, a-mid the flood  
 los-ing; Were not the right Man on our side,  
 do us, We will not fear, for God hath willed  
 bid-eth; The Spir-it and the gifts are ours

Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing: For still our an-cient foe  
 The Man of God's own choos-ing: Dost ask who that may be?  
 His truth to tri-umph thro' us: The Prince of Dark-ness grim,  
 Thro' Him who with us sid-eth: Let goods and kin-dred go,

Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,  
 Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sa-ba-oth, His name,  
 We trem-ble not for him; His rage we can en-dure,  
 This mor-tal life al-so; The bod-y they may kill:

## A Mighty Fortress is Our God

*Words by Martin Luther, 1529.*

**C G Em Am D G**  
 A mighty fortress is our God,  
**Am Em Am Dm G C**  
 A bulwark never failing;  
**C G Em Am D G**  
 Our helper He amidst the flood  
**Am Em Am Dm G C**  
 Of mortal ills prevailing:  
**C Am D G**  
 For still our ancient foe  
**G C Dm Am**  
 Doth seek to work us woe;  
**Em Am G**  
 His craft and pow'r are great,  
**F C Dm E**  
 And armed with cruel hate,  
**Am Em A Dm G C**  
 On earth is not his e - qual.

**C G Em Am D G**  
 And though this world, with devils filled,  
**Am Em Am Dm G C**  
 Should threaten to undo us;  
**C G Em Am D G**  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed  
**Am Em Am Dm G C**  
 His truth to triumph through us:  
**C Am D G**  
 The prince of darkness grim,  
**G C Dm Am**  
 We tremble not for him;  
**Em Am G**  
 His rage we can endure,  
**F C Dm E**  
 For lo, his doom is sure,  
**Am Em A Dm G C**  
 One little word shall fell him.

**C G Em Am D G**  
 Did we in our own strength confide,  
**Am Em Am Dm G C**  
 Our striving would be losing;  
**C G Em Am D G**  
 Were not the right Man on our side,  
**Am Em Am Dm G C**  
 The Man of God's own choosing:  
**C Am D G**  
 Dost ask who that may be?  
**G C Dm Am**  
 Christ Jesus, it is He;  
**Em Am G**  
 Lord Saboath His Name,  
**F C Dm E**  
 From age to age the same,  
**Am Em A Dm G C**  
 And He must win the battle.

**C G Em Am D G**  
 That word above all earthly pow'rs,  
**Am Em Am Dm G C**  
 No thanks to them a - bideth;  
**C G Em Am D G**  
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
**Am Em Am Dm G C**  
 Through Him Who with us sideth:  
**C Am D G**  
 Let goods and kindred go,  
**G C Dm Am**  
 This mortal life also;  
**Em Am G**  
 The body they may kill;  
**F C Dm E**  
 God's truth abideth still,  
**Am Em A Dm G C**  
 His Kingdom is for - ever.



**With Broken Heart and Contrite Sigh**  
***A Sinner Cries To Thee (part 2)***  
 Words: Cornelius Elven, 1852

Music: Robert Turner, 2008

[A]            **Am**    **Dm**  
 With broken heart and contrite sigh,  
                **Am**    **E**  
 a trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;  
                **Am**    **Dm**  
 thy pard'ning grace is rich and free:  
                **Am**    **E**            **Am**  
 O God, be merciful to me.

[B]    **Dm**    **Am**  
 I smite upon my troubled breast,  
                **Dm**    **Am**  
 with deep and conscious guilt oppressed,  
                **Dm**    **Am**  
 Christ and his cross my only plea:  
                **Am**    **E**            **Am**  
 O God, be merciful to me.

[A]  
 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
 nor dare uplift them to the skies;  
 but thou dost all my anguish see:  
 O God, be merciful to me.

[B]  
 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
 can for a single sin atone;  
 to Cal-va-ry alone I flee:  
 O God, be merciful to me.

[B]  
 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,  
 with all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
 my raptured song shall ever be,  
 My God has shown mercy to me.

# A Sinner Cries to Thee

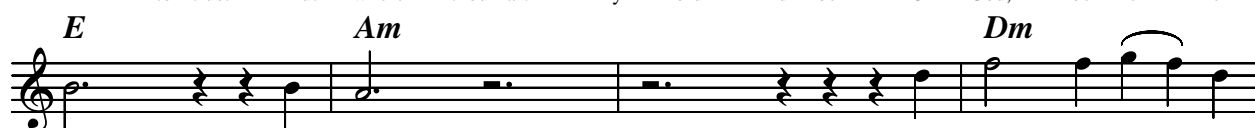
Samuel Medley (1788) / Robert Turner (2008)



Here, gra cious God, a sin ner's cry, For I have no where  
To thee I come a sin nier weak and scarce know how to  
To thee I come a sin ner lost nor have I aught where



else to fly; My hope, my on ly hope's in thee; O God, be mer ci  
pray or speak from fear and weak ness set me free O God, be mer ci  
in to trust But where thou art my lord I'd be O God, be mer ci



ful to me! To thee I come, a  
ful to me To thee I come a  
ful to me to gl ory bring me,



sin ner poor and wait for mer cy at thy door; In deed I've no where  
sin ner great and well thou know est all my state Yet full for giv' ness  
Lord at last and there when all my fears are past with all thy saints I'll



else to flee O God, be mer ci ful to me  
is with thee o God be mer ci ful to me  
then a gree my God has show mer cy to me

A Sinner Cries to Thee  
Hymn by Joseph Swain (1761 - 1796)  
Music by Robert Turner, 2008

Am Dm  
1 HEAR, gracious God, a sinner's cry,  
Am E  
For I have no where else to fly;  
Am Dm  
My hope, my only hope's in thee; "  
Am E Am  
O God, be merciful to me !"

Dm Am  
2 [To thee I come, a sinner poor,  
Dm Am  
And wait for mercy at thy door;  
Dm Am  
Indeed, I've no where else to flee; "  
Am E Am  
O God, be merciful to me!"]

3 [To thee I come, a sinner weak,  
And scarce know how to pray or speak;  
From fear and weakness set me free; "  
O God, be merciful to me!"]

4 [To thee I come, a sinner great,  
And well thou knowest all my state;  
Yet full forgiveness is with thee; "  
O God, be merciful to me!"]

5 To thee I come, a sinner lost,  
Nor have I aught wherein to trust;  
But where thou art, my Lord, I'd be ; "  
O God, be merciful to me !"

6 To glory bring me, Lord, at last,  
And there, when all my fears are past,  
With all thy saints I'll then agree,  
My God has shown mercy to me!

## Preparation Music

## A Sov'reign Protector I Have

1. A sov - 'reign pro - tec - tor I have, un - seen, yet for -  
 2. In - spir - er and hear - er of prayer, Thou Shep - herd and  
 3. Kind Au - thor and Ground of my hope, Thee, Thee, for my

ev - er at hand, un - change - ab - ly faith - ful to save, Al -  
 guard - ian of Thine, my all to Thy Cov - e - nant care I  
 God I a - vow, my glad Eb - en - ez - er set up, and

might - y to rule and com - mand. He smiles, and my com - forts a -  
 sleep - ing and wak - ing re - sign. If Thou art my Shield and my  
 own Thou hast helped me till now. I muse on the years that are

bound; His grace as the dew shall de - scend, and walls of sal -  
 Sun, the night is no dark - ness to me; and, fast as my  
 past, where - in my de - fence Thou hast proved; nor wilt Thou re -

va - tion sur - round the soul He de - lights to de - fend.  
 mo - ments roll on, they bring me but near - er to Thee.  
 lin - quish at last a sin - ner so sig - nal - ly loved.

Words: Augustus M. Toplady (1740-1778); Music: David Evans (1843-1913), Public Domain

### A Sov'reign Protector I Have

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 past, where - in my de - fence Thou hast proved; nor wilt Thou re -

va - tion sur - round the soul He de - lights to de - fend.  
 mo - ments roll on, they bring me but near - er to Thee.  
 lin - quish at last a sin - ner so sig - nal - ly loved.

## Abide with Me



1. A - bide with me fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
5. Re - veal Thy - self be - fore my clos - ing eyes Shine thro' the



deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide When oth - er help - ers  
dim, its glor - ies pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my  
weight and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,  
gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks and



fail and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.  
all a - round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.  
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!  
grave, thy vic - tor - y? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.  
earth's vain shad - ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.



## Abide With Me

1

Words: Henry F. Lyte  
Music: W.H. Monk

1

Piano

The first system of the piano accompaniment for 'Abide With Me' is in 4/4 time and B-flat major. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody in the treble clef starts with a half note chord of B-flat, D-flat, and F, followed by a half note chord of G, B-flat, and D-flat. The bass line starts with a half note chord of B-flat, D-flat, and F, followed by a half note chord of G, B-flat, and D-flat. The system ends with a double bar line.

7

The second system of the piano accompaniment continues the melody and bass line. The treble clef melody has a half note chord of B-flat, D-flat, and F, followed by a half note chord of G, B-flat, and D-flat. The bass line has a half note chord of B-flat, D-flat, and F, followed by a half note chord of G, B-flat, and D-flat. The system ends with a double bar line.

12

The third system of the piano accompaniment concludes the piece. The treble clef melody has a half note chord of B-flat, D-flat, and F, followed by a half note chord of G, B-flat, and D-flat. The bass line has a half note chord of B-flat, D-flat, and F, followed by a half note chord of G, B-flat, and D-flat. The system ends with a double bar line.

# Abide With Me

CD Key

Words by Henry Lyte  
alt. by Justin Smith  
Music by Justin Smith

D

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven -  
2. Thou on my head, in ear - ly youth didst  
3. I need Thy pres - ence, eve - ry pass - ing  
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to  
5. Hold Thou Thy cross, be - fore my clos - ing

3

A D G D

tide; The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord with me a -  
smile; And, though re - bel - lious, and per - verse mean -  
hour. What but Thy grace, can foil the tempt - er's  
bless; Ills have no weight, tears lose their bit - ter -  
eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the

6

A B m G D

bide. When oth - er help - ers, fail and com - forts  
while, Thou hast not left me, oft as I left  
power? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can  
ness. Where is thy sting death? Where grave thy vic - to -  
skies. Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows

9

G D A D

flee, Help of the help - less, a - bide with me.  
Thee, On to the close Lord, a - bide with me.  
be? Through cloud and sun - shine, a - bide with me.  
ry? I tri - umph still, a - bide with me.  
flee; In life, in death, Lord, a - bide with me.



# Across the Lands

17

1. You're the Word of God the Fa-ther from be-fore the world be-gan;  
2. Yet You left the gaze of an-gels, came to seek and save the lost,  
3. With a shout You rose vic-to-rious, wrest-ling vic-t'ry from the grave,

Ev-ry star and ev-ry plan-et has been fash-ioned by Your hand.  
And ex-changed the joy of Heav-en for the an-guish of a cross.  
And as-cend-ed in-to Heav-en, lead-ing cap-tives in Your way.

All cre-a-tion holds to-geth-er by the pow-er of Your voice.  
With a prayer You fed the hun-gry, with a word You calmed the sea;  
Now You stand be-fore the Fa-ther, in-ter-ced-ing for Your own;

Let the skies de-clare Your glo-ry; let the land and seas re-joice.  
Yet how si-lent-ly You suf-ered, that the guilt-y may go free.  
From each tribe and tongue and na-tion You are lead-ing sin-ners home.

You're the au-ther of cre-a-tion, You're the Lord of ev-ry

man, and Your cry of love rings out a-cross the lands.

17

## Afflicted Saint, to Christ Draw Near

1. Af - flict - ed saint, to Christ draw near, Your Sa - vior's gra - cious  
 2. Your faith is weak, your foes are strong, And if the con - flict  
 3. Should per - se - cu - tion rage and flame, Still trust in your Re -  
 4. When called to bear your weigh - ty cross, Or sore af - flic - tion,

pro - mise hear, His faith - ful Word, you can be - lieve, That as your days your  
 should be long, The Lord will make the temp - ter flee, That as your days your  
 deem - er's name; In fier - y tri - als you shall see, That as your days your  
 pain, or loss, Or deep dis - tress or po - ver - ty, Still as your days your

1. strength shall be. (Repeat to verse 2)  
 strength shall be.  
 strength shall be.  
 strength shall be.

So sing with joy, af - flict - ed one, The bat - tle's

fierce, but the vic - tory's won; God shall sup - ply all that you

need, Yes, as your days your strength shall be.

Words (verses): J. Fawcett, 1782 (The phrase "As your days your strength shall be" is taken from Deuteronomy 33:25), Public Domain;

Words (chorus) and Music: Connie Dever (2017)

## Angus Dei by Third Day

Intro:

**C C/G C/G** (Repeat 10 measures) First two measures, just bass and drums.  
On 2nd time, lead kicks in.

**F** (Repeat for 4 measures)

Verse:

**C F C**

Alle-lu-ia

**C F**

Alle-lu-ia

**(still F) C**

For our Lord God Almighty Reigns

**C F C**

Alle-lu-ia

**C F**

Alle-lu-ia

**(still F) C**

For our Lord God Almighty Reigns

**C F**

Alle-lu-ia (2ndX, 3 beats of silence before "Holy")

Chorus:

**C C**

Ho-o-ly, Holy

**C G**

Are You Lord God Almighty

**F**

Worthy is the Lamb

**F (3rdX, Fm/G#)**

Worthy is the Lamb

**C C**

You are Holy, Holy (3rdX, go to ending.)

**C G**

Are You Lord God Almighty

**F**

Worthy is the Lamb

**F (2ndX, Fm/G#)**

Worthy is the Lamb

**C**

You are Holy (2ndX, repeat to beginning of Chorus.)

Repeat all of the above

## Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended

1. Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast Thou of - fend - ed,  
 2. Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on Thee?  
 3. For me, kind Je - sus, was Thy in - car - na - tion,  
 4. There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay Thee,

That man to judge Thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de -  
 A - las, my trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done Thee! 'Twas I, Lord  
 Thy mor - tal sor - row, and Thy life's ob - la - tion; Thy death of  
 I do a - dore Thee, and will ev - er pray Thee, Think on Thy

rid - ed, by Thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed!  
 Je - sus, I it was de - nied Thee; I cru - ci - fied Thee.  
 an - guish and Thy bit - ter pas - sion, For my sal - va - tion.  
 pit - y and Thy love un - swerv - ing, Not my de - serv - ing.

## Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed



1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed And did my Sov'reign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?  
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,  
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For sin - ners such as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!  
 When Christ the might - y Mak - er died For man, the crea - ture's sin.  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.



## Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed



1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed, and did my Sov - reign die?  
2. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, and shut His glo - ries in,

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head for such a worm as I?  
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died for man, the crea - ture's sin.

Was it for sins that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?  
Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, while His dear cross ap - pears,

A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, and love be - yond de - gree!  
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, and melt my eyes to tears.

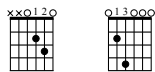
My God, why would You shed Your blood, so pure and un - de - filed,

To make a sin - ful one like me Your cho - sen, pre - cious child?

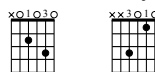
Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748), Public Domain;

Music and Addl. Words: Bob Kauflin, arr. Ruth Coleman, © 2011 Sovereign Grace Praise (CCLI# 264766)

Dadd9 Em9



A7sus Fmaj7add9



# ALAS AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED

Words by Isaac Watts  
alt. by Greg Thompson  
Music by Greg Thompson



1. A - las! And did my Sa - vior bleed, And did my Sov - ereign die? Would  
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree? A -  
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe: Here,



He de - vote that sa - cred Head For sin - ners such as I? **Chorus:** The  
ma - zing pi - ty! Grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!  
Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.



strange - ness of love My life in Your death In your bro - ken - ness My whole - ness re - vealed Your



bonds are my free - dom Your sor - row my song And by Your wounds I am healed

# ALAS AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED

Words by Isaac Watts  
 Music by Bobby Guy  
 and Mac Purdy

1. A - las!                      And                      did                      my                      Sav - ior  
 2. Was it                      for                      sins                      that                      I                      had  
 3. Thus might                      I                      hide                      my                      blush - ing

3 bleed, done face,                      And He did suf - fered                      Sov - ereign the ap - pear;                      die? tree?

5 Would He de - vote                      that                      sa - cred  
 A - ma - zing                      pi - ty!                      Grace un -  
 Dis - solve                      my                      heart                      in                      thank - ful -

7 Head \_\_\_\_\_                      For                      sin - ners                      such                      as  
 known! \_\_\_\_\_  
 ness, \_\_\_\_\_                      And  
 And

9 I? \_\_\_\_\_                      Esus

11 love melt                      be - yond                      de -                      gree! \_\_\_\_\_  
 mine eyes                      to                      tears. \_\_\_\_\_



13 Esus E A E

**Men:** Well might the sun in dark - ness hide,  
But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay

16 D

**Women:** Well might drops the of sun grief in can dark ne'er - ness re - hide, pay

18 A E

**Men:** And shut His of glo - ries I in, owe,  
The debt of love - ries I owe,

20 D

**Women:** And shut His of glo - ries I in, owe,  
The debt of love - ries I owe,

22 Bm E

**Unison:** When Christ, the great Re - deem - er a -  
Here, Lord, I give my - self a -

24 D F#m E

died, For man, the crea - ture's, can  
way, 'Tis all that I can  
D Esus E A

26

sin. \_\_\_\_\_  
do. \_\_\_\_\_

## All Creatures of Our God and King

1. All crea- tures of our God and King, Lift up your voice and with us  
 2. Thou rush- ing wind that art so strong, Ye clouds that sail in heav'n a -  
 3. And all ye men of ten- der heart, For - giv - ing oth- ers, take your  
 4. Let all things their Cre - at - or bless, And wor- ship Him in hum- ble-  
 5. Praise God, from whom all bless- ings flow; Praise Him, all crea- tures here be -

sing Al- le - lu - ia! Al- le - lu - ia! Thou burn- ing sun with gold- en  
 long, O praise Him! Al- le - lu - ia! Thou ris - ing morn, in praise re-  
 part, O sing ye! Al- le - lu - ia! Ye who long pain and sor- row  
 ness, O praise Him! Al- le - lu - ia! Praise, praise the Fa- ther, praise the  
 low; O praise Him! Al- le - lu - ia! Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n- ly

beam, Thou sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam!  
 joyce, Ye lights of eve- ning, find a voice!  
 bear, Praise God and on Him cast your care! O praise Him, O  
 Son, And praise the Spir - it, Three in One!  
 host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

praise Him! Al- le - lu - ia! Al- le - lu - ia! Al- le - lu - ia!

Words: Francis of Assisi (1182-1226), paraphrased: William H. Draper (1855-1933), Thomas Ken (1637-1711)  
 Music: Geistliche Kirchengesang (1623), harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958), Public Domain

All Glory Be to Christ

1. Should no - thing of our ef - forts stand, no leg - a - cy sur - vive,  
 2. His will be done, his king - dom come, on earth as is a - bove,  
 3. When on the day the great I Am, the Faith - ful and the True,

Un - less the Lord does raise the house, in vain its build - ers strive.  
 Who is Him - self our dai - ly bread, praise Him, the Lord of love.  
 The Lamb who was for sin - ners slain is mak - ing all things new;

To you who boast tom - mor - row's gain, tell me, what is your life?  
 Let liv - ing wat - er sat - is - fy the thirs - ty with - out price;  
 Be - hold, our God shall live with us, and be our stead - fast light,

A mist that van - ish - es at dawn; all glo - ry be to Christ!  
 We'll take a cup of kind - ness yet; all glo - ry be to Christ!  
 And we shall e'er his peo - ple be; all glo - ry be to Christ!

All glo - ry be to Christ, our king! All glo - ry be to Christ!

His rule and reign we'll ev - er sing, all glo - ry be to Christ!

## All Glory, Laud and Honor

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;

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 - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise:

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 praise we bring,

Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One.  
 Our praise and pray'r and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.  
 Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King.

Words: Theodulph of Orleans (750-821); Tr. John Mason Neale (1818-1866)  
 Music: Melchior Teschner (1584-1635), Harm. William Monk (1823-1889), Public Domain

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall,  
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And

crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al  
 crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you  
 crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es -  
 crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er -

di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

Words: St. 1, 2, Edward Perronet (1726-1792); st. 3, 4, John Rippon (1751-1836)  
 Music: Oliver Holden, 1765-1844, Public Domain

All I Have Is Christ

1. I once was lost in dark - est night, yet thought I knew the way. The sin that  
 2. But as I ran my hell-bound race, in - dif - ferent to the cost, You looked up -  
 3. Now Lord I would be Yours a - lone, and live so all might see the strength to

prom - ised joy and life had led me to the grave. I had no hope that You would  
 on my help - less state and led me to the cross. And I be-held God's love dis -  
 fol - low Your com - mands could nev - er come from me. O Fath - er, use my ran - somed

own a reb - el to Your will. And if You had not loved me first, I would re -  
 played, You suf - fered in my place. You bore the wrath re - served for me, now all I  
 life in an - y way You choose, and let my song for - ev - er be my on - ly

1. fuse You still. 2.3. grace. Hal - le - lu - jah! All I  
 know is is You. boast is You.

repeat chorus  
 have is Christ. Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus is my life.

## All I Owe

From the album **All I Owe**, available at [www.matthewsmith.us](http://www.matthewsmith.us)

Words by Robert Murray McCheyne and Matthew S. Smith, Music by Matthew S. Smith

© 2002 Detuned Radio Music (ASCAP)

Cmaj7                      G  
 1. When this passing world is done,  
       D                              Am7  
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
       Cmaj7                      G  
 When we stand with Christ in glory,  
       D                              C  
 Looking o'er life's finished story,  
       Am    C                      D  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
       Am                      C              D  
 Not till then, how much I owe.

Chorus

C2   G                      D              Am  
*All I owe You paid for me*  
       C2   G                      D              Am  
*From all I owe I've been set free*  
       C2   G                      D              Am              C    D  
*And all I owe proves Your great mercy to me*

2. When I stand before your throne,  
 Dressed in beauty not my own,  
 When I see you as you are  
 Love you with unsinning heart,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
 Not till then, how much I owe.

Bridge

Cmaj7                                      Gmaj7  
 Chosen not for good in me, wakened up from wrath to flee,  
       D                                      Am  
 Hidden in the Savior's side, by the Spirit sanctified,  
       Cmaj7                                      Gmaj7                      D  
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show by my love, how much I owe.

1. Fa - ther I stretch, (I stretch) my hands to Thee.  
 2. When I am weak, (when I'm weak) He gives me strength.

I know that You, (on-ly You,) re-mem-ber me. When  
 When I am lone - ly He com-forts me.

oth - ers for - get, when oth - ers for - get and leave me a - lone,  
 When I am tired of the load that I am bear - ing,

I know that Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus will hear my groan.  
 He gives me cour-age, cour-age, cour-age to bear my share. D.C.



## All My Help Comes from the Lord

*Note: Words in parentheses are an echo, meant only for those singing the harmony parts.*

All my help, (all my help) comes from the Lord.

All my help, (all my help) comes from the Lord, (the

Lord.) All my needs that I'm pos-sess - ing. All my

help, all my help, all my help comes from the Lord, (the Lord.)

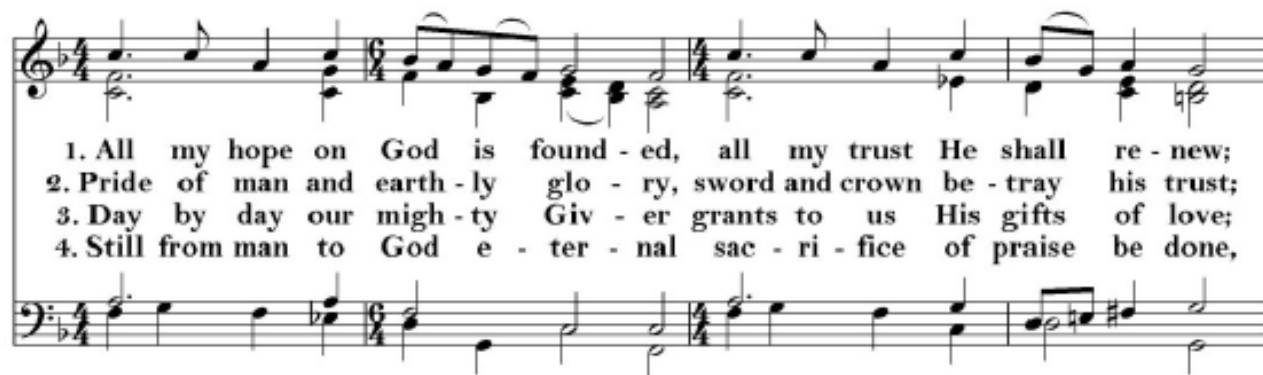
All My Hope on God Is Founded

1. All my hope on God is found - ed, all my trust He  
 2. Pride of man and earth - ly glo - ry, sword and crown be -  
 3. Day by day our might - y Giv - er grants to us His  
 4. Still from man to God e - ter - nal sac - ri - fice of

shall re - new; He my guide thro' chang - ing or - der,  
 tray his trust; All that hu - man toil can fash - ion,  
 gifts of love; In his will our souls find plea - sure,  
 praise be done, High a - bove all prais - es prais - ing

on - ly good and on - ly true. God un - known He a - lone  
 tow'r and tem - ple fall to dust. But God's pow'r hour by hour  
 lead - ing to our home a - bove. Love shall stand at His hand,  
 for the gift of Christ His Son. Hear Christ's call one and all:

calls my heart to be His own, Calls my heart to be His own.  
 is my tem - ple and my tow'r, Is my tem - ple and my tow'r.  
 joy shall wait for his command, Joy shall wait for his com - mand.  
 we who fol - low shall not fall, We who fol - low shall not fall.

All My Hope On God Is Founded


1. All my hope on God is found - ed, all my trust He shall re - new;  
 2. Pride of man and earth - ly glo - ry, sword and crown be - tray his trust;  
 3. Day by day our migh - ty Giv - er grants to us His gifts of love;  
 4. Still from man to God e - ter - nal sac - ri - fice of praise be done,



He, my guide thro' chang - ing or - der, on - ly good and on - ly true.  
 All that hu - man toil can fash - ion, tow'r and tem - ple, fall to dust.  
 In His will our souls find plea - sure, lead - ing to our home a - bove.  
 High a - bove all prais - es prais - ing for the gift of Christ his Son.



God un - known, He a - lone calls my heart to be His own.  
 But God's pow'r, hour by hour, is my tem - ple and my tow'r.  
 Love shall stand at His hand, joy shall wait for his com - mand.  
 Hear Christ's call one and all: we who fol - low shall not fall.

All People That on Earth Do Dwell

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the  
 2. The Lord, ye know, is God in - deed, With - out our  
 3. O en - ter then His gates with praise, Ap - proach with  
 4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy  
 5. Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all

Lord with cheer - ful voice; Him serve with fear, His  
 aid He did us make; We are His folk, He  
 joy His courts un - to; Praise, laud, and bless His  
 is for - ev - er sure: His truth at all times  
 crea - tures here be - low; Praise Him a - bove, ye

praise forth - tell; Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.  
 doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.  
 name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.  
 firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.  
 heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Words: Paraphrased, William Kethe (c. 1594); Thomas Ken (1637-1711);  
 Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551 Edition; attr. Louis Bourgeois (1510-1561), Public Domain

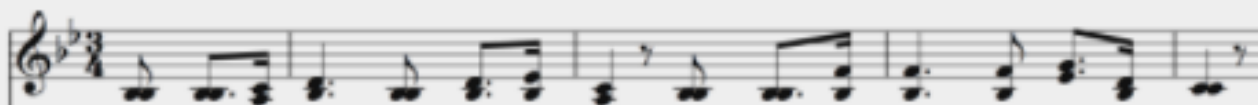
All Praise to God, Who Reigns Above

1. All praise to God, who reigns a - bove, the God of all cre -  
 2. What God's al - might - y pow'r hath made his gra - cious mer - cy  
 3. I cried to him in time of need: Lord God, O hear my  
 4. The Lord for - sak - eth not his flock, his cho - sen gen - er -

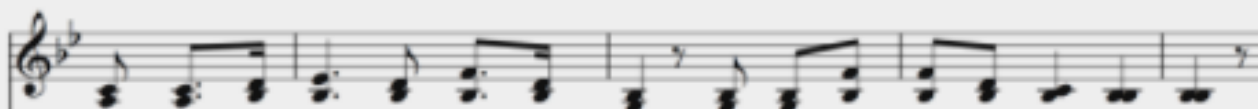
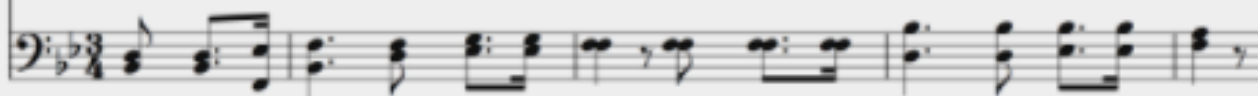
a - tion, the God of won - ders, pow'r, and love, the God of our sal -  
 keep - eth; by morn - ing dawn or eve - ning shade his watch - ful eye ne'er  
 call - ing! For death he gave me life in - deed and kept my feet from  
 a - tion; he is their ref - uge and their rock, their peace and their sal -

va - tion! With heal - ing balm my soul he fills, the God who  
 sleep - eth; with - in the king - dom of his might, lo, all is  
 fall - ing. For this my thanks shall end - less be; O thank him,  
 va - tion. As with a moth - er's ten - der hand he leads his

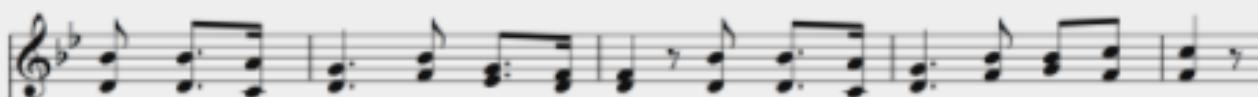
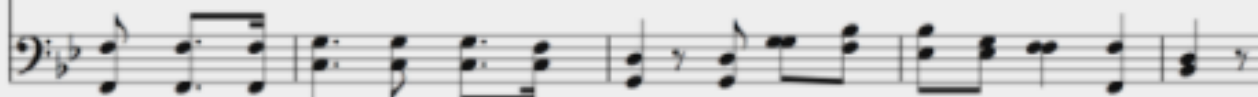
ev - every sor - row stills. To God all praise and glo - ry!  
 just and all is right. To God all praise and glo - ry!  
 thank our God with me. To God all praise and glo - ry!  
 own, his cho - sen band. To God all praise and glo - ry!



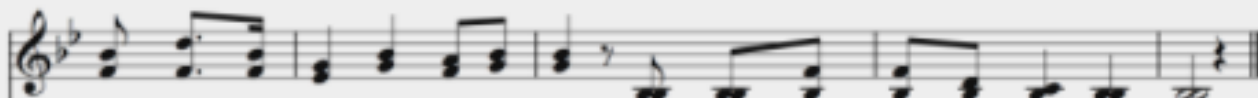
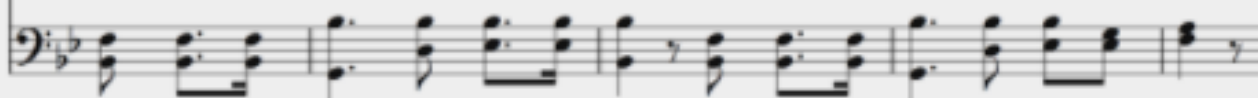
1. All praise to Him, the God of light, who formed the moun - tains by his might,  
 2. All praise to Him, whose love is seen in Christ the Son, the Ser - vant King,  
 3. All praise to Him, whose pow'r im - parts the love of God with - in our hearts,



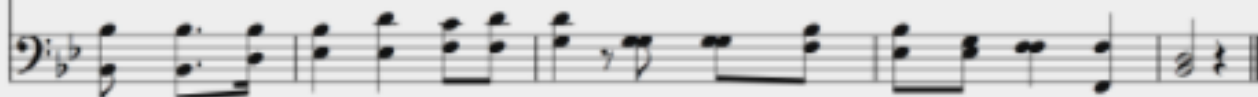
All praise to Him who names the stars that sing his fame in skies a - far.  
 Who left be - hind his glo - rious throne to pay the ran - som for his own.  
 The Spi - rit of all truth and peace, the fount of joy and ho - li - ness.



All praise to Him who reigns in love, who guides the gal - ax - ies a - bove,  
 All praise to Him who hum - bly came to bear our sor - row, sin, and shame,  
 To Fa - ther, Son, and Spi - rit now our souls we lift, our wills we bow,



Yet bends to hear our ev - ery prayer with sov - ereign pow'r and ten - der care.  
 Who lived to die, who died to rise, the all - suf - fi - cient sac - ri - fice.  
 To You, blest Tri - ni - ty we raise, with hearts of love, our song of praise!



*Large-print bulletins are available at the hall entrances.*

All Praise to You, my God, This Night

1. All praise to You, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light.  
 2. For - give me, Lord, for this I pray, The wrong that I have done this day.  
 3. Lord, may I be at rest in You And sweet-ly sleep the whole night thro'.  
 4. Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be - neath the shel-ter of Your wings.  
 May peace with God and neigh-bor be, Be - fore I sleep, re - stored to me.  
 Re - fresh my strength, for Your own sake, So I may serve You when I wake.  
 Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

# ALL CREATURES OF OUR GOD AND KING

Words by St. Francis of Assisi  
Trans. by William Draper  
Traditional German Melody

Capo IV

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three systems of music. The first system (measures 1-4) has a 4/4 time signature and includes chords G, Em, C, D, G, Em, C, D. The second system (measures 5-8) has a 3/4 time signature and includes chords Em, C, D, Em, C, D, G, Em, C, D. The third system (measures 9-12) has a 4/4 time signature and includes chords G, Em, C, D, Am, D, G, Am, D, G. The fourth system (measures 13-16) has a 4/4 time signature and includes chords Em, C, D, Em, C, D, Am, D, G. The lyrics are: 1. All creatures of our God and King, lift up your voice and with us sing; 2. Thou rushing wind that art so strong, ye clouds that sail in heav'n a-long, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia! Thou burn-ing sun with gold-en beam, Thou ris-ing morn in praise re-joice, thou sil-ver moon with soft-er gleam, O praise him, O praise him, ye lights of eve-ning, find a voice; al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia!

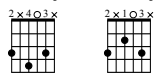
3. Thou flowing water, pure and clear,  
Make music for thy Lord to hear,  
Alleluia, alleluia!  
Thou fire so masterful and bright,  
That givest man both warmth and light,

4. And all ye men of tender heart,  
Forgiving others, take your part,  
O sing ye, alleluia!  
Ye who long pain and sorrow bear,  
Praise God and on him cast your care,

5. 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,



Gmaj7 Gmaj6



# ALL FOR JESUS

Words by Mary D. James  
and Louisa Stead (chorus)  
Music by Wade Jewett  
and William Kirkpatrick (chorus)

1. All for Je - sus! All for Je - sus!  
 2. Let my hands per - form his bid - ding,  
 3. World - lings prize their gems of beau - ty,  
 4. O what won - der! How a - ma - zing!  
 5. Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus,

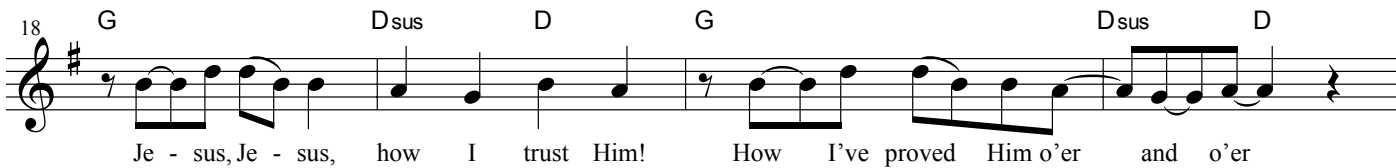
3 All my be - ing's ran in - somed pow'rs,  
 Let my feet run in his ways;  
 Cling to gild - ed toys of dust,  
 Je - sus, glor - ious King of kings,  
 I've lost sight of all be - side;

5 All my thoughts and words and do - ings,  
 Let my eye see Je - sus on - ly,  
 Boast of wealth and fame and plea - sure;  
 Deigns to call me his be - lov - ed,  
 So en - chained my spir - it's vis - ion,

7 All my days and speak all my hours.  
 Let my lips and forth I trust.  
 On - ly Je - sus will I  
 Lets me rest be - neath Cru  
 Look - ing at the

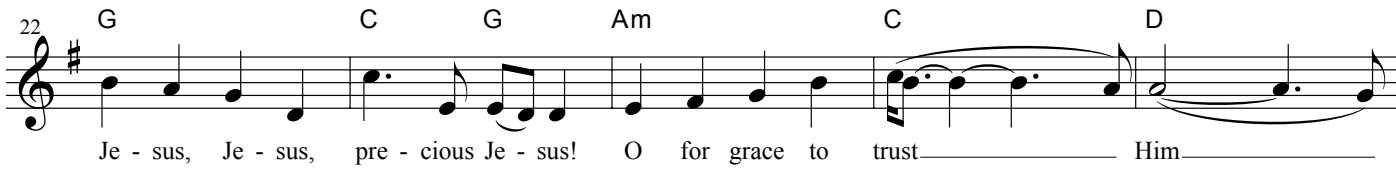
9 His praise.  
 His wings.

18 G Dsus D G Dsus D



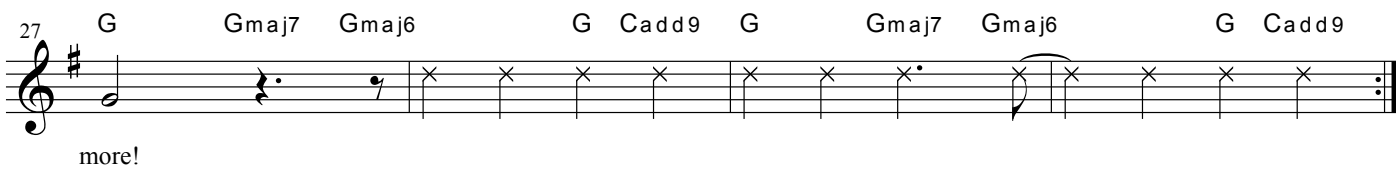
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er

22 G C G Am C D



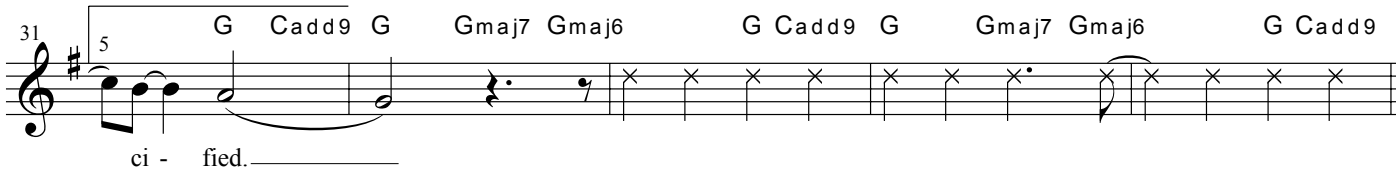
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him

27 G Gmaj7 Gmaj6 G Cadd9 G Gmaj7 Gmaj6 G Cadd9



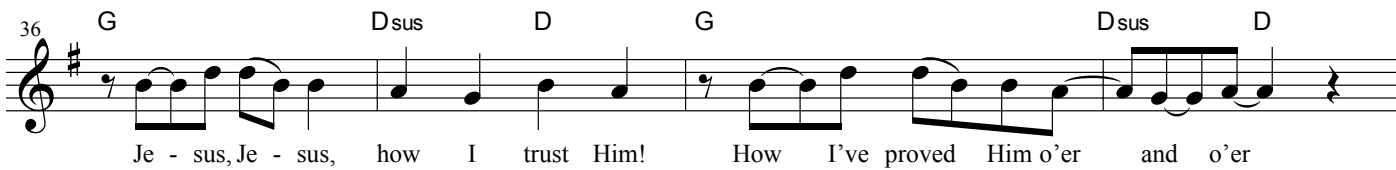
more!

31 G Cadd9 G Gmaj7 Gmaj6 G Cadd9 G Gmaj7 Gmaj6 G Cadd9



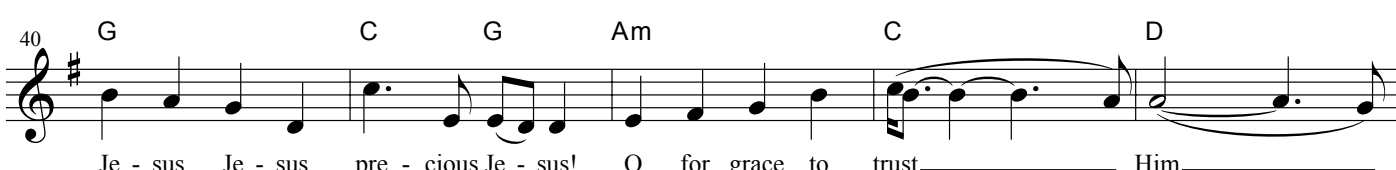
ci - fied.

36 G Dsus D G Dsus D



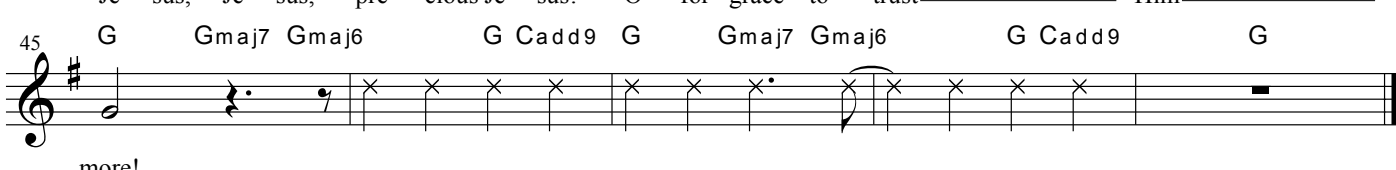
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er

40 G C G Am C D



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him

45 G Gmaj7 Gmaj6 G Cadd9 G Gmaj7 Gmaj6 G Cadd9 G



more!

# ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

Words by Edward Perronet (v.1,2)  
and John Rippon (v.3,4)  
Music by Oliver Holden

G D/F# Em D C Dsus D G

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pro - strate fall; Bring  
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall, Hail  
3. Let ev - ery kind - red, ev - ery tribe On this ter - res - trial ball To  
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred thron' We at His feet may fall We'll

6 G D/F# Em D/F# G D/F#

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him  
Him Who saves you by His grace, And crown Him  
Him all maj - es - ty a - scribe, And crown Him  
join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him

9 Em Asus A D D/C G D/F# Em D

Lord of all. Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And  
Lord of all. Hail Him Who saves you by His grace, And  
Lord of all. To Him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe, And  
Lord of all. We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And

13 G/B C Dsus D G

crown crown Him Lord of all.  
crown crown Him Lord of all.  
crown crown Him Lord of all.  
crown crown Him Lord of all.

# All Must Be Well

Words by Mary Bowley-Peters  
alt. by Matthew S. Smith  
Music by Matthew S. Smith

E A E

1. Through the love of God our  
2. Though we pass through trib - u -  
3. We ex - pect a bright to -

6 A

Sav - ior, All will be well; Free and  
la - tion, All will be well; Ours is  
mor - row, All will be well; Faith can

9 E A

change - less is His fav - or, All is well;  
such a full sal - va - tion, All is well;  
sing through days of sor - row, All is well;

12 F#m B

Pre - cious is the blood that healed us, Per - fect  
Hap - py still in God con - fid - ing, Fruit - ful  
On our Fa - ther's love re - ly - ing, Je - sus

15 C#m A F#m

is the grace that sealed us, Strong the hand stretched forth to  
if in Christ a - bid - ing, Stead - fast through the Spir - it's  
ev - 'ry need sup - ply - ing, Yes in liv - ing and in

18 B

1, 2.  
E

shield us, All must be well. 2. Though we  
guid - ing, All must be well. 3. We ex  
dy - ing, All must be well.

All Must Be Well 2

21 <sup>3.</sup> C#m A F#m  
well. On our Fa - ther's love re -

24 B C#m A  
ly - ing, Je - sus ev - 'ry need sup - ply - ing, Yes in

27 F#m B E  
liv - ing or in dy - ing, All must be \_\_\_\_\_ well.

30 A B E

# ALL THAT I AM I OWE TO THEE

## (PSALM 139)

Words from the Scottish Psalter  
Music by Ian Fitchuk

Capo II

1. All that I am I owe to Thee,  
2. Ere in - to be God - ing I was brought  
3. Thy thoughts O God how man - i - fold

Thy wis - dom Lord has fash - ioned me  
Thy eye pre - did see and in - ioned Thy thought  
More pre - cious un - to me than gold

I give my Mak - er thank - ful praise  
My life in all its per - fect plan  
I muse on their in - fin - i - ty

Whose won - drous works my soul a - maze  
Was or - dered ere my days be - gan  
A - wak - ing I am still with Thee

4. The wicked Thou wilt surely slay  
From me let sinners turn away  
They speak against Thy Name divine  
I count God's enemies as mine

5. Search me O God my heart discern  
Try me my inmost thoughts to learn  
And lead me if in sin I stray  
To choose the everlasting way

## Almighty

Wayne Watson  
(fast tempo)

Chorus:           G           G/B           D   G  
                   Almighty, Most Holy God;  
                   C                           Em D G  
                   Faithful through the ages;  
                   G           G/B           D   G  
                   Almighty, Most Holy Lord,  
                   C           Em D G  
                   Glorious, Almighty God.

          D           G           D           G  
 The beasts of the field, The birds of the air,  
           G/D                           D  
 Are silent to call out your name;  
           D           G           D           G  
 The earth has no voice, and I have no choice,  
           G/D                           D  
 But to magnify God unashamed.  
           Am           D           G   G/B C  
 Let the rocks be kept silent for one more day;  
           Am                           D           G G/B D  
 Let the whole world sing out, let the people say. (Chorus)

          D           G           D           G  
 Well, time marches on, with innocence gone,  
           G/D                           D  
 And a darkness has covered the earth;  
           D           G           D           G  
 But His Spirit still dwells, He speaks, "It is well,"  
           G/D                           D  
 and the hopeless still offered new birth.  
           Am           D           G   G/B C  
 He has now conquered death, It will have no sting;  
           Am                           D           G   G/B D  
 Let the prisoner go free, join the dance and sing... (Chorus)

## ALWAYS THOU LOVEDST ME

Words by Anonymous  
Music by Darwin Jordan

1. I sought the Lord, and af - ter - ward I knew  
2. Thou didst reach forth Thy hand and mine en - fold;

3 He moved my soul to seek Him, seek - ing me.  
I walked and sank to not on the, storm vexed sea.

5 It was not I found that O Sa - vior true;  
'Twas not so much that I on Thee to hold

7 No, I was found of Thee.  
As Thou, dear Lord, of on me.

9 **Chorus:** I find, I walk, I love, But, O the whole  
11 Of love is but my an - swer Lord to Thee.  
13 For Thou wert long be - fore - hand with my soul.

15 Al-ways Thou lov-edst me. *Last Time to Coda* Al-ways Thou lov-edst me.

19 Always Thou lov-edst me. Always Thou lov-edst me.

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## Am I a Soldier of the Cross

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb?  
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,  
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
 4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord!

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy Word.

*Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748),  
 Music: Thomas A. Arne (1710-1778); arr. Ralph Harrison (1748-1810)*

## Amazing Grace! How Sweet the Sound

1. A - maz - ing grace! How sweet the sound,  
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
 3. Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares,  
 4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me,  
 5. Yea, when this heart and flesh shall fail,  
 6. The earth shall soon dis - solve like snow,  
 7. When we've been there ten thou - sand years,

that saved a wretch like me!  
 and grace my fears re - lieved;  
 I have al - read - y come;  
 His word my hope se - cures;  
 and mor - tal life shall cease,  
 The sun for - bear to shine.  
 Bright shin - ing as the sun;

I once was lost, but now am found,  
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear,  
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
 He will my shield and por - tion be  
 I shall pos - sess with - in the veil,  
 But God who called me here be - low,  
 We've no less days to sing God's praise,

was blind, but now I see.  
 the hour I first be - lieved  
 And grace will lead me home.  
 as long as life en - dures.  
 a life of joy and peace.  
 will be for - ev - er mine,  
 than when we first be - gun.

Words: St. 1-6, John Newton (1725-1807); St. 7, Anonymous (c.1790)

Music: Virginia Harmony (1831); arr. Edwin O. Excell (1851-1921), Public Domain

Verse 1:           D           D/F#           G           D  
 Amazing grace how sweet the sound  
                   D                           A  
 That saved a wretch like me  
                   D           D/F#           G           D  
 I once was lost, but now I'm found  
                   D           G   A D  
 Was blind but now I see

Verse 2:           D                   D/F#           G           D  
 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
                   D                           A  
 And grace my fears relieved;  
                   D           D/F#           G           D  
 How precious did that grace appear,  
                   D    G        A D  
 The hour I first believed!

<b>Chorus:</b>	G                   D/F#
	My chains are gone, I've been set free.
	G                   D/F#
	My God, My Savior has ransomed me.
	G                   D/F#
	And like a flood his mercy reigns.
	Em                 D/F#
	Unending love, amazing grace

Verse 3:           D                   D/F#           G           D  
 The Lord has promised good to me,  
                   D                           A  
 His word my hope secures;  
                   D           D/F#           G           D  
 He will my shield and portion be,  
                   D    G        A D  
 As long as life endures. **(Chorus)**

Verse 4:

**D**                    **D/F#**    **G**        **D**  
 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
       **D**                    **A**  
 The sun forbear to shine;  
       **D**                    **D/F#**    **G**        **D**  
 But God, who call'd me here below,  
       **D**        **G**        **A**    **D**  
 Will be forever mine.  
       **D**        **G**        **A**    **D**  
 (Will be forever mine)  
       **D**        **G**        **A**    **D**  
 (You are forever mine)

<b>Chorus:</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D/F#</b>
	My chains are gone, I've been set free.	
	<b>G</b>	<b>D/F#</b>
	My God, My Savior has ransomed me.	
	<b>G</b>	<b>D/F#</b>
	And like a flood his mercy reigns.	
	<b>Em</b>	<b>D/F#</b>
	Unending love, amazing grace	

# AMAZING GRACE

Words by John Newton  
and John Rees (v.5)  
Traditional American Tune

1. A - ma - zing grace how sweet the sound That saved a  
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my

7  
wretch like me I once was lost, but now grace am  
fears re - lieved; How pre - cious did that grace ap -

13  
found pear, Was blind, but now I see.  
The hour I first be - lieved!

3. Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

4. And when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease;  
I shall possess within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

5. When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise,  
Than when we've first begun.

# Amazing Grace (My Chains Are Gone)

(based on the recording from the Chris Tomlin album "See the Morning")

Chris Tomlin, Edwin Othello Excell,  
John Newton, John P. Rees & Louie Giglio  
Arr. by Charlie Sinclair

Pensive ballad ♩ = 94

E (no3) E<sup>2</sup> E (no3)

Piano only

1 Verse E<sup>2</sup> E<sup>2</sup> Esus E<sup>2</sup>

1x - Piano only  
2x - Add E.G. - light fills  
3x - Add A.G.

4 1. A-maz - - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That  
(2.) grace that taught my heart to fear, And  
(3.) has prom - ised good to me, His

7 saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but  
grace my fears re - lieved; How pre - cious did that  
word my hope se - cures; He will my shield and

10 A<sup>2</sup> E<sup>2</sup> B/E E<sup>2</sup>

1 - to Verse 2

now I'm found, Was blind, but now I see. 2. 'Twas  
grace ap - pear The hour blind, but now I see.  
por - tion be As long As long

13 2 - to Chorus E<sup>2</sup> B/E E<sup>2</sup> A/E E 2 Chorus A<sup>2</sup> 2x - Add Bass A.G. strum rhythm

I first be - lieved! My chains are gone, I've been set  
as life en - dures.

16 E<sup>2</sup> G# A<sup>2</sup> E<sup>2</sup> G#

free. My God, my Sav - ior has ran - somed me, and like a

19 **A<sup>2</sup>** **E<sup>2</sup> G#** **F#m<sup>7</sup>(4)** **Bsus**  
 flood His mer - cy reigns; un - end - ing love, a - maz - ing grace.

22 **1 - to Verse 3** **E(no3)** **E<sup>2</sup> *mf*** **E(no3)** **E<sup>2</sup>** **to 1**  
 3. The Lord

26 **2** **E<sup>2</sup>** **E<sup>2</sup> G#** **A<sup>2</sup>** **E<sup>2</sup> G#** **2a Chorus**  
 My chains are gone, I've been set free. My God, my

29 **A<sup>2</sup>** **E<sup>2</sup> G#** **A<sup>2</sup>**  
 Sav - ior has ran - somed me, and like a flood His mer - cy

32 **E<sup>2</sup> G#** **F#m<sup>7</sup>(4)** **Bsus** **E(no3)**  
 reigns; un - end - ing love, a - maz - ing grace.

35 **1a Verse** **E<sup>2</sup> Piano only** **Esus** **E<sup>2</sup>**  
 4. The earth shall soon dis - solve like snow, the

38 **B** **E** **Add A.G. - light fills** **E<sup>2</sup>** **E<sup>2</sup> G#**  
 sun for - bear to shine; but God, who called me

41 **A<sup>2</sup>** **E<sup>2</sup>** **B** **E** **E Esus E<sup>2</sup>**  
 here be - low, will be for - ev - er mine; will be

44 **B** **E** **E Esus E<sup>2</sup>** **E<sup>2</sup>** **B** **E** **Rit.** **E<sup>2</sup>**  
 for - ev - er mine. You are for - ev - er mine.

## Amazing Love That Stooped So Low

Words by Anne Steele (1716 – 1778)

Music by Robert Turner, 2009

*Reigning Grace :: Romans 5.21*

*“so that, as sin reigned in death, grace also might reign through righteousness leading to eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.”*

**F G C**  
**[1]** AMAZING Love that stooped so low  
**Am G**  
 To view with pity's eye  
**F G C**  
 A wretch deserving endless woe  
**Am G**  
 And for that wretch to die

**G F G**  
**[CHORUS]** That wretch I am O wondrous Love  
**C F**  
 Can I forbear to tell  
**G C F**  
 That JESUS left the realms above  
**Am G**  
 To save my soul from hell  
**Dm G C**  
 To save my soul from hell

**F G C**  
**[2]** Twas Love my stubborn heart did bend  
**Am G**  
 To His Divine control  
**F G C**  
 Still may this Love on me descend  
**Am G**  
 To cheer and glad my soul **[CHORUS]**

**F G C**  
**[3]** My heart rejoices to confess  
**Am G**  
 My Saviour's gentle sway  
**F G C**  
 And as the Captive of His Grace  
**Am G**  
 His word and will obey **[CHORUS]**



1. A - midst us our Be - lov - ed stands, and bids us  
 2. What food lux - u - rious loads the board, when at his  
 3. If now, with eyes de - filed and dim, we see the  
 4. O glo - rious Bride - groom of our hearts, your pres - ent

view his pierc - ed hands; points to the wound - ed  
 ta - ble sits the Lord! The wine how rich, the  
 signs, but see not him; O may his love the  
 smile a heav'n im - parts! O lift the veil, if

feet and side, blest em - blems of the Cru - ci - fied.  
 bread how sweet, when Je - sus deigns the guests to meet!  
 scales dis - place, and bid us see him face to face!  
 veil there be, let ev - ery saint your glo - ry see!

# A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

Words & Music by Martin Luther

CAPO III

1.A migh - ty in for - tress own is strength our con - fide, a  
2.Did we ty in our own strength con - fide, our

4 Em G C D G G D C G  
Bul - wark nev - er fail - ing; Our Help - er He a - mid the flood of  
striv - ing would be los - ing; Were not the right Man on our side, the

9 Em G C D G Em Asus A D  
mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing; For still our an - cient Foe doth  
Man of God'sown choos - ing; Dost ask who that may - be: Christ

14 G C Em Em Asus A D  
seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great, and  
Je - sus it is He; Lord Sabb - a - oth His name, and from

18 Em Am B Em G C D G G  
armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.

3. And though this world with devils filled,  
Should threaten to undo us  
We will not fear for God hath willed,  
His truth to triumph through us  
The Prince of Darkness grim,  
We tremble not for him  
His rage we can endure,  
For lo his doom is sure  
One little word shall fell him

4. That Word above all earthly pow'r,  
no thanks to them abideth;  
The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
through Him who with us sideth;  
Let goods and kindred go,  
this mortal life also;  
The body they may kill;  
God's truth abideth still,  
His kingdom is forever!

Ancient Words  
Words and Music by Lynn DeShazo, 2001

G    D/F#   G            C            D/F#

Holy words long preserved for our walk in this world,  
           Em        D/F#    G            C    G    D G    C/G G

They resound with God's own heart. Oh let the ancient words im part

G    D/F#    G            C            D/F#

Words of Life, words of Hope Give us strength, help us cope  
           Em            D/F#   G            C            G    D G

In this world, where e'er we roam Ancient words will guide us Home.

(Chorus)

G            G    D            Am    G        C<sup>2</sup>

Ancient words ever true changing me and changing you,  
 D/F#    Em        D/F# G            C        G    D G    C/G G

We have come with open hearts Oh let the ancient words impart

G    D/F#   G            C            D/F#

Holy words of our Faith Handed down to this age  
           Em        D/F# G            C        G    D G    C/G G

Came to us through sacri fice Oh heed the faithful words of Christ.

G    D/F#    G            C            D/F#

Holy words long preserved For our walk in this world.  
           Em            D/F#    G            C        G    D G

They resound with God's own heart Oh let the ancient words im part.

(Chorus)

## Ancient Words

G D/F# G G C D/F#  
 Holy words long preserved, For our walk in this world

Em D/F# G G C G D G  
 They resound with God's own heart, O let the ancient words im-part

G D/F# G G C D  
 Words of life, Words of hope, Give us strength, Help us cope

Em D/F# G G C G D G  
 In this world where e'er we roam, Ancient words will guide us home

**Chorus:**

**G G D Am G C2**  
**Ancient words ever true, Changing me and changing you**

**D/F# Em D/F# G G C G D G**  
**We have come with open hearts, O let the ancient words im-part**

G D/F# G G C D/F#  
 Holy words of our faith, Handed down to this age

Em D/F# G G C G D G  
 Came to us through sacrifice, O heed the faithful words of Christ

G D/F# G G C D  
 Holy words long preserved, For our walk in this world

Em D/F# G G C G D G  
 They resound with God's own heart, O let the ancient words im-part

(chorus)

die for me? A - maz - ing love! how can it  
 quire no more. 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a -  
 found out me. 'Tis mer - cy all! Im - mense and  
 fol - lowed Thee. My chains fell off, my heart was  
 Christ my own. Bold I ap - proach th'e - ter - nal

A - maz-ing love! How

be that Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?  
 dore, let an - gel minds in - quire no more.  
 free! for, O my God it found out me.  
 free; I rose, went forth and thro' fol - lowed Thee.  
 throne, And claim the crown thro' Christ my own.

can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

1. And can it be that I should gain an in - t'rest  
 2. 'Tis mys - tery all, th'Im - mor - tal dies: Who can ex -  
 3. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove, So free, so  
 4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay fast bound in  
 5. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and

in the Sav - ior's blood? Died He for me, who caused His  
 plore this strange de - sign? In vain the first - born ser - aph  
 in - fi - nite His grace; Emp - tied Him - self of all but  
 sin and na - ture's night; Thine eye dif - fused a quick - 'ning  
 all in Him is mine! A - live in Him, my liv - ing

pain? For me, who Him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing  
 tries to sound the depths of love di - vine. 'Tis mer - cy  
 love, And bled for Ad - am's help - less race. 'Tis mer - cy  
 ray, I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light; My chains fell  
 Head, And clothed in righ - teous - ness di - vine, Bold I ap -

love! how can it be that Thou, my God, shouldst  
 all! Let earth a - dore, let an - gel minds in -  
 all! Im - mense and free! for, O my God it  
 off, my heart was free; I rose, went forth and  
 proach th'e - ter - nal throne, And claim the crown thro'

# And Can It Be That I Should Gain

*While we were still sinners, Christ died for us. Rom. 5:8*

1. And can it be that I should gain an in - t'rest  
 2. 'Tis mys - t'ry all! Th'Im - mor - tal dies: who can ex -  
 3. He left his Fa - ther's throne a - bove (so free, so  
 4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay fast bound in  
 5. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and  
 in the Sav - ior's blood? Died he for me, who caused his  
 plore his strange de - sign? In vain the first - born ser - aph  
 in - fi - nite his grace!), hum - bled him - self (so great his  
 sin and na - ture's night; thine eye dif - fused a quick - 'ning  
 all in him, is mine! A - live in him, my liv - ing  
 pain? For me, who him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing love!  
 tries to sound the depths of love di - vine. 'Tis mer - cy all!  
 love!), and bled for all his cho - sen race. 'Tis mer - cy all,  
 ray; I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light; my chains fell off,  
 Head, and clothed in righ - teous - ness di - vine, bold I ap - proach

How can it be that thou, my God, shouldst  
 Let earth adore, let an - gel minds in -  
 • im - mense and free; for, O my God, it  
 my heart was free; I rose, went forth, and  
 th'e - ter - nal throne, and claim the crown, through

die for me?  
 quire no more. A - maz - ing love! How can it  
 • found out me. A - maz - ing love! How  
 fol - lowed thee. A - maz - ing love! How  
 Christ, my own.

be that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?  
 can it be that thou, my God,

Charles Wesley, 1738  
Alt. 1990

SAGINA L.M.D.  
Thomas Campbell, 1825



# And Can It Be That I Should Gain

While we were still sinners, Christ died for us. Rom. 5:8

1. And can it be that I should gain an in - t'rest  
 2. 'Tis mys - t'ry all! Th'im - mor - tal dies: who can ex -  
 3. He left his Fa - ther's throne a - bove (so free, so  
 4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay fast bound in dread; Je - sus, and  
 5. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread;

in the Sav - ior's blood? Died he for me, who caused his  
 plore his strange de - sign? In vain the first - born ser - aph  
 in - fi - nite his grace! hum - bled him - self (so great his  
 sin and na - ture's night; thine eye dif - fused a quick - ning  
 all in him, is mine! A - live in him, my liv - ing

For me, who him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing love!  
 tries to sound the depths of love di - vine. 'Tis mer - cy all!  
 bled for all his cho - sen race. 'Tis mer - cy all,  
 ray: I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light; my chains fell off,  
 Head, and clothed in righ - teous - ness di - vine, bold I ap - proach

How can it be dore, free; throne, shouldst  
 Let earth a - dore, free; throne, shouldst  
 • im - mense and free; throne, shouldst  
 my heart was free; throne, shouldst  
 th'e - ter - nal throne, shouldst

die for me? A - maz - ing love! How can it  
 • found out me. A - maz - ing love! How can it  
 fol - lowed thee. A - maz - ing love! How  
 Christ, my own.

be can it be that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?  
 can it be that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

Charles Wesley, 1738  
 Alt. 1990

SAGINA L.M.D.  
 Thomas Campbell, 1825

## AND CAN IT BE

Words by Charles Wesley  
 Music by Scott Roley

## Capo III

D Em G A

1. And can it be that I should gain An in -  
 2. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove, So free,  
 3. Long my con - dem - na - tion spir - it lay, Fast bound  
 4. No con - dem - na - tion now - I dread; Je - sus,

4 D Em G A

terest in the Sav - ior's blood! Died He  
 so in sin - fi - nite His grace! Emp - tied  
 and in all in Him, is mine; Thine eye  
 A - live

6 D Em G A

for me who caused His pain! For me  
 Him - self of a quick - ening but love,  
 dif - fused Him, my li - ving ray; I  
 in Him, Em A Head, And clothed

8 D G A

who Him - to death pur - sued? A - ma -  
 for A - dam's help - less - race; 'Tis mer -  
 the dun - geon - eous - ness with di - vine; My chains -  
 in right - eous - ness G A D Bold I

10 Bm F#m G A D

zing love! How can it be, That Thou,  
 cy all, im - mense heart and free, O  
 fell off, my the e - ter - nal, free, I  
 ap - proach the - ter - nal, throne, And rose,  
 claim

12 Bm F#m G A D

my God, should die for out me? A - ma -  
 my went the God, forth, it and found fol - lowed me! Thee. own.  
 the crown, through Christ my own.

14 D Em G A  
 zing love! How can it be, That Thou,

16 D Em G A D  
 my God, should die for me? A - ma -

18 D Em G A  
 zing love! How can it be, That Thou,

20 D Em G A D  
 my God, should die for me?

22 Em G A

# Angels, from the Realms of Glory

218

*They saw the child with his mother Mary, and they bowed down and worshiped him.*

Matt. 2:11

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
 2. Shep- herds in the fields a - bid - ing, watch- ing o'er your flocks by night,  
 3. Sa - ges, leave your con - tem- pla- tions, bright- er vi - sions beam a - far;  
 4. Saints be - fore the al - tar bend- ing, watch- ing long in hope and fear,  
 5. All cre - a - tion, join in prais- ing God the Fa - ther, Spir- it, Son;

ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, now pro- claim Mes - si - ah's birth:  
 God with man is now re - sid - ing, yon - der shines the in - fant Light:  
 • seek the great De - sire of na - tions; ye have seen his na - tal star:  
 sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing, in his tem - ple shall ap - pear:  
 ev - er - more your voic - es rais - ing to th'e - ter - nal Three in One:

REFRAIN

Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

James Montgomery, 1816, 1825

REGENT SQUARE 8.7.8.7.8.7.  
 Henry Smart, 1867

# Angels We Have Heard on High

269

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men on whom his favor rests.*

Luke 2:14

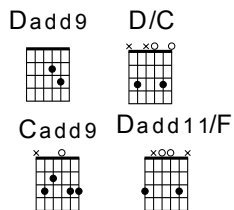
1. An - gels we have heard on high, sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains,  
2. Shep - herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your joy - ous strains pro - long?  
3. Come to Beth - le - hem and see him whose birth the an - gels sing;

and the moun - tains in re - ply ech - o back their joy - ous strains.  
Say what may the tid - ings be, which in - spire your heav'n - ly song?  
come, a - dore on bend - ed knee Christ the Lord, the new - born King.

REFRAIN

Glo - - - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o,

glo - - - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o.



# APPROACH MY SOUL, THE MERCY SEAT

Words by John Newton  
Music by Kevin Twit

## DROP D

Tune Low E to D

Chorus: A - pproach, my soul the mer - cy seat,

5 D Cadd9 G/B Dadd11/F D D/C  
Where Je - sus an - swers prayer;

8 D Dadd9 Cadd9 G/B Dadd9 D/C  
There hum - bly fall be - fore His feet,

12 D Cadd9 G/B Dadd11/F Dadd9 D/C  
For none can per - ish there.

15 D G/B D  
1. Thy prom - ise is my on - ly plea, with  
2. Bowed down be - neath shield a load hid - ing sin, by  
3. Be Thou my shield and and fears with - in, I  
4. O won - drous Love to bleed and place, die, that,  
to

18 G/B D G/B D  
this I ven - ture nigh; Thou call - est bur - dened souls to Thee, and  
Sa - tan sore - ly pressed; By wars with - out, and fears with - in, I  
bear the cross and shame, That I may my fierce ac - cus - er face, and  
might

22 Cadd9 G/B Dadd11/F D D/C D  
such, O Lord am I! Chorus: A -  
come to Thee for rest.  
tell him Thou hast died.  
plead Thy gra - cious name!



1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
2. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
3. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One;
4. My God is rec - on - ciled; His par - d'ning voice I hear;



The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:  
 They pour ef - fec - tual prayers, they strong - ly plead for me:  
 He can - not turn a - way the pres - ence of His Son;  
 He owns me for His child, I can no lon - ger fear:



Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my  
 "For - give him, O for - give," they cry, "For - give him, O for -  
 His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, His Spir - it an - swers  
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I



sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.  
 give," they cry, "Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die!"  
 to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.  
 now draw nigh, And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.



## ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE

Words by Charles Wesley

alt. by Kevin Twit

Music by Kevin Twit

G C Am D

A - rise my soul, a - rise shake off your guilt - y fears;  
 He ev - er lives a - bove for me to in - ter - cede,  
 Five bleed - ing wounds he bears, re - ceived on Cal - va - ry  
 My God is re - con - ciled his pard - ning voice I hear;

5 G C Am D

the bleed - ing sac - ri - fice on my be - half ap - pears  
 his all - re - deem - ing love his prec - ious blood to plead  
 they pour ef - fec - tual prayers they strong - ly plead for me  
 he owns me for his child I can no long - er fear;

9 C G D/F# Em D C

be - fore the throne my sure - ty stands, be - fore the throne my sure - ty stands  
 his blood a - toned for ev - ry race his blood a - toned for ev - ry race  
 for - give him, o for - give they cry for - give him, o for - give they cry  
 with con - fi - dence I now draw nigh with con - fi - dence I now draw nigh

13 C D G C D

my name is writ - ten on his hands  
 and sprin - kles now the throne of grace.  
 don't let that ran - somed sin - ner die!  
 and "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther!" cry.

17 G C D C

**Men:** A - rise A - rise A - rise, a - rise a - rise, *Unison:* A - rise my soul a - rise  
**Women:** A - rise A - rise a - rise a - rise a - rise A - rise my soul a - rise

21 G C D C Am

A - rise A - rise a - rise a - rise a - rise A - rise my soul a - rise

25 Am C D G C D

shake off your guilt - y fears and rise

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# Arise, O God And Shine

Words by William Hurn  
Music by Chris Miner

1. Arise, O God, and shine  
 2. Bring distant nations near  
 3. Put forth Thy glorious pow'r,  
 4. To God, the on-ly Wise,

in all Thy sav- ing might, And  
 to sing Thy glo- rious - - - praise; Let  
 that Gen - tiles all may see And  
 the one im - mor - tal King, Let

pros - per each de - - - sign  
 eve - ry peo - ple hear  
 earth pres - ent her store,  
 hal - le - lu - jahs rise,

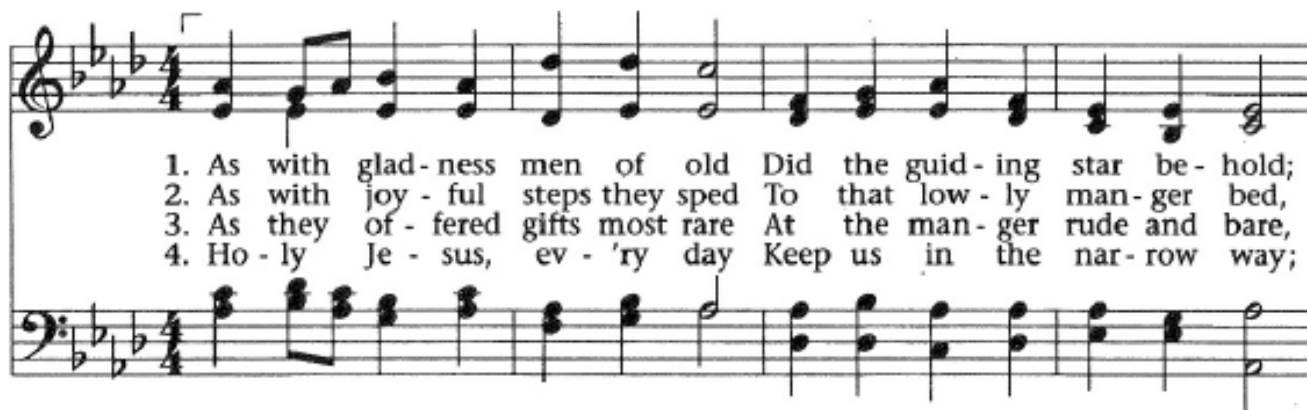
to spread Thy glo - rious light;  
 and learn Thy ho - ly ways.  
 in con - verts born to Thee.  
 from eve - ry liv - ing thing;

Let heal - ing streams of mer - cy flow  
 Reign, might - y God, as - sert Thy cause,  
 God, our own God, His Church will bless,  
 Let all that breathe, on eve - ry coast,

that all the earth Thy truth may know.  
 and gov - ern by Thy right - eous laws.  
 and fill the world with right - eous - - - ness.  
 praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

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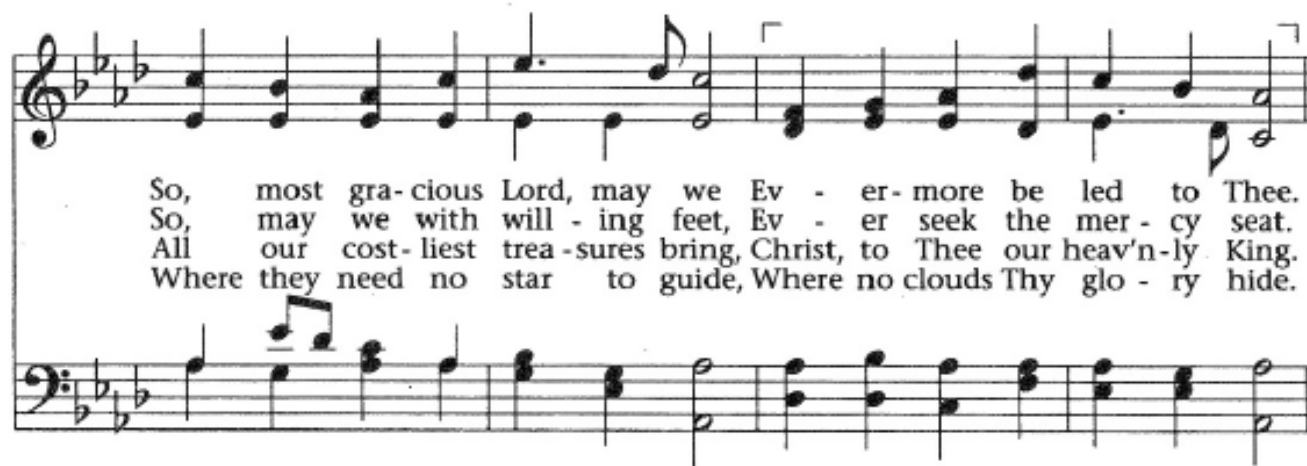
## As with Gladness Men of Old



1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;  
 2. As with joy-ful steps they sped To that low-ly man-ger bed,  
 3. As they of-fered gifts most rare At the man-ger rude and bare,  
 4. Ho-ly Je-sus, ev-'ry day Keep us in the nar-row way;



As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright,  
 There to bend the knee be-fore Him whom heav'n and earth a-dore,  
 So may we with ho-ly joy, Pure and free from sin's al-loy,  
 And when earth-ly things are past, Bring our ran-somed souls at last



So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.  
 So, may we with will-ing feet, Ev-er seek the mer-cy seat.  
 All our cost-liest trea-sures bring, Christ, to Thee our heav'n-ly King.  
 Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo-ry hide.

Words: William C. Dix (1837-1898)

Music: Conrad Kocher (1786-1872); adapt. William Henry Monk (1823-1889), Public Domain

1. As - cend Thy throne, al - migh - ty King,  
 2. Let mil - lions bow be - fore Thy seat,  
 3. O let the king - doms of the world

And spread Thy glo - ries all a - broad:  
 Let hum - ble mourn - ers seek Thy face;  
 Be - come the king - doms of the Lord;

Let Thine own arm sal - va - tion bring,  
 Bring da - ring re - bels to Thy feet,  
 Let saints and an - gels praise Thy Name,

And be Thou known the gra - cious God.  
 Sub - dued by Thy vic - tor - ious grace.  
 Be Thou through hea - ven and earth a - dored.

## A SINNER'S CRY

In **DADGAD**

(Chord chart on next page)

Words by Samuel Medley

Music by Katy Bowser

Dadd9(no3)



1. Hear, gra - cious God, a sin - ner's cry For I have  
 2. To Thee I come, a sin - ner weak And scarce know  
 3. To Thee I come, a sin - ner great And well Thou  
 4. To glo - ry bring me, Lord, at last And there, when

Aadd9(no3)

Dadd9(no3)



no how know all where to est my else pray all fears to or my are fly speak state past My hope, my and for - Thy Yet fear full Thy With all Thy



on weak give saints, - - - ly ness set me with a - hope's in thee O God, be O God, be O God, be God has been

Aadd9(no3)

Dadd9(no3)



mer - ci - ful to me To thee I come, mer - ci - ful to me! To Thee I come, mer - ci - ful to me To Thee I come, mer - ci - ful to me To glo - ry bring

Aadd9(no3)

Dadd9(no3)

Aadd9(no3)



a sin - ner poor And wait for mer - cy at thy door  
 a sin - ner vile Up - on me, Lord, - vouch - safe to smile;  
 a sin - ner lost Nor have I aught where - in to trust  
 me, Lord, at last And there, when all my fears are past

Dadd9(no3)

C/D

Bb/D

Dadd9(no3)



In - deed, I've no - where else to flee O God, be mer -  
 Mer - cy, through blood, I make my plea O God, be mer -  
 But where Thou art, Lord, I would be O God, be mer -  
 With all Thy saints, then, I'll a - gree God has been mer -

Aadd9(no3)

Dadd9(no3)



ci - ful to me  
 ci - ful to me  
 ci - ful to me  
 ci - ful to me

*At the Name of Jesus*

Words by Caroline Noel, 1870; Music by Brian Moss, 2006

**CAPO 2**

D G  
 At the Name of Jesus, every knee shall bow,  
 D G  
 Every tongue confess Him King of glory now;  
 A G D  
 'Tis the Father's pleasure we should call Him Lord,  
 D Bm A D G  
 Who from the beginning was the migh-ty Word.

D G  
 At His voice creation sprang at once to sight,  
 D G  
 All the angel faces, all the hosts of light,  
 A G D  
 Thrones and dominations, stars upon their way,  
 D Bm A  
 All the heavenly orders, in their great ar - ray.

Bm G  
 Humbled for a season, to receive a name  
 Bm G  
 From the lips of sinners unto whom He came,  
 A G D  
 Faithfully He bore it, spotless to the last,  
 D Bm A D G  
 Brought it back victorious when from death He passed.

D G  
 In your hearts enthrone Him; there let Him subdue  
 D G  
 All that is not holy, all that is not true;  
 A G D  
 Crown Him as your Captain in temptation's hour;  
 D Bm A D G  
 Let His will enfold you in its light and power.

D G  
 Jesus, Lord and Savior, shall return again,  
 D G  
 With His Father's glory, with His angel train;  
 A G D  
 For all wreaths of empire meet upon His brow,  
 D Bm A G D G D  
 And our hearts confess Him King of glo - ry now.

D2(add4)



## AWAKE MY SOUL

Words and Music by Sandra McCracken

1. The im - age of God in - vis - i - ble The  
 2. I trust no o - ther source or name No -  
 3. When I stand on the edg - es of Jor - dan With

6 Am C  
 first - born of all life Be -  
 where else can I hide This  
 the saints and the an - gels be - side When

10 G D  
 fore and with - in, He holds it all in One name,  
 grace gives me fear, and this grace draws me near And that  
 my body is healed and the glo - ry re - vealed Then still I

14 Am C *To Coda*  
 one faith, one Christ  
 it asks it pro - vides  
 can boast on - ly Christ

18 D2(add4) C  
 'Cause no one is good e - nough

22 Em D  
 to save him - self

26 D2(add4) C  
 So a - wake my soul to - night

30 Em D  
 to boast no - thing else

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34 G D Am C

42 G<sub>2</sub> C D

46 G C D

No seam in this gar - ment

50 G C D

All my rags to hide

54 G C D

No less than your love For Je - sus is

58 Am *D.C. al Coda*

mine

60 D2(add4) C

'Cause no one is good e - nough

64 Em D

to save him - self

68 D2(add4) C

So a - wake my soul to - night

72 Em D G

to boast no - thing else

205

Away in a Manger

*She wrapped him in cloths and placed him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn. Luke 2:7*

Capo 3: Unison F(D) Dm(Bm) Gm(Em) 7

1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed,  
 2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the ba - by a - wakes,  
 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask thee to stay

C(A) F(D) G(E) G<sup>7</sup>(E<sup>7</sup>) C(A)

the lit - tle Lord Je - sus laid down his sweet head;  
 but lit - tle Lord Je - sus no cry - ing he makes;  
 close by me for - ev - er, and love me, I pray;

F(D) Am(F#m) D(B) Gm(Em)

the stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,  
 I love thee, Lord Je - sus! Look down from the sky,  
 bless all the dear chil - dren in thy ten - der care,

C(A) F(D) Gm(Em) C<sup>7</sup>(A<sup>7</sup>) F(D) 7

the lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a - sleep on the hay.  
 and stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is nigh.  
 and fit us for heav - en, to live with thee there.



205

Away in a Manger

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 and stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is nigh.  
 and fit us for heav - en, to live with thee there.

## Be Still, My Soul

1. Be still, my soul: the Lord is on your side;  
 2. Be still, my soul: your God will un - der - take  
 3. Be still, my soul: when dear - est friends de - part,  
 4. Be still, my soul: the hour is has - t'ning on

bear pa - tient - ly the cross of grief or pain; leave to your  
 to guide the fu - ture as he has the past. Your hope, your  
 and all is dark - ened in the vale of tears, then shall you  
 when we shall be for - ev - er with the Lord, when dis - ap -

God to or - der and pro - vide; in ev - 'ry change he  
 con - fi - dence let noth - ing shake; all now mys - te - rious  
 bet - ter know his love, his heart, who comes to soothe your  
 point - ment, grief, and fear are gone, sor - row for - got, love's

faith - ful will re - main. Be still, my soul: your best, your heav'n - ly  
 shall be bright at last. Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still  
 sor - row and your fears. Be still, my soul: your Je - sus can re -  
 pur - est joys re - stored. Be still, my soul: when change and tears are

Friend through thorn - y ways leads to a joy - ful end.  
 know his voice who ruled them while he dwelt be - low.  
 pay from his own full - ness all he takes a - way.  
 past, all safe and bless - ed we shall meet at last.

Words: Katharina A. Von Schlegel (1752), Trans. Jane L. Borthwick (1855)

Music: Jean Sibelius (1899), Public Domain

## Be Thou My Vision

1. Be Thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;  
 2. Be Thou my wis - dom, and Thou my true word;  
 3. Rich - es I heed not, or man's emp - ty praise,  
 4. High King of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art:  
 I ev - er with Thee and Thou with me, Lord:  
 Thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways:  
 May I reach heav - en's joys, O bright heav'n's Sun!

Thou my best thought, by day or by night,  
 Thou my great Fa - ther, I Thy true son,  
 Thou and Thou on - ly, first in my heart,  
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.  
 Thou in me dwell - ing, and I with Thee one.  
 High King of heav - en, my trea - sure Thou art.  
 Still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

*Words: Ancient Irish; tr. Mary E. Byrne (1880-1931); versified, Eleanor H. Hull (1860-1935)*

*Music: Traditional Irish Melody; harm. David Evans (1874-1948), Public Domain*

# BEAMS OF HEAVEN

Real Key  
(Best for group singing)

Words by Charles A. Tindley  
Music by Chris Miner

Em D/F# G G/B C G/B D C G/B D D/F# G D/F# Em

1. Beams of hea - ven as I go, through this wild - er - ness be - low,  
2. Of - ten times my sky is clear, joy a - bounds with - out a tear;  
3. Hard - er yet may be the fight, right may of - ten yield to might;  
4. Bur - dens now may crush me down, dis - ap - point - ments all a - round;

5 C G/B D D/F# G D/F# Em Bm C

guide my feet in peace - ful ways, turn my mid - nights in - to \_\_\_ days. \_\_\_  
though a day so bright be - gun, clouds may hide to - mor - row's \_\_\_ sun. \_\_\_  
wick - ed - ness a while may reign; Sa - tan's cause may seem to \_\_\_ gain. \_\_\_  
trou - bles speak in mourn - ful sigh, sor - row through a tear - stained eye. \_\_\_

9 G C

When in the \_\_\_ dark - ness I would \_\_\_ grope, \_\_\_ faith al - ways  
There'll be a \_\_\_ day \_\_\_ that's al - ways bright, a day that  
But there's a \_\_\_ God \_\_\_ that rules a - bove \_\_\_ with hand of \_\_\_  
There is a \_\_\_ world \_\_\_ where pleas - ure \_\_\_ reigns, no mourn - ing \_\_\_

12 Em D C G/B C G/B D D/F# G D/F# Em

\_\_\_ sees \_\_\_ a \_\_\_ star of \_\_\_ hope, \_\_\_ and soon from all life's grief and \_\_\_ dan - ger \_\_\_  
\_\_\_ nev - er yields to \_\_\_ night, \_\_\_ and in its light the streets of \_\_\_ glo - ry \_\_\_  
\_\_\_ pow - er and \_\_\_ heart of \_\_\_ love, \_\_\_ and if I'm right, He'll fight my \_\_\_ bat - tle, \_\_\_  
\_\_\_ soul \_\_\_ shall \_\_\_ roam its \_\_\_ plains, \_\_\_ and to that land of peace and \_\_\_ glo - ry \_\_\_

16 Bm 1-3 C Bm C

I shall be free some - day, \_\_\_ I shall be free some - day. \_\_\_  
I shall be - hold some - day, \_\_\_ I shall be - hold some - day. \_\_\_  
I shall have peace some - day, \_\_\_ I shall have peace some - day. \_\_\_

21 Bm 4 C Bm C Bm C G

I shall want to go some - day, I shall want to go some - day, I shall want to go some - day.

Before Jehovah's Awful Throne

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
2. His sov - 'reign pow'r, with - out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;
3. We are His peo - ple, we His care, Our souls and all our mor - tal frame;
4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voic - es raise;
5. Wide as the world is Thy com - mand, Vast as e - ter - nit - y Thy love;



Know that the Lord is God a - lone, He can cre - ate and He de - stroy.  
 And when like wan - d'ring sheep we strayed, He brought us to His fold a - gain.  
 What last - ing hon - ours shall we rear, Al - might - y Mak - er, to Thy name?  
 And earth, with her ten thou - sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with soun - ding praise.  
 Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand, When roll - ing years shall cease to move.



## Before Jehovah's Aweful Throne

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's awe - ful throne,  
 2. His sov - 'reign pow'r with - out our aid,  
 3. We are his peo - ple, we His care,  
 4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thank - ful songs,  
 5. Wide as the world is Thy com - mand,

Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;  
 Made us of clay and formed us men;  
 Our souls and all our mor - tal frame;  
 High as the heav'ns our voic - es raise;  
 Vast as e - ter - nit - y Thy love;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone,  
 And when like wan - d'ring sheep we strayed,  
 What last - ing hon - ors shall we rear,  
 And earth, with her ten thou - sand tongues,  
 Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,

He can cre - ate and He de - stroy.  
 He brought us to His fold a - gain.  
 Al - might - y Mak - er, to Thy Name?  
 Shall fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise.  
 When roll - ing years shall cease to move.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748), alt. John Wesley (1703-1791)  
 Music: Old Hundredth, German Psalter (1551), Public Domain

# BEFORE THE THRONE

Words by Charitie L. Bancroft (1841-1892)  
Music by Vikki Cook



1. Be - fore the throne of God a - bove I have a  
2. When Sa - tan tempts me to des - pair, and tells me  
3. Be - hold Him there! the ris - en Lamb, my per - fect,



strong and per - fect plea, a great High Priest whose name is  
of the guilt with - in, up - ward I look and see Him  
spot - less Righ - teous - ness, the great un - change - a - ble I



Love, who e - ver lives and pleads for me. My name is  
there, who made an end of all my sin. Be - cause the  
AM, the King of Glo - ry and of grace! One with Him -



gra - ven on his hands, my name is writ - ten on his  
sin - less Sav - ior died, my sin - ful soul is count - ed  
self I can - not die, my soul is pur - chased by His

Bm Bm/A G D/F# A Bm2 Bm Bm/A

heart; I know that while in heav'n he stands no tongue can  
 free; for God, the Just, is sat - is - fied to look on  
 blood; my life is hid with Christ on high, with Christ, my

G6 Em7 G/A Bm Bm/A G6 Em7 G/A

bid me thence de - part, no tongue can bid me thence de -  
 Him and par - don me, to look on Him and par - don  
 Sav - ior and my God, with Christ my Sav - ior and my

1.2. D 3. D

part. 2. When Sa - tan God.  
 me. 3. Be - hold Him



# BEGONE UNBELIEF

Words by John Newton  
alt. by Kevin Twit  
Music by Kevin Twit

B m G A D G/B D

1. Be - gone un - be -  
(2. Though dark be my  
(3. Why should I com -  
(4. Since all that I

5 A D B m

lief, my Sav - ior is near, And for my re - lief will sure - ly ap -  
way, since he is my guide, 'Tis mine to o - bey, and His to pro -  
plain, of want or dis - tress, Temp - ta - tion or pain? He told me no  
meet, will work for my good, The bit - ter is sweet, the med - i - cine

8 G G B m

pear: By faith let me wrest - le, with God in the storm And help me my  
vide; Though cis - terns be bro - ken, and crea - tures all fail, The word he has  
less, The heirs of sal - va - tion, I know from his word, Through much trib - u -  
food; Though pain - ful at pre - sent, will cease be - fore long, And then, O! how

11 G B m G A

Sav - ior, the faith to a - dorn; And help me my Sav - ior, the faith to a -  
spo - ken will sure - ly pre - vail, The word he has spo - ken will sure - ly pre -  
la - tion must fol - low their Lord, Through much trib - u - la - tion must fol - low their  
glo - rious, the con - quer - or's song! And then, O! how glo - rious, the con - quer - or's

14 <sup>1</sup>D A D | <sup>2-4</sup>D A D

dorn. 2. Though dark be my vail. Lord. song! Chorus: Be-gone un-be-lief,

18 B m G B m G

the Sav - ior is here; Be - gone un - be - lief, the Sav - ior is here; Be - gone un - be - lief,

Begone Unbelief

22 B m G G

— the Sav - ior is here; Though cis - terns be brok - en and crea - tures all

25 B m G B m

fail, The word he has spok - en will sure - ly pre - vail; The word he has

28 G A D B m G A

spok - en will sure - ly pre - vail.

32 D G/B 2,3D 4D

3. Why should I com  
4. Since all that I

Behold Our God

1. Who has held the o - ceans in his hands? Who has num - bered ev - ery grain of sand?  
 2. Who has gi - ven coun - sel to the Lord? Who can ques - tion an - y of His words?  
 3. Who has felt the nails up - on his hands, Bear - ing all the guilt of sin - ful man?

Kings and na - tions trem - ble at his voice. All cre - a - tion ris - es to re -  
 Who can teach the One who knows all things? Who can fath - om all His won - drous  
 God e - ter - nal, hum - bled to the grave, Je - sus, Sav - ior, ris - en now to

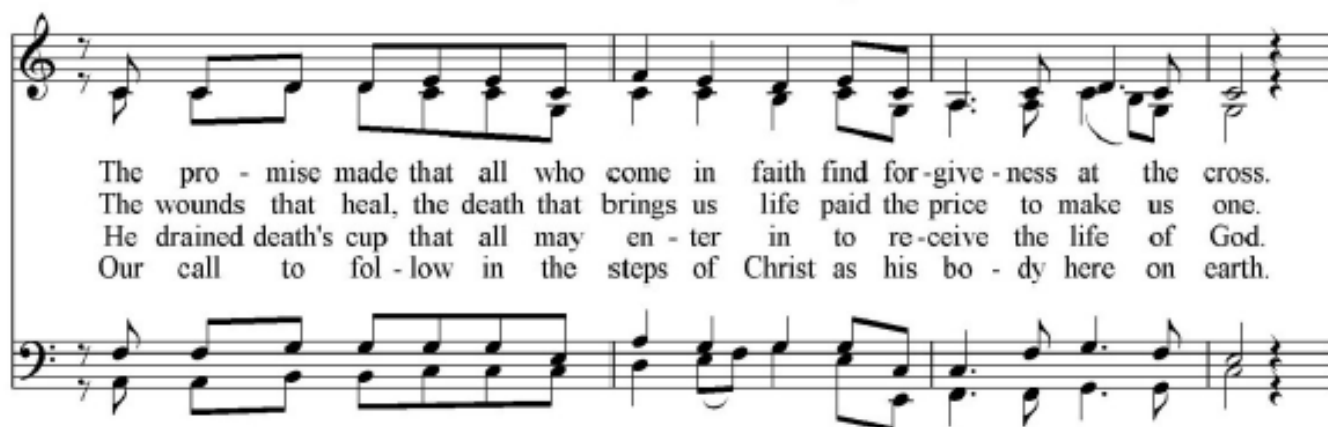
joice.  
 deeds?  
 reign!  
 Be - hold our God, seat - ed on His throne, Come, let us a - dore Him.

Be - hold our King, noth - ing can com - pare, Come, let us a - dore Him!

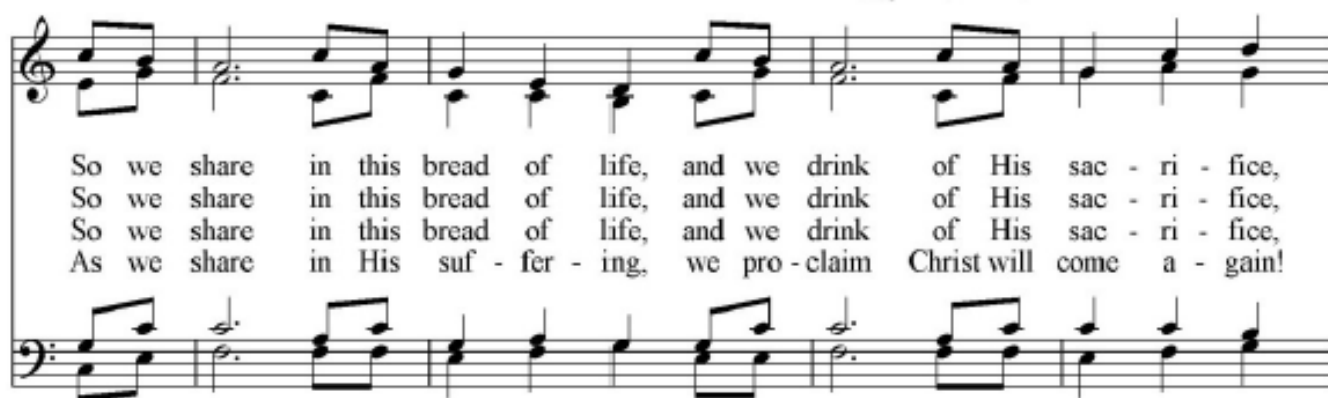
## Behold the Lamb



1. Be - hold the Lamb who bears our sins a - way, slain for us;      And we re-mem ber:  
 2. The bo - dy of our Sav - ior Je - sus Christ, torn for you;      Eat and re-mem ber:  
 3. The blood that clean - ses ev - ery stain of sin, shed for you;      Drink and re-mem ber:  
 4. And so with thank - ful - ness and faith we rise to res - pond      And to re-mem ber:



The pro - mise made that all who come in faith find for-give - ness at the cross.  
 The wounds that heal, the death that brings us life paid the price to make us one.  
 He drained death's cup that all may en - ter in to re - ceive the life of God.  
 Our call to fol - low in the steps of Christ as his bo - dy here on earth.



So we share in this bread of life, and we drink of His sac - ri - fice,  
 So we share in this bread of life, and we drink of His sac - ri - fice,  
 So we share in this bread of life, and we drink of His sac - ri - fice,  
 As we share in His suf - fer - ing, we pro - claim Christ will come a - gain!



As a sign of our bonds of peace      A - round the ta - ble of the King.  
 As a sign of our bonds of love      A - round the ta - ble of the King.  
 As a sign of our bonds of grace      A - round the ta - ble of the King.  
 And we'll join in the feast of heav'n      A - round the ta - ble of the King.

## BEHOLD THE THRONE OF GRACE

GADSBY HYMNAL #395

*Words by Newton; Music by Robert Turner, 2008*

*The Throne of Grace Heb iv 16*

- 1**            **C**            **F**            **G7**  
 BEHOLD the Throne of Grace  
**F**            **G7**            **C**  
 The promise calls me near  
           **Dm**        **G7**            **Em**        **Am**  
 There Jesus shows his smiling face  
           **F**            **G7**            **C**  
 And waits to answer prayer
- 2**            **C**            **F**            **G7**  
 That rich atoning blood  
**F**            **G7**            **C**  
 Which sprinkled round I see  
           **Dm**            **G7**            **Em**        **Am**  
 Provides for those who come to God  
           **F**            **G7**            **C**  
 An all prevailing plea
- 3**            **C**            **F**            **G7**  
 My soul ask what thou wilt  
**F**            **G7**            **C**  
 Thou canst not be too bold  
           **Dm**            **G7**            **Em**        **Am**  
 Since his own blood for thee he spilt  
           **F**            **G7**            **C**  
 What else can he withhold
- 4**            **C**            **F**            **G7**  
 Beyond thy utmost wants  
**F**            **G7**            **C**  
 His love and power can bless  
           **Dm**            **G7**            **Em**        **Am**  
 To praying souls he always grants  
           **F**            **G7**            **C**                    **A**  
 More than they can express
- 5**            **D**            **G**            **A7**  
 BEHOLD the Throne of Grace  
**G**            **A7**            **D**  
 The promise calls me near  
           **Em**        **A7**            **F#m**        **Bm**  
 There Jesus shows his smiling face  
           **G**            **A7**            **D**  
 And waits to answer prayer

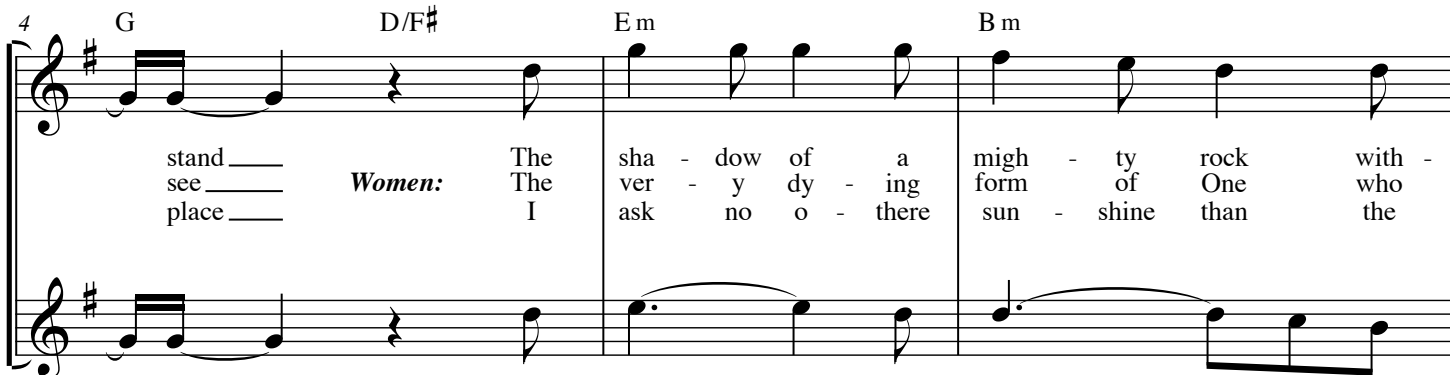
# Beneath The Cross Of Jesus

Capo III

Words by Elizabeth C. Clephane  
Music by Chris Miner



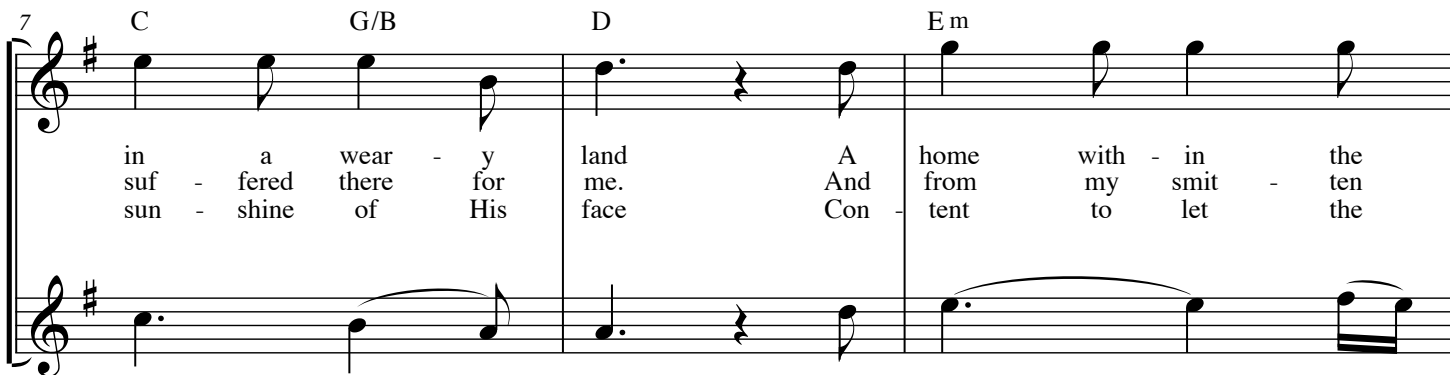
1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my  
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus my eyes at times can  
3. I take, O cross, thy sha - dow for my a - bid - ing



stand see place  
*Women:* The The I  
sha - dow of a migh - ty rock with -  
ver - y dy - ing form of One who  
ask no o - there sun - shine than the

— stand —  
— see —  
— place. —

*Men:* the sha - - - - dow in a  
The ver - - - - y dy - - - - ing  
I ask no oth - - - - er



in a wear - y land A home with - in the  
suf - fered there for me. And from my smit - ten  
sun - shine of His face Con - tent to let the

wea - - - - ry land. A home of  
One for His me. And from my  
than His face. Con - tent to

Beneath The Cross Of Jesus 2

10 B m C G/B D

wild heart world - er - ness with tears go by, a two to rest won - ders I know no gain up - on the con - fess or loss. way from the The My

rest heart know u - pon I no gain the con - fess or loss. way from the The My

13 G D C D

burn - ing won - ders sin - ful self, of His my the noon glo - rious on - ly tide heat love shame; and the bur - den of un - worth - i - the and my glo - ry all the

16 1, 2. G C 3. G

day. ness. cross. My

19 G D C D G

sin - ful self, my on - ly shame; my glo - ry all the cross.

## BE STILL MY SOUL

Words by Katharina von Schegel

Trans. by Jane Borthwick

Music by Jean Sibelius

D A D G A G A D

1. Be still my soul! The Lord is on thy side;  
 2. Be still, my soul! Thy God doth un-der-take  
 3. Be still, my soul! The hour is hasten-ing on

5 D A D G A G A D

Bear pa-tient-ly the cross of grief or pain;  
 To guide the fu-ture as He has with the past,  
 When we shall be for-ev-er with the Lord,

9 D A/C# Bm D/F# A Em

Leave to thy God to fi-or-der and pro-vide;  
 Thy hope, thy thy con- fidence let no-thing shake;  
 When dis-ap-point-ment, grief, and fear are gone,

13 Em D/F# G D G F#

In ev-ery change He faith-ful will re-main.  
 All now my-ster-ious shall be bright at last.  
 Sor-row for-got, love's pur-est joys re-stored.

17 D A/C# Bm D/F# A Em

Be still, my soul! Thy best, thy heaven-ly Friend  
 Be still, my soul! The waves and wind still know  
 Be still, my soul! When change and tears are past,

21 Em D/F# G D G A7 D

Thro' thor-ny ways leads to a joy-ful end.  
 His voice who ruled them while He dwelt be-low.  
 All safe and bless-ed we shall meet at last.

4. Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on  
 When we shall be forever with the Lord.  
 When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,  
 Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.  
 Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,  
 All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

5. Be still, my soul: begin the song of praise  
 On earth, believing, to thy Lord on high;  
 Acknowledge Him in all thy works and ways,  
 So shall He view thee with a well-pleased eye.  
 Be still, my soul: the Sun of life divine  
 Through passing clouds shall but more brightly shine.



## BE THOU MY VISION

Ancient Irish poem  
 Trans. by Mary Byrne  
 Versified by Eleanor Hull  
 Traditional Irish melody

D A/C# Bm G A D

1. Be Thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart  
 2. Be Thou my wis - dom and Thou my true Word  
 3. Rich - es I heed not nor man's emp - ty praise  
 4. High King of hea - ven my vic - to - ry won

5 A A/G G Asus A

Naught be all else to me save that Thou art  
 I ev - er in with Thee and Thou with me Lord  
 Thou mine in - her - it - ance now O bright heaven's ways  
 May I reach hea - ven's joys, O bright heaven's sun

9 Bm A G A D A/C# Bm A

Thou my best thought by day or by night  
 Thou my great Fa - ther and Thy true son  
 Thou and Thou on - ly first in my heart  
 Heart of my own heart what - ev - er be - fall

13 D A/C# Bm G A D

Wa - king or sleep - ing Thy pres - ence my light  
 Thou in me dwell - ing and I with Thee one  
 High King of hea - ven my trea - sure Thou art  
 Still be my vis - ion, O Rul - er of all

## Better is One Day

CAPO 2

Verse 1

D  
 How lovely is Your dwelling place,  
 G2 Asus  
 oh Lord Almighty  
 D Asus  
 My soul longs and even faints for You  
 D  
 For here my heart is satisfied,  
 G2 Asus  
 within Your presence  
 D Asus  
 I sing beneath the shadow of Your wings

### CHORUS

A2  
 Better is one day in Your courts  
 Bsus  
 Better is one day in Your house  
 A2  
 Better is one day in Your courts  
 Asus D (end of song only)  
 Than thousands elsewhere (Than thousands elsewhere)

Verse 2

D  
 One thing I ask and I would seek,  
 G2 Asus  
 to see Your beauty  
 D Asus  
 To find You in the place Your glory dwells

Bridge

Bm7 Asus  
 My heart and flesh cry out,  
 G Asus  
 for You the living God  
 Bm7 Asus G Asus  
 Your spirit's water for my soul  
 C#m7 Bsus  
 I've tasted and I've seen,  
 G2  
 come once again to me  
 D  
 I will draw near to You  
 Em Em  
 I will draw near to You

Instrumental

G A G A X2

Chorus X2

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## Blessed Be Your Name

PIANO(KB)/BASS/VOCAL

Matt and Beth Redman, 2002

A E F#m7 D  
Blessed be Your name In the land that is plentiful;

A E D  
Where Your streams of abundance flow, Blessed be Your name.

A E Am7 D  
Blessed be Your name, When I'm found in the desert place;

A E D  
Though I walk through the wilderness, Blessed be Your name.

**CHORUS:** A E F#m7 D  
Every blessing You pour out I'll turn back to praise

A E F#m7 D  
When the darkness closes in Lord, still I will say

A E F#m7 D  
**Blessed be the name of the Lord, Blessed by your name**

A E F#m7 E D  
**Blessed be the name of the Lord, Blessed be your glo - rious name.**

A E F#m7 D  
Blessed be Your name when the sun's shining down on me;

A E D  
When the world's all as it should be, blessed be Your name.

A E F#m7 D  
Blessed be Your name on the road marked with suffering

A E D  
Though there's pain in the offering, blessed be Your name. (**CHORUS 2x**)

**BRIDGE:**  
(3-4x) A E F#m7 D  
You give and take away, You give and take away

A E F#m7 D  
My heart will choose to say, "Lord, blessed be Your name."

## Blessed Be Your Name

Matt and Beth Redman, 2002

G D Em7 C  
 Blessed be Your name In the land that is plentiful;  
 G D C  
 Where Your streams of abundance flow, Blessed be Your name.

G D Em7 C  
 Blessed be Your name, When I'm found in the desert place;  
 G D C  
 Though I walk through the wilderness, Blessed be Your name.

**CHORUS:** G D Em7 C  
 Every blessing You pour out I'll turn back to praise  
 G D Em7 C  
 When the darkness closes in Lord, still I will say  
 G D Em7 C  
 Blessed be the name of the Lord, Blessed by your name  
 G D Em7 D C  
 Blessed be the name of the Lord, Blessed be your glo - rious name.

G D Em7 C  
 Blessed be Your name when the sun's shining down on me;  
 G D C  
 When the world's all as it should be, blessed be Your name.  
 G D Em7 C  
 Blessed be Your name on the road marked with suffering  
 G D C  
 Though there's pain in the offering, blessed be Your name. (**CHORUS 2x**)

**BRIDGE:** G D Em7 C  
**(3-4x)** You give and take away, You give and take away  
 G D Em7 C  
 My heart will choose to say, "Lord, blessed be Your name."

# BLESSED BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

Words by John Fawcett  
Music by Wendell Kimbrough

1. Blessed be the tie that binds  
 2. Be - fore the Fa - ther's throne  
 3. We share our mu - tual woes,  
 4. When we a - sun - der part,

our hearts and Chris - tian love,  
 We pour our ar - dent prayers;  
 Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,  
 It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds is -  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our  
 And of - ten for each ot - her flows The  
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And

com - forts and a - bove.  
 sym - bols pa - thiz our cares.  
 hope to meet a - gain.

Is like to that a - bove.

5. This glorious hope revives  
 Our courage by the way,  
 While each in expectation lives,  
 And longs to see the day.

6. From sorrow, toil and pain,  
 And sin, we shall be free;  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above,  
 Is like to that above.

*Last time to Coda*

Bow Down Thine Ear, O Lord, and Hear

1. Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear,  
 2. O Lord, be merciful to me,  
 3. For Thou, O Lord, art good and kind,  
 4. O Lord, incline thine ear to me,  
 5. There is no God but Thee alone,  
 6. In all thy deeds how great Thou art!

For I am poor and great my need;  
 For all the day to Thee I cry;  
 And read-y to for-give Thou art;  
 My voice of sup-pli-ca-tion heed;  
 Nor works like thine, O Lord Most High;  
 Thou one true God, thy way make clear;

Pre-serve my soul, for Thee I fear;  
 Re-joice thy ser-vant, for to Thee  
 A-bun-dant mer-cy they shall find  
 In trou-ble I will cry to Thee,  
 All na-tions shall sur-round thy throne  
 Teach me with un-di-vid-ed heart

O God, thy trust-ing ser-vant heed.  
 I lift my soul, O Lord Most High.  
 Who call on Thee with all their heart.  
 For Thou wilt an-swer when I plead.  
 And their Cre-a-tor glo-ri-fy.  
 To trust thy truth, thy Name to fear.

## Breathe on Me, Breath of God

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,  
 2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure,  
 3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine,  
 4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I nev - er die,

That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.  
 Un - til with Thee I will Thy will, To do and to en - dure.  
 Till all this earth - ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.  
 But live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty.



# Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation



1. Christ is made the sure Foun-da - tion, Christ the Head and  
 2. All that de - di - ca - ted ci - ty dear - ly loved of  
 3. To this tem - ple, where we call Thee, Come, O Lord of  
 4. Here vouch - safe to all Thy ser - vants what they ask of  
 5. Laud and hon - our to the Fa - ther, Laud and hon - our



Cor - ner - stone, Cho - sen of the Lord, and pre - cious  
 God on high, In e - xul - tant ju - bi - la - tion  
 Hosts, to - day; With Thy won - ted lo - ving - kind - ness  
 Thee to gain, what they gain from Thee for e - ver  
 To the Son, laud and hon - our to the Spir - it



Bin - ding all the church in one, Ho - ly Zi - on's  
 Pours per - pe - tual me - lo - dy; God the One in  
 Hear Thy ser - vants as they pray; and Thy ful - lest  
 With the bless - ed to re - tain, and here - af - ter  
 E - ver Three and e - ver One; One in might, and



Help for - e - ver and her con - fi - dence a - lone.  
 Three a - dor - ing in glad hymns e - ter - nal - ly.  
 Be - ne - 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 - en - ding a - ges run.



## Christ the Lord Is Risen Today

Public Domain. Words: Latin carol (trans. Charles Wesley). Music: the Lyra Davidica.

Real Key

Bb Eb F Bb Eb Fsus F Bb  
 1. Christ, the Lord, is risen today, Al—lelu—ia!  
 Eb Bb/D F Bb Eb Fsus F Bb  
 Sons of men and angels say, Al—lelu—ia!  
 F Bb F Bb Csus C F  
 Raise your voice and triumphs high, Al—lelu—ia!  
 Bb Eb Bb F/A Gm Eb Fsus F Bb  
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply, Al—lelu—ia!

Bb Eb F Bb Eb Fsus F Bb  
 2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Al—lelu—ia!  
 Eb Bb/D F Bb Eb Fsus F Bb  
 Christ has burst the gates of hell, Al—lelu—ia!  
 F Bb F Bb Csus C F  
 Death in vain forbids His rise, Al—lelu—ia!  
 Bb Eb Bb F/A Gm Eb Fsus F Bb  
 Christ has opened Paradise, Al—lelu—ia!

Bb Eb F Bb Eb Fsus F Bb  
 3. Lives again our glorious King, Al—lelu—ia!  
 Eb Bb/D F Bb Eb Fsus F Bb  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al—lelu—ia!  
 F Bb F Bb Csus C F  
 Once He died, our souls to save, Al—lelu—ia!  
 Bb Eb Bb F/A Gm Eb Fsus F Bb  
 Where thy victory, O grave? Al—lelu—ia!

Bb Eb F Bb Eb Fsus F Bb  
 4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Al—lelu—ia!  
 Eb Bb/D F Bb Eb Fsus F Bb  
 Following our exalted Head, Al—lelu—ia!  
 F Bb F Bb Csus C F  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise, Al—lelu—ia!  
 Bb Eb Bb F/A Gm Eb Fsus F Bb  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al—lelu—ia!

Bb Eb F Bb Eb Fsus F Bb  
 5. Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven! Al—lelu—ia!  
 Eb Bb/D F Bb Eb Fsus F Bb  
 Praise to Thee by both be given, Al—lelu—ia!  
 F Bb F Bb Csus C F  
 Thee we greet triumphant now, Al—lelu—ia!  
 Bb Eb Bb F/A Gm Eb Fsus F Bb  
 Hail, the Resurrection, thou! Al—lelu—ia!

## Christ the Lord Is Risen Today

*Public Domain. Words: Latin carol (trans. Charles Wesley). Music: the Lyra Davidica.*

### Capo III

G C D G C Dsus D G  
 1. Christ, the Lord, is risen today, Al—lelu———ia!  
 C G D G C Dsus D G  
 Sons of men and angels say, Al—lelu———ia!  
 D G Asus A D  
 Raise your voice and triumphs high, Al—lelu———ia!  
 G C G D Em C Dsus D G  
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply, Al——— lelu———ia!

G C D G C Dsus D G  
 2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Alleluia!  
 C G D G C Dsus D G  
 Christ has burst the gates of hell, Alleluia!  
 D G Asus A D  
 Death in vain forbids His rise, Alleluia!  
 G C G D Em C Dsus D G  
 Christ has opened Paradise, Alleluia!

G C D G C Dsus D G  
 3. Lives again our glorious King, Alleluia!  
 C G D G C Dsus D G  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!  
 D G Asus A D  
 Once He died, our souls to save, Alleluia!  
 G C G D Em C Dsus D G  
 Where thy victory, O grave? Alleluia!

G C D G C Dsus D G  
 4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Alleluia!  
 C G D G C Dsus D G  
 Following our exalted Head, Alleluia!  
 D G Asus A D  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise, Alleluia!  
 G C G D Em C Dsus D G  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Alleluia!

G C D G C Dsus D G

5. Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven! Alleluia!

C G D G C Dsus D G

Praise to Thee by both be given, Alleluia!

D G D G Asus A D

Thee we greet triumphant now, Alleluia!

G C G D Em C Dsus D G

Hail, the Resurrection, thou! Alleluia!

Real Key

Bb Eb F Bb Eb Fsus F Bb

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen today, Al—lelu—ia!

Eb Bb/D F Bb Eb Fsus F Bb

Sons of men and angels say, Al—lelu—ia!

F Bb F Bb Csus C F

Raise your voice and triumphs high, Al—lelu—ia!

Bb Eb Bb F/A Gm Eb Fsus F Bb

Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply, Al—le—lu—ia!

Christ the Lord Is Ris'n Today

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n 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 has led, Al - le - lu - ia!

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 - l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head, Al - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Dy - ing once He all doth save, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Death in vain for - bids Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise, Al - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Where thy vic - to - ry, O Grave? Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Christ hath o - pened Par - a - dise, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ, We Do All Adore Thee

Christ, we do all a - dore Thee, and we do praise Thee for - ev - er;

Christ, we do all a - dore Thee, and we do praise Thee for - ev - er,

For on the ho - ly cross Thou hast the world from sin re - deem - ed.

Christ, we do all a - dore Thee, and we do praise Thee for - ev - er.

Words: *Adoramus Te*; English Version, Theodore Baker (1851-1934)  
 Music: Theodore Dubois (1837-1924); Public Domain

**Christ, Or Else I Die***Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 737*

Words - William Hammond, 1719-1783

Music - Drew Holcomb, 2004

D                    G  
 Gracious Lord, incline thy ear;  
 D                    G  
 My requests vouchsafe to hear;  
 D                    G  
 Hear my never-ceasing cry;  
 A                    G     D  
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

Wealth and honor I disdain,  
 Earthly comforts, Lord are vain;  
 These can never satisfy:  
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

*refrain:*

*Bm   A            G*  
*All unholy and unclean,*  
*Bm   A            G*  
*I am nothing else but sin;*  
*Bm   A            G*  
*On thy mercy I rely;*  
*A                    G     D*  
*Give me Christ, or else I die.*

Thou dost freely save the lost;  
 In thy grace alone I trust.  
 With my earnest suit comply;  
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

Thou dost promise to forgive  
 All who in thy Son believe;  
 Lord, I know thou canst not lie;  
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

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# Christ, Or Else I Die

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 737

words: William Hammond, 1719-1783

music: Drew Holcomb, 2004

D G

Grac - ious Lord, in - cline thy ear;

3 D G D

My requests vouch - safe to hear; Hear my nev - er -

6 G A G

ceas - ing cry; Give me Christ, or else I die.

9 D G D G

Wealth and hon - or I dis - dain,

13 D G D

Earthly com-forts, Lord are vain; These can nev - er

16 G A G

sat - is - fy: Give me Christ, or else I die.

19 D G Bmin A

All un - hol - y and un - clean,



22 G Bmin A G

I am noth - ing but sin;

25 Bmin A G A

On thy mer - cy I rel - y; Give me Christ, or else

28 G D G D

I die. Thou dost free - ly

32 G D G

save the lost; In thy grace a - lone I trust.

35 D G A

With my earn - est suit comp - ly; Give me Christ, or else

38 G D G D

I die. Thou dost prom - ise

42 G D G

to for - give All who in thy Son believe;

45 D G A

Lord, I know thou canst not lie; Give me Christ, or else

48 G D G

I die.

51 Bmin A G Bmin A

All un - hol - y and un - clean, I am noth - ing but

54 G Bmin A G

sin; On thy mer - cy I rel - y;

57 A G A

Give me Christ, or else Give me Christ, or else

60 G A G D

Give me Christ, or else I die.

# CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY

Latin Carol  
Trans. by Charles Wesley  
Unverified composer

## Capo III

1. "Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day," Al - le - lu - ia!  
2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Al - le - lu - ia!

5 Sons of men and an - gels say; Al - le - lu - ia!  
Christ has burst the gates of hell: Al - le - lu - ia!

9 Raise your joys and tri - umphs high; Al - le - lu - ia!  
Death in vain for - bids his rise; Al - le - lu - ia!

13 Sing ye, heav'ns, and earth re - ply Al - le - lu - ia!  
Christ has op - ened par - a - dise. Al - le - lu - ia!

19 Al - le - lu - ia!

*Last time to Coda*

3. Lives again our glorious King; Alleluia!  
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!  
Once he died, our souls to save; Alleluia!  
Where thy victory, O grave?

4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Alleluia!  
Foll'wing our exalted Head; Alleluia!  
Made like him, like him we rise; Alleluia!  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Alleluia!

5. Hail, the Lord of earth and heav'n! Alleluia!  
Praise to thee by both be giv'n; Alleluia!  
Thee we greet triumphant now; Alleluia!  
Hail, the Resurrection, thou! Alleluia! Alleluia!

## THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

Words by Samuel Stone  
 Music by Brian Moss

The musical score is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature (C). It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady bass line and a more active treble line. Chord symbols are placed above the piano part to indicate the harmonic structure.

**System 1 (Measures 1-6):** Chords: E, E/G#, A, B, E.

**System 2 (Measures 7-11):** Chords: E, E/G#, A, B. Includes two vocal lines with lyrics:

1. The church's one foundation is  
 2. E - lect from e - ry na - tion, yet

**System 3 (Measures 12-15):** Chords: A, B<sub>sus</sub>, B, E, E/G#. Includes two vocal lines with lyrics:

Je - sus Christ her Lord, She is His new cre - a - tion by  
 one o'er all the earth; Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, one

16 A Bsus B F#m E/G#

wa - ter and the Word. — From heaven He came and sought her, to  
 Lord, one faith, one birth; — One ho - ly Name she bless - es, par -

20 A Bsus B E E/G#

be His ho - ly bride; With His own blood He bought her, and  
 takes one ho - ly food; And to one hope she press - es, with

24 A5 B E E/G# A B

for her life He died, 2. E -  
 eve - ry grace en - dued

1-5

29 A<sub>6</sub> B A B A B

high may dwell, that they will dwell, that we will dwell with

32 E E/G# A B E

thee.

3. Though with a scornful wonder,  
Men see her sore oppressed  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distressed  
Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
Their cry goes up "How long?"  
And soon the night of weeping,  
Shall be the morn of song

5. Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war  
She waits the consummation,  
Of peace for evermore  
Till with the vision glorious,  
Her longing eyes are blest  
And the great church victorious  
Shall be the church at rest

4. The church shall never perish,  
Her dear Lord to defend  
To guide, sustain and cherish,  
Is with her to the end  
Though there be those that hate her,  
And false sons in her pale  
Against a foe or traitor,  
She ever shall prevail

6. Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won  
O happy ones and holy,  
Lord gives us grace that we  
Like them the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell,  
That they will dwell,  
That we will dwell with Thee.

# THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

Words by Samuel Stone  
Music by Brian Moss

## CAPO II

1. The chur - ch's one foun - da - tion is Je - sus Christ her Lord, She  
lect from eve - ry na - tion, yet one o'er all the earth; Her

6 is His new cre - a - tion, by one wa - ter and the Word. From  
char - ter of sal - va - tion, Lord, one faith, one birth; One

10 heaven - He came and sought her, to be His ho - ly bride; With  
ho - ly Name she bless - es, par - takes one ho - ly food, And

14 His own blood He bought her, and for her life He died. 2. E -  
to one hope she press - es, with eve - ry grace en - dued

3. Though with a scornful wonder,  
Men see her sore oppressed  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distressed  
Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
Their cry goes up "How long?"  
And soon the night of weeping,  
Shall be the morn of song

5. Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war  
She waits the consummation,  
Of peace for evermore  
Till with the vision glorious,  
Her longing eyes are blest  
And the great church victorious  
Shall be the church at rest

4. The church shall never perish,  
Her dear Lord to defend  
To guide, sustain and cherish,  
Is with her to the end  
Though there be those that hate her,  
And false sons in her pale  
Against a foe or traitor,  
She ever shall prevail

6. Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won  
O happy ones and holy,  
Lord gives us grace that we  
Like them the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee.

# Cling To The Crucified

Swing Feel

Words by Anonymous  
(from Bonar's "Lyra Consolationis")  
alt. by Kevin Twit  
Music by Kevin Twit

G

1. Cling \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ the Might - y One, \_\_\_\_\_  
2. Cling \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ the Liv - ing One, \_\_\_\_\_  
3. Cling \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ the Bleed - ing One, \_\_\_\_\_

3

G

Cling \_\_\_\_\_ in thy grief,                      Cling to the  
Cling \_\_\_\_\_ in thy woe,                      Cling to the  
Cling \_\_\_\_\_ to His side,                      Cling to the

5

Cmaj7

Ho - ly One,                      He gives re - lief.  
Lov - ing One,                      Thru all be - low.  
Ris - ing One,                      In Him a - bide.

9

G

Cling \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ the Gra - cious One, \_\_\_\_\_  
Cling \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ the Pard'n - ing One, \_\_\_\_\_  
Cling \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ the Com - ing One, \_\_\_\_\_

11

G

Cling \_\_\_\_\_ in thy pain,                      Cling to the  
He \_\_\_\_\_ speak - eth peace,                      Cling to the  
Hope \_\_\_\_\_ shall a - rise,                      Cling to the

13

Cmaj7

Faith - ful One,                      He will sus - tain.                      Cling to the  
Heal - ing One,                      An - guish will cease.  
Reign - ing One,                      Joy lights thine eyes.



Cling To The Crucified 2

17 CMaj7 G

cru - ci - fied, \_\_\_ Je - sus the Lamb who died, Cling to the

21 CMaj7 G Gmaj7 G G(♭5) G G(♭5) G

cru - ci - fied, \_\_\_ Je - sus the King; Cling to the

25 CMaj7 Em7

cru - ci - fied, \_\_\_ Je - sus the Lamb who died,

28 CMaj7

Cling to the cru - ci - fied, Je - sus the

31 G Gmaj7 G G(♭5) G G(♭5) G G Gmaj7 G G(♭5) G G(♭5) G

King.

Instrumental Riff

G Gmaj7 G G(♭5) G G(♭5) G G Gmaj7 G G(♭5) G G(♭5) G

## Come, Behold the Wondrous Mystery

1. Come, be - hold the won - drous myst - ry, in the dawn - ing of the King;  
 2. Come, be - hold the won - drous myst - ry, He the per - fect Son of Man;  
 3. Come, be - hold the won - drous myst - ry, Christ the Lord u - pon the tree;  
 4. Come, be - hold the won - drous myst - ry, slain by death the God of life;

He the theme of heav - en's prai - ses, robed in frail hu - man - i - ty.  
 In his liv - ing, in his suf - fring, nev - er trace nor stain of sin.  
 In the stead of ruin - ed sin - ners, hangs the Lamb in vic - to - ry.  
 But no grave could e'er re - strain Him, praise the Lord, He is a - live!

In our long - ing, in our dark - ness, now the light of life has come;  
 See the true and bet - ter Ad - am, come to save the hell - bound man;  
 See the price of our re - demp - tion, see the Fath - er's plan un - fold;  
 What a fore - taste of del - iv - erance, how un - wav - er - ing our hope;

Look to Christ, who con - de - scend - ed, took on flesh to ran - som us.  
 Christ, the great and sure ful - fill - ment of the law, in Him we stand.  
 Bring - ing ma - ny sons to glo - ry, grace un - meas - ured, love un - told.  
 Christ in po - wer res - sur - rect - ed, as we will be, when he comes.

## Come Boldly to the Throne of Grace

*Words by D. Herbert, 1838, Music by Brian T. Murphy and Clint Wells, 2004*

DBm  
 Come boldly to a throne of grace, Ye wretched sinners come;  
EmA  
 And lay your load at Jesus' feet, And plead what he has done.

DBm  
 "How can I come?" Some soul may say, "I'm lame and cannot walk;  
EmA  
 My guilt and sin have stopped my mouth; I sigh, but dare not talk."

DBm  
 Come boldly to the throne of grace, Though lost, and blind, and lame;  
EmA  
 Jehovah is the sinner's Friend, And ever was the same.

(Chorus)

DBm  
 He makes the dead to hear his voice; He makes the blind to see;  
EmA  
 The sinner lost he came to save, And set the prisoner free.

DBm  
 Come boldly to the throne of grace, For Jesus fills the throne;  
EmA  
 And those he kills he makes alive; He hears the sigh or groan.

DBm  
 Poor bankrupt souls, who feel and know The hell of sin within,  
EmA  
 Come boldly to the throne of grace; The Lord will take you in.

(Chorus)

DBm  
 He makes the dead to hear his voice; He makes the blind to see;  
EmA  
 The sinner lost he came to save, And set the prisoner free.  
AD  
 Sets them free

### Come Boldly to the Throne of Grace

*Words by D. Herbert, 1838, Music by Brian T. Murphy and Clint Wells, 2004*

F	Dm
Come boldly to a throne of grace, Ye wretched sinners come;	
Gm	C
And lay your load at Jesus' feet, And plead what he has done.	

F	Dm
"How can I come?" Some soul may say, "I'm lame and cannot walk;	
Gm	C
My guilt and sin have stopped my mouth; I sigh, but dare not talk."	

F	Dm
Come boldly to the throne of grace, Though lost, and blind, and lame;	
Gm	C
Jehovah is the sinner's Friend, And ever was the same.	

(Chorus)

F	Dm
He makes the dead to hear his voice; He makes the blind to see;	
Gm	C
The sinner lost he came to save, And set the prisoner free.	

F	Dm
Come boldly to the throne of grace, For Jesus fills the throne;	
Gm	C
And those he kills he makes alive; He hears the sigh or groan.	

F	Dm
Poor bankrupt souls, who feel and know The hell of sin within,	
Gm	C
Come boldly to the throne of grace; The Lord will take you in.	

(Chorus)

F	Dm
He makes the dead to hear his voice; He makes the blind to see;	
Gm	C
The sinner lost he came to save, And set the prisoner free.	
C	F
Sets them free	

Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord!

D D/F# G  
 women: Ha - llelu - jah men: Hallelujah

D D/F# G  
 women: Ha - llelu - jah

D D/F# G D D/F# G  
 Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord! Let all your graces be outpoured  
 D/F# A G D/F# A G

On each believer's mind and heart; Your fervent love to us impart.

D D/F# G D D/F# G  
 Lord, by the brightness of Your light, You in the faith do men unite  
 D/F# A G D/F# A G

Of every land and every tongue; This to Your praise, O Lord, be sung.

D D/F# G D D/F# G  
 women: allelujah men: allelujah women: allelujah

D D/F# G D D/F# G  
 From every error keep us free; Let none but Christ our Master be,  
 D/F# A G D/F# A G

That we in living faith abide, In Him with all our might confide.

D D/F# G D D/F# G  
 Lord, by Your power prepare each heart And to the weakness strength impart,  
 D/F# A G D/F# A G

That bravely here we may contend, Through life and death to You ascend.

D D/F# G  
 women: Ha - llelu - jah men: Hallelujah

D D/F# G  
 women: Ha - llelu - jah men: Hallelujah

D D/F# G  
 women: Ha - llelu - jah men: Hallelujah

D D/F# G  
 women: Ha - llelu - jah

## Come, Let Us Sing Unto the Lord

1. Come, let us sing un - to the Lord New songs of  
 2. The great sal - va - tion of our God Is seen through  
 3. He called to mind his truth and grace In prom - ise  
 4. All lands, to God lift up your voice; Sing praise to  
 5. Praise God with harp, with harp sing praise, With voice of  
 6. Let earth be glad, let bil - lows roar And all that  
 7. For lo, he comes; at his com - mand All na - tions

praise with sweet ac - cord; For won - ders great by  
 all the earth a - broad; Be - fore the na - tions'  
 made to Is - rael's race; And un - to earth's re -  
 him, with shouts re - joice; With voice of joy and  
 psalms his glo - ry raise; With trump - ets, cor - nets,  
 dwell from shore to shore; Let floods clap hands with  
 shall in judg - ment stand; In just - ice robed and

him are done, His hand and arm have vic - try won.  
 won - d'ring sight He has re - vealed his truth and right.  
 mot - est bound Glad tid - ings of sal - va - tion sound.  
 loud ac - claim Let all u - nite and praise his name.  
 glad - ly sing And shout be - fore the Lord, the King.  
 one ac - cord, Let hills re - joice be - fore the Lord.  
 throned in light, The Lord shall judge, dis - pens - ing right.

Words: Sabbath School Psalmodist (Pittsburgh, PA: United Presbyterian Board of Publication, 1872)

Music: "Anvern," German tune, arr. by Lowell Mason, (1840), Public Domain

## Come, Now Is The Time To Worship

©1998 Vineyard Songs (UK/Eire)  
Words and Music by Brian Doerksen

**D** **D2** **Dsus D**  
Come, now is the time to worship  
**A** **Em7** **G**  
Come, now is the time to give your heart  
**D** **D2** **Dsus D**  
Come, just as you are to worship  
**A** **Em7** **G** **D**  
Come, just as you are before your God, come

**G** **D** **D2**  
One day every tongue will confess you are God  
**G** **D** **D2**  
One day every knee will bow  
**G** **Bm7**  
Still the greatest treasure remains for those  
**G** **A2**  
Who gladly choose you now

# Come, People of the Risen King 128

Keith and Kristyn Getty &amp; Stuart Townend

Jubilant (♩ = 108)

C C C/E

1. Come, peo - ple of the  
those whose joy is  
young and old from

6 F C/E F C/E G F C C/E F G Am

ris - en King, who de - light to bring Him praise. Come all, and tune your hearts to sing to the  
morn - ing sun, and those weep - ing through the night. Come, those who tell of bat - tles won, and those  
ev - 'ry land, men and wo - men of the faith. Come, those with full or emp - ty hands; find the

11 F C F C/E F C/E

Morn - ing Star of grace. From the shift - ing sha - dows of the earth we will lift our eyes to  
strug - gling in the fight. For His per - fect love will nev - er change, and His mer - cies nev - er  
rich - es of His grace. O - ver all the world His peo - ple sing; shore to shore we hear them

16 G F C C/E F G Am F C Refrain

Him, where stead - y arms of mer - cy reach to — gath - er child - ren in. Re -  
cease, but fol - low us through all our days with the cer - tain hope of peace.  
call the Truth that cries through ev - 'ry age: "Our — God is all in all."



21 G F/G G F C G Am G F C/E

joyce! Re- joyce! Let ev-'ry tongue re - joyce! One heart, one voice; oh,

1.2.  
27 Dm G C C

Church of Christ, re - joyce!

2.Come,  
3.Come,

3.  
32 Dm G Gsus C C C

Church of Christ, re - joyce!

## Come, Thou Almighty King

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy  
 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy  
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred  
 4. To Thee, great One in Three, The high - est

name to sing, Help us pray - er to praise: Fa - ther, all -  
 might - y sword, Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy  
 wit - ness bear, In this glad hour! Thou, who al -  
 prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more; Thy sov - 'reign

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,  
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc - cess:  
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart  
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see,

Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.  
 Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.  
 And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.  
 And to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and a - dore.

## Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!
4. O that day when freed from sinn - ing, I shall see Thy love - ly face;



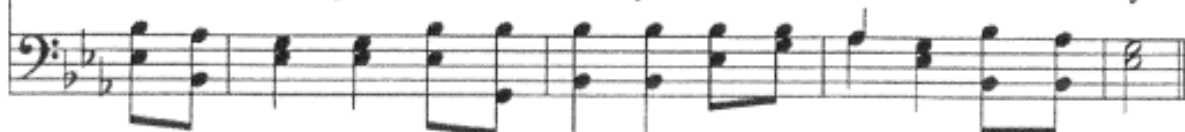
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise:  
 And I hope by Thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home:  
 Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee:  
 Cloth - ed then in blood washed lin - en, How I'll sing Thy sov - 'reign grace;



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;  
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;  
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Come, my Lord no long - er tar - ry, Take my ran - somed soul a - way;



Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - pon it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.  
 He to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.  
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.  
 Send thine an - gels now to car - ry Me to realms of end - less day.



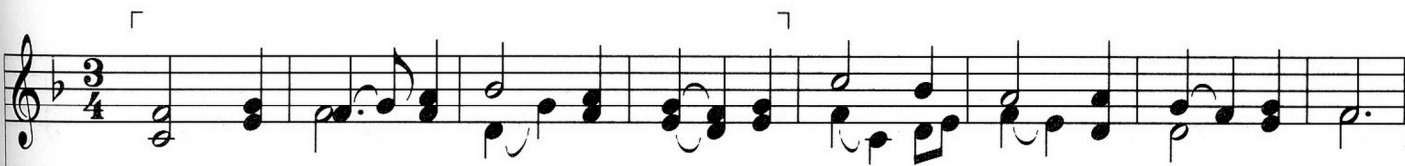
Words: Robert Robinson (1735-1790);

Music: Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second (1813), Public Domain

# Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

196  
132

*Waiting for the consolation of Israel. Luke 2:25*



1. Come, thou long - ex - spect - ed Je - sus, born to set thy peo - ple free;  
2. Joy to those who long to see thee, Day-spring from on high, ap - pear;  
3. Come to earth to taste our sad - ness, he whose glo - ries knew no end;  
4. Born thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, born a child and yet a king,



from our fears and sins re - lease us; let us find our rest in thee.  
come, thou prom - ised Rod of Jes - se, of thy birth we long to hear!  
by his life he brings us glad - ness, our Re - deem - er, Shep-herd, Friend.  
born to reign in us for - ev - er, now thy gra - cious king - dom bring.



Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion, hope of all the earth thou art,  
O'er the hills the an - gels sing - ing news, glad tid - ings of a birth:  
Leav - ing rich - es with - out num - ber, born with - in a cat - tle stall;  
By thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it rule in all our hearts a - lone;



dear De - sire of ev - 'ry na - tion, joy of ev - 'ry long - ing heart.  
"Go to him, your prais - es bring - ing; Christ the Lord has come to earth."  
this the ev - er - last - ing won - der, Christ was born the Lord of all.  
by thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it, raise us to thy glo - rious throne.



# Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

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## Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

1. Come, Thou long - ex - spect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy  
2. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child, and

peo - ple free; From our fears and sins re - lease us;  
yet a King, Born to reign in us for - ev - er,

Let us find our rest in Thee. Is - rael's strength and con - so -  
Now Thy gra - cious king - dom bring. By Thine own e - ter - nal

la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art; Dear de - sire of  
spir - it Rule in all our hearts a - lone; By Thine all - suf -

ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy of ev - 'ry long - ing heart.  
fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glo - rious throne.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788); Music: Rowland H. Prichard (1811-1887), Public Domain

Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, weak and wound - ed, sick and sore;  
 2. Now, ye need - 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 wear - y, heav - y lad - en, lost and ru - ined, by the fall;  
 5. View Him pro - strate in the gar - den, on the ground your Ma - ker lies!  
 6. Lo, th'in - car - nate God, as - cend - ed, pleads the mer - it of His blood;

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, full of pit - y, love, and power;  
 True be - lief and true re - pen - tance, e - v'ry grace that brings you nigh,  
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth is to feel your need of Him:  
 If you wait un - til you're bet - ter, you will ne - ver come at all:  
 On the aw - ful tree be - hold Him, hear Him cry be - fore He dies.  
 Ven - ture on Him, ven - ture whol - ly, let no o - ther trust in - trude:

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is a - ble,  
 With - out mon - ey, with - out mon - ey, with - out mon - ey  
 This He gives you, this He gives you, this He gives you  
 Not the right - eous, not the right - eous, not the right - eous  
 It is fin - ished! It is fin - ished! It is fin - ished!  
 None but Je - sus, none but Je - sus, none but Je - sus

He is wil - ling doubt no more. He is wil - ling doubt no more.  
 come to Je - sus Christ and buy. Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.  
 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam. 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam.  
 Sin - ners, Je - sus came to call. Sin - ners, Je - sus came to call.  
 Sin - ner will not this suf - fice? Sin - ner will not this suf - fice?  
 Can do help - less sin - ners good. Can do help - less sin - ners good.

Words: Joseph Hart (1712-1768); Music: William Owen (1814-1893), Public Domain

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. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;  
 4. Let not con - science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.  
 True be - lief and true re - pen - tance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.  
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.  
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.

I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will em - brace me in His arms;

In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, O there are ten thou - sand charms.



**Come, Ye Sinners**

©2000 Detuned Radio Music (ASCAP). Words: Joseph Hart. Music:  
Matthew S. Smith.

C F G  
1. Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
C F G  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
F C G  
Jesus, ready, stands to save you,  
F C G  
Full of pity, joined with power.  
G F G Am  
He is able, He is able;  
G Am C F  
He is willing; doubt no more.

C F G  
2. Come ye needy, come, and welcome,  
C F G  
God's free bounty glorify;  
F C G  
True belief and true repentance,  
F C G  
Every grace that brings you nigh.  
G F G Am  
Without money, without money  
G Am C F  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

C F G  
3. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
C F G  
Bruised and broken by the fall;  
F C G  
If you tarry 'til you're better,  
F C G  
You will never come at all.  
G F G Am  
Not the righteous, not the righteous;  
G Am C F  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4. Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requires  
Is to feel your need of Him.  
This He gives you, this He gives you,  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.  
5. Lo! The Incarnate God, ascended;  
Pleads the merit of His blood.  
Venture on Him; venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude.  
None but Jesus, none but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

**Come, Ye Sinners**

©2000 Detuned Radio Music (ASCAP).

Words: Joseph Hart. Music: Matthew S. Smith.

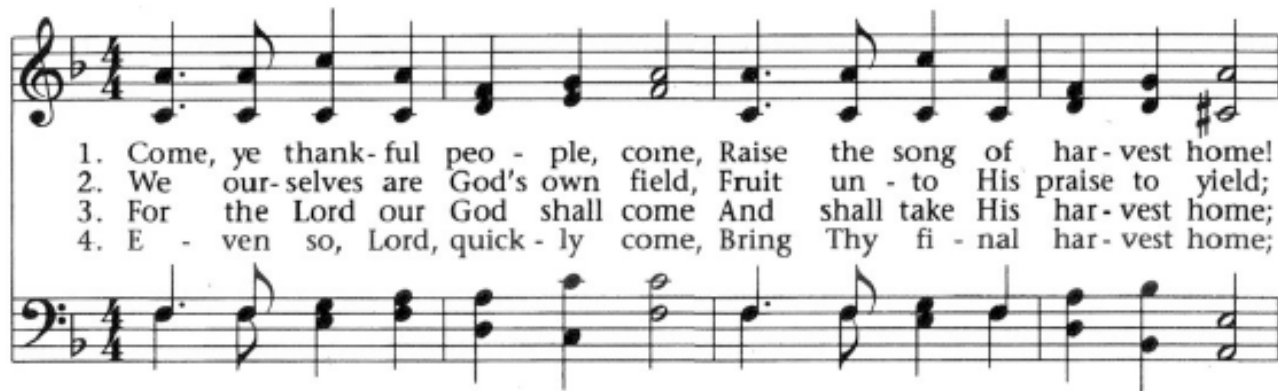
**C F G**  
 1. Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
**C F G**  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
**F C G**  
 Jesus, ready, stands to save you,  
**F C G**  
 Full of pity, joined with power.  
**G F G Am**  
 He is able, He is able;  
**G Am C F**  
 He is willing; doubt no more.

**C F G**  
 2. Come ye needy, come, and welcome,  
**C F G**  
 God's free bounty glorify;  
**F C G**  
 True belief and true repentance,  
**F C G**  
 Every grace that brings you nigh.  
**G F G Am**  
 Without money, without money  
**G Am C F**  
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

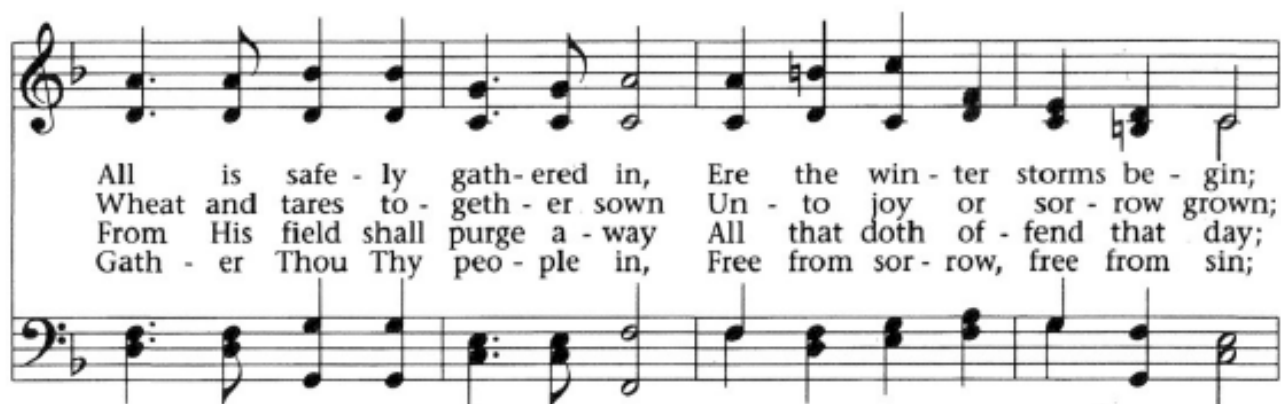
**C F G**  
 3. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
**C F G**  
 Bruised and broken by the fall;  
**F C G**  
 If you tarry 'til you're better,  
**F C G**  
 You will never come at all.  
**G F G Am**  
 Not the righteous, not the righteous;  
**G Am C F**  
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

4. Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness He requires  
 Is to feel your need of Him.  
 This He gives you, this He gives you,  
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

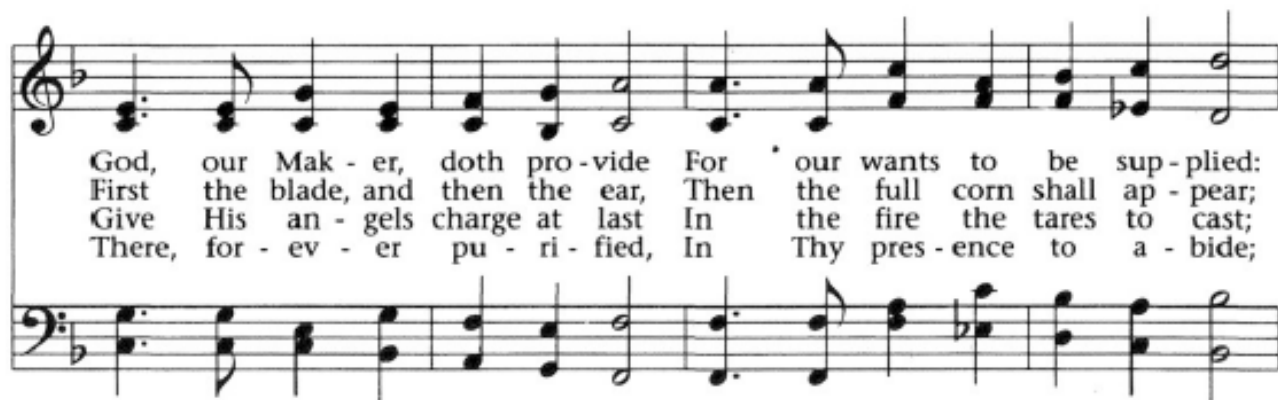
5. Lo! The Incarnate God, ascended;  
 Pleads the merit of His blood.  
 Venture on Him; venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude.  
 None but Jesus, none but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

Come, Ye Thankful People Come


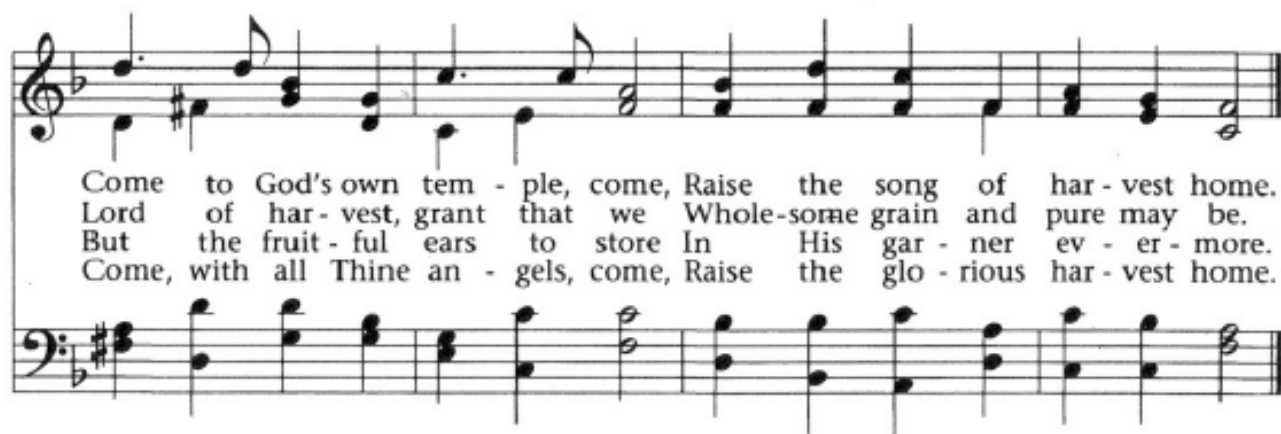
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home!  
 2. We our-selves are God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;  
 3. For the Lord our God shall come And shall take His har-vest home;  
 4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come, Bring Thy fi - nal har-vest home;



All is safe - ly gath-ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;  
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown Un - to joy or sor - row grown;  
 From His field shall purge a - way All that doth of - fend that day;  
 Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;



God, our Mak - er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup - plied:  
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;  
 Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;  
 There, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, In Thy pres - ence to a - bide;



Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home.  
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we Whole - some grain and pure may be.  
 But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.  
 Come, with all Thine an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious har - vest home.

### Come Boldly to the Throne of Grace

*Words by D. Herbert, 1838, Music by Brian T. Murphy and Clint Wells, 2004*

D
Bm  
 Come boldly to a throne of grace, Ye wretched sinners come;  
Em
A  
 And lay your load at Jesus' feet, And plead what he has done.

D
Bm  
 "How can I come?" Some soul may say, "I'm lame and cannot walk;  
Em
A  
 My guilt and sin have stopped my mouth; I sigh, but dare not talk."

D
Bm  
 Come boldly to the throne of grace, Though lost, and blind, and lame;  
Em
A  
 Jehovah is the sinner's Friend, And ever was the same.

(Chorus)

D
Bm  
 He makes the dead to hear his voice; He makes the blind to see;  
Em
A  
 The sinner lost he came to save, And set the prisoner free.

D
Bm  
 Come boldly to the throne of grace, For Jesus fills the throne;  
Em
A  
 And those he kills he makes alive; He hears the sigh or groan.

D
Bm  
 Poor bankrupt souls, who feel and know The hell of sin within,  
Em
A  
 Come boldly to the throne of grace; The Lord will take you in.

(Chorus)

D
Bm  
 He makes the dead to hear his voice; He makes the blind to see;  
Em
A  
 The sinner lost he came to save, And set the prisoner free.  
A
D  
 Sets them free

## Come Boldly to the Throne of Grace

*Words by D. Herbert, 1838, Music by Brian T. Murphy and Clint Wells, 2004*

F Dm  
Come boldly to a throne of grace, Ye wretched sinners come;  
Gm C  
And lay your load at Jesus' feet, And plead what he has done.

F Dm  
"How can I come?" Some soul may say, "I'm lame and cannot walk;  
Gm C  
My guilt and sin have stopped my mouth; I sigh, but dare not talk."

F Dm  
Come boldly to the throne of grace, Though lost, and blind, and lame;  
Gm C  
Jehovah is the sinner's Friend, And ever was the same.

(Chorus)

F Dm  
He makes the dead to hear his voice; He makes the blind to see;  
Gm C  
The sinner lost he came to save, And set the prisoner free.

F Dm  
Come boldly to the throne of grace, For Jesus fills the throne;  
Gm C  
And those he kills he makes alive; He hears the sigh or groan.

F Dm  
Poor bankrupt souls, who feel and know The hell of sin within,  
Gm C  
Come boldly to the throne of grace; The Lord will take you in.

(Chorus)

F Dm  
He makes the dead to hear his voice; He makes the blind to see;  
Gm C  
The sinner lost he came to save, And set the prisoner free.  
C F  
Sets them free

# COME AND WELCOME

Capo II to play with CD  
Opt. Solo & Modulation

Words by Thomas Haweis  
Music by Matthew P. Jones

G



1. From the cross up - lift - ed high  
2. Sprink - led now with blood the throne  
3. Spread for thee the fes - tal board  
4. Soon the days of life shall end

3 C



Where the Sav - ior deigns to die,  
Why be - neath thy bur - dens groan,  
See with rich - est dain - ties stored,  
Lo, I come, your Sav - ior Friend,

5 A m



What mel - od - ious sounds I hear,  
On my pierc - ed bod - y laid,  
To thy Fa - ther's bos - om pressed,  
Safe your spir - it to con - vey

7 G



Burst - ing on my rav - ished ear;  
Jus - tice owns the ran - som paid;  
Yet a - gain a child con - fessed;  
To the realms of end - less day;

9 A m C G



Love's re - deem - ing work is done,  
Bow the knee and kiss the Son,  
Nev - er from His house to roam,  
Up to my e - ter - nal home,

13 A m C G



Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.  
Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.  
Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.  
Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.

*Optional Solo Section and Modulation after Verse 3*

17 *A m* *C* *G* *A m*

3. Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come. —

23 *C* *F* *D*

27 *A*

4. Soon the days — of life shall end —

29 *D*

Lo, I come, your Sav - ior — Friend, —

31 *B m*

Safe your spir - it to con - vey —

33 *A*

To the realms — of end - less day; —

35 *B m* *D* *A*

Up to my — e - ter - nal — home, —

39 *B m* *D* *A*

Come and wel - come, — sin - - - ner, come. —

# Come Boldly to the Throne of Grace

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 675

words: D. Herbert, printed in 1838.  
music: Brian T. Murphy,  
Clint Wells, 2004

F

Come bold - ly to the throne of grace, Ye  
can I come?" Some soul may say, "I'm  
bold - ly to the throne of grace, Though

4 Dmin Gmin

wretch - ed sin - ners come; And lay your load at Jes - us' feet, And  
lame and can - not walk; My guilt and sin have stopped my mouth; I  
lost, and blind, and lame; Je - ho - vah is the sin - ner's Friend, And

8 C 1,2 3

plead what he has done. "How same.  
sigh, but dare not talk." Come  
ev - er was the

11 F Dmin

He makes the dead to hear his voice; He makes the blind to

14 Gmin C

see; The sin - ner lost he came to save, And set the pris - 'ner

18 F

free. Come bold - ly to the throne of grace, For  
bank - rupt souls, who feel and know The



21 Dmin Gmin

Jes - us fills the throne; And those he kills he makes a - live; He  
hell of sin with - in, Come bold - ly to the throne of grace; The

25 C F

hears the sigh or groan. Poor in take you in.  
Lord will take you

## Come Boldly To The Throne Of Grace

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 675*

Words - D. Herbert, printed in the Gadsby Hymnal, 1838.

Music - Clint Wells and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

F  
Come boldly to a throne of grace,  
Dm  
Ye wretched sinners come;  
Gm  
And lay your load at Jesus' feet,  
C  
And plead what he has done.

"How can I come?" Some soul may say,  
"I'm lame and cannot walk;  
My guilt and sin have stopped my mouth;  
I sigh, but dare not talk."

Come boldly to the throne of grace,  
Though lost, and blind, and lame;  
Jehovah is the sinner's Friend,  
And ever was the same.

He makes the dead to hear his voice;  
He makes the blind to see;  
The sinner lost he came to save,  
And set the prisoner free.

Come boldly to the throne of grace,  
For Jesus fills the throne;  
And those he kills he makes alive;  
He hears the sigh or groan.

Poor bankrupt souls, who feel and know  
The hell of sin within,  
Come boldly to the throne of grace;  
The Lord will take you in.

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# COME CHRISTIANS JOIN TO SING

Words by Christian Bateman  
Traditional Spanish Melody

G C G G C Dsus D G

1. Come Christians join to sing, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.  
2. Come lift your hearts on high, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.  
3. Praise yet our Christ a - gain, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

5 G C G G C Dsus D G

Loud praise to Christ our King, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.  
Let He is our Guide and Friend, To us He'll con - de - scend.  
Life shall not end the strain, His good - ness we'll a - dore.

9 G C D G C D

Let He is our Guide and Friend, To us He'll con - de - scend.  
On heav - en's bliss - ful shore, His good - ness we'll a - dore.

13 G C G G C Dsus D G

Praise is His gra - cious choice, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.  
His love shall ne - ver end, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.  
Sing - ing for - ev - er more, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.



# Come Heavy Laden

words by William Williams, 1717-1791.  
music by Benj Pocta and  
Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

B m G E m

Come hea - vy la - den come and rest, Your souls from

5 D/F G B m

fear and pain; Je - sus the God was cru - ci - fied,

10 G E m D/F G

And died and rose a - gain.

15 B m G E m

His ho - ly yoke's ea - sy and smooth. His bur - dens  
O would he raise my fee - ble soul. To a ce -

19 D/F# G B m

all are light. In His com - mand -  
les - tial flame? I would for Je -

23 G E m D/F# G

- ments, though se - vere, Is in - fin - ite de - light.  
- sus ei - ther do, Or suf - fer all the same.

28 A D G

Sweet are his words, sweet is his voice. His smiles

33 E m D/F# G A D

are heav'n be - low. Of all the plea - sures in

39 G E m D/F# G

this world, 'Tis Je - sus I would know.

# Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice

For group singing  
To play with CD,  
tune guitar down a whole step

Words by Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld  
Music by Kevin Twit

The musical score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a guitar accompaniment line. The guitar line includes chord diagrams and chord names (C, F, G, Am, D). The vocal line includes lyrics for two different versions of the song. The score includes a key signature change to one flat (Bb) at measure 7. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

**System 1:** Chords: C, F, C. Measure 1.

**System 2:** Chords: C, F, C. Measure 3. Lyrics:  
1. "Come," said Je - sus' sa - cred voice,  
2. "Hith - er come, for here is found,

**System 3:** Chords: F, Am, D. Measure 5. Lyrics:  
"Come, \_\_\_\_\_ and make My for paths your choice. \_\_\_\_\_  
Balm \_\_\_\_\_ that flows for ev - 'ry wound. \_\_\_\_\_

**System 4:** Chords: G, Am, F. Measure 7. Lyrics:  
I will guide \_\_\_\_\_ you to shall your \_\_\_\_\_ home, Wear  
Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest - y -

**System 5:** Chords: C, G, C, F. Measure 9. Lyrics:  
pil - grim \_\_\_\_\_ hith - er \_\_\_\_\_ come.  
ter - nal, \_\_\_\_\_ sa - cred,

**System 6:** Chords: C, F, C, G, C, F, C. Measure 11. Lyrics:  
*rit.* sure. Rest \_\_\_\_\_ *a tempo* e - ter - nal, \_\_\_\_\_ sa - cred, \_\_\_\_\_ sure."

# Come Then, Lord Jesus

Key For Group Singing

Words by Horatius Bonar  
alt. by Hutson and Bowser  
Music by Kenny Hutson  
and Katy Bowser

E A F#m B

1. The Church has wait - ed long, Her ab - sent Lord to see, And  
2. The ser - pent's brood in - crease, The pow'rs of hell grow bold, The  
3. We long to hear thy voice, To see Thee face to face, To  
4. The whole cre - a - tion groans, And wait to hear that voice, That

5 E A F#m B E

still in lone - li - ness she waits, A friend - less stran - ger she.  
con - flict thick - ens, faith is low, And love is wax - ing cold. How  
share Thy crown and glor - y then, As now we share thy grace. Should  
shall re - store her come - li - ness, And make her wastes re - joice. Come,

9 E A F#m B

Age af - ter age has gone, Sun af - ter sun has set, And  
long, — O Lord our God, Ho - ly — and true and good, Wilt  
not — the lov - ing bride, The ab - sent Bride - groom mourn? Should  
Lord, — and wipe a - way, The curse, — the sin, the stain, And

13 E A F#m B E

still, in weeds of wid - ow - hood, She weeps a mourn - er yet.  
thou not judge Thy suf - fring Church, Her sighs and tears and blood?  
she not wear the weeds of grief, Un - til her Lord re - turn?  
make this blight - ed world of ours, Thine own fair world a - gain.

17 A B E A A B E A B E A

Come then, Lord Je - sus, come; Come then, Lord Je - sus; — Come then, Lord Je - sus, come,

23 A B E A B E A B E

Come, — come. come. Come, — come. Come, — come.

# COME THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

Words by Robert Robinson  
Music by Ashael Nettleton

1. Come thou fount of ev - ery bless - ing Tune my heart to sing thy grace Streams of  
 2. Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer, Hi - ther by Thy help I'm come And I  
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dail - y I'm con - strained to be Let that

6 mer - cy, ne - ver ceas - ing Call for songs of loud - est praise Teach me  
 hope by Thy good plea - sure Safe - ly to ar - rive at home Je - sus  
 grace now like a fet - ter Bind my wand - ering heart to Thee Prone to

10 some mel - o - dious son - net Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the  
 sought me when a strang - er, Wan - dering from the fold of God Here to  
 wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love Here's my

14 mount, I'm fixed up - on it Mount of God's un - chang - ing love  
 res - cue me from dang - er In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood  
 heart, O take and seal it Seal it for Thy courts a - bove



# COME, THOU LONG-EXPECTED JESUS

Words by Charles Wesley  
Music by Rowland Pritchard

D Bm G A D Bm G A D

1. Come Thou long - ex - pec - ted Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free  
2. Born Thy peo - ple to de - li - ver, Born a child, and yet a King

5 D Bm G A D Bm G A D

From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee  
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy pre - cious king - dom bring

9 D Bm G A D Bm G A

Is - rael's Strength and Con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the saints Thou art  
By Thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone

13 D G D A D D/F# G Asus A D

Dear De - sire of ev - ery na - tion, Joy of ev - ery long - ing heart  
By Thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glori - ous throne

A7/C#



## COME THOU LONG-EXPECTED JESUS

Dadd9add11



Words by Charles Wesley  
 Music by Sandra McCracken  
 and Derek Webb

G D/F# Em D/F# G D/F# Em D/F# C G/B Am D/F# G Gsus G G/B

1. Come Thou long - ex - pec - ted Je - sus,  
 2. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er,

5 C G/B Am G Em D/F# C B7 Em A7/C#

Born to set Thy peo - ple free From our fears and sins re - lease us,  
 Born a child, and yet a King Born to reign in us for - ev - er,

9 Am G/B C C G D/F# Em D/F# G D/F# Em D/F#

Let us find our rest in Thee  
 Now Thy pre - cious king - dom bring

14 C G/B Am D/F# G Gsus G G/B C G/B Am G Em D/F#

Is - rael's Strength and Con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the saints Thou art  
 By Thine own e - tern - al Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone

18 C B7 Em A7/C# Am G/B C Dadd9add11

Dear De - sire of ev - ery na - tion, Joy of ev - ery long - ing heart  
 By Thine all - suf - fic - ient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glor - ious throne

23 G Em C

Come Thou long - a - wait - ed Em -

26 Em G G D/F# Em D/F# G D/F# Em D/F#

man - u - el.

# COME, YE DISCONSOLATE, WHERE'ER YE LANGUISH

Words by Thomas Moore  
Music by Bobby Guy

Capo II

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a capo at the second fret. The melody is written on a single treble clef staff. Chord changes are indicated by letters G, C, Em, D, and Asus above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some lines having three different versions (1, 2, 3).

1. Come ye dis - con - so - late Where'er ye lang - uish  
 2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the straying,  
 3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flowing

3  
 Come to the mer - cy seat fer - vent - ly kneel  
 Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure!  
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove:

5  
 Here bring your wound - ed hearts here tell your ang - uish  
 Here speaks the Com - fort - er, in mer cy say - ing,  
 Come to the feast pre - pared; come ev - er know - ing

8  
 Earth has no sor - rows that heav'n can - not heal  
 "Earth has no sor - rows that heav'n can - not cure."  
 Earth has no sor - rows but heav'n can re - move.

10  
 C G Asus D G

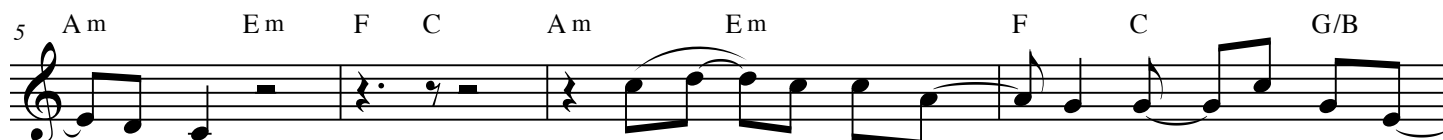
# COME, YE DISCONSOLATE

Real Key  
For group singing

Words by Thomas Moore  
alt. by Thomas Hastings  
Music by Rachel Briggs



1. Come, \_\_\_ ye dis - con - so - late \_\_\_ wher - e'er ye \_\_\_  
2. Joy \_\_\_ of the des - o - late, \_\_\_ light of the \_\_\_  
3. Here \_\_\_ see the bread of life, \_\_\_ see wa - ters



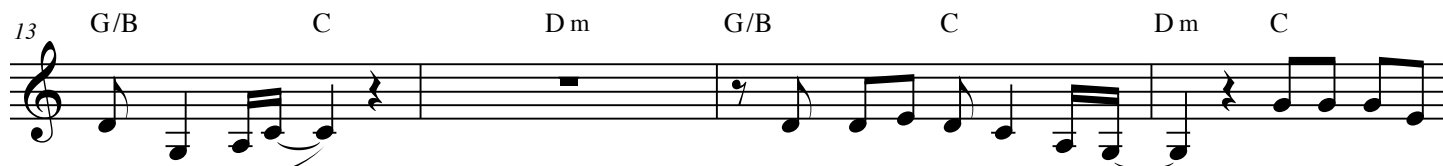
\_\_\_ lan - guish,  
\_\_\_ stray - ing,  
\_\_\_ flow - ing

Come \_\_\_ to the mer - cy seat, \_\_\_ fer - vent - ly \_\_\_  
Hope \_\_\_ of the pen - i - tent, \_\_\_ fade - less and  
Forth \_\_\_ from the throne \_\_\_ of God, \_\_\_ pure from a -



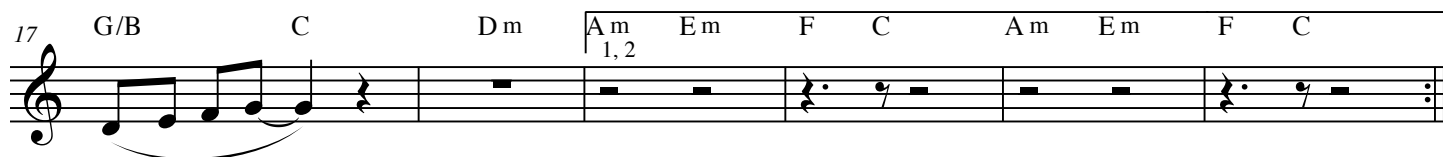
\_\_\_ kneel. \_\_\_  
\_\_\_ pure! \_\_\_  
\_\_\_ bove. \_\_\_

Here bring your wound - ed hearts, \_\_\_ here tell your  
Here speaks the Com - fort - er, \_\_\_ ten - der - ly  
Come to the feast of love; \_\_\_ come, ev - er



an - guish; \_\_\_  
say - ing \_\_\_  
know - ing \_\_\_

Earth has no sor - row that \_\_\_ heav - en can - not  
"Earth has no sor - row that \_\_\_ heav - en can - not  
Earth has no sor - row but \_\_\_ heav - en can - re -



heal. \_\_\_  
cure. \_\_\_  
move. \_\_\_



Come, \_\_\_ ye dis - con - so - late \_\_\_ wher - e'er ye \_\_\_ lan - guish.

# COME YE SINNERS

Words by Joseph Hart  
Music by Matthew Smith

5

C F G C F G

1. Come ye \_\_\_ sin ners, poor and \_\_\_ wretch - ed, \_\_\_ weak and \_\_\_ woun ded,  
 2. Come ye \_\_\_ nee dy, come and \_\_\_ wel - come; \_\_\_ God's free \_\_\_ boun ty  
 3. Come ye \_\_\_ wea ry, hea - vy \_\_\_ la - den, \_\_\_ Bruised and \_\_\_ bro - ken

5

8

G F C G F C

sick and sore. Je sus, rea dy, stands \_\_\_ to save \_\_\_ you, \_\_\_ Full of \_\_\_ pi - ty  
 glor i fy: \_\_\_ True be lief and true \_\_\_ re pen tance, \_\_\_ eve - ry \_\_\_ grace that  
 by the fall. If you tar ry till \_\_\_ you're be tter, \_\_\_ you will \_\_\_ ne ver

8

## Come Ye Sinners

2  
7/2

G G F G

joined with power. — He is is a ble, — He is a —  
brings you nigh. — With out mon ey, — with out mon —  
come at all. — Not the right eous, — not the right

16 Am G Am C F

ble; — He is will ing; Doubt no more. —  
ey; — Come to Je sus; Christ and buy. —  
eous; — Sin ners Je sus came to call. —

19 1.2.3.4. 5.

19 1.2.3.4. 5. G

4. Let not conscience make you linger,  
nor of fitness fondly dream.  
All the fitness He requireth  
is to feel your need of Him.  
This He gives you, this He gives you,  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

5. Lo! The Incarnate God, ascended;  
pleads the merit of His blood.  
Venture on Him; venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude.  
None but Jesus, none but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

# COME YE SINNERS

Words by Joseph Hart  
Music by Darwin Jordan

Capo II

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a capo at the second fret. The melody is on a single treble clef staff. Chords are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are arranged in two columns, with some lines split across the columns. The score consists of 11 measures.

Chords: G, Em, C, D, C, D, D/F#, G, D, G, Em, C, D, C, D, Em, A, D.

Lyrics:

1. Come Ye sin - ners poor and wretch - ed,  
 2. Come ye need - y, come and wel - come;  
 3. Come ye wear - y, heav - y la - den,  
 weak and wound - ed, sick and sore.  
 God's free boun - ty glor - i - fy:  
 Bruised and bro - ken by the fall.  
 Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you  
 True be - lief and true re - pen - tance,  
 If you tarr - y till you're bet - ter,  
 full of pi - ty joined wih power.  
 ev - ery grace that brings you nigh.  
 you will nev - er come at all.  
 He is a - ble He is a - ble  
 With - out mon - ey, with - out mon - ey;  
 Not the right - eous, not the right - eous;  
 He is will - ing doubt no - more.  
 Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.  
 Sin - ners Je - sus came to call.

4. Let not conscience make you linger,  
 nor of fitness fondly dream.  
 All the fitness He requireth  
 is to feel your need of Him.  
 This He gives you, this He gives you,  
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

5. Lo! Incarnate God, ascended;  
 pleads the merit of His blood.  
 Venture on Him; venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude.  
 None but Jesus, none but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

# COME YE SINNERS

Words by Joseph Hart  
Music by Matthew Smith

1. Come ye sin - ners, poor and wretch - ed,  
2. Come ye nee - dy, come and wel - come;  
3. Come ye wea - ry, hea - vy la - den,

3 weak and free woun - ded, sick and sore.  
God's and free boun - ty, glor - i - fy:  
Bruised and bro - ken by the fall.

5 Je - sus, re - ady, and stands to save you,  
True, be - lief tar - ry and true till re - pen - tance,  
If you tar - ry till you're be - ter,

7 Full of pi - ty that joined with power.  
eve - ry grace ne - ver brings you at night.  
you will grace ne - ver come at all.

9 He With Not - - - is out the a - - - ble,  
mon - - - ey,  
right - - - eous,

11 He with not - - - is out the a - - - ble;  
right - - - ey;  
eous;

13 He is will - ing; Doubt no more.  
Come to Je - sus; Christ and buy.  
Sin - ners Je - sus came to call.

4. Let not conscience make you linger,  
nor of fitness fondly dream.  
All the fitness He requires  
is to feel your need of Him.  
This He gives you, this He gives you,  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

5. Lo! The Incarnate God, ascended;  
pleads the merit of His blood.  
Venture on Him; venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude.  
None but Jesus, none but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

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## Complete in Thee



1. Com - plete in Thee! No work of mine may take, dear Lord, the place of Thine;  
 2. Com - plete in Thee! No more shall sin, Thy grace hath con - quered, reign with - in;  
 3. Com - plete in Thee: Each want sup - plied, and no good thing to me de - nied;  
 4. Dear Sav - ior! When be - fore Thy bar all tribes and tongues as - sem - bled are,



Thy blood hath par - don bought for me, and I am now com - plete in Thee.  
 Thy voice shall bid the tempt - er flee, and I shall stand, com - plete in Thee.  
 Since Thou my por - tion, Lord, will be, I ask no more, com - plete in Thee.  
 A - mong Thy cho - sen will I be, at Thy right hand, com - plete in Thee!



Yea, jus - ti - fied! O bles - sed thought! And sanc - ti - fied! Sal - va - tion wrought!



Thy blood hath par - don bought for me, and glo - ri - fied, I, too, shall be!



*Children in kindergarten through 3<sup>rd</sup> grade participating in Praise Factory should exit during this hymn.*

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and  
2. When dark - ness seems to hide His face I rest on His un  
3. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, Oh, may I then in

right - eous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame,  
chang - ing grace; In ev - ery high and stor - my gale,  
Him be found; Dressed in His right - eous - ness a - lone,

But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' Name.  
My an - chor holds with - in the veil.  
Fault - less to stand be - fore the throne.

Christ a - lone, Corn - er - stone, Weak made strong in the Sav - ior's love,

Through the storm He is Lord, Lord of all.

*Words (verses): Edward Mote (1797-1874), Public Domain;*

*Music & Words (chorus): Eric Liljero, Reuben Morgan, Jonas Myrin © 2011, Admin by Capitol Music (CCLI# 264766)*

C Am F  
 Crown Him with many crowns,  
 Em F Gs - G  
 the Lamb upon His throne  
 G C Am D G  
 Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns  
 C G D G - G7  
 All music but its own  
 C F  
 Awake my soul and sing  
 D G - G7  
 Of Him who died for Thee  
 C F Dm7 C  
 And hail Him as Thy matchless King  
 Dm7 Gs C Gs  
 through all eternity.

C Am F  
 Crown Him the Lord of life  
 Em F Gs - G  
 who triumphed o'er the grave  
 G C Am D G  
 And rose victorious in the strife  
 C G D G - G7  
 For those He came to save  
 C F  
 His glories now we sing  
 D G G7  
 who died and rose on high  
 C F Dm7 C  
 who died eternal life to bring  
 Dm7 Gs C  
 And lives that death may die

C Am F  
 Crown Him the Lord of love,  
 Em F Gs - G  
 behold His hands and side  
 G C Am D G  
 Rich wounds yet visible above  
 C G D G - G7  
 in beauty glorified  
 C F  
 All hail redeemer hail  
 D G - G7  
 For Thou hast died for me  
 C F Dm7 C  
 Thy praise shall never, never fail  
 Dm7 Gs - G  
 Throughout eternity

## Crown Him

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 972*

Words – Thomas Kelly, 838

Music – Benj Pocta, 2006.

Dm  
 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,  
 Dm  
 See the exalted Savior now;  
       Gm  
 From the fight returned victorious,  
       Dm  
 Every knee to Him shall bow  
       F  
 Crown Him, Crown Him  
       C      Gm      Dm  
 Crowns become the victor's brow.

Crown the Savior! Saints adore Him;  
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,  
 While the vault of heaven rings;  
 Crown Him, crown Him,  
 Crown the Savior King of kings.

Hark, those bursts of acclamation!  
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords!  
 Jesus takes the highest station;  
 O what joy the sight affords!  
 Crown Him, crown Him,  
 King of kings and Lord of lords!

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# Crown Him

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #972

words by Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

music by Benj Pocta, 2006.

D m

Look ye saints, the sight is glo - rious: See the ex - alt-ed Sav - ior now;

4 G m D m

From the fight re-turned vic to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow; Crownhim,

9 F C G m D m

crown him, Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.

14 D m

Crown the Sav - ior, saints a - dore him; Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings;

18 G m D m

Saints and an - gels bow be - fore him, While the vault of hea - ven rings; Crownhim,

23 F C G m D m

crown him, Crown the Sav - ior King of kings.

28 D m

Hark, those bursts of acc - la - ma - tion! Hark, those loud tri - um - phant chords;

32 G m D m

Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion; O what joy the sight af - fords! Crownhim,

37 F C G m D m

crown him, King of kings and Lord of lords;

# CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

Words by Matthew Bridges  
Music by George J. Elvey

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark!  
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love, Be - hold His hands and side; Rich  
 3. Crown Him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave; Who

5 How the heav'n - ly an - them drowns, All mu - sic but its own! A -  
 wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glor - i - fied. No  
 rose vic - tor - ious to the strife, For those He came to save. His

9 wake my soul and sing, Of Him who died for thee, And  
 an - gel in the sky, Can full - y bear that sight, But  
 glor - ies now we sing, Who died and rose on high, Who

13 hail Him as thy match - less King, Thru all e - ter - ni - ty,  
 down - ward bends His wond' - ring eye, At mys - ter - ies so bright.  
 died e - tern - al life to bring, And lives that death may die.

4. Crown Him the Lord of heav'n,  
 One with the Father known,  
 One with the Spirit thru Him giv'n,  
 From yonder glorious throne,  
 To Thee be endless praise,  
 For Thou for us hast died;  
 Be Thou, O Lord, thru endless days  
 Adored and magnified.

5. Crown Him the Lord of years  
 The Potentate of time  
 Creator of the rolling spheres,  
 Ineffably sublime  
 All hail Redeemer hail,  
 For Thou hast died for me  
 Thy praise shall never never fail,  
 throughout eternity

## Day of Judgment! Day of Wonders!



1. Day of judgment! Day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
 2. See, the Judge, our nature wearing, Clothed in majesty divine;  
 3. At His call the dead awaken, Rise to life from earth and sea;  
 4. But to those who have confessed, Loved and served the Lord below,



Louder than a thousand thunders, Shakes the vast creation round:  
 Ye who long for His appearing Then shall say, "This God is mine!"  
 All the powers of nature shaken By His look, prepare to flee;  
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed, See the kingdom I bestow;



How the summons, How the summons Will the sinner's heart confound!  
 Gracious Saviour, Gracious Saviour, Own me in that day for Thine.  
 Careless sinner, Careless sinner, What will then become of thee?  
 You forever, You forever Shall my love and glory know."



Words: John Newton (1725-1807);

Music: From a Gregorian Chant, Bristol Tunebook (1876), Public Domain

1. Dear ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, on Thee, when sor - rows rise,  
 2. But oh! When gloo - my doubts pre - vail, I fear to call Thee mine;  
 3. Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face, and shall I seek in vain?  
 4. Thy mer - cy seat is o - pen still, here let my soul re - treat;

On Thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, my faint - ing hope re - lies.  
 The springs of com - fort seem to fail, and all my hopes de - cline.  
 And can the ear of sov - 'reign grace be deaf when I com - plain?  
 With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, and wait be - neath Thy feet.

To Thee I tell each ris - ing grief, for Thou a - lone canst heal;  
 Yet gra - cious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust;  
 No, still the ear of sov - 'reign grace at - tends the mourn - er's prayer;  
 Thy mer - cy seat is o - pen still, here let my soul re - treat;

Thy Word can bring a sweet re - lief for ev - ery pain I feel.  
 And still my soul would cleave to Thee, though pros - trate in the dust.  
 O may I ev - er find ac - cess to breathe my sor - rows there.  
 With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, and wait be - neath Thy feet.



## DEAR LORD, REMEMBER ME

Words by Stephens  
Music by Katy Bowser

## Capo IV



1. Dear Lord, re-mem - ber me A sin - ner weak and vile  
2. Un - ab - le to de - pend On na - ture - strength and power  
3. Up - on thy oath I rest My feeb - le soul and se - cure



Full of im - pi - e - ty And fraught with sin and guile  
Je - sus, my soul be - friend Teach me to trust thee more  
By sin I am op - pressed, But thy sal - va - tion's sure



I can - not hope but in thy blood  
Save me from sin and all its smart  
Though like a bot - tle in the smoke



Re - mem - ber me, O Lord, for good  
O save me from my treach - erous heart  
I know thy ves - sels can't be broke

4. Tis true, dear Lord, I am  
A sinner vile indeed!  
Yet hoping in the Lamb,  
who deigned for such to bleed  
And while the Spirit seals my heart  
My soul believes we ne'er shall part

5. Christ ever will defend  
The people of his choice  
He loves them without end,  
And in them does rejoice  
For them he shed his precious blood  
And will present them all to God

## Dearlly We're Bought

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 102*

Words - Joseph Hart, 1712-1768

Music - Matthew S. Welch, 2004

F G C  
 Come raise your thankful voice,  
 Am G Am  
 Ye souls redeemed with blood;  
 F G C-Am  
 Leave earth and all its toys,  
 F G C F-C  
 And mix no more with mud.

*refrain:*

Am F  
 Dearlly we're bought, highly esteemed;  
 C G  
 Redeemed, with Jesus' blood redeemed  
 Am F  
 Dearlly we're bought, highly esteemed;  
 C G Am G-C  
 Redeemed, with Jesus' blood redeemed.

With heart, and soul, and mind,  
 Exalt redeeming love;  
 Leave worldly cares behind,  
 And set your minds above.

Lift up your ravished eyes,  
 And view the glory given;  
 All lower things despised,  
 Ye citizens of heaven.

Be to this world as dead,  
 Alive to that to come;  
 Our life in Christ is hid,  
 Who soon shall call us home.

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# Dearly We're Bought

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 102

words: Joseph Hart, 1712-1768

music: Matthew S. Welch, 2004

F G C



Come raise your thank - ful voice,  
With heart, and soul, and mind,  
Lift up your rav - ished eyes,  
Be to this world as dead,

Amin G Amin F G




Ye souls re - deemed with blood; Leave earth and all its toys,  
Ex - alt re - deem - ing love; Leave world - ly cares be - ind,  
And view the glor - y giv'n; All low - er things des - pised,  
A - live to that to come; Our life in Christ is hid,

6 C F G C




And mix no more with mud. Dear - ly we're bought,  
And set your minds a - bove.  
Ye cit - iz - ens of heav'n.  
Who soon shall call us home.

9 Amin F C G



high - ly es - teemed; Re - deemed, with Je - sus' blood re - deemed Dear - ly we're bought,

Amin F C G Amin G C



high - ly es - teemed; Re - deemed, with Je - sus' blood re - deemed.

## DEAR REFUGE OF MY WEARY SOUL

Words by Anne Steele

Music by Kevin Twit

C  
G/B

1. Dear re - fuge of my  
2. But oh! When gloo - my  
3. Hast Thou not bid me  
4. Thy mer - cy seat is

6 Am Am/G F G C C G/B  
wear - y soul, On Thee when sor - rows - rise On Thee when waves of  
doubts pre - vail, I fear to call Thee - mine The springs of com - fort  
seek Thy face, And shall I seek in - vain? And can the ear of  
o - pen still, Here let my soul re - treat With hum - ble hope at -

6 Am Am/G F G C  
trou - ble roll, My fain - ting hope re - lies To  
seem to fail, And all my hopes de - cline Yet  
sov - ereign grace, Be deaf when I com - plain? No  
tend Thy will, And wait be - neath Thy feet Thy

15 G C Dm Am F G

Thee I tell each ri - sing grief, For Thou a - lone canst  
 gra - cious God where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly  
 still the ear of sov - ereign grace, At - tends the mour - ner's  
 mer - cy seat is o - pen still, Here let my soul re -

19 Dm G C G/B Am Am/G

hea - I Thy Word can bring a sweet re - lief,  
 tru - st And still my soul would cleave to Thee  
 pray - er Oh may I ev - er find ac - cess,  
 trea - t With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will,

23 F G C C

- For eve - ry pain I feel 2. But  
 - Though pro - strate in the dust 3. Hast  
 - To breathe my sor - rows there 4. Thy  
 - And wait be - neath Thy feet.

## Dear Saviour, We Adore

(Gadsby #392)

Words by Anne Steele, 1760

Music by Robert Turner, 2009

### [VERSE 1]

Em                    D  
How oft alas this wretched heart  
      G                    D  
Has wandered from the Lord  
Em                    D  
How oft my wandering thoughts depart  
      G     C   G   D  
Forgetful of his word

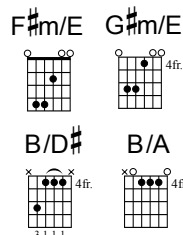
C                    G     D  
Almighty grace thy healing power  
      Em     C     G   D  
How glorious how divine  
C                    G     D  
That can to life and bliss restore  
      Em   D         G  
So vile a heart as mine

### [VERSE 2]

Em                    D  
Yet sovereign mercy calls Return  
      G                    D  
Dear Lord and may I come  
Em                    D  
My vile ingratitude I mourn  
      G     C     G   D  
O take this wanderer home

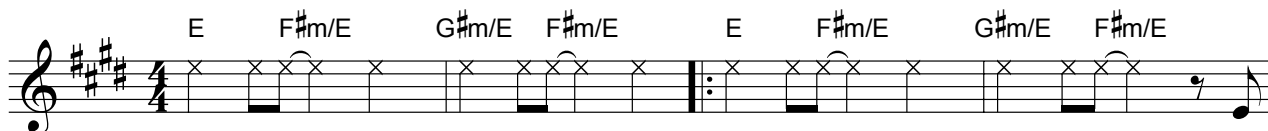
C                    G     D  
And canst thou wilt thou yet forgive  
      Em     C         G   D  
And bid my crimes remove  
C                    G     D  
And shall a pardoned rebel live  
      Em     D         G  
To speak thy wondrous love

C                    G     D  
Thy pardoning love so free so sweet  
      Em     D     G  
Dear Saviour we adore        (repeat)  
      Em         C     D   G  
Dear Saviour, thee we adore (repeat)

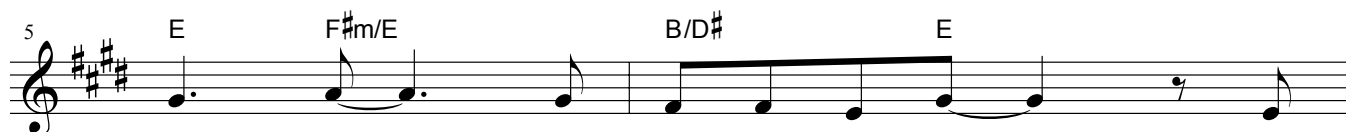


## A DEBTOR TO MERCY ALONE

Words by Augustus Toplady  
Music by Kevin Twit



1. A  
2. The  
3. My



deb - tor to mer - cy a - lone, Of  
work which from His good - ness be - gan The  
name from the palms of His hands E -



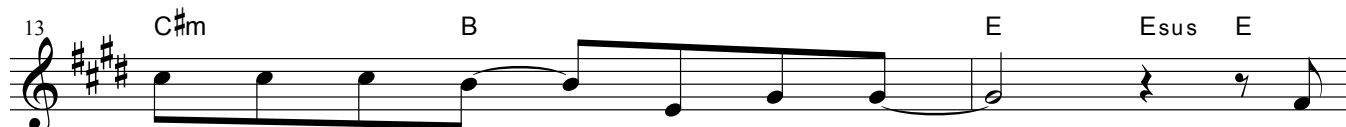
coven - ant of His mer - cy I sing Nor  
arm of His strength will com - plete His  
ter - ni - ty will not e - raise Im -



fear, with Thy right - eous - ness on My  
pro - mised on His heart and it re - mains And  
In




per - son and off - ering to bring The  
ne - ver was in - del - fei - ted yet Things  
marks of in - del - i - ble grace Yes



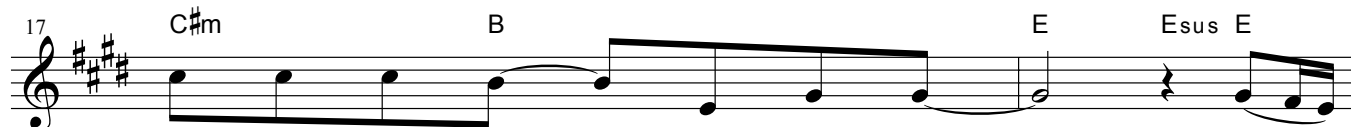
ter - rors of law and of God, With  
fu - ture, nor things that are now, Not  
I to the end shall en - dure As

15 **F#m** **E** **B**



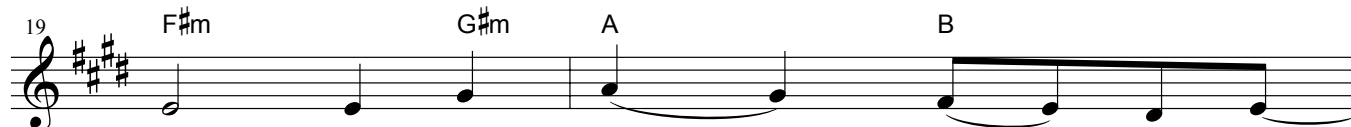
me all sure can things as have be the - no low ear - thing nor nest to a is - do bove given My Can More

17 **C#m** **B** **E** **Esus** **E**




Sa - vior's o - bed - ience and blood Hide Or The  
make Him His but pur not - pose more fore - go, se - cure

19 **F#m** **G#m** **A** **B**



all se glor - my ver i - my trans my fied - gress soul spir - ions from its from His in view love heaven

21 **E** **F#m/E** **G#m/E** **F#m/E**





## A Debtor to Mercy Alone

Words by Augustus Toplady, 1771, Music by Kevin Twit, 1998

(Capo 2)

D Em A D G A D Dsus  
 A debtor to mercy alone, Of covenant mercy I sing;  
 D Em A D G A D  
 Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on, My person and offering to bring.  
 Bm A D Em D A  
 The terrors of law and of God With me can have nothing to do;  
 Bm A D D<sub>sus</sub> D Em G A D  
 My Savior's obedience and blood Hide all my transgressions from view  
  
 D Em A D G A  
 D Dsus  
 The work which His goodness began, The arm of His strength will  
 complete;  
 D Em A D G A D  
 His promise is yea and amen, And never was forfeited yet.  
 Bm A D Em D A  
 Things future, nor things that are now, Not all things below nor above  
 Bm A D D<sub>sus</sub> D Em G A D  
 Can make Him His purpose forego, Or sever my soul from His love.  
  
 D Em A D G A D Dsus  
 My name from the palms of His hands Eternity will not erase;  
 D Em A D G A D  
 Impressed on His heart it remains In marks of indelible grace.  
 Bm A D Em D A  
 Yes, I to the end shall endure, As sure as the earnest is given  
 Bm A D D<sub>sus</sub> D Em G A D  
 More happy, but not more secure, The glorified spirits in heaven.

### A Debtor to Mercy Alone

*Words by Augustus Toplady, 1771, Music by Kevin Twit, 1998*

E F# B E A B E Esus  
 A debtor to mercy alone, Of covenant mercy I sing;  
 E F# B E A B E  
 Esus  
 Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on, My person and offering to bring.  
 C# B E F# E B  
 The terrors of law and of God With me can have nothing to do;  
 C# B E Esus E F# A B  
 E  
 My Savior's obedience and blood Hide all my transgressions from view  
 E F# B E A B  
 E Esus  
 The work which His goodness began, The arm of His strength will  
 complete;  
 E F# B E A B E Esus  
 His promise is yea and amen, And never was forfeited yet.  
 C# B E F# E  
 B  
 Things future, nor things that are now, Not all things below nor above  
 C# B E Esus E F# A B E  
 Can make Him His purpose forego, Or sever my soul from His love.  
 E F# B E A B E Esus  
 My name from the palms of His hands Eternity will not erase;  
 E F# B E A B E Esus  
 Impressed on His heart it remains In marks of indelible grace.  
 C# B E F# E B  
 Yes, I to the end shall endure, As sure as the earnest is given  
 C# B E Esus E F# A B E  
 More happy, but not more secure, The glorified spirits in heaven.

**Decide This Doubt For Me***Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #281*

Words: William Cowper, 1779.

Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

G D/F#  
 The Lord will happiness divine,  
 Em D  
 On contrite hearts, bestow  
 G D/F#  
 Then tell me gracious God is mine,  
 Em D  
 A contrite heart, or no?  
 D G/B C  
 I hear but seem to hear in vain;  
 G  
 Insensible as steel,  
 D/F#  
 Insensible as steel;  
 D G/B C  
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,  
 G  
 To find I cannot feel.  
 D/F#  
 To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclined,  
 To love thee O, if I could;  
 But often find another mind,  
 Averse to all, all that is good.

My best desires are faint and few;  
 I fain would strive for more,  
 I fain would strive for more;  
 But when I cry, "My strength renew,"  
 Seems weaker than before.  
 Seems weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted I know,  
 And love Thy house, Thy house of  
 prayer;  
 I sometimes go where others go,  
 But find no com-fort there.

O, make this heart rejoice or ache,  
 Decide this doubt for me.  
 Decide this doubt for me.  
 And if it be not broken, break,  
 And heal it if it be.  
 O, heal it if it be.

## Decide This Doubt for Me

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #281

words: William Cowper, 1779.  
music: Clint Wells, 2005.

G D/F#

The Lord will hap - pi - ness div - ine, On cont - rite hearts,

4 Emin D G D/F#

be - stow; Then tell me gra - cious God is mine, A cont - rite heart,

8 Emin D D G/B C

or no? I hear but seem to hear in vain; In - sen - si - ble as

12 G D D G/B C

steel, In - sen - si - ble as steel; If aught is felt, 'tis on - ly pain,

15 G D

To find I can - not feel. To find I cann - ot feel. I

18 G D/F# Emin

some - times think my - self in - clined, To love thee O, if I could;

21 D G D/F# Emin

But oft - en find a - noth - er mind, A - verse to all, all that is good.

25 D D G/B C  
 My best de - sires are faint and few; I fain would strive for

28 G D D G/B C  
 more, I fain would strive for more; But when I cry, "My strength re - new,"

31 G D G  
 Seems weak-er than be - fore. Seems weak-er than be - fore. Thy saints are com-fort-ed I know,

35 D/F# Emin D  
 And love Thy house, Thy house of prayer; I

38 G D/F# Emin D  
 some - times go where oth - ers go, But find no com - fort there. O,

42 D G/B C G  
 make this heart re-joice or ache, De - cide this doubt for me. De-cide this doubt for

45 D D G/B C  
 me. And if it be not brok - en, break, And heal it if it

48 G D  
 be. O, heal it if it be.

## Depth of Mercy

Words: Charles Wesley, 1740

Music: Jeff Koonce, Brian T. Murphy, Clint Wells, 2003

Capo II

D            D/C#      G/B          D/F#

Depth of mercy can there be

G            D/F#      G            A

Mercy still reserved for me

D            D/C#          G/B          D/F#

Can my God his wrath forbear

G            D/F#          G            A

Me the chief of sinners spare

Bm                    G                    Em

I have long withstood his grace

Bm                                    D/F#      A

Long provoked him to his face

Bm                                    D/F#      A

Would not hearken to his calls

Em                    D/F#    Asus   A      D

Grieved him by a thousand falls

I have spilt his precious blood

Trampled on the Son of God

Filled with pains unspeakable

I, who yet, am not in Hell

I, my master have denied

I afresh have crucified

And profaned his hallowed name

Put him to an open shame

Jesus speaks and pleads his blood

He disarms the wrath of God

Now my Father's mercies move

Justice lingers into love

There for me the savior stands

Shows his wounds and spreads his hands

God is love, I know, I feel

Jesus weeps and loves me still

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Pity from thine eye let fall  
 By a look my soul recall  
 Now the stone to flesh convert  
 Cast a look and break my heart

Now incline me to repent  
 Let me now my sins lament  
 Now my foul revolt deplore  
 Weep, believe and sin no more.

Real Key

E        E/D#     A/C#     E/G#  
 Depth of mercy can there be  
 A        E/G#     A        B  
 Mercy still reserved for me  
 E        E/D#     A/C#     E/G#  
 Can my God his wrath forbear  
 A        E/G#     A        B  
 Me the chief of sinners spare

C#m            A            F#m  
 I have long withstood his grace  
 C#m                    E/G#     B  
 Long provoked him to his face  
 C#m                    E/G#     A  
 Would not hearken to his calls  
 F#m            E/G#     Bsus B     E  
 Grieved him by a thousand falls

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# Depth of Mercy

words: Charles Wesley, 1740  
 music: Jeff Koonce, Clint Wells,  
 Brian T. Murphy, 2003

E E/D# A/C# E/G# A E/G#



Depth of mer - cy can there be Mer - cy still re -  
 I have spilt his pre - cious blood Tram - pled on the  
 Je - sus speaks and pleads his blood He dis - arms the  
 Pi - ty from thine eye let fall By a look my

4 A B E E/D# A/C# E/G#



served for me Can my God his wrath for - bear  
 Son of God Filled with pains un - speak - a - ble  
 wrath of God Now my Fa - ther's mer - cies move  
 soul re - call Now the stone to flesh con - vert

7 A E/G# A B C#min



Me the chief of sin - ners spare I have long with -  
 I, who yet, am not in hell I, my mas - ter  
 Jus - tice lin - gers in - to love There for me the  
 Cast a look and break my heart Now in - cline me

10 A F#min C#min E/G# B C#min



stood his grace Long pro - voked him to his face Would not hark - en  
 have de - nied I a - fresh have cru - ci - fied And pro - faned his  
 sa - vior stands Shows his wounds and spreads his hands God is love, I  
 to re - pent Let me now my sins la - ment Now my foul re -

14 E/G# B F#min E/G# Bsus4 B E



to his calls Grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.  
 hal - lowed name Put Him to an o - pen shame.  
 know I feel Je - sus weeps and loves me still.  
 volt de - plore Weep, be - lieve and sin no more.



## Draw My Soul to Thee

GADSBY HYMNAL #389  
 Words by Adams  
 Music by Robert Turner, 2009

**C F C G**  
 [1] DRAW my soul to thee my Lord  
**F C Am G**  
 Make me love thy precious word  
**F G Em Am**  
 Bid me seek thy smiling face  
**C F Am G**  
 Willing to be saved by grace

### [CHORUS]

**F G Em Am**  
 Dearest Jesus bid me come  
**C F Am G**  
 Let me find thyself my home  
**F G Em Am**  
 Thou the refuge of my soul  
**C F G C**  
 Where I may my troubles roll

**C F C G**  
 [2] Lord thy powerful work begun  
**F C Am G**  
 Thou wilt never leave undone  
**F G Em Am**  
 Teach me to confide in thee  
**C F Am G**  
 Thy salvation's wholly free

repeat Chorus

**Draw My Soul to Thee***Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #389*

Words: Adams, printed in the Gadsby Hymnal, 1838.

Music: Brian T. Murphy &amp; Benj Pocta, 2005.

Bb F  
 Draw my soul to Thee, my Lord;  
 Bb F  
 Make me love Thy precious word!  
 Bb F  
 Bid me seek Thy smiling face;  
 Bb F  
 Willing to be saved by grace.

Gm C  
 Dearest Jesus, bid me come;  
 F F/E Bb  
 Let me find Thyself, my home;  
 Gm C  
 Thou the Refuge of my soul,  
 F F/E Bb  
 Where I may my troubles roll.

Lord, Thy powerful work begun,  
 Thou wilt never leave undone;  
 Teach me to confide in Thee;  
 Thy salvation's wholly free.

# Draw My Soul To Thee

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #389

words: Adams, printed in 1838.  
music: Brian T. Murphy &  
Benj Pocta, 2005.

Draw my soul to Thee, my Lord;  
 Lord, Thy pow'r - ful work beg - un,  
 Make me love Thy pre - cious word! Bid me seek Thy smil - ing  
 Thou wilt nev - er leave un - done; Teach me to con - fide in  
 face; Will - ing to be saved by grace.  
 Thee; Thy sal - va - tion's whol - ly free.  
 Dear - est Je - sus, bid me come; Let me find  
 Thy - self, my home; Thou the Ref - uge of my  
 soul, Where I may my troub - les roll.

1. Are you sunk in depths of sor - row, where no arm can reach so low?  
 2. Oth - er arms grow faint and wea - ry, these can nev - er faint or fail;  
 3. Un - der - neath - us, oh, how ea - sy! We have not to mount on high,  
 4. Arms of Je - sus, fold me clo - ser to Thy strong and lov - ing breast,

There is One whose arms, al - migh - ty, reach be - yond thy deep - est woe:  
 Oth - ers reach our moun - ts of bles - sings, these our low - est, dark - est vale.  
 But to sink in - to His full - ness, and in trust - ful weak - ness lie.  
 Till my spi - rit on Thy bos - om, finds its ev - er - last - ing rest,

God, E - ter - nal, is thy re - fuge, let Him still thy wild a - larms;  
 Oh, that all might know His friend - ship! Oh, that all might see His charms!  
 And we find our hum - bling fail - ures save us from the strength that harms;  
 And when life's last sands are sink - ing, shield my heart from all a - larms,

Un - der - neath thy deep - est sor - row are the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
 Oh, that all might have be - neath them Je - sus' ev - er - last - ing arms.  
 We may fall, but un - der - neath - us are the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
 Soft - ly whis - p'ring, "Un - der - neath thee are the ev - er - last - ing arms."

Words: Albert Simpson (1843-1919), Public Domain; Music: Connie Dever (2015), used by permission

## Everlasting God

Music and Lyrics by Brenton Brown

G capo 3 (contemporary 5 chords)

Verse: (pick the melody)

**G5**   **G/B**                         **G5**  
 Strength will rise as we wait upon the Lord,  
                   **G/B**   **G5**  
 we will wait upon the Lord  
                   **G/B**   **G5**  
 we will wait upon the Lord (repeat)

PreChorus:

**G5** **Cadd9** **G5** **Cadd9**                         **Em7** **D4**  
 Our God     You reign for - ev - er

**G5** **Cadd9** **G5** **Cadd9**                         **Em7** **D4**  
 Our hope    Our strong de - liv - rer

chorus

**G5**   **G/B**  
 You are the everlasting God  
   **Em7**  
 the everlasting God  
   **Cadd9**                         **Cadd9**  
 You do not faint You won't     grow weary  
                   **G5**   **Cadd9**  
 and You're the defender of the weak  
   **Em7**  
 You comfort those in need  
   **Cadd9** **D4**             **Cadd9**  
 You lift us up on wings     like eagles

## Everlasting God

Music and Lyrics by Brenton Brown

### Capo 2 (contemporary 5 chords)

**Verse:** (pick the melody)

**G5** **G/B** **G5**  
 Strength will rise as we wait upon the Lord,  
**G/B** **G5**  
 we will wait upon the Lord  
**G/B** **G5**  
 we will wait upon the Lord (repeat)

**PreChorus:**

**G5 Cadd9 G5 Cadd9 Em7 D4**  
 Our God You reign for - ev - er  
**G5 Cadd9 G5 Cadd9 Em7 D4**  
 Our hope Our strong de - liv - rer

**chorus**

**G5** **G/B**  
 You are the everlasting God  
**Em7**  
 the everlasting God  
**Cadd9 D4 Cadd9 D4**  
 You do not faint You won't grow weary  
**G5 Cadd9**  
 You're the defender of the weak  
**Em7**  
 You comfort those in need  
**Cadd9 D4 Cadd9 D4**  
 You lift us up on wings like eagles

Every Promise of Your Word

1. From the break-ing of the dawn to the set-ting of the sun, I will stand  
 2. When I stum-ble and I sin, con-dem-na-tion press-ing in, I will stand  
 3. When I'm faced with an-guished choice, I will lis-ten for Your voice, And I'll stand  
 4. Hope that lifts me from des-pair, love that casts out ev-ry fear As I stand

on ev-'ry prom-ise of Your Word. Words of pow-er, strong to save, that will nev-er pass  
 on ev-'ry prom-ise of Your Word. You are faith-ful to for-give, that in free dom I  
 on ev-'ry prom-ise of Your Word. Through this dark and trou-bled land, You will guide me with  
 on ev-'ry prom-ise of Your Word. Not for-sa-ken, not a-lone, for the Com-for-ter

a-way, I will stand on ev-'ry prom-ise of Your Word. For Your cov-e-nant is  
 might live, So I stand on ev-'ry prom-ise of Your Word. Guilt to in-no-cence re-  
 Your hand As I stand on ev-'ry prom-ise of Your Word. And You've prom-ised to com-  
 has come, And I stand on ev-'ry prom-ise of Your Word. Grace suf-fi-cient, grace for

sure, and on this I am se-secure: I can stand on ev-'ry prom-ise of Your Word.  
 stored, You re-mem-ber sins no more, So I'll stand on ev-'ry prom-ise of Your Word.  
 plete ev-'ry work be-gun in me, So I'll stand on ev-'ry prom-ise of Your Word.  
 me, Grace for all who will be-lieve, We will stand on ev-'ry prom-ise of Your Word.

# Face To Face

Real Key

Words by Carrie E. Breck  
Music by Chris Miner

B m B m/A G F#m

1. Face to face with Christ, my Sa - vior,  
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him,  
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence,  
4. Face to face oh, bliss - ful mom - ent!

3 B m B m/A G F#m

Face to face what will it be?  
With the dark - ened veil be - - - tween.  
When are ban - ished grief and pain.  
Face to face to see and know.

5 B m B m/A G F#m

When with rap - ture I be - hold Him,  
But a bless - ed day is com - ing,  
When the crook - ed ways are straight - ened,  
Face to face with my Re - deem - er,

7 B m B m/A G F#7 *Fine*

Je - sus Christ Who died for me? *Chorus: Face*  
When His glor - y shall be seen.  
And the dark things shall be plain.  
Je - sus Christ Who loves me so.

10 G A B m A G

to face I shall be - hold Him, Far be - yond the star - ry sky; Face

14 E m B m F#m G A

to face in all His glor - y, I shall see Him by and by!

18 B m G F#m B m *D.C. al Fine after 3rd time*

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## Fairest Lord Jesus

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture,  
 2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,  
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light  
 4. Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, Lord of all na - tions,

O Thou of God and man the Son; Thee will I cher - ish,  
 Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,  
 And all the twin - kling, star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,  
 Son of God and Son of man! Glo - ry and hon - or,

Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.  
 Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.  
 Je - sus shines pur - er Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.  
 Praise, ad - o - ra - tion, Now and for - ev - er - more be Thine!

Words: Anon. German Hymn, *Munster Gesangbuch* (1677);

St. 1-3, tr. source unknown; St. 4, tr. Joseph Augustus Seiss (1823-1904)

Music: *Schlesische Volkslieder* (1842); arr. Richard Storrs Willis (1819-1900), Public Domain

## FAIREST LORD JESUS

17th Century German hymn

D G A D D D/C# Bm Bm/A G A D

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture  
 2. Fair are the mea - dows, fair - er still the wood - lands  
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, fair - er still the moon - light

5 D G D G D/F# Em D A

O Robed And Thou in all the bloom twink - ling and man garb star - ry the of Spring host

9 D G D B/D# Em Em B7 Em A7 D

Thee Je - sus Je - sus will I is shines cher - ish, fair - er, er, Thee Je - sus Je - sus will I is shines hon - er - er Thou Who Than

13 D/C# Bm Bm/A G D A D

art my glo - ry, joy, and crown makes the woe - ful heart Heav'n - to sing all the an - gels Heav'n - can boast

## FATHER, LONG BEFORE CREATION

Capo III

Chinese Hymn

Trans. by Francis P. Jones

Music by Jonathan Barnes

Em7 F G Am7

1. Fa - ther long be - fore cre - a - tion,  
 2. Though the world may change its fash - ion,  
 3. God's com - pas - sion is my sto - ry,  
 4. Lov - ing Fa - ther now be - fore Thee

3 Em F G C

Thou hadst cho - sen us in love,  
 Yet our God is e'er in the same;  
 Is my boast - ing all the day;  
 We will ev - er praise Thy love,

5 Em F G Am7

And that love so deep, so mov - ing  
 His com - pas - sion and His cov - enant  
 Mer - cy free and nev - er fail - ing  
 And our songs will sound un - ceas - ing

7 Em F G C

draws us close to Christ a - bove,  
 Through all a - ges will re - main.  
 Moves my will, di - rects my way.  
 'Til we reach our home a - bove,

9 Bb F Bb F

Still it keeps us, Still it keeps us  
 God's own child - ren, God's own child - ren  
 God so loved us, God so loved us  
 Giv - ing glo - ry, giv - ing glo - ry

11 Em F C/G G C F/A Dm G C F/A Dm G

*Last Time To Coda*

firm - ly fixed in Christ a - lone  
 Must for - ev - er praise His name.  
 That His on - ly Son He gave.  
 To our God and to the

17 Bb F Bb F Em F C/G G

Giv - ing glo - ry, giv - ing glo - ry  
 To our God and to the

21 C F/A Dm G C

Famb

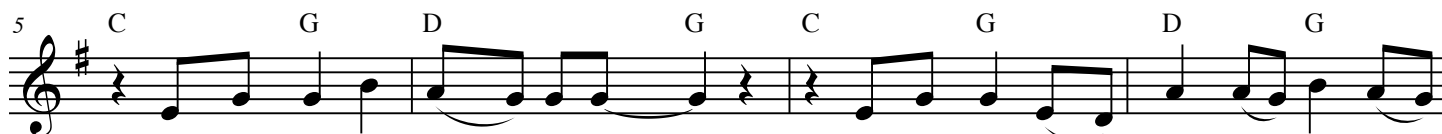
# FATHER, LONG BEFORE CREATION

To play with CD, Capo II  
 Opt. Chorus for "Sing His Love"  
 by Caedmon's Call, Capo I

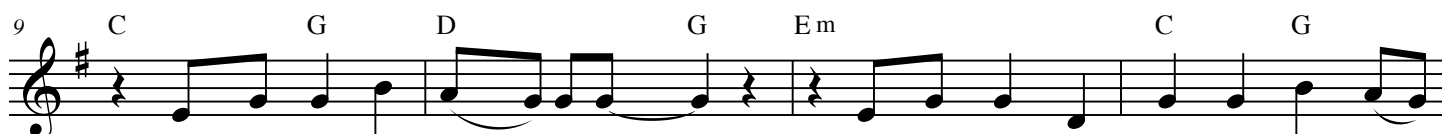
Words from Chinese Hymn  
 Translated by Francis Jones  
 Chorus by Andrew Osenga  
 Music by Andrew Osenga



1. Fa - ther long be - fore cre - a - tion  
 2. Though the world may change its fash - ion,  
 3. God's com - pas - sion is my sto - ry,  
 4. Lov - ing Fa - ther no be - fore Thee

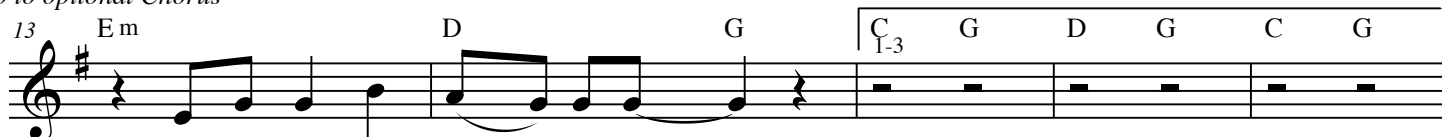


Thou hadst cho - sen us in love,  
 Yet our God is e'er the same;  
 Is my boast - ing all the day;  
 We will ev - er praise Thy love,  
 And that love so deep, so mov - ing,  
 His com - pas - sion and His cov - 'nant  
 Mer - cy free and nev - er fail - ing  
 And our songs will sound un - ceas - ing

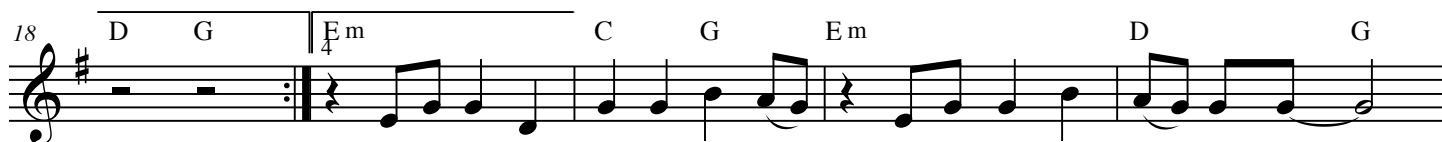


Draws us close to Christ a - bove.  
 Through all a - ges will re - main.  
 Moves my will, di - rects my way.  
 'Til we reach our home a - bove,  
 Still it keeps us, still it keeps us  
 God's own chil - dren, God's own chil - dren  
 God so loved us, God so loved us  
 Giv - ing glo - ry, giv - ing glo - ry

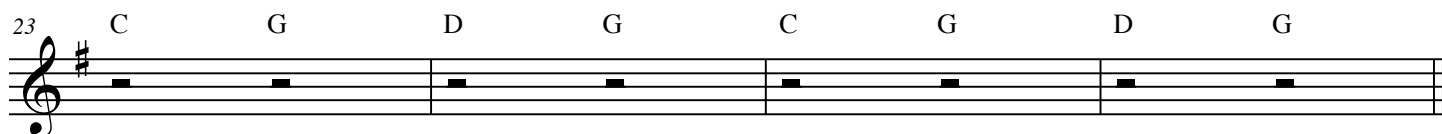
Go to optional Chorus



Firm - ly fixed in Christ a - lone.  
 Must for - ev - er praise His name.  
 That His on - ly Son He gave,  
 To our God and to the Lamb;



Giv - ing gl - ry, giv - ing glo - ry To our God and to the Lamb.



2

## Father, Long Before Creation

## Optional Chorus

27 Em D G C G

Firm - ly fixed in Christ a - lone. Chorus: And the world will sing His  
 Must for - ev - er praise His name.  
 That His on - ly Son He gave.  
 To our God and to the Lamb;

30 D C G D

love, Yes the world will sing His love, And we'll

33 C G D Em C G

all join hands, eve - ry wom - an eve ry man to sing His love,

36 D G C G D G

to sing His love.

## FATHER, LONG BEFORE CREATION

Real Key

Chinese Hymn

Trans. by Francis P. Jones

Music by Jonathan Barnes

Gm7 A $\flat$  B $\flat$  Cm7

1. Fa - ther long be - fore cre - a - tion,  
 2. Though the world may change its fash - ion,  
 3. God's com - pas - sion is my sto - ry,  
 4. Lov - ing Fa - ther now be - fore Thee

3 Gm A $\flat$  B $\flat$  E $\flat$

Thou hadst cho - sen us in the love,  
 Yet our God is e'er the same;  
 Is my boast - ing all the day;  
 We will ev - er praise Thy love,

5 Gm A $\flat$  B $\flat$  Cm7

And that love so deep, so mov - ing  
 His com - pas - sion and His cov - enant  
 Mer - cy free and nev - er fail - ing  
 And our songs will sound un - ceas - ing

7 Gm A $\flat$  B $\flat$  E $\flat$

draws us close to Christ a - bove,  
 Through all a - ges will re - main.  
 Moves my will, di - rects my way.  
 'Til we reach our home a - bove,

9 D $\flat$  A $\flat$  D $\flat$  A $\flat$

Still it keeps us, Still it keeps us  
 God's own child - ren, God's own child - ren  
 God so loved us, God so loved us  
 Giv - ing glo - ry, giv - ing glo - ry

11 Gm A $\flat$  E $\flat$ /B $\flat$  B $\flat$  E $\flat$  A $\flat$ /C Fm B $\flat$  E $\flat$  A $\flat$ /C Fm B $\flat$

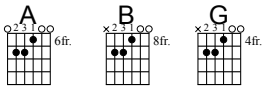
*Last Time To Coda*

firm - ly fixed in Christ a - lone name.  
 Must for - ev - er praise His name.  
 That His on - ly Son He gave.  
 To our God and to the

17 D $\flat$  A $\flat$  D $\flat$  A $\flat$  Gm A $\flat$  E $\flat$ /B $\flat$  B $\flat$

Giv - ing glo - ry, giv - ing glo - ry To our God and to the

21 E $\flat$  A $\flat$ /C Fm B $\flat$  E $\flat$



# FATHER OF MERCIES IN THY WORD

Words by Anne Steele  
Music by Steve Dale

1. Fa-ther of mer - cies, in Thy Word What end - less glo - ry shines!  
2. Here the Re-deem - er's wel - come voice Spreads heav'n - ly peace a - round

5 For - ev - er be Thy Name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.  
And life and ev - er - last - ing joys At - tend the bliss - ful sound.

9 Here, the fair tree of know - ledge grows And yields a free re - past  
Oh may these heav'n - ly pa - ges be My ev - er dear de - light,

13 Sub - lim - er sweets than na - ture knows In - vite the long - ing taste.  
And still new beau - ties may I see, And still in - creas - ing light.

17 **Chorus:** Fa - ther of mer - cies Fa - ther of mer - cies

21 Fa - ther of mer - cies In Thy Word *Fine 2nd time*  
**Repeat Chorus**

25 3. Div - ine In - struct - or, gra - cious Lord, Be Thou for - ev - er near;

29 Teach me to love Thy sa - cred Word, And view my Sa - vior there. *D.S. al Fine*

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might,  
 2. Run the straight race through God's good grace,  
 3. Cast care a - side, lean on thy Guide;  
 4. Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,

Christ is thy strength and Christ thy light;  
 Lift up thine eyes and seek His face;  
 His bound-less mer - cy will pro - vide;  
 He chang - eth not, and thou art dear;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be  
 Life with its way be - fore thee lies,  
 Lean, and the trus - ting soul shall prove  
 On - ly be - lieve and thou shalt see

Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.  
 Christ is the path and Christ the prize.  
 Christ is its life, and Christ its love.  
 That Christ is all in all to thee.



1. For He a - lone is wor - thy, For He a - lone is wor - thy,  
2. We'll give Him all the glo - ry, We'll give Him all the glo - ry,  
3. O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,

The first system of music consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple harmonic setting of the lyrics.

For He a - lone is wor - thy, Christ the Lord!  
We'll give Him all the glo - ry, Christ the Lord!  
O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord!

The second system of music continues the piece. It features the same two-staff format as the first system. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, corresponding to the three parts of the hymn. The music concludes with a final cadence in the bass staff.

For the beauty of the earth

G G/B D G C A-7 D G  
 For the beauty of the earth For the glory of the skies,  
 G G/B D G C A-7 D G  
 For the love which from our birth Over and around us lies.

*G D/F# C G C D/C G/B A-7 G D G*  
*Lord of all, to Thee we raise, This our hymn of grateful praise.*

G G/B D G C A-7 D G  
 For the joy of ear and eye, For the heart and mind's delight,  
 G G/B D G C A-7 D G  
 For the mystic harmony Linking sense to sound and sight.

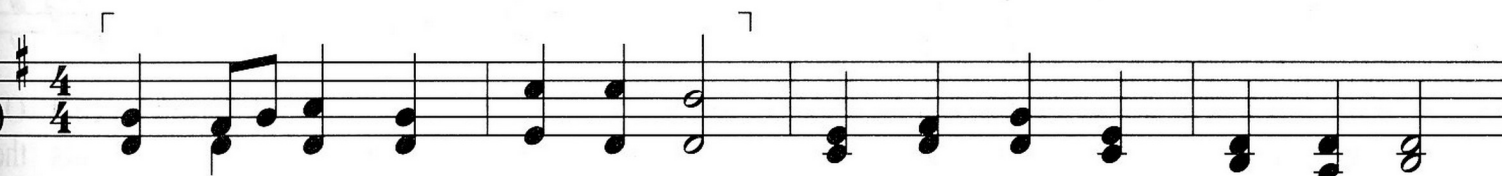
G G/B D G C A-7 D G  
 For the wonder of each hour Of the Day and of the night  
 G G/B D G C A-7 D G  
 Hill and Vale and Tree and Flower, Sun and moon and stars of light

G G/B D G C A-7 D G  
 For Thyself, best Gift Divine, To the world so freely given,  
 G G/B D G C A-7 D G  
 For that great, great love of Thine, Peace on earth and joy in heaven.

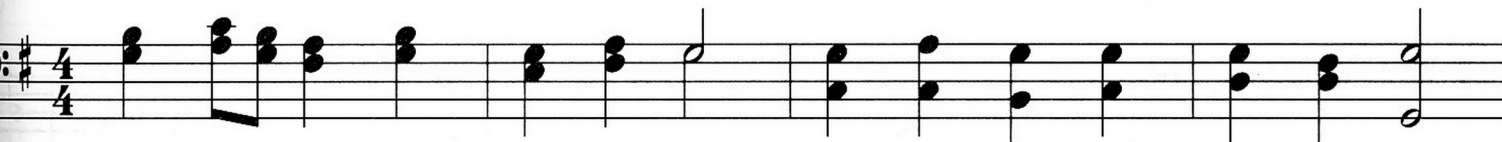
# For the Beauty of the Earth

116

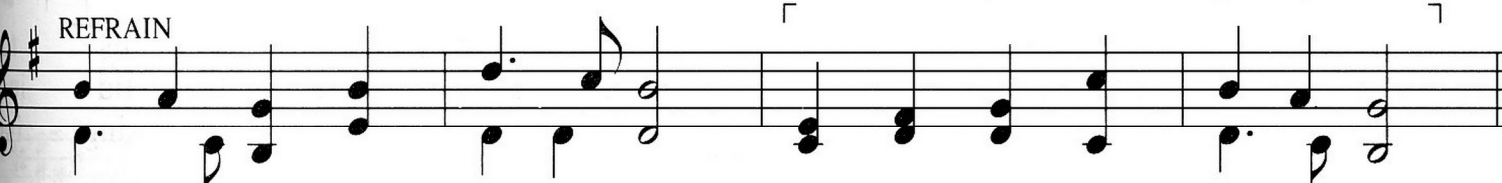
*Every good and perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of the heavenly lights, who does not change like shifting shadows. Jas. 1:17*



1. For the beau - ty of the earth, for the glo - ry of the skies,  
 2. For the beau - ty of each hour of the day and of the night,  
 3. For the joy of ear and eye, for the heart and mind's de - light,  
 4. For the joy of hu - man love, broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,  
 5. For each per - fect gift of thine to our race so free - ly giv'n,



for the love which from our birth o - ver and a - round us lies,  
 hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, sun and moon and stars of light,  
 for the mys - tic har - mo - ny link - ing sense to sound and sight,  
 friends on earth and friends a - bove, for all gen - tle thoughts and mild,  
 grac - es hu - man and di - vine, flow'rs of earth and buds of heav'n,



Lord of all, to thee we raise this our hymn of grate - ful praise.



## FOR ALL THE SAINTS

Words by William H. How  
 Music by Christopher Miner

1. For all the saints who from this la - bor's rest to thee by -  
 2. Thou wast their rock, their for-tress, and their might; Thou, Lord, their  
 3. O may thy sold - iers faith-ful, true, and bold, Fight as the

faith be - fore the world con - fess thy name O Je - sus be for -  
 Cap - tain in the well - fought fight; Thou, in the dark - ness drear, their  
 saints who no - bly fought of old, And win with them the vic - tor's

*Last Time To Coda*

e - ver - blessed al - le - lu - ia Al - le - lu.  
 one true light. al - le - lu - ia Al - le - lu.  
 crown of gold. al - le - lu - ia Al - le - lu.

lu - ia.

4. The golden evening brightens in the west;  
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;  
 Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest, alleluia. Allelu.

5. But lo! There breaks a yet more glorious day;  
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
 The King of glory passes on his way, alleluia. Allelu.

6. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, alleluia. Alleluia.

## FOR ALL THE SAINTS

Words by William H. How  
 Music by Christopher Miner

1. For all the saints who from this la - bor's rest to thee by -  
 2. Thou wast their rock, their for - tress, and their might; Thou, Lord, their  
 3. O may thy sold - iers faith - ful, true, and bold, Fight as the

4  
 A G D A  
 faith be - fore the world con - fess thy name O Je - sus be for -  
 Cap - tain in the well - fought fight; Thou, in the dark - ness drear, their  
 saints who no - bly fought of old, And win with them the vic - tor's

7  
 Bm A G D A  
 e - ver - blessed al - le - lu - ia Al - le - lu.  
 one true light. al - le - lu - ia Al - le - lu.  
 crown of gold. al - le - lu - ia Al - le - lu.

*Last Time To Coda*

4. The gold - en eve - ning bri gh tens in the west Soon Soon to  
 5. But lo! There breaks a yet more glor ious day The saints tri  
 6. From erths wide bounds - from ocean's far thest coast Through gates of

4  
 A G D A  
 faith ful war - - rious comes their rest Sweet is the calm of par - a  
 umph ant rise in brigh ar ray The King of glo ry pas ses  
 pearl streams in the count les hosts Sing ing to Fath er Son and

7  
 Bm A G D A  
 dise the blest al - le - lu - ia Al - le - lu.  
 on his way al - le - lu - ia Al - le - lu.  
 Ho ly Ghost al - le - lu - ia Al - le - lu.

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**G**  
 Give thanks to the Lord for he is good his love endures forever  
**C** **G**  
 for he is good he is above all things his love endures forever  
**D** **C**  
 Sing praise, sing praise

**G**  
 With the mighty hand and an outstretched arm his love endures forever  
**C** **G**  
 For the life that's been reborn his love endures forever  
**D** **C**  
 Sing praise, sing praise  
**D** **C**  
 Sing praise, sing praise

Chorus

**G**  
 Forever God is faithful  
**Em**  
 Forever God is strong  
**D** **C**  
 Forever God is with us, forever

**G**  
 From the rising to the setting sun his love endures forever  
**C** **G**  
 And by the grace of God we will carry on his love endures forever  
**D** **C**  
 Sing praise, sing praise  
**D** **C**  
 Sing praise, sing praise

# FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH

Words by Follitt S. Pierpoint  
Music by Conrad Kocher

## Capo I

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glor - y of the skies  
2. For the won - der of each hour, Of the day and of the night  
3. For the joy of hu - man love, Bro - ther, sis - ter, par - ent, child

For the love which from our birth, O - ver and a - round us lies  
Hill and vale and tree and flower, Sun and moon and stars of light  
Friends on earth and friends a - bove For all gen - tle thoughts and mild

**Chorus:** Lord of all to Thee we raise, This our hymn of grate - ful praise

4. For the Church that evermore,  
Lifteth holy hands above  
Offering up on every shore,  
Her pure sacrifice of love

5. For Thyself best gift divine,  
To our race so freely given  
For that great, great love of Thine  
Peace on earth and joy in Heaven

## FREE GRACE

Words by Joseph Hart  
and Matthew Smith  
Music by Matthew Smith

Chord progression for the first system: Eb, Ab/Bb, Eb, Ab/Bb, Eb, Ab/Bb.

Chord progression for the second system: Eb, Ab, Eb, Ab, Eb, Ab.

Chord progression for the third system: Eb, Ab, Eb, Ab, Eb, Ab.

Lyrics:

1. You child - ren of God, by faith in His Son  
 2. This par - don, this peace which none can de - stroy  
 3. It's not for good deeds, good tem - pers nor frames

Re - deemed by His blood and with Him made one  
 This trea - sure of grace and heav - en - ly joy  
 From grace it pro - ceeds, and all is the Lamb's



12 E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>

This un - ion with won - der and rap - ture be seen  
 The worth-less may crave it, it al - ways comes free  
 No good-ness, no fit - ness ex - pects He from us

16 E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>

Which no - thing shall sun - der, with - out or with - in  
 The vil - est may have it, was giv - en to me  
 This I can well wit - ness, for none could be worse

20 E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>

Free grace, has paid for all my sin.

24 E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>

Free grace, though it cost so much to him.

Detailed description: This system contains measures 24 through 27. The vocal line begins with a whole note E<sup>b</sup> in measure 24, followed by a whole rest. In measure 25, there are whole notes A<sup>b</sup> and E<sup>b</sup>. Measure 26 features a half note B<sup>b</sup> and a half note G<sup>b</sup>. Measure 27 consists of a quarter note F<sup>b</sup>, a quarter note E<sup>b</sup>, a quarter note D<sup>b</sup>, and a quarter note C<sup>b</sup>. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

28 E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>

Free grace, has freed e - ven my will.

Detailed description: This system contains measures 28 through 31. The vocal line starts with a whole note E<sup>b</sup> in measure 28, followed by a whole rest. Measure 29 has whole notes A<sup>b</sup> and E<sup>b</sup>. Measure 30 has a half note B<sup>b</sup> and a half note G<sup>b</sup>. Measure 31 has a quarter note F<sup>b</sup>, a quarter note E<sup>b</sup>, a quarter note D<sup>b</sup>, and a quarter note C<sup>b</sup>. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

32 E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>

Free grace, to the end

Detailed description: This system contains measures 32 through 35. The vocal line begins with a whole note E<sup>b</sup> in measure 32, followed by a whole rest. Measure 33 has whole notes A<sup>b</sup> and E<sup>b</sup>. Measure 34 has a half note B<sup>b</sup> and a half note G<sup>b</sup>. Measure 35 has a quarter note F<sup>b</sup>, a quarter note E<sup>b</sup>, a quarter note D<sup>b</sup>, and a quarter note C<sup>b</sup>. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with the same rhythmic pattern.

35 *A<sup>b</sup>* *2nd time to Coda* *E<sup>b</sup>* *A<sup>b</sup>* *E<sup>b</sup>* *D.S. al Coda*  
*A<sup>b</sup>*

sus - tains me still.

35 *2nd time to Coda* *D.S. al Coda*

38 *E<sup>b</sup>* *A<sup>b</sup>* *E<sup>b</sup>* *Cm* *B<sup>b</sup>*

Sick sin - ner, ex - pect no balm but Christ's

38

42 *A<sup>b</sup>* *Cm* *B<sup>b</sup>* *A<sup>b</sup>*

blood Your own works re - ject, the bad and the good

42

47 Cm B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>

None ev - er re - gret it that on Him re - ly

51 Cm B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>

Though guilt - ty as Saul or Jo - nah or I

55 E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>

Free grace, has paid for all my sin.

59  $E^b$   $B^b$   $A^b$   $E^b$   $A^b$

Free grace, though it cost so much to him.

63  $E^b$   $B^b$   $A^b$   $E^b$   $A^b$

Free grace, has freed e - ven my will.

67  $E^b$   $B^b$   $A^b$   $E^b$   $A^b$

Free grace, to the end sus-tains me still.

71

## FREE GRACE

Words by Joseph Hart  
and Matthew S. Smith  
Music by Matthew S. Smith

CAPO IV

The musical score is written in treble clef with a 7/4 time signature. It consists of eight staves of music. The first staff begins with a C chord and a melodic line. The second staff is the start of Verse 1, with lyrics: "Verse 1: You child - ren of God, by faith in His Son". The third staff continues Verse 1: "Re - deemed by His blood and with Him made one This". The fourth staff continues Verse 1: "un - ion with won - der and rap - ture be seen Which". The fifth staff continues Verse 1: "no - thing shall sun - der, with - out or with - in". The sixth staff is the start of Verse 2, with lyrics: "Verse 2: This par - don, this peace which none can de - stroy". The seventh staff continues Verse 2: "This trea - sure of grace and heav - en - ly joy The". The eighth staff continues Verse 2: "worth - less may crave it, it al - ways comes free The". The ninth staff continues Verse 2: "vil - est may have it, it was giv - en to me". The tenth staff is the start of the Chorus, with lyrics: "Chorus: Free grace". The eleventh staff continues the Chorus: "has paid for all my sin Free grace, -".

**Verse 1:** You child - ren of God, by faith in His Son  
Re - deemed by His blood and with Him made one This  
un - ion with won - der and rap - ture be seen Which  
no - thing shall sun - der, with - out or with - in

**Verse 2:** This par - don, this peace which none can de - stroy  
This trea - sure of grace and heav - en - ly joy The  
worth - less may crave it, it al - ways comes free The  
vil - est may have it, it was giv - en to me

**Chorus:** Free grace  
has paid for all my sin Free grace, -

37 G F C F C  
 though it cost so much to Him Free grace.

41 G F C F C  
 has freed e - ven my will Free grace,

45 G F C F C  
 to the end su - stains me still *To Coda*  
 F *Fine*

49 C F C F C F C F  
 Verse 3: It's not for good deeds, good tem - pers nor frames

53 C F C F C F C  
 From grace it pro - ceeds, and all is the Lamb's No

57 G F C F C  
 good - ness, no fit - ness ex - pects He from us This

61 G F C F C *D.S. al Coda*  
 I can well wit - ness, for none could be worse Free grace

65 Am G F  
 Bridge: Sick sin - ner, ex - pect no balm but Christ's blood

69 Am G F  
 Your own works re - ject, the bad and the good None

73 Am G F  
 ev - er re - gret it that on Him re - ly Though

77 Am G F *D.S. al Fine*  
 guil - ty as Saul or Jo - nah or I Free grace

## Friend Of Sinners

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 1052*

Words - Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-1778

Music - Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

E A/F# E/G# B A  
 Redeemer! Whither should I flee,  
 E A/F# E/G# B A  
 Or how escape the wrath to come?  
 E A/F# E/G# B A  
 The weary sinner flies to thee  
 E A/F# E/G# B A  
 For shelter from impending doom;  
 E A  
 Smile on me, gracious Lord,  
 E A  
 And show thyself the Friend sinners now  
 E A  
 Smile on me, gracious Lord,  
 A/F# E/G# B E  
 And show thyself the Friend sinners now.

Beneath the shadow of thy cross  
 The heavy laden soul finds rest;  
 I would esteem the world but dross,  
 So I might be of Christ possessed.  
 I'd seek my every joy in thee,  
 Be thou both life and light to me.

Close to the *highly shameful* tree,  
 Jesus, my humbled soul would cleave;  
 Despised and crucified with thee,  
 With thee resolved to die and live;  
 This prayer and this ambition mine,  
 Living and dying to be thine.

There fastened to the rugged wood  
 By holy love's resistless chain,  
 And life deriving from thy blood,  
 Never to wander wide again,  
 There may I bow my suppliant knee,  
 And own no other Lord but thee.

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# Friend of Sinners

from the Gadsby Hymnal #1052

words: A. M. Toplady, 1740-1788

music: Jeff Koonce and

Brian T. Murphy, 2004

E A/F# E/G# B/D# A

Re - deem - er! with - er should I flee,  
 Be - neath the sha - dow of Thy cross  
 Close to the high - ly shame - ful tree,  
 There fast - ened to the rug - ged wood

3 E A/F# E/G# B/D# A

Or how es - cape the wrath to come?  
 The hea - vy la - den soul finds rest  
 Je - sus, my hum - ble soul would cleave;  
 By ho - ly love's re - sist - less claim

5 E A/F# E/G# B/D# A

The wear - y sin - ner flies to Thee  
 I would es - teem the world but dross  
 De - spised and cru - ci - fied with Thee,  
 And life de - riv - ing from Thy blood

7 E A/F# E/G# B/D# A

For shel - ter from im - pend - ing doom;  
 So I might be of Christ pos - sessed  
 With Thee re - solved to die and live;  
 Nev - er to wan - der wide a - gain

9 E A E

Smile on me, Gra - cious Lord, And show thy - self a  
 I'd seek my ev - 'ry Joy - in Thee Be thou both life - and  
 This pray'r and this am - bi - tion mine Liv - ing and dy - ing  
 There may I bow my sup - pli - ant knee And own no oth - er

12 A E A

friend of sin - ners now, Smile on me, Gra - cious Lord,  
 light to me I'd seek my ev - 'ry Joy - in Thee  
 to be thine This pray'r and this am - bi - tion mine  
 Lord but Thee There may I bow my sup - pli - ant knee

15 F#min E/G# Bsus4 B E

and show thy - self a friend of sin - ners now.  
 Be thou both life and light to me.  
 Liv - ing and dy - ing to be thine.  
 And own no oth - er Lord but Thee.

## From the Squalor of a Borrowed Stable

1. From the squalor of a borrowed stable, By the Spirit and a  
 2. King of heaven now the Friend of sinners, Humble servant in the  
 3. Through the kisses of a friend's betrayal, He was lifted on a  
 4. Now He's standing at the place of honor, Crowned with glory on the

virgin's faith; To the anguish and the shame of scandal Came the  
 Father's hands, Filled with power and the Holy Spirit, Filled with  
 cruel cross; He was punished for a world's transgressions, He was  
 highest throne, Interceding for his own beloved Till His

Savior of the human race! But the skies were filled with the praise of  
 mercy for the broken man. Yes, He walked my road and He felt my  
 suffering to save the lost. He fights for breath, He fights for  
 Father calls to bring them home! Then the skies will part as the trumpet

heav'n, Shepherds listen as the angels tell Of the Gift of  
 pain, Joys and sorrows that I know so well; Yet his righteous  
 me, Loosing sinners from the claims of hell; And with a  
 sounds: Hope of heaven or the fear of hell; But the Bride will

God come down to man At the dawning of Immanuel.  
 steps give me hope a gain; I will follow my Immanuel.  
 shout our souls are free; Death defeated by Immanuel.  
 run to her Lover's arms, Giving glory to Immanuel.

Words and Music: Stuart Townend, © 1999 Kingsway Music (CCLI #264766)

## Give to Our God

1. Give to our God im - mor - tal praise,  
 2. Give to the Lord of Lords re - nown;  
 3. *He built the earth, he spread the sky,*  
 4. *He fills the sun with mor - ning light,*  
 5. He sent his Son with pow'r to save  
 6. Through this vain world he guides our feet,

Mer - cy and truth are all his ways:  
 The King of Kings with glo - ry crown:  
*And fixed the star - ry lights on high,*  
*He bids the moon di - rect the night:*  
 From guilt and dark - ness and the grave:  
 And leads us to his mer - cy seat;

Won - ders of grace to God be - long,  
 His mer - cies ev - er shall en - dure,  
*Won - ders of grace to God be - long,*  
*His mer - cies ev - er shall en - dure,*  
 Won - ders of grace to God be - long,  
 His mer - cies ev - er shall en - dure,

Re - peat his mer - cies in your song.  
 When lords and kings are known no more.  
*Re - peat his mer - cies in your song.*  
*When suns and moons shall shine no more.*  
 Re - peat his mer - cies in your song.  
 When this vain world shall be no more.

Words: Psalm 136, alt. Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: Melody from Boyd's Psalm & Hymn Tunes (1793), later attrib. John Hatton (d. 1793), Public Domain

# Give Reviving

Swing Feel

Words by Albert Midlane  
alt. by Chelsey Scott  
Music by Chelsey Scott  
and Aaron Sands



E F#m11/E

1. Fa - ther for Thy prom - ised bless - ing,  
2. Prayer as - cend - eth to Thee ev - er,  
3. Let no peo - ple be for - got - ten,

3 E F#m11/E

Still we plead be - fore Thy throne,  
An - swer! Fa - ther, an - swer pray'r,  
Let Thy show'rs on all de - scend,

5 E F#m11/E

For the times of sweet re - fresh - ing,  
Bless, oh bless each, weak en - deav - or,  
That in one loud bless - ed an - them,

7 E F#m11/E

Which can come from Thee a - lone, Bless - ed ear -  
Blood - bought par - don to de - clare, Wake Thy slumb'r -  
mill - ions may in tri - umph blend, Give re - viv -

9 A2 F#m11/E

- nests, Thou hast giv - en, But in these  
- ing, chil - dren wake them, Bid them to  
- ing, give re - fresh - ing, Give the looked

11 C#m7 A2

we would not rest, Bless - ings still  
Thy har - vest go, Bless - ings oh  
- for Ju - bi - lee, To Thy - self

13 A2 E

— with — — — — —  
 — our, — — — — —  
 — may, — — — — —

Thee are hid - den,  
 Fa - ther make,  
 crowds be press - ing

Pour them forth —  
 Round their steps —  
 Bring - ing glo -

15 C#m7 B E F#m11/E E F#m11/E

— — — — — and make us — — — — — blest!  
 — — — — — let bless - ings — — — — — flow.  
 - ry — — — — — un - to — — — — — Thee.

20 E Opt. Solo Section A2 F#m11/E C#m7 A2 A2

flow.

26 E C#m7 B E F#m11/E E F#m11/E

32 E A2 F#m11/E

Thee. Give re - viv - ing, — — — — — give re - fresh - ing, — — — — — Give the looked — — — — —

35 C#m7 A2 A2

— for — — — — — Ju - bi - lee, To Thy - self — — — — — may — — — — — crowds be press -

38 E C#m7 B E F#m11/E E

ing, Bring - ing glo - ry — — — — — un - to — — — — — Thee.

## GIVE TO THE WINDS THY FEARS

Words by Paul Gerhardt  
 Trans. by John Wesley  
 Music by Jon Caudill

## Capo II

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of six lines of music, each with a set of lyrics and guitar chords indicated above the staff. The chords are: D, A, G, D, G, C, A, D, A, Bm, G, A, G, A, G, A, D.

1. Give to the winds thy fears,  
 2. Leave to His sov - ereign sway,  
 3. Far, far a - bove thy thought,  
 4. Through waves and clouds and storms,

3 Hope and be un - dis - mayed.  
 To choose and to com - mand;  
 His coun - sel shall ap - pear  
 He gent - ly clears the way;

5 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,  
 Then shalt thou, wand - ering, own His way,  
 When ful - ly His He; the so work shall hath this  
 Wait thou His time;

7 God will lift up, God will lift up  
 How wise, how strong, how wise, how strong  
 That caused thy need, that caused thy need  
 Soon end in joy, soon end in joy

9 God will lift up thy head  
 How wise, caused thy need - less fear  
 Soon end in joy - ous day.

Glorify Thy Name

1. Fa - ther, we love You, we wor - ship and a - dore You,  
 2. Je - sus, we love You, we wor - ship and a - dore You,  
 3. Spir - it, we love You, we wor - ship and a - dore You,

Glo - ri - fy Thy name in all the earth.

Glo - ri - fy Thy name, Glo - ri - fy Thy name,

Glo - ri - fy Thy name in all the earth.

## Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;  
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring - ing from e - ter - nal love,  
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - ering, See the cloud and fire ap - pear

He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode:  
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move:  
 For a glo - ry and a cov - ering, Show - ing that the Lord is near!

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
 Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er does their thirst as - suage?  
 Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may smile at all thy foes.  
 Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
 He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode.

Words: John Newton (1725-1807); Music: Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809), Public Domain



## GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN

Words by John Newton

Music by Kevin Twit

1. Glor - ious things of thee are spo - ken,  
 2. See the streams of liv - ing wa - ters,  
 3. Blest in - hab - tants of Zi - on, on,  
 4. Sa - vior if of Zi - on's ci - ty,

3 Zi - on ci - ty of our God  
 Spring - ing in from the e - ter - nal love  
 Washed I, through grace, Re - deem - er's blood  
 I, through grace, a mem - ber am

5 He whose word can Thy - not sons be bro - ken,  
 Well sup - plies them and daugh - ters,  
 Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly - on,  
 Let the world de - ride or pi - ty,

7 Formed thee for His own a - bode  
 And all them kings of and Thy - moves  
 Makes I will glor - y in Thy God  
 I will glor - y in Thy Name

9 On the rock of while a - ges found - ed  
 Who can His love is His the such a ri - ver,  
 'Tis His love is His the peo - ple's rais - es,  
 Fad - ing is the the world - ling's plea - sure,

11 G A D

What - can shake thy sure re  
Ev - er flows their thirst to  
O - ver self to ed pomp as  
All his boast - ed and

13 A G/B D G

pose?  
quench?  
kings  
show

With Grace And Sol - sal - va - tion's  
which as id priests joys the  
like priests and His

15 A D A/C# Bm G

walls sur - round - ed, Thou - mayst smile at  
Lord the gi - ver, Ne - ver fails from  
sol - emn prais - es, Each for a thank  
last - ing trea - sure, None but Zi - on's

17 A D G/B D G/B

all thy foes  
age to age  
off - ring brings  
chil - dren know

## Go to Dark Gethsemane

1. Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, You who 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.

How many are your works, O LORD! In wisdom you made them all; the earth is full of your creatures. Ps. 104:24



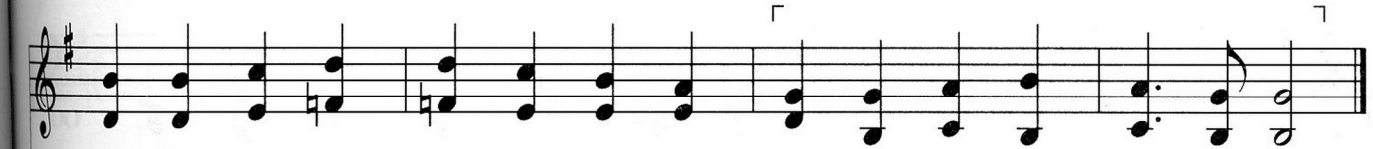
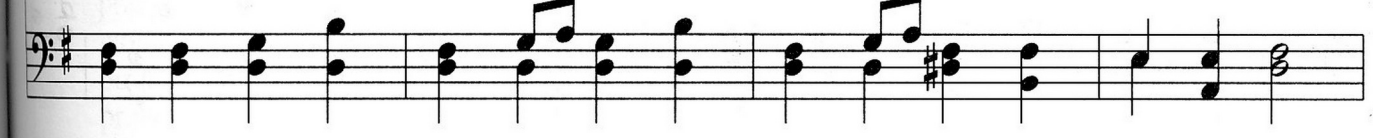
1. God, all na - ture sings thy glo - ry, and thy works pro - claim thy might;  
 2. Clear - er still we see thy hand in man whom thou hast made for thee;  
 3. But our sins have spoiled thine im - age; na - ture, con - science on - ly serve  
 4. God of glo - ry, pow - er, mer - cy, all cre - a - tion prais - es thee;



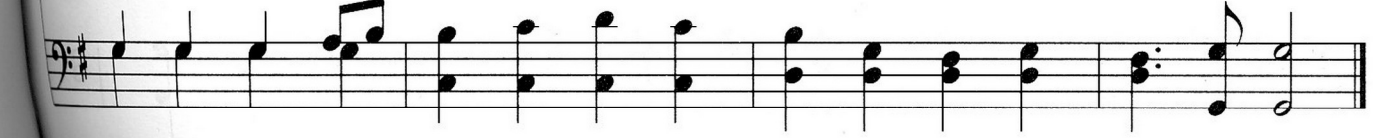
or - dered vast - ness in the heav - ens, or - dered course of day and night;  
 rul - er of cre - a - tion's glo - ry, im - age of thy maj - es - ty.  
 as un - ceas - ing, grim re - mind - ers of the wrath which we de - serve.  
 we, thy crea - tures, would a - dore thee now and through e - ter - ni - ty.



beau - ty in the chang - ing sea - sons, beau - ty in the storm - ing sea;  
 Mu - sic, art, the fruit - ful gar - den, all the la - bor of his days,  
 Yet thy grace and sav - ing mer - cy in thy Word of truth re - vealed  
 Saved to mag - ni - fy thy good - ness, grant us strength to do thy will;



all the chang - ing moods of na - ture praise the change - less Trin - i - ty.  
 are the call - ing of his Mak - er to the har - vest feast of praise.  
 claim the praise of all who know thee, in the blood of Je - sus sealed.  
 with our acts as with our voic - es thy com - mand - ments to ful - fill.



How many are your works, O LORD! In wisdom you made them all; the earth is full of your creatures. Ps. 104:24



1. God, all na - ture sings thy glo - ry, and thy works pro - claim thy might;  
 2. Clear - er still we see thy hand in man whom thou hast made for thee;  
 3. But our sins have spoiled thine im - age; na - ture, con - science on - ly serve  
 4. God of glo - ry, pow - er, mer - cy, all cre - a - tion prais - es thee;



or - dered vast - ness in the heav - ens, or - dered course of day and night;  
 rul - er of cre - a - tion's glo - ry, im - age of thy maj - es - ty.  
 as un - ceas - ing, grim re - mind - ers of the wrath which we de - serve.  
 we, thy crea - tures, would a - dore thee now and through e - ter - ni - ty.



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 Yet thy grace and sav - ing mer - cy in thy Word of truth re - vealed  
 Saved to mag - ni - fy thy good - ness, grant us strength to do thy will;



all the chang - ing moods of na - ture praise the change - less Trin - i - ty.  
 are the call - ing of his Mak - er to the har - vest feast of praise.  
 claim the praise of all who know thee, in the blood of Je - sus sealed.  
 with our acts as with our voic - es thy com - mand - ments to ful - fill.



**God, Be Merciful to Me**

©1997 Christopher Miner Music. Words: *Psalter 1912*. Music:  
Christopher Miner.

Capo II

<p>G D Em C 1. God, be merciful to me; G D Em C On Thy grace I rest my plea G D Em C Plenteous in compassion Thou, G D Em Blot out my transgressions now; C D G D Em Wash me, make me pure with—in; C D G Cleanse, O cleanse me from my sin. G D Em C</p> <p>G D Em C 2. My transgressions I confess; G D Em C Grief and guilt my soul oppress. G D Em C I have sinned against Thy grace, G D Em And provoked Thee to Thy face. C D G D Em I confess Thy judgement just; C D G Speechless, I Thy mercy trust. G D Em C</p>	<p>G D Em C 5. Gracious God, my heart renew, G D Em C Make my spirit right and true. G D Em C Cast me not away from Thee, G D Em Let Thy Spirit dwell in me; C D G D Em Thy salvation's joy impart, C D G Steadfast make my willing heart. G D Em C</p> <p>G D Em C 6. Sinners then shall learn from me, G D Em C And return, O God, to Thee G D Em C Savior all my guilt remove, G D Em And my tongue shall sing Thy love C D G D Em Touch my silent lips, O Lord, C D G And my mouth shall praise accord G D Em C</p>
<p>3. I am evil, born in sin; Thou desirest truth within. Thou alone my Savior art, Teach Thy wisdom to my heart; Make me pure, Thy grace bestow, Wash me whiter than the snow.</p>	<p>4. Broken, humbled to the dust By Thy wrath and judgment just, Let my contrite heart rejoice, And in gladness hear Thy voice; From my sins O hide Thy face, Blot them out in boundless grace.</p>

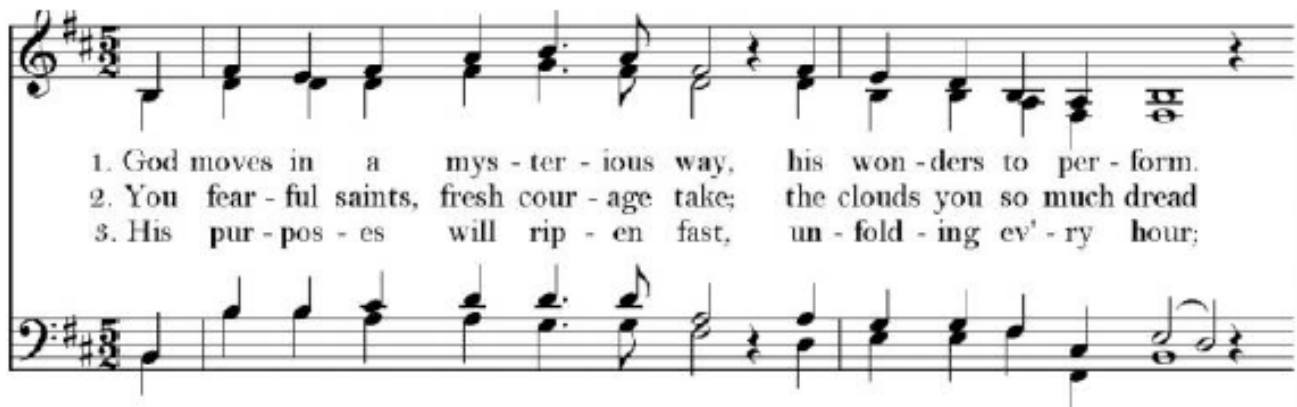
## God, in the Gospel of His Son

1. God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e -  
 2. Here sin - ners of a hum - ble frame May taste His  
 3. The pris - 'ner here may break his chains; The wea - ry and  
 4. O grant us grace, Al - might - y Lord, To read and

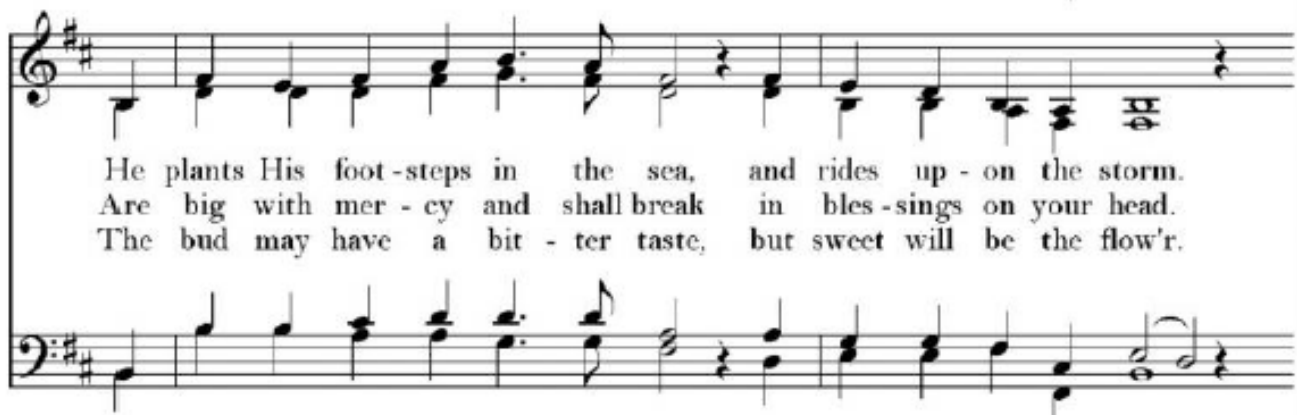
ter - nal coun - sels known; Where love in all its  
 grace and learn His name; May read in char - ac -  
 rest from all his pains; The cap - tive feel his  
 mark Thy ho - ly word; Its truth with meek - ness

glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.  
 ters of blood, The wis - dom, pow'r and grace of God.  
 bond - age cease; The mourn - er find the way of peace.  
 to re - ceive, And by its ho - ly pre - cepts live.

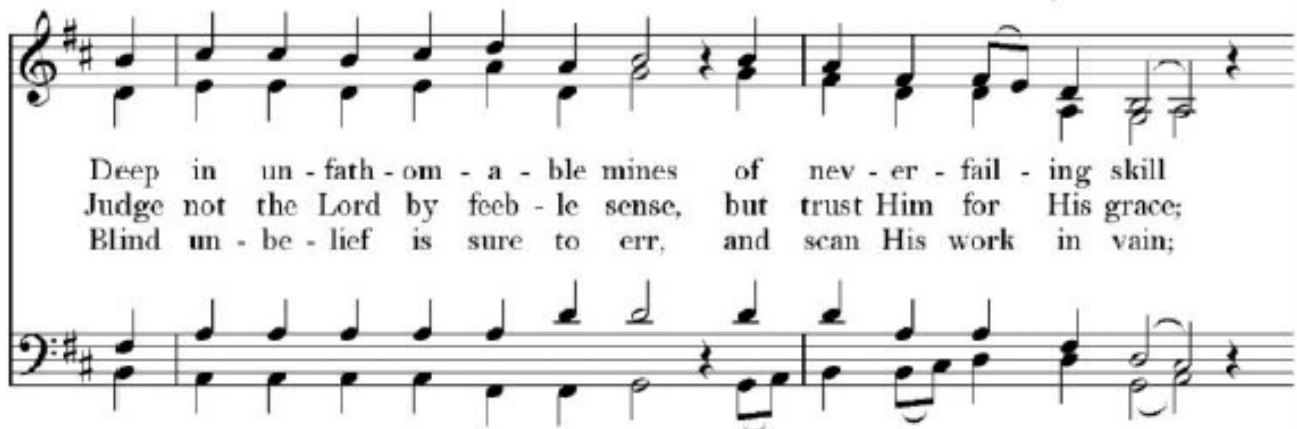
*Words: Benjamin Beddome and Thomas Cotteril (1779-1823)  
 Music: Edward Miller (1731-1807), Public Domain*

God Moves in a Mysterious Way


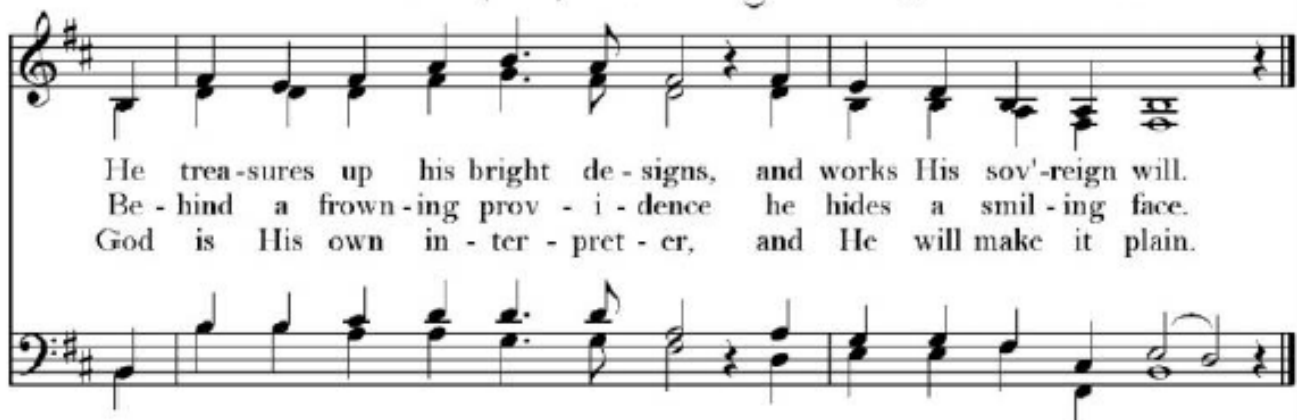
1. God moves in a mys - ter - ious way, his won - ders to per - form.  
 2. You fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take; the clouds you so much dread  
 3. His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast, un - fold - ing ev' - ry hour;



He plants His foot - steps in the sea, and rides up - on the storm.  
 Are big with mer - cy and shall break in bles - sings on your head.  
 The bud may have a bit - ter taste, but sweet will be the flow'r.



Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines of nev - er - fail - ing skill  
 Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, but trust Him for His grace;  
 Blind un - be - lief is sure to err, and scan His work in vain;



He trea - sures up his bright de - signs, and works His sov' - reign will.  
 Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence he hides a smil - ing face.  
 God is His own in - ter - pret - er, and He will make it plain.



## God Moves in a Mysterious Way



1. God moves in a mys - ter - ious way His won - ders to per - form
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill
3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take; The clouds ye so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by feeb - le sense, But trust Him for His grace;
5. His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast, Un - fold - ing ev' - ry hour;
6. Blind un - be - lief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain;



1. He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
2. He trea - sures up His bright de - signs, And works His sov' - reign will.
3. Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.
4. Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.
5. The bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r.
6. God is His own in - ter - pret - er, And He will make it plain.



### God, My King, Thy Might Confessing

1. God, my King, thy might con - fess - ing,  
 2. Hon - or great our God be - fit - teth;  
 3. They shall talk of all thy glo - ry,  
 4. Nor shall fail from mem - 'ry's trea - sure  
 5. Full of kind - ness and com - pass - ion;  
 6. All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee;

Ev - er will I bless thy name;  
 Who his maj - es - ty can reach?  
 On thy might and great - ness dwell,  
 Works by love and mer - cy wrought:  
 Slow to an - ger, vast in love,  
 Thee shall all thy saints a - dore.

Day by day thy throne ad - dress - ing,  
 Age to age his works trans - mit - teth;  
 Speak of thy great acts the sto - ry,  
 Works of love sur - pass - ing mea - sure,  
 God is good to all cre - a - tion;  
 King su - preme shall they con - fess thee,

Still will I thy praise pro - claim.  
 Age to age his pow'r shall teach.  
 And thy deeds of won - der tell.  
 Works of mer - cy pass - ing thought.  
 All his works his good - ness prove.  
 And pro - claim thy sov - ereign pow'r.

*Words: From Psalm 145, adapted by Richard Mant (1824)  
 Music: "Stuttgart," arr. from Psalmodia Sacra (1715), Public Domain*

## God of Grace and God of Glory

1. God of grace and God of glo - ry, On Thy peo - ple  
 2. Lo! the hosts of e - vil round us Scorn Thy Christ, as -  
 3. Cure Thy chil - dren's war - ring mad - ness, Bend our pride to  
 4. Set our feet on loft - y plac - es; Gird our lives that

pour Thy pow'r; Crown Thine an - cient church - 's sto - ry, Bring her  
 sail His ways! Fears and doubts too long have bound us, Free our  
 Thy con - trol; Shame our wan - ton, self - ish glad - ness, Rich in  
 they may be Ar - mored with all Christ - like grac - es In the

bud to glo - rious flow'r. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,  
 hearts to work and praise. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,  
 things and poor in soul. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,  
 fight to set men free. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,

For the fac - ing of this hour, For the fac - ing of this hour.  
 For the liv - ing of these days, For the liv - ing of these days.  
 Lest we miss Thy king - dom's goal, Lest we miss Thy king - dom's goal.  
 That we fail not man nor Thee! That we fail not man nor Thee!

## God of the Prophets

1. God of the proph - ets! Bless the proph - et's sons;  
 2. A - noint them proph - ets! Bold to preach Thy Word;  
 3. A - noint them priests! Strong in - ter - ces - sors they  
 4. A - noint them kings! Aye, king - ly kings, O Lord:  
 5. Make them a - pos - tles! Her - alds of Thy cross;

E - li - jah's man - tle o'er E - li - sha cast;  
 To its di - vine truths Make their hearts a - wake;  
 For par - don, and for char - i - ty and peace!  
 A - noint them with the spir - it of Thy Son:  
 Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace;

Each age its sol - emn task may claim but once;  
 O - pen their lips, O make Thy Gos - pel heard!  
 O might, with them, the world, though gone a - stray,  
 Theirs, not a jew - el'd crown, a blood - stained sword;  
 In - spired by Thee, may they count all but loss,

Make each one no - bler, strong - er than the last.  
 Lord, keep them faith - ful for Thine own Name's sake.  
 Pass in - to Christ's pure life of sac - ri - fice!  
 Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a king - dom won.  
 And stand at last with joy be - fore Thy face.

## Preparation Music

## God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

1. God rest you mer - ry, gen - tle - men, Let noth - ing you dis - may,  
 2. From God our heav - en - ly, Fa - ther A bless - ed an - gel came;  
 3. "Fear not, then," said the an - gel, "Let noth - ing you af - fright,  
 4. Now to the Lord sing prais - es, All you with - in this place,

Re - mem - ber Christ our Sav - iour Was born on Christ - mas Day;  
 And un - to cer - tain shep - herds Brought ti - dings of the same;  
 This day is born a Sav - iour Of a pure Vir - gin bright,  
 And with true love and broth - er - hood Each oth - er now em - brace;

To save us all from Sa - tan's power When we were gone a - stray.  
 How that in Beth - le - hem was born The Son of God by name.  
 To free all those who trust in Him From Sa - tan's power and might."  
 This ho - ly tide of Christ - mas All oth - ers doth de - face.

## REFRAIN

O ti - dings of com - fort and joy, Com - fort and joy;

O ti - dings of com - fort and joy. A - MEN.

# God, All Nature Sings Thy Glory 122



1. God, all na - ture sings thy glo - ry, and thy works pro - claim thy might;  
 2. Clear - er still we see thy hand in man whom thou hast made for thee;  
 3. But our sins have spoiled thine im - age; na - ture, con - science on - ly serve  
 4. God of glo - ry, pow - er, mer - cy, all cre - a - tion prais - es thee;



or - dered vast - ness in the heav - ens, or - dered course of day and night;  
 rul - er of cre - a - tion's glo - ry, im - age of thy maj - es - ty.  
 as un - ceas - ing, grim re - mind - ers of the wrath which we de - serve.  
 we, thy crea - tures, would a - dore thee now and through e - ter - ni - ty.



beau - ty in the chang - ing sea - sons, beau - ty in the storm - ing sea;  
 Mu - sic, art, the fruit - ful gar - den, all the la - bor of his days,  
 Yet thy grace and sav - ing mer - cy in thy Word of truth re - vealed  
 Saved to mag - ni - fy thy good - ness, grant us strength to do thy will;



all the chang - ing moods of na - ture praise the change - less Trin - i - ty.  
 are the call - ing of his Mak - er to the har - vest feast of praise.  
 claim the praise of all who know thee, in the blood of Je - sus sealed.  
 with our acts as with our voic - es thy com - mand - ments to ful - fill.



# GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME (PS. 51)

Words by Richard Redhead  
Music by Christopher Miner

CAPO II

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The guitar chords are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words on multiple lines. The score is divided into systems, with measure numbers 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, and 11 marked at the beginning of each system.

**System 1 (Measures 1-2):** Chords: G, D, Em, C. Lyrics: 1. God, be mer - ci - ful to me, 2. My trans - gres - sions I con - fess, 3. I am e - vil, born in sin, 4. Bro - ken, hum - bled to the dust

**System 2 (Measures 3-4):** Chords: G, D, Em, C. Lyrics: On thy grace I rest my plea; Grief and guilt my soul oppress; Thou de - sir - est and truth with - in; By thy wrath and judge - ment just,

**System 3 (Measures 5-6):** Chords: G, D, Em, C. Lyrics: Plen - teous in com - pas - sion thou, I have sinned a - gainst thy grace; Thou a - lone con - trite Sav - iour art, Let my con - trite heart re - joice

**System 4 (Measures 7-8):** Chords: G, D, Em. Lyrics: Blot out my trans - gres - sions now; And pro - voked thee to - day; Teach thy wis - dom to hear thy voice; And in glad - ness

**System 5 (Measures 9-10):** Chords: C, D, G, D/F#, Em. Lyrics: Wash me, Make me pure, with - in; I con - fess thy pure judge - ment just; Make me pure, thy O grace be - stow; From my sins O hide thy face,

**System 6 (Measures 11-12):** Chords: C, D, G, D, Em, C. Lyrics: Cleanse, O cleanse me from my sin. Speech - less, I thy mer - cy trust. Wash me whit - er than the snow. Blot them out in bound - less grace.

5. Gracious God, my heart renew,  
Make my spirit right and true  
Cast me not away from thee,  
Let thy Spirit dwell in me;  
Thy salvation's joy impart,  
Steadfast make my willing heart.

6. Sinners then shall learn from me,  
And return O God to Thee  
Savior all my guilt remove,  
And my tongue shall sing Thy love  
Touch my silent lips O Lord,  
And my mouth shall praise accord

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## God of My Life, To Thee I Call

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 967*

Words - William Cowper

Music - Clint Wells, Brian T. Murphy and Benj Pocta, 2007.

Capo II

D                    G    D    D/C#  
 God of my life, to Thee I call,  
 Bm    G        A    D  
 Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;  
 D                    G            D    D/C#  
 When the great water floods prevail  
 Bm                G            A    D  
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

### **Chorus:**

G                A        D        G  
 Poor though I am, despised, forgot  
 G                A        D        G  
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
 G                A        D    D/C#    D/B    D/A    G  
 And He is safe and must succeed for whom  
 A                    D  
 The Lord is sure to plead.

Friend of the friendless and the saint,  
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?  
 Where but with Thee, whose open door  
 Invites the helpless and the poor!

That were a grief I could not bear,  
 Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;  
 But a prayer hearing, answering God  
 Supports me under every load.



# God of My Life, To Thee I Call

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #967

words by William Cowper, 1731-1800.  
music by Benj Pocta, Clint Wells,  
and Brian T. Murphy, 2006

E A E C#m7

God of my life to Thee I \_\_\_\_\_ call; Af - flict - ed  
Friend of the friend - less and the \_\_\_\_\_ faint, Where should I  
That were a grief I could not \_\_\_\_\_ bear, Didst Thou not

6 A B E E

at Thy \_\_\_\_\_ feet I \_\_\_\_\_ fall; When the great wa - ter  
lodge my \_\_\_\_\_ deep com - plaint? Where but with Thee whose  
hear and \_\_\_\_\_ an - swer \_\_\_\_\_ prayer; But a prayer - hear - ing,

11 A E C#m7 A B E

floods pre - vail, Leave not my tremb - ling \_\_\_\_\_ heart to \_\_\_\_\_ fail.  
o - pen \_\_\_\_\_ door, In - vites the help - less \_\_\_\_\_ and the \_\_\_\_\_ poor?  
an - swer ing \_\_\_\_\_ God, Sup - ports me un - der \_\_\_\_\_ ev - 'ry \_\_\_\_\_ load.

17 A B E E/G# A A

Poor thou I am, des - pised, for - got, \_\_\_\_\_ Yet God, my

23 B E E/G# A A B E B/D#

God, for - gets me not; \_\_\_\_\_ And he is safe, and must suc -

29 C#m7 B A B E

ceed, For whom, the Lord is sure to \_\_\_\_\_ plead. \_\_\_\_\_

# Good Christian Men, Rejoice

Today in the town of David a Savior has been born to you; he is Christ the Lord.  
Luke 2:11

1. Good Chris - tian men, re - joice, with heart and soul and voice;  
 2. Good Chris - tian men, re - joice, with heart and soul and voice;  
 3. Good Chris - tian men, re - joice, with heart and soul and voice;

give ye heed to what we say: Je - sus Christ is born to - day;  
 now ye hear of end - less bliss: Je - sus Christ was born for this!  
 now ye need not fear the grave: Je - sus Christ was born to save!

earth and heav'n be - fore him bow, and he is in the man - ger now.  
 He hath o - pened heav - en's door, and man is bless - ed ev - er - more.  
 Calls you one and calls you all to gain his ev - er - last - ing hall.

Christ is born to - day! Christ is born to - day!  
 Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!  
 Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

Medieval Latin carol  
Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1853; alt.  
Alt. 1961

IN DULCI JUBILO 6.6.7.7.8.5.5  
German melody, 14th cent.  
Arr. by W. D., 1918

# The Gospel Is True

from the recording "re:awakening, Vol. 1"

Words and Music by  
DAVID B. HAMPTON  
and SCOTT WESLEY BROWN  
Arranged by David B. Hampton

Warmly  $\text{♩} = 69$

G

G/B

C2

*mp*

C2/D

G

G/B

7

C2

C2/D

Male SOLO (freely)  
*mp*

G

G/B

1. We have a hope that is

11

C

C

C/D

G

G2/B

liv - ing

and love that nev - er will

C2

15 C2 G/B Am D/F#

end. We have a God who's for -

19 G C/E C Dsus D

giv - en us while we were yet in

23 C G/D D mf G Both times: ALL (unison) G/B

sin. 2. We have a grace that's a -  
3. We have been cru - ci - fied

27 C C/D D G G/B

maz - ing; with Him, a free gift to and know Him by  
bur - led and ris - en to

63 2. G G/B D/F# C/E D/F#

true. Thank You, Je

67 G Am C/D D

sus. Oh, how we wor - ship

71 Em D G/B D/F# C/E D/F#

You. Thank You, Je

75 Em D C G/D D C/D

sus. Hal - le - lu - jah, the gos - pel is

245

79 Em G/D D D/C C G/D D C/D

true. Hal - le - lu - jah, the gos - pel... is

83 G2(no3) G/B C

true.

86 C/D G G/B

Song Ending

89 C2 C/D G

Optional Segue Ending

C2 Segue to "We are the Body of Christ"

31

C

G/B

Am cues 2nd time only

D/F#

faith,  
life.

to live  
Now

for  
jus

His  
ti - praise  
fied,

and

35

G

C2/E

C

Dsus , D

long  
soon

for - the  
glo - ri - day,  
fied,

when  
we

we see  
shall

Him  
be

face  
made  
like

39

G

G/B

D/F#

C/E D/F#

PARTS both times

face.  
Christ,

Thank You, Je

43

G

Am

C/D

D

SUS.

Oh, how - we wor - ship

47 Em D G/B D/F# C/E D/F#

You. Thank You, Je

51 Em D C G/D D C/D

sus. Hal - le - lu - jah, the gos - pel is

55 1. Em G/D D D/C C G/D D C/D

true. Hal - le - lu - jah, the gos - pel is

59 G G/B C2(no3) C2/D

true.



# Go To Dark Gethsemane

Real Key  
For group singing

Words by James Montgomery  
Music by Kevin Twit

(B) *Instrumental Riff* E B F#/A# B F#

5 B E B

1. Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, ye that  
2. See Him at the judge - ment hall, beat - en,  
3. Cal - v'ry's mourn - ful moun - tain climb; there, a -  
4. Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb where they

8 F#/A# B E

feel the tempt - er's pow'r. Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see,  
bound, re - viled, ar - raigned. O the worm - wood and the gall!  
dor - ing at His feet. Mark the mir - a - cle of time,  
laid His breath - less clay. All is sol - i - tude and gloom.

11 B F#/A# B

watch with Him one bit - ter hour. Turn not  
O the pangs His soul sus - tained! Shun not  
God's own sac - ri - fice com - plete. "It is  
Who has tak - en Him a - way? Christ is

14 E

from His griefs a - way; learn of Je - sus Christ to pray,  
suf - fring, shame, or loss; learn of Christ to bear the cross,  
fin - ished!" hear Him cry; learn of Je - sus Christ to die,  
ris'n! He meets our eyes; Sav - ior, teach us so to rise,

17 B G#m

Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray,  
Learn of Christ to bear the cross,  
Learn of Je - sus Christ to die,  
Sa - vior, teach us so to rise,

21 E B F#/A# B

learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.  
learn of Christ to bear the cross.  
learn of Je - sus Christ to die.  
Sa - vior teach us so to rise.

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## Grace, Grace, Marvelous Grace

*Words by Julia Johnston (1849-1919)*

*Music by Robert Turner, August 2009*

**D** 1. Marvelous grace of our loving Lord,  
**A** Grace that exceeds our sin and our guilt!  
**G Em A7 D** Yonder on Calvary's mount outpoured,  
**Em F#m** There where the blood of the Lamb was  
**A** spilled.

3. Dark is the stain that we cannot hide.  
 What can avail to wash it away?  
 Look! There is flowing a crimson tide,  
 Whiter than snow you may be today.

<b>G</b>	<b>A7 D</b>
<b>[Chorus]:</b> Grace, grace, God's grace	
<b>Em</b>	<b>F#m A</b>
Grace that will pardon and cleanse within	
<b>Bm Em A7 D</b>	
Grace, grace, God's grace	
<b>Em</b>	<b>F#m A7 D</b>
Grace that is greater than a-----ll our sin!	

4. Marvelous, infinite, matchless grace,  
 Freely bestowed on all who believe!  
 You that are longing to see His face,  
 Will you this moment His grace receive?

2. Sin and despair, like the sea waves cold,  
 Threaten the soul with infinite loss  
 Grace that is greater, yes, grace untold,  
 Points to the refuge, the mighty cross.

## Grace Greater Than Our Sin

1. Mar - vel - ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our  
 2. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - vail to  
 3. 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,  
 wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;  
 all who be - lieve; All who are long - ing to see His face,

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

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

grace, God's grace, Grace that is great - er than all our sin.  
 grace, in - fi - nite grace,

Words: Julia H. Johnston (1849-1919); Music: Daniel B. Towner (1850-1919), Public Domain

## GRACE GREATER THAN OUR SIN

Words by Julia Johnstone

Music by Daniel Townner

1. Mar - vel - ous grace of our lov - ing Lord  
 2. Sin and de - spair like the sea - waves cold,  
 3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide  
 4. Mar - vel - ous, in - fi - nite, match - less grace

Grace that ex - ceeds our sin and our guilt  
 Threat - en the a - soul with in - fi - nite loss  
 What can the a - veil on wash it a - way?  
 Free - ly be - stowed on all who be - lieve

Yon - der on Cal - va - ry's mount out - poured  
 Grace that is great - er, yes grace un - told  
 Look! There is flow - ing a crim - son tide  
 You that are long - ing to see His face

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt  
 Points to er the than snow re - fuge, the may be - ty cross  
 Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive?

**Chorus:** Grace, grace, God's grace  
 Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in  
 Grace, grace, God's grace  
 Grace that is great - er than all our sin!



## GRACIOUS SAVIOR

Words by Jane Leeson  
Adapted by John Keble  
Music by Christopher Miner

D A G D

1. Grac - ious Sav - ior gen - tle She - pherd  
2. Ten - der Shep - herd, nev - er in leave - pher  
3. Let thy ho - ly Word in - struct them:  
4. Cleanse their hearts from sin - ful fol - ly

3 G A C A

our little ones are dear to Thee  
from thy fold to go a - stray;  
fill in their the minds stream with thy heav'n - ly light;  
in the the stream thy love sup - plied;

5 D A G D

Gath - ered with look thine arms and di - car - ried  
By thy love of and love grace con - strain - ed,  
Let thy streams of and blood and and strain - them  
Ming - led the of blood and wa - ter

7 G A C A

In thy bo - som may they be  
may they ap - prove the what nar - row way;  
to ap - prove the what e'er is right,  
flow - ing from thy thy wound - ed side:

9 A G A Bm A G

Sweet - ly Gent - ly Safe - ly ten - der  
Thus di - rect - them, and pro - tect them  
Take thine ea - sy wear lead it,  
And to heav'n - ly past - ures lead them,

12 A Bm A G D

From all want and dan - ger free  
lest they fall an ea - sy prey.  
and to prove thy bur - den light.  
where thine own still wa - ters glide.

## Great Is Thy Faithfulness

1. Great is Thy faith - ful - ness, O God, my Fa - ther, There is no  
 2. Sum - mer and win - ter, and spring - time and har - vest, Sun, moon, and  
 3. Par - don for sin and a peace that en - dur - eth, Thine own dear

shad - ow of turn - ing with Thee; Thou chang - est not, Thy com -  
 stars in their cours - es a - bove Join with all na - ture in  
 pres - ence to cheer and to guide; Strength for to - day and bright

pas - sions, they fall not; As Thou hast been, Thou for - ev - er wilt be.  
 man - i - fold wit - ness To Thy great faith - ful - ness, mer - cy, and love.  
 hope for to - mor - row, Bless - ings all mine, with ten thou - sand be - side!

Great is Thy faith - ful - ness! Great is Thy faith - ful - ness!

Morn - ing by morn - ing new mer - cies I see; All I have need - ed, Thy

hand hath pro - vid - ed; Great is Thy faith - ful - ness, Lord, un - to me!

Words: Thomas O. Chisholm (1866-1960)

Music: William M. Runyan (1870-1957); ©1951 Hope Publishing Company (CCLI# 264766)

## Great God, How Infinite Art Thou

1. Great God, how in - fi - nite art thou! How poor and weak are we!  
 2. Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere seas or stars were made:  
 3. E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands pres - ent in thy view;  
 4. Our lives through var - ious scenes are drawn, And vexed with trif - ling cares;  
 5. Great God, how in - fi - nite art thou! How poor and weak are we!

Let the whole race of crea - tures bow, And pay their praise to thee.  
 Thou art the ev - er - liv - ing God, Were all the na - tions dead.  
 To thee there's noth - ing old ap - pears; To thee there's noth - ing new.  
 While thine e - ter - nal thought moves on Thine un - dis - turbed af - fairs.  
 Let the whole race of crea - tures bow, And pay their praise to thee.



## Great is Thy Faithfulness (Key = D)

Words: Thomas Obediah Chisholm  
Tune: Faithfulness, William M. Runyan

Guitar arrangement by Rich DeRuiter (rich@guitarhymns.com)

D Gmaj7 G6 G/A A7 G/D D  
Great is Thy faith-fulness, O God, my Fa -ther.  
G A/G G F#m7 Bm7 E A  
There is no shadow of turning with Thee.  
A7 D Am7 D7 Gmaj7 G6  
Thou changest not; Thy compassions, they fail not,  
E/G# D/A Em9 A7 D  
As Thou hast been Thou forever wilt be.

(Chorus:)

A G D  
Great is Thy faithfulness.  
B Em  
Great is Thy faithfulness.  
A A/G D/F# (Bm7)A/E(Bm7) E A  
Morning by morning new mer-cies I see.  
A7 A Am7 D7 Gmaj7 G6  
All I have needed Thy hand hath provid - ed.  
E/G# D/A Em9 A7 A  
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me.

D Gmaj7 G6 G/A A7 G/D D  
Summer and win - ter, and springtime and har-vest,  
G A/G G F#m7 Bm7 E A  
Sun, moon, and stars in their courses above,  
A7 D Am7 D7 Gmaj7 G6  
Join with all nature in man-i-fold wit - ness,  
E/G# D/A Em9 A7 D  
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

(Chorus)

D Gmaj7 G6 G/A A7 G/D D  
Pardon for sin and a peace that en-dur-eth,  
G A/G G F#m7 Bm7 E A  
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide.  
A7 D Am7 D7 Gmaj7 G6  
Strength for today and bright hope for to-mor - row,  
E/G# D/A Em9 A7 D  
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand be-side.

(Chorus)



## Great is Thy Faithfulness (Key = C)

Words: Thomas Obediah Chisholm  
Tune: Faithfulness, William M. Runyan

Guitar arrangement by Rich DeRuiter (rich@guitarhymns.com)

C Fmaj7 F6 F/G G7 F/C C  
Great is Thy faith-fulness, O God, my Fa -ther.  
F G/F F Em7 Am7 D G  
There is no shadow of turning with Thee.  
G7 C Gm7 C7 Fmaj7 F6  
Thou changest not; Thy compassions, they fail not,  
D/F# C/G Dm9 G7 C  
As Thou hast been Thou forever wilt be.

(Chorus:)

G F C  
Great is Thy faithfulness.  
A Dm  
Great is Thy faithfulness.  
G G/F C/E (Am7)G/D(Am7) D G  
Morning by morning new mer-cies I see.  
G7 C Gm7 C7 Fmaj7 F6  
All I have needed Thy hand hath provid - ed.  
D/F# C/G Dm9 G7 C  
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me.

C Fmaj7 F6 F/G G7 F/C C  
Summer and win - ter, and springtime and har-vest,  
F G/F F Em7 Am7 D G  
Sun, moon, and stars in their courses above,  
G7 C Gm7 C7 Fmaj7 F6  
Join with all nature in man-i-fold wit - ness,  
D/F# C/G Dm9 G7 C  
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

(Chorus)

C Fmaj7 F6 F/G G7 F/C C  
Pardon for sin and a peace that en-dur-eth,  
F G/F F Em7 Am7 D G  
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide.  
G7 C Gm7 C7 Fmaj7 F6  
Strength for today and bright hope for to-mor - row,  
D/F# C/G Dm9 G7 C  
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand be-side.

(Chorus)

## Great Is Thy Faithfulness (cont.)

hand hath pro - vid - ed; Great is Thy faith - ful - ness, Lord, un - to me!

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Great Is Thy Faithfulness (cont.)'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The music features a melody in the treble staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

*Words: Thomas O. Chisholm (1866-1960)*

*Music: William M. Runyan (1870-1957); ©1951 Hope Publishing Company (CCLI# 264766)*

**Silence for Reflection and Preparation:** After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together this morning. When the piano resumes to mark the conclusion of the service, we invite all to stay around for conversation; refreshments are provided throughout the busi-  
260

# Great Is Thy Faithfulness

261

1. Great is Thy faith - ful - ness, O God, my Fa - ther, There is no  
2. Sum - mer and win - ter, and spring - time and har - vest, Sun, moon, and  
3. Par - don for sin and a peace that en - dur - eth, Thine own dear

shad - ow of turn - ing with Thee; Thou chang - est not, Thy com -  
stars in their cours - es a - bove Join with all na - ture in  
pres - ence to cheer and to guide; Strength for to - day and bright

pas - sions, they fail not; As Thou hast been, Thou for - ev - er wilt be.  
man - i - fold wit - ness To Thy great faith - ful - ness, mer - cy, and love.  
hope for to - mor - row, Bless - ings all mine, with ten thou - sand be - side!

Great is Thy faith - ful - ness! Great is Thy faith - ful - ness!

Morn - ing by morn - ing new mer - cies I see; All I have need - ed, Thy

hand hath pro - vid - ed; Great is Thy faith - ful - ness, Lord, un - to me!

Words: Thomas O. Chisholm (1866-1960)

Music: William M. Runyan (1870-1957); ©1951 Hope Publishing Company (CCLI# 964766)

261

## VERSE 1:

D G A7 D  
 Great is thy faithfulness, O God my Father,  
 G D E A  
 There is no shadow of turning with Thee;  
 A7 D D Em7  
 Thou changest not, Thy compassions they fail not  
 G D A A7 D  
 As Thou has been Thou forever wilt be.

## CHORUS:

A D  
 Great is Thy faithfulness!  
 B Em  
 Great is Thy faithfulness!  
 A7 D E A  
 Morning by morning new mercies I see.  
 A7 D D Em7  
 All I have needed Thy hand hath provided  
 G D A A7 D  
 Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord unto me.

## VERSE 2:

Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,  
 Sun, moon, and stars in their courses above  
 Join with all nature in manifold witness  
 To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

## VERSE 3:

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,  
 Thy own dear presence to cheer and to guide.  
 Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow  
 Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside.

## GREAT GOD OF WONDERS

Words by Samuel Davies  
Music by Laura Taylor

## Capo II

1. Great God of won - ders! All Thy ways Are  
 2. Crimes of such hor - ror to for - give Such  
 3. In won - der lost in tremb - ling joy, We  
 4. O may this strange, this match - less grace This

4 match - less, God - like, and di - vine But the  
 guilt - ty, dar - ing worms to spare This is  
 take the par - don of our God Par - don  
 God - like mir - a - cle of love Fill the

6 fair glo - ries of Thy grace More  
 Thine grand per - of a - tive And  
 for crimes of og - est - tive And  
 wide earth with grate - ful dye, And

8 God - like and un - ri - valled shine! Who's a  
 none shall in the hon - or share!  
 par - don bought with Je - sus' blood  
 all the an - gel - ic cho - rus

10 par - doning God like Thee? Who has grace so rich and free? Who's a  
 D E D E

14 par - doning God like Thee? Great God of won - ders!  
 D Bm E

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this  
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing  
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious

bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me  
 stream doth flow; Let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar Lead me  
 fears sub - side; Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me

with Thy pow'r - ful hand; Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,  
 all my jour - ney through; Strong De - liv - erer, strong De - liv - erer,  
 safe on Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es

Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.  
 Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.  
 I will ev - er give to Thee, I will ev - er give to Thee.



# GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

Real Key

Words by William Williams  
alt. by Jeremy Casella  
Music by Jeremy Casella

B m G D A B m

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho -  
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun -  
3. When I \_\_\_ tread the verge of Jor -

6 G D A

- vah, \_\_\_ Pil - grim through this \_\_\_ bar - ren \_\_\_ land. \_\_\_ I am  
- tain, \_\_\_ Whence the heal - ing \_\_\_ wa - ters \_\_\_ flow; \_\_\_ Let the  
- dan, \_\_\_ Bid my anx - ious \_\_\_ fears sub - side; \_\_\_ Death of \_\_\_

9 B m G D

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

12 A G E m D A Aadd6

\_\_\_ Bread of heav-en, Feed me now and ev - er - more; \_\_\_ Bread of  
\_\_\_ Strong De - liver-er, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield; \_\_\_ Strong De-  
\_\_\_ Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to Thee; \_\_\_ Songs of

17 G E m A B m G

heav - en, Feed me now and ev - er - more. \_\_\_  
liver - er Be Thou still my Strength and \_\_\_ Shield. \_\_\_  
prais - es I will ev - er give to \_\_\_ Thee. \_\_\_

21 D 1, 2 A B m G D A

2. O - pen  
3. When I \_\_\_

## Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

27

Land me safe on Ca - naan's side Bid my anx - ious fears, — bid my anx - ious fears Land me

32

safe on Ca - naan's side Bid my anx - ious fears, — bid my anx - ious fears, — good - bye.

36

1. Hail to the Lord's a - noint - ed, great Da - vid's great - er Son!  
 2. He comes with suc - cour speed - y to those who suf - fer wrong;  
 3. He shall come down like show - ers up - on the fruit - ful earth;  
 4. Kings shall fall down be - fore him, and gold and in - cense bring;  
 5. O'er ev' - ry foe vic - tor - ious, he on his throne shall rest;

Hail in the time ap - point - ed, his reign on earth be - gun!  
 To help the poor and need - y, and bid the weak be strong;  
 And love, joy, hope, like flow - ers, spring in his path to birth:  
 And na - tions shall a - dore him, his praise all peo - ple sing;  
 From age to age more glor - ious, all bless - ing and all blest:

He comes to break op - pres - sion, to set the cap - tive free,  
 To give them songs for sigh - ing, their dark - ness turn to light,  
 Be - fore him on the mount - ains, shall peace the her - ald go,  
 For he shall have do - min - ion o'er riv - er, sea, and shore,  
 The tide of time shall nev - er his cov - en - ant re - move;

To take a - way trans - gres - sion, and rule in e - qui - ty.  
 Whose souls, con - demned and dy - ing, were pre - cious in his sight.  
 And right - eous - ness in fount - ains from hill to val - ley flow.  
 Far as the eag - le's pin - ion or dove's light wing can soar.  
 His name shall stand for - ev - er; that name to us is Love.

Words: Adapted from Psalm 72 by James Montgomery (1771-1854)

MUSIC: Adapted by W.H. Monk (1823-1889) from a chorale by Johann Crüger (1598-1662), Public Domain

## Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah, O my soul, Je - ho - vah praise;  
 2. Hap - py is the man that choos - es Is - rael's God to be his aid;  
 3. Food He dai - ly gives the hun - gry, Sets the mourn - ing pris - ner free,  
 4. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah, O my soul, Je - ho - vah praise;

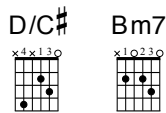
I will sing the glo - rious prais - es Of my God through all my days.  
 He is blessed whose hope of bless - ing On the Lord his God is stayed.  
 Rais - es those bowed down with an - guish, Makes the sight - less eyes to see.  
 I will sing the glo - rious prais - es of my God through all my days.

Put no con - fi - dence in princ - es, Nor for help on man de - pend;  
 Heav'n and earth the Lord cre - at - ed, Seas and all that they con - tain;  
 Well Je - ho - vah loves the right - eous, And the strang - er He be - friends,  
 O - ver all God reigns for - ev - er, Through all a - ges He is King;

He shall die, to dust re - turn - ing, And his pur - pos - es shall end.  
 He de - liv - ers from op - pres - sion, Right - eous - ness he will main - tain.  
 Helps the fa - ther - less and wid - ow, Judg - ment on the wick - ed sends.  
 Un - to Him, thy God, O Zi - on, joy - ful hal - le - lu - jahs sing.

Words: From Psalm 146, *The Psalter* (1912)

Music: Arranged from a Gregorian chant by Lowell Mason (1839), Public Domain



# HALLELUJAH, PRAISE JEHOVAH

## (PSALM 146)

Words from The Scottish Psalter  
Music by Darwin Jordan

D    D/C#    Bm7    D/A    G    D/F#    Em    A

1. Hal - le - jah, praise Je - ho - vah! O my soul, Je - ho - vah praise;  
2. Ha - ppy is the man that choos - es Is - rael's God to be his aid

5    D    D/C#    Bm7    D/A    G    D/F#    Em    A

I will sing the glor - i - ous prais - es Of my God thru all my days.  
He is blessed, whose hope of bless - ing On the Lord his God is stayed.

9    Bm    Bm/A    G    D    E    A

Put no con - fi - dence in prin - ces, Nor for help on man de - pend;  
Heav'n and earth the Lord cre - a - ted, Seas and all that they con - tain;

13    D    D/C#    Bm7    D/A    G    D/F#    A    D

He shall die to dust re - turn - ing, And his pur - pos - es shall end.  
He de - li - vers from op - press - ion, Right - eous - ness He will main - tain.

3. Food He daily gives the hungry,  
Sets the mourning prisoner free;  
Raises those bowed down with anguish,  
Makes the sightless eyes to see,  
Well Jehovah loves the righteous,  
And the stranger He befriends  
Helps the fatherless and widow,  
Judgment on the wicked sends.

4. Hallelujah, praise Jehovah!  
O my soul, Jehovah praise;  
I will sing the glorious praises  
Of my God through all my days.  
Over all God reigns forever,  
Through all ages He is King;  
Unto Him, thy God, O Zion,  
Joyful hallelujahs sing.

## Hark, I Hear the Harps Eternal



1. Hark, I hear the harps e - ter - nal, ring - ing  
 2. And my soul, though stain'd with sor - row, fad - ing  
 3. Some have cross'd be - fore us safe - ly to that  
 4. Might - y Je - sus, bear us o - ver, there to

on the far - ther shore, As I near those swol - len  
 as the light of day, Pas - ses swift - ly o'er those  
 land of per - fect rest. Can you hear them sing - ing  
 kneel be - fore thy throne. May we join Thy saints for -

wat - ers, with their deep and sol - emn roar.  
 wat - ers to that ci - ty far a - way.  
 faint - ly in the man - sions of the blest?  
 e - ver prais - ing Thee, and Thee a - lone:

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

lu - jah, praise the Lamb. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

lu - jah, glo - ry to the great I AM!

*Words: Unknown; Music: Traditional American Melody, Public Domain*

1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sa - vior, hear His Word;  
 2. Can a mo - ther's ten - der care cease to - ward the child she bare?  
 3. His is an un - chang - ing love, high - er than the heights a - bove,

Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou Me?"  
 Yes, she may for - get - ful be, yet will Christ re - mem - ber me.\*  
 Deep - er than the depths be - neath, free and faith - ful, strong as death.

Lord, it is my chief com - plaint that my love is weak and faint;  
 Christ de - liv - ered me when bound, and, when bleed - ing, healed my wound;  
 We shall see his glo - ry soon, when his work of grace is done;

Yet I love Thee, and a - dore: O for grace to love Thee more!  
 Sought me wand'ring, set me right, turned my dark - ness in - to light.  
 Part - ners of his throne shalt be, safe in Christ e - ter - nal - ly.

\*Reference to Isaiah 49:15: "Can a mother forget the baby at her breast and have no compassion on the child she has borne? Though she may forget, I will not forget you!"

## Hark, the Glad Sound!

1. Hark, the glad sound! The Sav - ior comes, the  
 2. He comes the pris - 'ners to re - lease, in  
 3. He comes the bro - ken heart to bind, the  
 4. Our glad ho - san - nas, Prince of Peace, Thy

Sav - ior prom - ised long; let ev - 'ry heart pre -  
 Sat - an's bon - dage held. The gates of brass be -  
 bleed - ing soul to cure, and with the trea - sures  
 wel - come shall pro - claim, and heav'n's e - ter - nal

pare a throne and ev - 'ry voice a song.  
 fore Him burst, the i - ron fet - ters yield.  
 of His grace to fill the hum - ble poor.  
 arch - es ring with Thy be - lov - ed name.



# Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

*A great company of the heavenly host [was] praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men on whom his favor rests." Luke 2:13, 14*

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, to the new - born King;  
 2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord!  
 3. Hail the heav'n - born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right - teous - ness!

God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"  
 off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb,  
 ris'n with heal - ing in his wings.

ye na - tions, rise, of the skies;  
 Joy - ful, all the tri - umph De - i - ty,  
 Veiled in flesh his God - head see; hail th'in - car - nate more may die,  
 Mild he lays his glo - ry by, born that man no

with th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"  
 pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Em - man - u - el.  
 born to raise the sons of earth, born to give them sec - ond birth.

## REFRAIN

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King."

Charles Wesley, 1739, 1753; alt.

MENDELSSOHN, 7, 7, 7, D, 6f.  
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1840  
Arr. by William H. Cummings, 1856

# Away in a Manger

*She wrapped him in cloths and placed him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn. Luke 2:7*

1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed, the lit - tle Lord  
 2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the ba - by a - wakes, but lit - tle Lord  
 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask thee to stay close by me for -

Je - sus laid down his 'sweet head; the stars in the bright sky looked  
 Je - sus no cry - ing he makes; I love thee, Lord Je - sus! Look  
 ev - er, and love me, I pray; bless all the dear chil - dren in

down where he lay, the lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a - sleep on the  
 down from the sky, and stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is there.  
 thy ten - der care, and fit us for heav - en, to live with thee

Mason, Philadelphia, 1865, 1892

MUELLER, 11, 11, 11, 11,  
James R. Murray, 1887

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 thy ten - der care, and fit us for heav - en, to live with thee there.

Mason, Philadelphia, 1865, 1892

MUELLER, 11.11.11.11,  
James R. Murray, 1887

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught!  
 2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Some-times where E-den's bow-ers bloom,  
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,  
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me!  
 By wa - ters still, o'er trou-bled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!  
 Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis Thy hand that lead-eth me!  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me!

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me:

His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

## He Who Would Valiant Be

1. He who would val - iant be 'gainst all di - sas - ter,  
 2. Who so be - set him round with dis - mal sto - ries,  
 3. Since, Lord, Thou dost de - fend us with Thy Spi - rit,

Let him in con - stan - cy fol - low the Mas - ter.  
 Do but them - selves con - found; his strength the more is.  
 We know we at the end shall life in - her - it.

There's no dis - cour - age - ment shall make him once re - lent  
 No foes shall stay his might, though he with gi - ants fight;  
 Then fan - cies flee a - way! I'll fear not what men say,

His first a - vowed in - tent to be a pil - grim.  
 He will make good his right to be a pil - grim.  
 I'll la - bor night and day to be a pil - grim.

Words: John Bunyan (1628-1688)

Music: "Monk's Gate," English trad. melody, arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958), Public Domain

## He Will Hold Me Fast

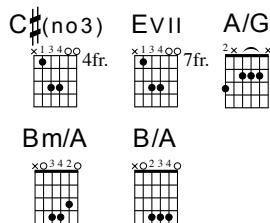
1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast; When the tempt-er  
 2. Those He saves are His de-light, Christ will hold me fast; Pre-cious in his  
 3. For my life He bled and died, Christ will hold me fast; Just-ice has been

would pre-vail, He will hold me fast. I could nev-er keep my hold  
 ho-ly sight, He will hold me fast. He'll not let my soul be lost; His  
 sat-is-fied; He will hold me fast. Raised with Him to end-less life,

Through life's fear-ful path; For my love is oft-en cold; He must hold me  
 Prom-is-es shall last; Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me  
 He will hold me fast 'Till our faith is turned to sight, When He comes at

fast. He will hold me fast, He will hold me fast;  
 fast.  
 last!

For my Sa-vior loves me so, He will hold me fast.



## HEAL US EMMANUEL

Words by William Cowper  
 Music by Kevin Twit

E Esus E Asus A

Chorus: Heal us Em - man - uel here we stand  
 C#(no3) B C#(no3) EVII

wait - ing to feel thy touch  
 Esus E Asus A

To deep woun - ded sons reach forth Thy hand,  
 C#m B

Oh Sa - vior we are such  
 A B

1. Our faith is fee - ble we con - fess,  
 2. Re - mem - ber him who once ap - plied,  
 3. She, too, who touched you in the press  
 4. Like her, with hopes and fears we come

we faint - ly trust Thy word,  
 With trem - bling for re - lief;  
 And heal - ing vir - tue stole,  
 To touch You if we may;

A/G D/F# Bm Bm/A

But will You pi - ty us the less,  
 "Lord, I be - lieve," with tears he cried;  
 Was an - swered, "Daugh - ter, go in peace;  
 O send us not des - pair A - ing home;  
 B/A A

G

Be that far from You, Lord  
 "O help my un - be - lief!"  
 Thy faith has made thee whole."  
 Send none un - healed a - way.

Song: Easter Song  
 Artist: Keith Green  
 Copyright 1974, Latter Rain Music

$\frac{3}{4}$  time

(Intro) A E A E A E A E

A E A E A E A D A E B E B E  
 Hear the bells ringing, they're singing that you can be born a-gain.  
 A E A E A E A D A E B E B E  
 Hear the bells ringing, they're singing "Christ is ris-en from the dead!"  
 B/D# C#m E/B A A/B C#m E/B A E/G#  
 The an- gel upon the tombstone said "He has risen, just as He said.  
 F#m F#m/E D C#m E/B A A2  
 Quickly now, go tell His disciples that Jesus Christ is no longer dead!"  
 A E/G# F#m A/E D A D A  
 Joy to the world! He is ri-sen! Hal -lelu- jah!  
 E B E B A E/G# A E A E A E A  
 He's ri-sen! Hal - lelu - jah! He's ri- sen! Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 E A E A  
 Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 A E A E A E A D A E B E B E  
 Hear the bells ringing, they're singing that you can be here right now.  
 A E A E A E A E A D A E B E B E  
 Hear the bells ringing, they're singing "Christ, He will re-veal it now!"  
 B/D# C#m E/B A A/B C#m E/B A E/G#  
 The an- gels, they all surround us, and they are minist'ring Jesus' power.  
 F#m F#m/E D C#m E/B A A2  
 Quickly now, reach out and receive it, for this could be your glorious hour!  
 A E/G# F#m A/E D A D A  
 Joy to the world! He is ri- sen! Hal -lelu- jah!  
 E B E B A E/G# A E A E A E A  
 He's ri-sen! Hal - lelu - jah! He's ri-sen! Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 E A E A  
 Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 A E A E A E A E A E A E A E A E A E A E A E A E A E  
 Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal -le -lu-jah!

# Hear Our Prayer (The Litany Song)

Words by Robert Grant  
alt. by Kevin Twit  
Music by Kevin Twit



Eb/C

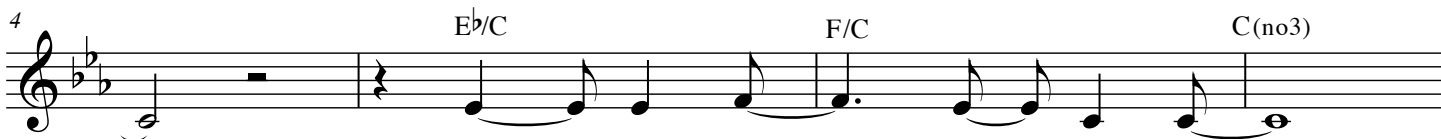


F/C

C(no3)



1. When we come O Christ to Thee, — when we bow a - dor - ing knee;  
2. By Thy help - less in - fant years, — by Thy life of want — and tears;  
3. By the sa - cred griefs that wept, — o'er the grave where Laz' - rus slept;  
4. By the gloom that veiled the skies, — o - ver dread - ful sac - ri - fice;



Eb/C

F/C

C(no3)

Hear — our prayer, — hear — our cry! —

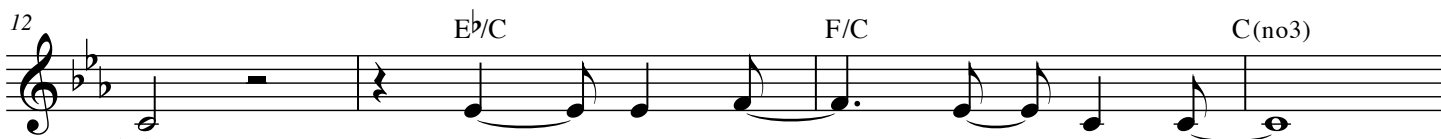


Eb/C

F/C

C(no3)

By Thy vic - to - ry — and strife, — by the mer - its of — your life;  
By Thy days of sore — dis - tress, — in the sav - age wil - der - ness;  
By the bod - ing tears — which flowed, — o - ver Sa - lem's loved — a - bode;  
By the vault whose dark — a - bode, — held in vain the ris - ing God;



Eb/C

F/C

C(no3)

Hear — our prayer, — hear — our cry! —



16

C

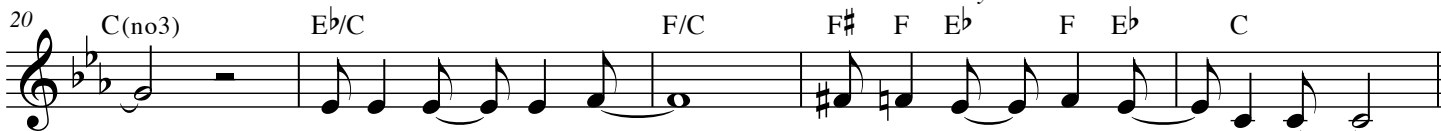
C(no3)

C7

C6

O by all the pains — and woe, — suf - fered once for man — be - low;  
By the dread mys - teri - ous hour, — of the in - sult - ing tempt - er's power;  
By Thy hour of dire — de - spair, — by Thy ag - o - ny — of prayer;  
O from earth to heav'n re - stored, — might - y re - as - cend - ed Lord!

*Follow melody*



20

C(no3)

Eb/C

F/C

F#

F

Eb

F

Eb

C

Lis - ten to — our cry; — hear our sa - cred lit - a - ny! —



25

*Instrumental Riff*



29



## This Breaks My Heart of Stone

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 390*

Words – Charles Wesley, 1749

Music – Benj Pocta, 2006.

Am G F C  
 Jesus let thy pitying eye  
 F C G  
 Call back a wandering sheep.  
 Am G F C  
 False to Thee like Peter, I  
 F C G  
 Would fain, like Peter, weep.  
 Dm  
 Let me be by grace restored;  
 C G  
 On me be all it's freeness shown  
 Dm  
 Turn and look upon me Lord;  
 C Am F  
 And break my heart of stone  
 C Am F  
 And break my heart of stone.

Savior, Prince, enthroned above,  
 Repentance to impart,  
 Give me, through Thy dying love,  
 The humble, contrite heart;  
 Give what I have long implored,  
 A portion of Thy love unknown;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.  
 And break my heart of stone.

Look, as when Thy pitying eye  
 Was closed that we might live;  
 "Father," at the point to die  
 My Savior cried, "forgive!"  
 Surely, with that dying word,  
 He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"  
 O my bleeding, loving Lord,  
 This breaks my heart of stone!  
 This breaks my heart of stone!

# This Breaks My Heart of Stone

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #390

words by Charles Wesley, 1707-1788.

music by Benj Pocta, 2006.

A m                      A m/G                      F                      C                      F

Je - sus let thy pi - t'ing eye Call back a wan-  
Sav - ior, Prince en - throned a - bove, Re - pen - tance to  
Look as when thy pi - t'ing eye, Was closed that we

6 C                      G                      A m                      A m/G                      F

- d'ring sheep; False to thee like Pe - ter I,  
im - part, Give me through thy dy - ing love,  
might live; "Fa - ther," at the point to die,

12 C                      F                      C                      G

Would fain like Pe - ter weep; Let me  
The hum - ble, con - trite heart. Give what  
My Sav - ior cried, "For - give". Sure - ly

17 D m                      C

be by grace re - stored; On me be all its free - ness shown;  
I have long im - plored, A por - tion of thy love un - known;  
with that dy - ing word, He turns and looks and cries "Tis done".

20 G                      D                      C                      A m

Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of  
Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of  
O my lov - ing, bleed - ing Lord, This breaks my heart of

25 F                      C                      A m                      F

stone. And break my heart of stone.  
stone. And break my heart of stone.  
stone. This breaks my heart of stone.

**Help My Unbelief***Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #278*

Words: John Newton, 1725-1807.

Chorus by Clint Wells.

Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

Capo 3

C G  
 I know the Lord is nigh,  
 C G  
 And would but cannot pray,  
 Em G  
 For Satan meets me when I try,  
 C D G  
 And frights my soul away.  
 C D G  
 And frights my soul away.

I would but can't repent,  
 Though I endeavor oft;  
 This stony heart can ne'er relent  
 Till Jesus makes it soft.  
 Till Jesus make it soft.

G D G D-C  
*Help my unbelief. Help my unbelief.*  
 G D  
*Help my unbelief.*  
 C D G  
*My help must come from Thee.*

I would but cannot love,  
 Though wooed by love divine;  
 No arguments have power to move  
 A soul as base as mine.  
 A soul so base as mine.

I would but cannot rest,  
 In God's most holy will;  
 I know what He appoints is best,  
 And murmur at it still.  
 I murmur at it still.

*chorus*

Real Key

Eb Bb  
 I know the Lord is nigh,  
 Eb Bb  
 And would but cannot pray,  
 Gm Bb  
 For Satan meets me when I try,  
 Eb F Bb  
 And frights my soul away.  
 Eb F Bb  
 And frights my soul away.

Bb F Bb F-Eb  
*Help my unbelief. Help my unbelief.*  
 Bb F  
*Help my unbelief.*  
 Eb F Bb  
*My help must come from Thee.*

# Help My Unbelief

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #278

Words: John Newton, 1725-1807.

Chorus by Clint Wells.

Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

The musical score is written in a single system with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). The time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into eight systems, each with a measure number (4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16) at the beginning. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at the start of each system. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score ends with a double bar line at the end of the eighth system.

Chord symbols: Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Gmin, Bb, Eb, F, Bb, Eb, F, Bb, Eb, Bb, Gmin, Bb, Eb, F, Bb, Bb, F, Bb, F, Eb, Bb, F, Bb.

Lyrics:  
 I know the Lord is nigh, And would but can - not pray, For  
 I would but can - not love, Though wooed by love div - ine; No  
 Sat-an meets me when I try, And frights my soul a - way. And frights  
 arg - u - ments have pow'r to move A soul as base as mine. A soul  
 my soul a - way. I would but can't re - pent, Though  
 so base as mine. I would but can - not rest, In  
 I en - dea - vor oft; This ston - y heart can ne'er re - lent Till Je -  
 God's most hol - y will; I know what He ap - points is best, And mur -  
 sus makes it soft. Till Je - sus make it soft.  
 mur at it still. I mur - sus make at it still.  
 Help my un - be - lief. Help my un - be - lief.  
 Help my un - be - lief. My help must come from Thee.

## Here I am to Worship Written by Tim Hughes

Capo II

### **Verse 1**

D Asus Em  
 Light of the World, You stepped down into darkness  
 D Asus G  
 Opened my eyes, let me see  
 D Asus Em  
 Beauty that made this heart adore you  
 D Asus G  
 Hope of a life spent with You

### **Chorus**

D  
 So, here I am to worship  
 Asus  
 Here I am to bow down  
 D G  
 Here I am to say that You're my God  
 D  
 And You're altogether lovely  
 Asus  
 Altogether worthy  
 D G  
 Altogether wonderful to me

### Verse 2

D Asus Em D  
 King of all days, oh so highly exalted  
 Asus G  
 Glorious in heaven above  
 D Asus Em  
 Humbly You came to the Earth  
 D Asus G  
 You created all for love's sake become poor

Chorus X1

### **Bridge**

Asus D G  
 And I'll never know how much it cost  
 Asus D G  
 To see my sin upon that cross X2

Asus D G  
 I'll never know how much it cost

CHORUS X2

BRIDGE X2

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 CCLI# 1596342  
 Album: iWorship Volume 2

## Here Is Love

1. Here is love vast as the o-c-ean, lov-ing-kind-ness as the flood,  
 2. On the Mount of Cru-ci-fix-ion foun-tains op-ened deep and wide;  
 3. That same love be-yond all mea-sure, mocked and slain by hate-ful men,

when the Prince of life, our ran-som shed for us His pre-cious blood.  
 Through the flood-gates of God's mer-cy flowed a vast and gra-cious tide.  
 lives and reigns in res-ur-rect-ion and can ne-ver die a-gain.

Who His love will not re-mem-ber? Who can cease to sing His praise?  
 Grace and love, like migh-ty ri-vers, poured in-ces-sant from a-bove,  
 Here is love for all the a-ges, ra-diant Sun of Heav'n He stands,

He can ne-ver be for-got-ten through-out heav'n's e-ter-nal days.  
 Hea-ven's peace and per-fect just-ice kissed a guil-ty world in love.  
 Cal-ling home His Fa-ther's child-ren, hold-ing forth His wound-ed hands.

Words: v. 1, 2 William Rees (1802-1883), trans. William Edwards (1848-1929);  
 V. 3 Vell Rives (© 2003, used with permission); Music: Robert Lowry, (1826-1899), Public Domain

# Here, O My Lord

287

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 heav'n;  
 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 th'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.

287

# Here, O My Lord I See Thee Face To Face

by Horatius Bonar (1855) - Penitential

D Em D Bm Em A A7 D

Here O My Lord I see thee face to face  
 Here would I feed up but - on the bread of God  
 I have no is the help sin, but but thine the do I need  
 Mine is the the sin, but but thine the righ - teous ness

5 D A D G D Bm Em Bm

Here would I touch and han - dle things un-  
 Here taste with thee arm the save roy - al wine of  
 Mine noth - er the guilt but thine to the clean - up-  
 Mine is the the guilt but thine to the clean - up-

8 A D Bm D D7

- seen Here grasp with firm er  
 heaven Here would I lay a-  
 on It is is e nough my  
 flood Here is is my robe, my

11 G B Em Em D A7

- hand e - ter - nal grace load And all my  
 side each earth - ly load Here taste a-  
 Lord e - nough in - deed Thy strength is  
 ref - uge and my peace Thy blood thy

14 D Bm Em7 D A D

- wear - i - ness up - on thee lean  
 - fresh the calm of sin for - given  
 in thy might, thy might a lone  
 righ-teous - ness O Lord my - God



# Here, O My Lord I See Thee Face To Face

Penitencia :: Lyric by Horatius Bonar (1855)

D Em D Bm Em A A7 D

Here O My Lord I see thee face to face  
 Here would I feed up - on the bread of God  
 I have no help but thine nor do I need  
 Mine is the sin, but thine the righ - teous ness

5 D A D G D Bm Em Bm

Here would I touch and han - dle things un-  
 Here taste with thee the roy - al wine of  
 A - noth - er arm save thine to lean up-  
 Mine is the guilt but thine the clean - sing

8 A D Bm D D7

- seen Here grasp with firm - er  
 heaven Here would I lay a-  
 - on It is e - nough my  
 flood Here is my robe, my

11

G B Em Em D A7

hand e - ter - nal grace And all my  
- side each earth - ly load Here taste a -  
Lord e - nough in - deed My strength is  
ref - uge and my peace Thy blood thy

14

D Bm Em7 D A D

wear - i - ness up - on thee lean  
- fresh the calm of sin for - given  
in thy might, thy might a - lone  
righ-teous - ness O Lord my God

## Preparation Music

## He's Done So Much for Me

1. He's done so much for me, I can-not tell it all,  
 2. He washed my sins a - way; I can-not tell it all,  
 3. He gave me vic - to - ry; I can-not tell it all,

I can-not tell it all, I can-not tell it all.  
 I can-not tell it all, I can-not tell it all.  
 I can-not tell it all, I can-not tell it all.

He's done so much for me, I can-not tell it all.  
 He washed my sins a - way; I can-not tell it all.  
 He gave me vic - to - ry; I can-not tell it all.

I can - not tell it all.

## High Beyond Imagination

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 582*

Words – William Gadsby, 1838.

Music – Benj Pocta, 2006.

C C/B F C  
 High beyond imagination  
 F C F G  
 Is the love of God to man.  
 C C/B F C  
 Far too deep for human reason  
 F C F G  
 Fathom that it never can.  
 Dm F  
 Love eternal,  
 F G E/G# Am G F  
 Richly dwells in Christ the lamb.

Love like Jesus' none can measure,  
 Nor can its dimensions know;  
 'Tis a boundless, endless river,  
 And its waters freely flow.  
 O ye thirsty,  
 Come and taste its streams below.

Jesus loved, and loves for ever;  
 Zion on His heart does dwell;  
 He will never, never, never  
 Leave His church a prey to hell.  
 All is settled  
 And my soul approves it well

# High Beyond Imagination

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #582

words by William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

music by Benj Pocta, 2006.

C C/B F C F



High be - yond i - mag - i - na - tion, Is the love  
 Love like Je - sus' none can mea - sure, Nor can its  
 Je - sus loved and loves for - ev - er; Zi - on on

6 C G C C/B F



— of God to man; Far too deep for hu - man rea -  
 — dim - en - sions know; 'Tis a bound - less, end - less ri -  
 — His heart does dwell; He will ne - ver, ne - ver, ne -

12 C F C G



- son; Fa - thom that it ne - ver can;  
 - ver, And its wa - ters free - ly flow.  
 - ver, Leave His church a prey to hell.

17 Dm F G E



Love e - ter - nal, Rich - ly dwells in Christ the  
 O ye thirst - y, Come and taste its streams be -  
 All is set - tled, And my soul ap - proves it

24 Am G F



Lamb.  
 low.  
 well.

**His Forever**

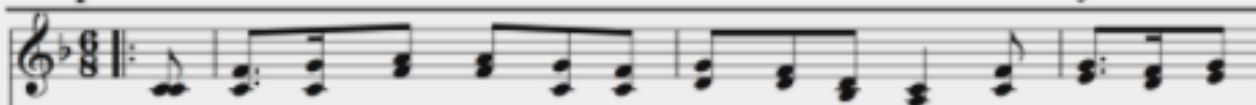
Jesus, friend of sinners,  
Loved me ere I knew Him;  
Drew me with His cords of love,  
Tightly bound me to Him.  
Round my heart still closely twined,  
The ties that none can sever;  
For I am His and He is mine  
Forever and forever.

Jesus, friend of sinners,  
A crown of thorns You wore for me;  
Bruised for my transgressions,  
Pierced for my iniquities.  
The wrath of God that I deserved  
Was poured out on the innocent;  
He took my place, my soul to save;  
Now I am his forever.

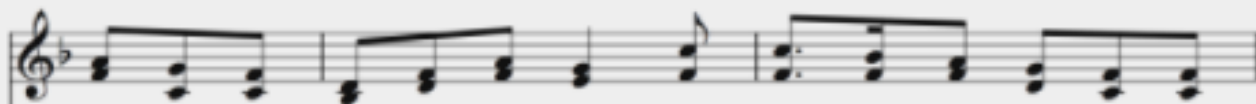
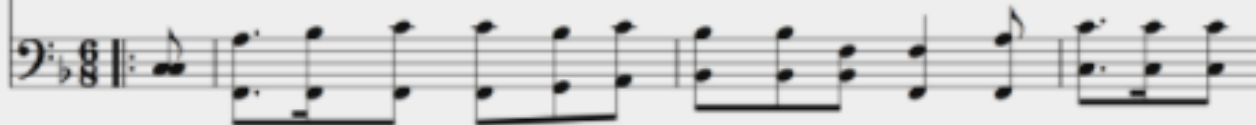
Jesus, friend of sinners,  
I love to tell the story;  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And will be when in glory.  
Not death nor life nor anything  
Can ever separate me;  
O love that will not let me go,  
Yes I am his forever.  
Not death nor life nor anything  
Can ever separate me;  
O love that will not let me go,  
Yes I am his forever.

## Preparation Music

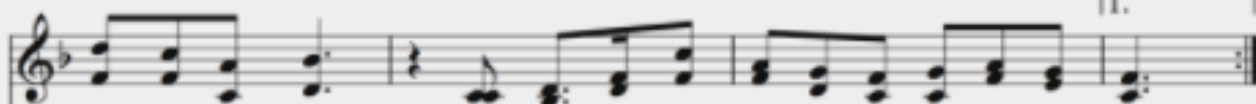
## His Mercy Is More



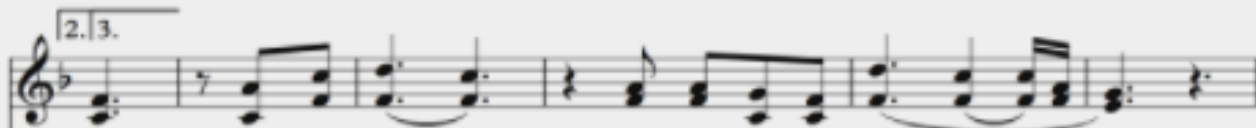
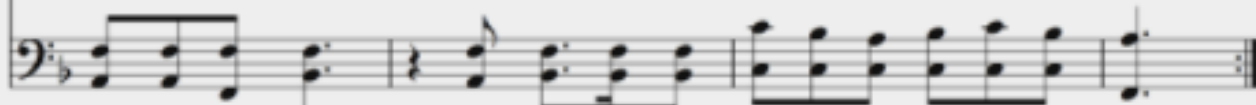
1. What love could re - mem - ber no wrongs we have done? Om - nis - cient, all -  
 2. What pat - ience would wait as we con - stant - ly roam? What Fa - ther, so  
 3. What rich - es of kind - ness he lav - ished on us: His blood was the



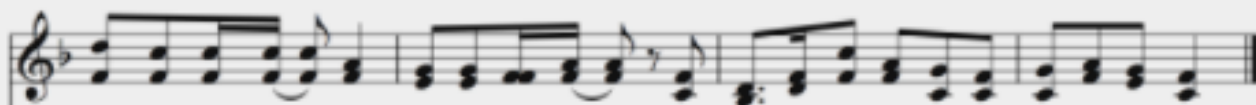
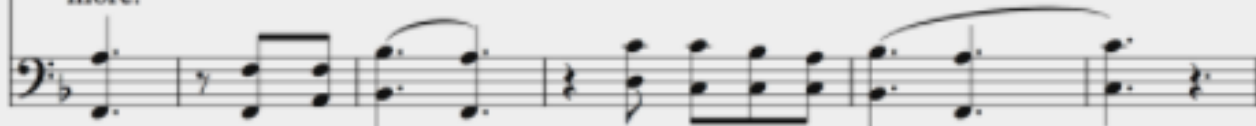
know - ing, he counts not their sum; Thrown in - to a sea with - out  
 ten - der, is cal - ling us home? He wel - comes the weak - est, the  
 pay - ment, his life was the cost. We stood 'neath a debt we could



bot - tom or shore, Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is more!  
 vil - est, the poor; Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is  
 ne - ver af - ford, Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is



more!  
 more!  
*Praise the Lord! His mer - cy is more!*



*Stron - ger than dark - ness, new ev - 'ry morn, Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is more!*



Words & Music: Matt Boswell & Mott Papa, © 2016 Common Hymnal Publishing, Love Your Enemies Music (CCLI# 264766)

# HIS LOVE CAN NEVER FAIL

Real Key  
To play with CD, Capo III

Words by E.S. Hall  
Music by Chris Miner

E A E B A B

1. I do not ask to see the way my feet will have to  
2. And if my feet would go a - stray, They can - not, for I  
3. I will not fear, tho' dark - ness come A - broad o'er all the

5 E E A E B A B

— tread; — But — on - ly that my soul may feed up - on the liv - ing —  
— know — That Je - sus guides my falt' - ring steps as joy - ful - ly — I —  
— land, — If — I may on - ly feel the touch of His own lov - ing —

9 E G#m C#m D

— Bread. 'Tis bet - ter far that I — should walk — by faith close to His —  
— go. — And tho' I may not see — His face, — My faith is strong and —  
— hand. — And tho' I trem - ble when — I think — How weak I am, and —

13 B G#m C#m A B

— side; — I may not know the way — to go, — but oh, I know — my —  
— clear, — That in each hour of sore — dis - tress — My Sav - ior will — be —  
— frail, — My soul is sat - is - fied — to know — His love can nev - er —

17 E B A E B

— Guide. *Refrain:* His love can nev - er fail, — His — love — can  
— near —  
— fail. —

21 A E C#m B A E A E B E

nev - er fail My soul is sat - is - fied to know his love can nev - er — fail; —

26 C#m B A E A E

My soul — is sat - is - fied to know his love — can

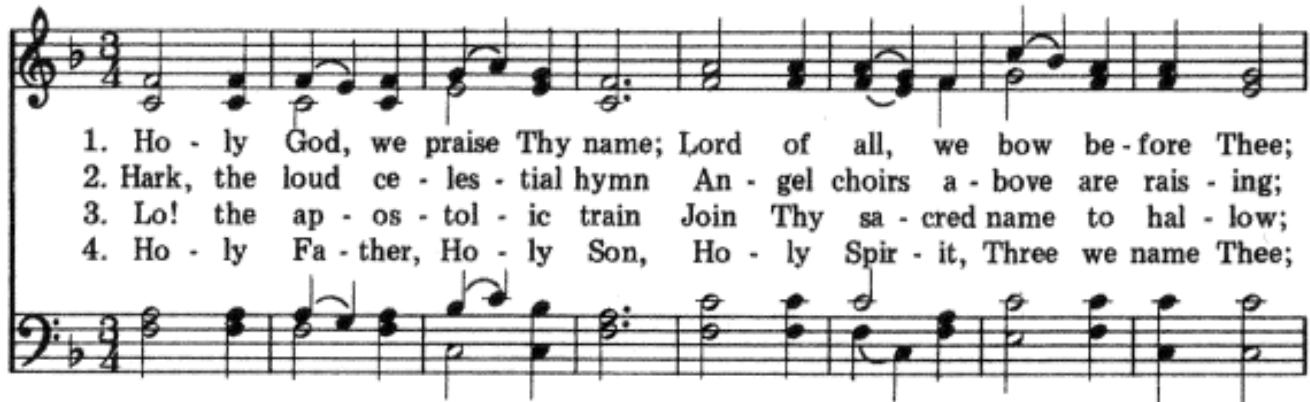
29 B E

nev - er — fail.

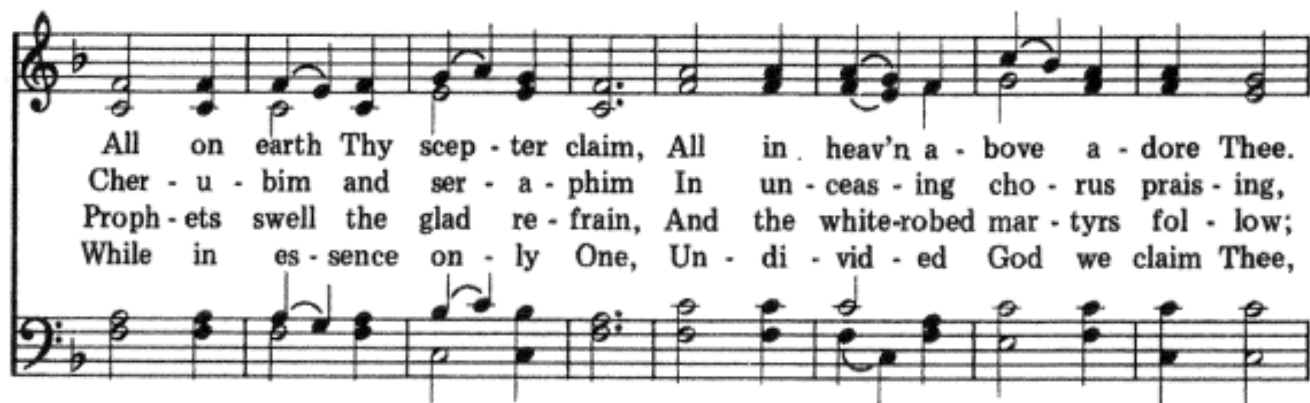
©2004 Christopher Miner Music.  
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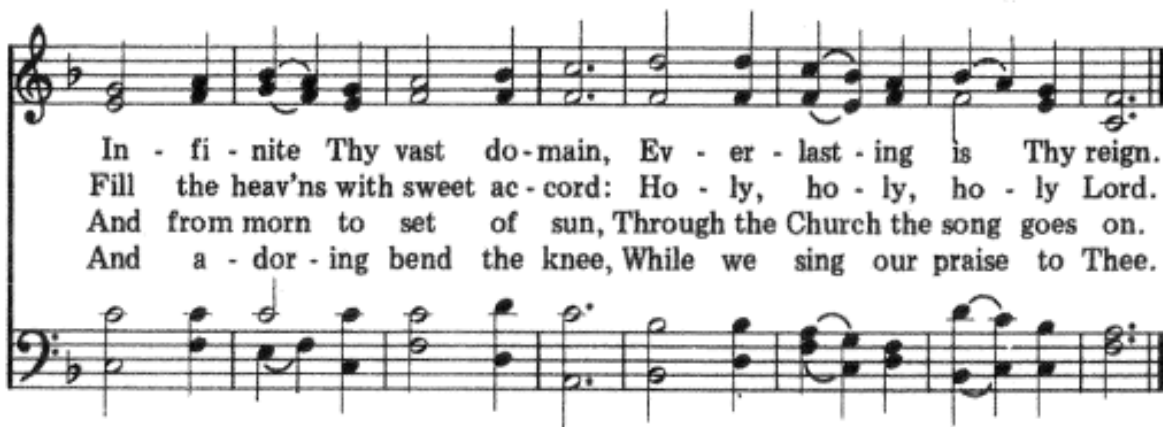
## Holy God, We Praise Thy Name



1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name; Lord of all, we bow be - fore Thee;  
 2. Hark, the loud ce - les - tial hymn An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;  
 3. Lo! the ap - os - tol - ic train Join Thy sa - cred name to hal - low;  
 4. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three we name Thee;



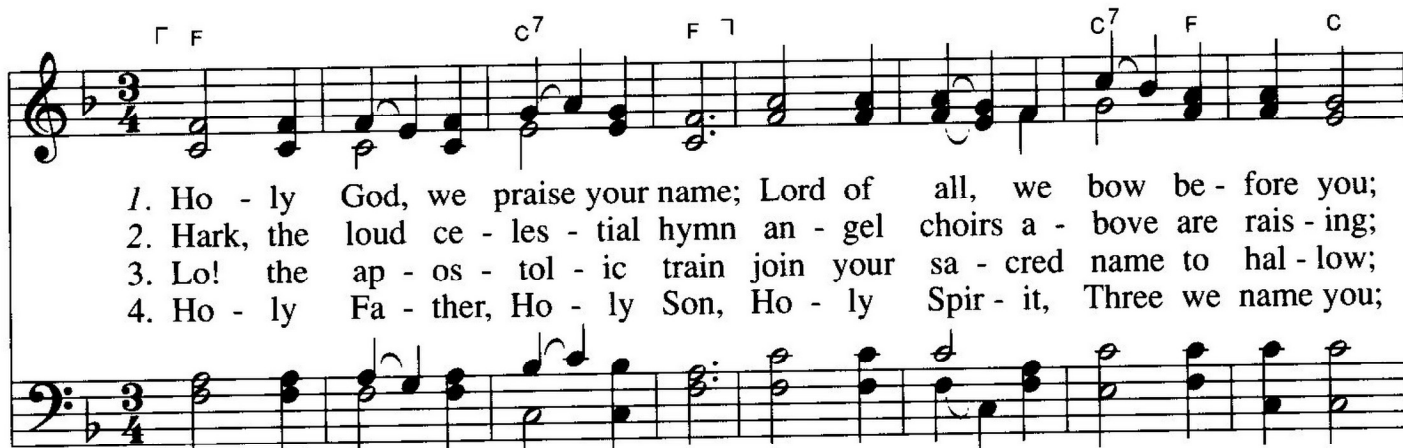
All on earth Thy scep - ter claim, All in heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee.  
 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,  
 Proph - ets swell the glad re - frain, And the white-robed mar - tyrs fol - low;  
 While in es - sence on - ly One, Un - di - vid - ed God we claim Thee,



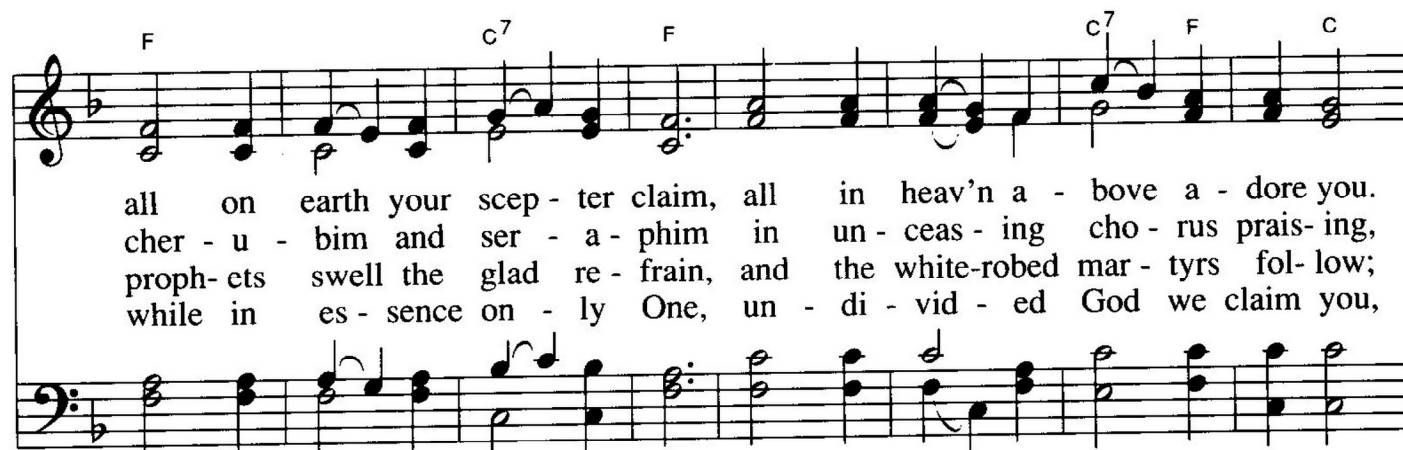
In - fi - nite Thy vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.  
 Fill the heav'ns with sweet ac - cord: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord.  
 And from morn to set of sun, Through the Church the song goes on.  
 And a - dor - ing bend the knee, While we sing our praise to Thee.

Words: Ignace Franz (c. 1774), trans. Clarence A. Walworth, 1853, based on *Te Deum*  
 Music: *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, Vienna (c. 1774), Public Domain

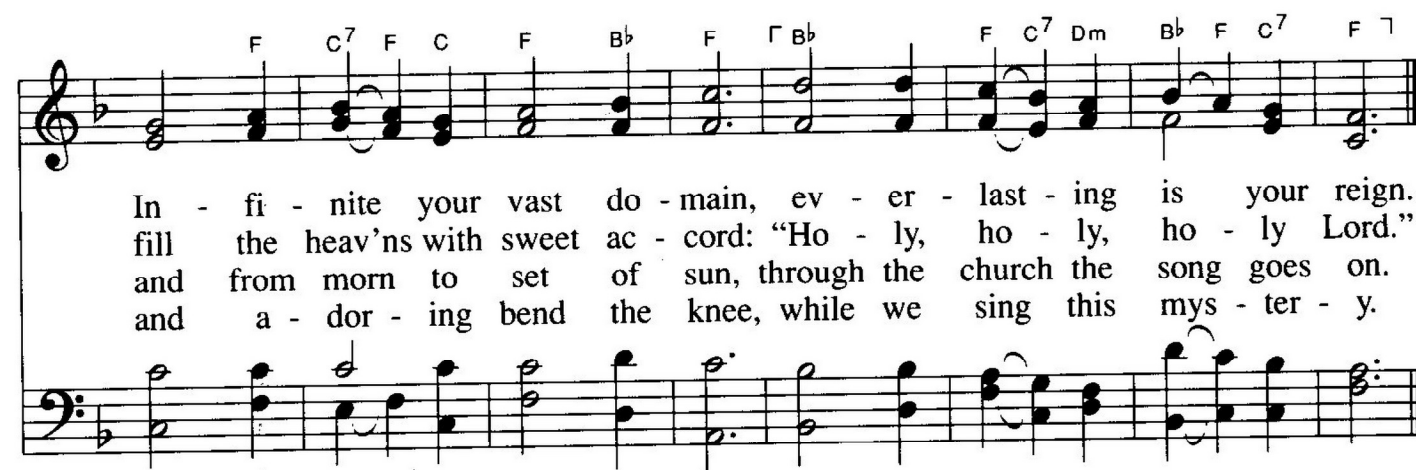
## Holy God, We Praise Your Name

298  
103*Holy, holy, holy is the LORD Almighty; the whole earth is full of his glory. Is. 6:3*


1. Ho - ly God, we praise your name; Lord of all, we bow be - fore you;  
2. Hark, the loud ce - les - tial hymn an - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;  
3. Lo! the ap - os - tol - ic train join your sa - cred name to hal - low;  
4. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three we name you;



all on earth your scep - ter claim, all in heav'n a - bove a - dore you.  
cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim in un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,  
proph - ets swell the glad re - frain, and the white-robed mar - tyrs fol - low;  
while in es - sence on - ly One, un - di - vid - ed God we claim you,



In - fi - nite your vast do - main, ev - er - last - ing is your reign.  
fill the heav'ns with sweet ac - cord: "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord."  
and from morn to set of sun, through the church the song goes on.  
and a - dor - ing bend the knee, while we sing this mys - ter - y.

Based on *Te Deum*, ca. 4th cent.  
Attr. to Ignace Franz, ca. 1774  
Tr. by Clarence A. Walworth, 1853; alt. 1990, mod.

GROSSER GOTT, WIR LOBEN DICH 7.8.7.8.7.7.  
*Katholisches Gesangbuch*, Vienna, ca. 1774

Holy, Holy, Holy

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al- might - y!  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,  
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al- might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;  
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
 Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;  
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;


Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y!  
 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,  
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee,  
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly; mer - ci - ful and might - y!

God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
 Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty,  
 God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

# HOLY, HOLY, HOLY


Words by Reginald Heber  
Music by John Dykes

C Am G C F C




1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!  
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,  
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Though the dark - ness hide Thee,  
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!

5 G C G Am G G D G G7



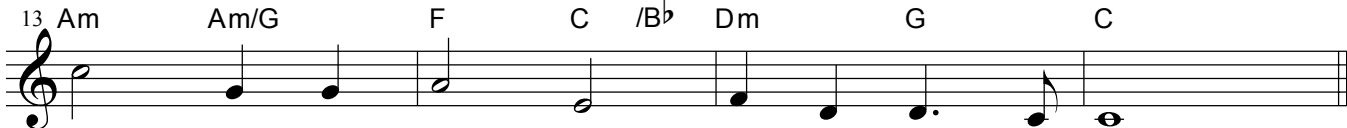
Ear - ly in the morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee;  
 Cast - ing down their gol - den crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
 Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,  
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name In earth, and sky, and sea;

9 C Am G C F C



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and migh - ty!  
 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee  
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly; There is none be - side Thee,  
 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Merc - i - ful and migh - ty!

13 Am Am/G F C /B<sup>b</sup> Dm G C



God in three per - sons, bless - ed Tri - ni - ty!  
 Who wert, and art, and ev - er more shall be.  
 Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.  
 God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Tri - ni - ty.

**D** **Em7** **D/F#** **G**  
 How deep the fathers love for us  
**D/F#** **Bm7** **A**  
 How vast beyond all mea-sure  
**D** **Em7** **D/F#** **G**  
 That He should give his on--ly son  
**D/F#** **A** **D**  
 To make a wretch His trea-sure  
**D** **Em7** **D/F#** **G**  
 How great the pain of sear-ing loss  
**D/F#** **Bm7** **A**  
 The Father turns His face away  
**D** **Em7** **D/F#** **G**  
 As wounds which mar the Cho-sen One  
**D/F#** **A** **D**  
 Bring many son's to glo-ry

**D G D G**

**D** **Em7** **D/F#** **G**  
 Behold the Man upon the cross  
**D/F#** **Bm7** **A**  
 My sin upon His shoul-der  
**D** **Em7** **D/F#** **G**  
 Ashamed I hear my mock-ing voice  
**D/F#** **A** **D**  
 Call out among the sco-ffers  
**D** **Em7** **D/F#** **G**  
 It was my sin that held Him there  
**D/F#** **Bm7** **A**  
 Until it was accom-plished  
**D** **Em7** **D/F#** **G**  
 His dying breath has brought me life  
**D/F#** **A** **D**  
 I know that it is fin-ished

**D G D G**

**D** **Em7** **D/F#** **G**  
 I will not boast in an--y----thing  
**D/F#** **Bm7** **A**  
 No gifts no power no wis--dom  
**D** **Em7** **D/F#** **G**  
 But I will boast in Je---sus Christ  
**D/F#** **A** **D**  
 His death and resurrec-tion  
**D** **Em7** **D/F#** **G**  
 Why should I gain from His re---ward  
**D/F#** **Bm7** **A**  
 I cannot give an an---swer  
**D** **Em7** **D/F#** **G**  
 But this I know with all my heart  
**D/F#** **A** **D**

## How deep the Father's love for us

D                           Em       G  
 How deep the Father's love for us  
 D                           A  
 How vast beyond all measure  
 D                           Em       G  
 That He would give His only Son  
 A                           A     D  
 To make a wretch His treasure

D                           Em D     G  
 How great the pain of searing loss  
 D                           Em       A  
 The Father turns His face away  
 D                           Em       G  
 As wounds which mar the chosen One  
 D                           A     D  
 Bring many sons to glory

D                           Em       G  
 Behold the Man upon a cross  
 D                           A  
 My guilt upon His shoulders  
 D                           Em       G  
 Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice  
 A                           A     D  
 Call out among the scoffers

D                           Em D     G  
 It was my sin that held Him there  
 D                           Em       A  
 Until it was accomplished  
 D                           Em       G  
 His dying breath has brought me life  
 D                           A     D  
 I know that it is finished

D                           Em       G  
 I will not boast in anything  
 D                           A  
 No gifts, no powr's, no wisdom  
 D                           Em       G  
 But I will boast in Jesus Christ  
 A                           A     D  
 His death and resurrection

D                           Em D     G  
 Why should I gain from His reward?  
 D                           Em       A  
 I cannot give an answer  
 D                           Em       G  
 But this I know with all my heart  
 D                           A     D  
 His wounds have paid my ransom

## How Firm a Foundation

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dis - mayed,  
 3. "When thro' fi - ery tri - als thy path - way shall lie,  
 4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose

Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent Word!  
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
 My grace, all - suf - fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply;  
 I will not de - sert to his foes;

What more can He say than to you He hath said,  
 I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign  
 That soul, tho' all hell should en - deav - or to shake,

To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?  
 Up - held by My righ - teous, om - nip - o - tent hand.  
 Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.  
 I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake!"

Words: John Rippon's Selection of Hymns (1787);  
 Music: Joseph Funk's Genuine Church Music (1832), Public Domain

## How Great Is Our God

Chris Tomlin

### Verse

**G** **Em7**  
The splendor of the King, clothed in majesty  
**C2**  
Let all the earth rejoice, all the earth rejoice  
**G** **Em7**  
He wraps Himself in light, and darkness tries to hide  
**C2**  
And trembles at His voice, and trembles at His voice

### Chorus

**G**  
How great is our God! Sing with me  
**Em7**  
How great is our God!  
**Cmaj7** **D** **G2**  
And all will see how great, how great is our God!

### Verse

And age to age He stands, and time is in His hands;  
Beginning and the End, Beginning and the End  
The God-head, three in one, Father, Spirit, Son,  
The Lion and the Lamb, the Lion and the Lamb

### Chorus

### Bridge

**G** **Em7**  
You're the Name above all names, You are worthy of all praise,  
**Cmaj7** **D** **G**  
My heart will sing: How great is our God!



## HOW GREAT IS OUR GOD

Key: A  
Capo 2

Verse 1: G (A) Em7 (F#m7)  
The splendor of the King, clothed in majesty,  
C2 (D2)  
Let all the earth rejoice, all the earth rejoice.  
G (A) Em7 (F#m7)  
He wraps Himself in light, and darkness tries to hide,  
C2 (D2)  
And trembles at his voice, trembles at his voice.

Chorus: G (A) D/F# (E/G#)  
How great is our God, sing with me,  
Em7 (F#m7) D/F# (E/G#)  
How great is our God, all will see,  
C (Dmaj7) D (E) G (A)  
How great, how great is our God.

Verse 2: G (A) Em7 (F#m7)  
Age to age He stands, and time is in His hands,  
C2 (D2)  
Beginning and the end, beginning and the end.  
G (A) Em7 (F#m7)  
The Godhead, three in one: Father, Spirit, Son,  
C2 (D2)  
The Lion and the Lamb, the Lion and the Lamb.

Bridge: G (A) D/F# (E/G#)  
Name above all names,  
Em7 (F#m7) D/F# (E/G#)  
Worthy of all praise,  
C (Dmaj7)  
My heart will sing  
D (E) G (A)  
How great is our God.

Then sings my soul my Savior God to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art  
Then sings my soul my Savior God to Thee  
How great Thou art; how Great Thou art

## How Great Our God's Majestic Name

1. How great our God's ma - jes - tic Name! His glo - ry  
 2. His fin - gers set the moon in place, The stars their  
 3. And what of us? Cre - a - tion's crown, Up - held in  
 4. His praise the heav'n - ly host pro - claim And we His

fills the earth and sky. His praise the heav'n - ly  
 Mak - er's hand de - clare; In earth and sky a -  
 God's e - ter - nal mind; On whom He looks in  
 chil - dren tell His worth: And great is God's ma -

host pro - claim, E - ter - nal God and Lord most high.  
 like we trace The pat - tern of His con - stant care.  
 mer - cy down For ten - der love of hu - man - kind.  
 jes - tic Name, His glo - ry seen in all the earth.

## How Helpless

From the album **All I Owe**, available at [www.matthewsmith.us](http://www.matthewsmith.us)

Words by Anne Steele and Matthew S. Smith, Music by Matthew S. Smith

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G
D2  
 1. How helpless guilty nature lies,  
C2
D2  
 Unconscious of its load  
G
D2  
 The heart, unchanged, can never rise  
C2
D2  
 To happiness and God.  
C2
G  
 Can nothing less than power divine,  
C2
G
D  
 The stubborn will subdue?  
C2
G  
 'Tis Thine, eternal Spirit, Thine,  
C2
G
D  
 To form the heart anew.

2. 'Tis Thine, the passions to recall,  
 And upwards bid them rise;  
 And make the scales of error fall,  
 From reason's darkened eyes.  
 To chase the shades of death away  
 And bid the sinner live  
 Heaven's beam, a vital ray  
 'Tis Thine alone to give

3. Oh change these wretched hearts of ours,  
 And give them life divine;  
 Then shall our passions and our powers,  
 Almighty Lord, be Thine.

Oh change these wretched hearts of ours,  
 And give them life divine;  
 Then shall our passions and our powers,  
 Almighty Lord, be Thine.

C G D

Almighty Lord, be Thine

C G D

Almighty Lord, be Thine

G D2

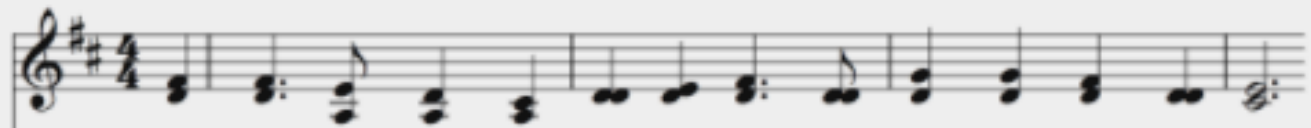
How helpless guilty nature lies,

C2 D2

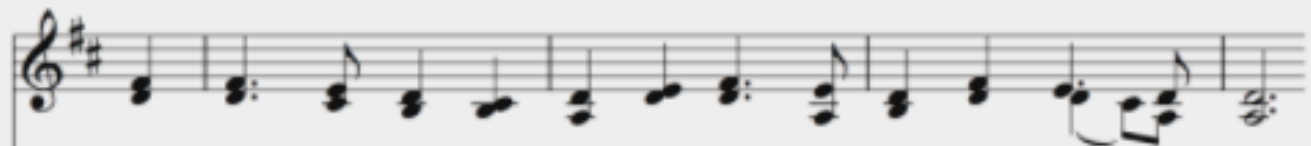
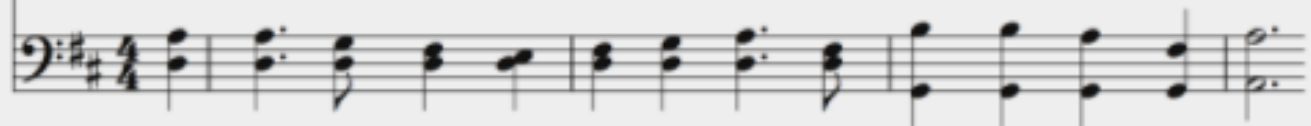
Unconscious of its load

*Large-print bulletins are available at the hall entrances.*

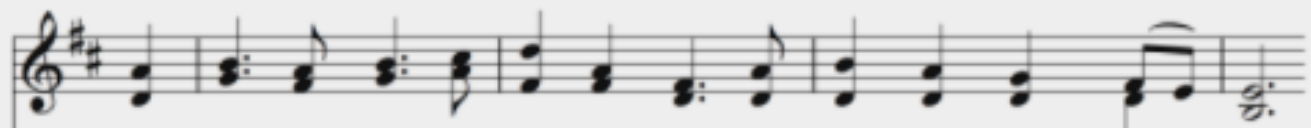
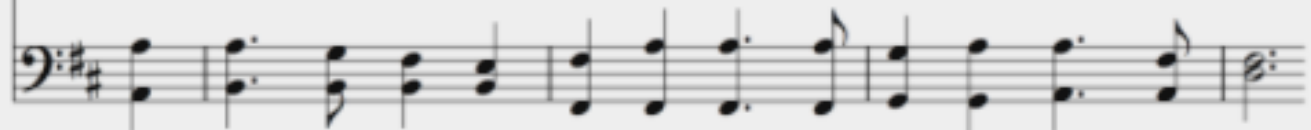
### How Rich a Treasure We Possess



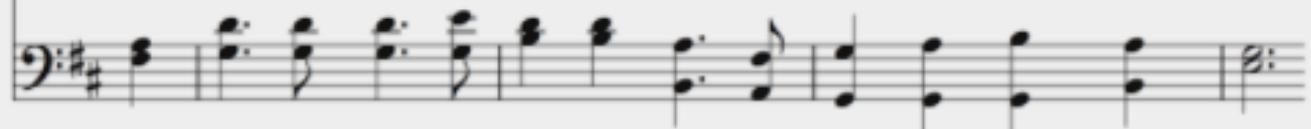
1. How rich a treas - ure we pos - sess in Je - sus Christ, our Lord.
2. How free and cost - ly was the love dis - played up - on the cross!
3. How vast and meas - ure - less the flood of mer - cy un - re strained!



His blood, our ran - som and de - fense; his glo - ry, our re - ward.  
While we were dead in un - told sin, the Sov' - reign pur - chased us.  
The pen - al - ty was paid in full; the spot - less Lamb was slain.



The sum of all cre - a - ted things is worth - less in com - pare,  
The will of God, the Fa - ther dem - on - strat - ed through the Son.  
Sal - va - tion, what a price - less gift, re - ceived by grace through faith,



For our in - her - it - ance is Him whose praise an - gels de - clare.  
The Spir - it seals the great - est work, the work which Christ has done.  
We stand in robes of right - eous - ness; we stand in Je - sus' Name.



## How Sweet and Awful

1. How sweet and aw - ful is the place With  
 2. While all our hearts and all our songs Join  
 3. "Why was I made to hear Thy voice, And  
 4. 'T was the same love that spread the feast, That  
 5. Pit - y the na - tions, O our God, Con -  
 6. We long to see Thy church - es full, That

Christ with - in the doors, While ev - er - last - ing  
 to ad - mire the feast, Each of us cry, with  
 en - ter while there's room, When thou - sands make a  
 sweet - ly drew us in; Else we had still re -  
 strain the earth to come; Send Thy vic - to - rious  
 all the cho - sen race May, with one voice and

love dis - plays The choic - est of her stores.  
 thank - ful tongues, "Lord, why was I a guest?"  
 wretch - ed choice, And rath - er starve than come?"  
 fused to taste, And per - ished in our sin.  
 Word a - broad, And bring the strang - ers home.  
 heart and soul, Sing Thy re - deem - ing grace.

## How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds in  
 2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole and  
 3. Dear name, the rock on which I build, my  
 4. Je - sus! My Shep - herd, Sav - ior, Friend, My  
 5. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, and  
 6. Till then I would Thy love pro - claim With

a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sor - rows,  
 calms the trou - bled breast; 'Tis man - na to the  
 shield and hid - ing place, My nev - er - fail - ing  
 Proph - et, Priest and King, My Lord, my Life, my  
 cold my warm - est thought; But when I see Thee  
 ev - ery fleet - ing breath; And may the mu - sic

heals his wounds, and drives a - way his fear.  
 hun - gry soul, and to the wea - ry rest.  
 treas - ury filled with bound - less stores of grace!  
 way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.  
 as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.  
 of Thy name re - fresh my soul in death.

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds in a be - liev - er's ear! It
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole. And calms the trou-bled breast; 'Tis
3. Dear name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place, My
4. Je - sus! My Shep-herd, Sav-ior, Friend, My Proph-et, Priest and King, My
5. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est thought; But
6. Till then I would Thy love pro-claim With ev- 'ry fleet-ing breath; And



1. soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, and drives a - way his fear.
2. man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
3. nev - er - fail - ing trea - s'ry filled With bound-less stores of grace!
4. Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
5. when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
6. may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.





# HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

Words attributed to R. Keene  
Traditional American Melody

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, Ye saints of the Lord Is  
2. In ev - ery con - di - tion, In sick-ness and in health In  
3. Fear not I am with you, O be not dis - mayed In I

6  
laid for your faith, In His excel - lent Word What  
pov - er - ty's vale, Or His a - bound - ing wealth At  
am - thy God, And will still give thee aid I'll

10  
more can He say, Than to you He hath said You  
streng - then thee, Help thee, and cause thee to stand As thy -

14  
who days held un - to de - Je - sus, For re - fuge have fled  
mand, by my right - eous, Shall My strength ev - er be  
Om - ni - po - tent hand

4. When through the deep waters, I call thee to go  
The rivers of grief, Shall not thee overflow  
For I will be with thee, Thy troubles to bless  
And sanctify to thee, Thy deepest distress

5. When through fiery trials, Thy pathway shall lie  
My grace, all sufficient, Shall be thy supply  
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
Thy dross to consume, And thy gold to refine

6. The soul that on Jesus, Hath leaned for repose  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes  
That soul though all Hell, Should endeavor to break  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake

## How Firm A Foundation

Traditional American Tune

John Rippon, 1787

E A E E A B  
 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
 E A E C#m E B7 E  
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!  
 E C#m A C#m A B  
 What more can He say than to you He hath said,  
 E A E C#m E B7 E  
 To you who for refuge to Jesus hath fled.

E A E E A B  
 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,  
 E A E C#m E B7 E  
 For I am your God, and will still give thee aid;  
 E C#m A C#m A B  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,  
 E A E C#m E B7 E  
 Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand."

E A E E A B  
 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
 E A E C#m E B7 E  
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
 E C#m A E A B  
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
 E A E C#m B7 E  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

E A E E A B  
 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
 E A E C#m E B7 E  
 My grace, all sufficient shall be thy supply;  
 E C#m A E A B  
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
 E A E C#m E B7 E  
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."

E A E E A B  
 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
 E A E C#m E B7 E  
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
 E C#m A E A B  
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
 E A E C#m E B7 E  
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

## How Firm A Foundation

Traditional American Tune

John Rippon, 1787

F Bb F F Bb C  
 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
 F Bb F Dm F C7 F  
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!  
 F Dm Bb Dm Bb C  
 What more can He say than to you He hath said,  
 F Bb F Dm F C7 F  
 To you who for refuge to Jesus hath fled.

F Bb F F Bb C  
 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,  
 F Bb F Dm F C7 F  
 For I am your God, and will still give thee aid;  
 F Dm Bb Dm Bb C  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,  
 F Bb F Dm F C7 F  
 Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand."

F Bb F F Bb C  
 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
 F Bb F Dm F C7 F  
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
 F Dm Bb F Bb C  
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
 F Bb F Dm F C7 F  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

F Bb F F Bb C  
 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
 F Bb F Dm F C7 F  
 My grace, all sufficient shall be thy supply;  
 F Dm Bb F Bb C  
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
 F Bb F Dm F C7 F  
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."

F Bb F F Bb C  
 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
 F Bb F Dm F C7 F  
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
 F Dm Bb F Bb C  
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
 F Bb F Dm F C7 F  
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

## HOW SWEET AND AWFUL

Words by Isaac Watts  
Tune based on St. Columbia

## Capo IV

1. How sweet and aw - ful is the place with  
 2. While all our hearts and all our songs join  
 3. "Why was I made to hear Thy voice, and  
 4. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast that

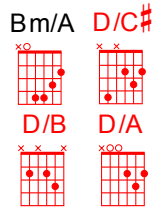
Christ to en - sweet with - ad - ter - ly in - mire while drew the the there's us doors feast, room, in; While Each When Else

ev - er - last - ing with love dis - plays the  
 of us and cry, with thank - ful - tongues, "Lord,  
 thous - us ands had make still a wretch - ed choice, and  
 we had still re - fused to taste, and

choic - est of her stores  
 why was I a guest?"  
 ra - ther starve than come?"  
 per - ished in our sin.

5. Pity the nations, O our God,  
 Constrain the earth to come;  
 Send Thy victorious Word abroad,  
 And bring the strangers home.

6. We long to see Thy churches full,  
 That all the chosen race  
 May, with one voice and heart and soul,  
 Sing Thy redeeming grace.



# HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS

Words by John Newton  
 Music by Alexander Reinagle  
 Arranged by Bill Moore

\*NOTE: Starting in measure 5, there are 2 melodies in common usage. Both are given here.

1. How sweet the name of Je -  
 the the name wound - of Je -  
 the the name wound - of Je -  
 Rock on spir -  
 which

3 sus it sounds In a be - li - ver's ear!  
 I whole build And My calms Shield the troubl - - ed breast.  
 build My Shield and Hi - - ding Place,

It soothes his sor - row, heals his wounds And  
 Tis man - na to fail - ing hun - gry soul And  
 My nev - er fail - ing Trea - sury filled with

drives to a - way his fear. 2. It makes  
 Bound - the less wear stores - y of rest. grace. 3. Dear name

\* alternate version (as heard on *Pilgrim Days*)

10 It soothes his sor - row, heals his wounds And  
 Tis man - na to fail - ing hun - gry soul And  
 My nev - er fail - ing Trea - sury filled with

drives to a - way his fear. 2. It makes  
 Bound - the less wear stores - y of rest. grace. 3. Dear name

4. By Thee, my prayers acceptance gain,  
 Although with sin defiled;  
 Satan accuses me in vain,  
 And I am owned a child.

5. Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 My Lord, my life, my way, My end,  
 Accept the praise I bring.

6. Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought;  
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

7. 'Til then I would Thy love proclaim  
 With every fleeting breath,  
 And may the music of Thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death.

I Asked the Lord

1. I asked the Lord that I might grow  
 2. 'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,  
 3. I hoped that in some fa - vored hour  
 4. In - stead of this He made me feel  
 5. Yea more with His own hand He seemed  
 6. Lord, why is this, I trem - bling cried?  
 7. "These in - ward tri - als I em - ploy

in faith and love and ev - 'ry grace,  
 and He I trust has an - swered prayer,  
 at once He'd an - swer my re - quest  
 the hid - den e - vils of my heart  
 in - tent to ag - gra - vate my woe,  
 Wilt Thou pur - sue Thy worm to death?  
 from self and pride to set thee free

might more of His sal - va - tion know  
 but it has been in such a way  
 and by His love's con - strain - ing pow'r  
 and let the an - gry pow'rs of Hell  
 crossed all the fair de - signs I schemed,  
 "'Tis in this way," the Lord re - plied,  
 and break thy schemes of earth - ly joy

and seek more ear - nest - ly His face.  
 as al - most drove me to de - spair.  
 sub - due my sins and give me rest.  
 as - sault my soul in ev - 'ry part.  
 cast out my feel - ings, laid me low.  
 "I an - swer prayer for grace and faith."  
 that thou may'st find thy all in me."

Words: John Newton (1779), Public Domain

Music: Hal Hopson (1933 - ), based on a trad. English melody, ©1972 Hope Publishing Co. (CCLI# 964786)

1. I greet Thee, who my sure Re - deem - er art,  
 2. Thou art the King of mer - cy and of grace,  
 3. Thou art the life, by which a - lone we live,  
 4. Our hope is in no oth - er save in Thee;

My on - ly Trust and Sav - ior of my heart,  
 Reign - ing om - nip - o - tent in ev - ery place:  
 And all our sub - stance and our strength re - ceive;  
 Our faith is built up - on Thy prom - ise free;

Who pain didst un - der - go for my poor sake;  
 So come, O King, and our whole be - ing sway;  
 Sus - tain us by Thy faith and by Thy pow'r,  
 Lord, give us peace, and make us calm and sure,

I pray Thee from our hearts all cares to take.  
 Shine on us with the light of Thy pure day.  
 And give us strength in ev - ery try - ing hour.  
 That in Thy strength we ev - er - more en - dure.

I Have Decided to Follow Jesus

1. I have de - cid - ed to fol - low Je - sus; I have de -  
 2. Tho' none go with me, I still will fol - low; Tho' none go  
 3. My cross I'll car - ry, till I see Je - sus; My cross I'll  
 4. The world be - hind me, the cross be - fore me; The world be -

cid - ed to fol - low Je - sus; I have de - cid - ed to fol - low  
 with me, I still will fol - low; Tho' none go with me, I still will  
 car - ry, till I see Je - sus; My cross I'll car - ry, till I see  
 hind me, the cross be - fore me; The world be - hind me, the cross be -

Je - sus; No turn - ing back, no turn - ing back.  
 fol - low; No turn - ing back, no turn - ing back.  
 Je - sus; No turn - ing back, no turn - ing back.  
 fore me; No turn - ing back, no turn - ing back.



1. I hear the words of love, I gaze up - on the blood, I  
 2. 'Tis e - ver - last - ing peace! Sure as Je - ho - vah's Name; 'Tis  
 3. The clouds may come and go, And storms may sweep my sky This  
 4. My love is oft - times low, My joy still ebbs and flows; But  
 5. I change, He chan - ges not, The Christ can ne - ver die; His

see the might - y sac - ri - fice And I have peace with God.  
 sta - ble as His stead - fast throne, For e - ver - more the same.  
 blood - seal'd friend - ship chan - ges not: The cross is e - ver nigh.  
 peace with Him re - mains the same No change Je - ho - vah knows.  
 love, not mine, the rest - ing place, His truth, not mine, the tie.

## I Love Thee

1. I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, my Lord;  
 2. I'm hap - py, I'm hap - py, oh, won - drous ac - count!  
 3. O Je - sus, my Sav - ior, with Thee I am blest,  
 4. Oh, who's like my Sav - ior? He's Sa - lem's bright King;

I love Thee, my Sav - ior, I love Thee, my God:  
 My joys are im - mor - tal, I stand on the mount:  
 My life and sal - va - tion, my joy and my rest:  
 He smiles and He loves me and helps me to sing:

I love Thee, I love Thee, and that Thou dost know;  
 I gaze on my trea - sure and long to be there;  
 Thy name be my theme, and Thy love be my song;  
 I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him with notes loud and clear,

But how much I love Thee my ac - tions will show.  
 With Je - sus and an - gels and kin - dred so dear.  
 Thy grace shall in - spire both my heart and my tongue.  
 While riv - ers of plea - sure my spir - it shall cheer.

I love You, Lord, and I lift my voice to wor - ship

The first system of music consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

You. O my soul, re - joice! Take joy, my King, in

The second system of music consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

what You hear: may it be a sweet, sweet sound in Your ear.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these  
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou - bles; He is a kind, com -  
 3. Tempt - ed and tried, I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my  
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;  
 pas - sion - ate friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,  
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;  
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.  
 Make of my trou - bles quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!  
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.  
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

I Need Thee Every Hour

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;  
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near - by;  
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain;  
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Teach me Thy will;  
 5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One;

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.  
 Temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.  
 Come quick - ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.  
 Thy prom - is - es so rich In me ful - fill.  
 O make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee!

O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee.

I Saw the Cross of Jesus

1. I saw the cross of Je - sus, When bur - dened with my sin;  
 2. I love the cross of Je - sus, It tells me what I am —  
 3. I trust the cross of Je - sus, In ev - 'ry try - ing hour,  
 4. Safe in the cross of Je - sus! There let my wea - ry heart

I sought the cross of Je - sus, To give me peace with - in;  
 A vile and guilt - y crea - ture, Saved on - ly thro' the Lamb;  
 My sure and cer - tain ref - uge, My nev - er - fail - ing tow'r;  
 Still rest in peace un - shak - en, Till with Him, ne'er to part;

I brought my soul to Je - sus, He cleansed it in His blood;  
 No righ - teous - ness nor mer - it, No beau - ty can I plead;  
 In ev - 'ry fear and con - flict, I more than con - queror am;  
 And then in strains of glo - ry I'll sing His won - drous pow'r,

And in the cross of Je - sus I found my peace with God.  
 Yet in the cross I glo - ry, My ti - tle there I read.  
 Liv - ing, I'm safe, or dy - ing, Thro' Christ, the ris - en Lamb.  
 Where sin can nev - er en - ter, And death is known no more.

I Sing the Mighty Power of God

1. I sing the might - y pow'r of God, that made the moun-tains rise,  
 2. I sing the good-ness of the Lord, who filled the earth with food,  
 3. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, but makes Thy glo - ries known,



That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad; and built the loft - y skies.  
 Who formed the crea-tures through the Word, and then pro - nounced them good.  
 And clouds a - rise, and tem - pests blow, by or - der from Thy throne;



I sing the wis - dom that or - dained the sun to rule the day;  
 Lord, how Thy won - ders are dis - play'd, wher - e'er I turn my eye,  
 While all that bor - rows life from Thee is ev - er in Thy care;



The moon shines full at God's com - mand, and all the stars o - bey.  
 If I sur - vey the ground I tread, or gaze up - on the sky.  
 And eve - ry - where that we can be, Thou, God, art pres - ent there.



## I Stand Amazed in the Presence

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. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;  
 4. 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, un - clean.  
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.  
 He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - fered and died a - lone.  
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful! And my song shall ev - er be;  
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful!

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



I will glory in my Redeemer  
Whose priceless blood has ransomed me.  
Mine was the sin that drove the bitter nails  
And hung Him on that judgment tree.

I will glory in my Redeemer  
Who crushed the power of sin and death;  
My only Savior before the Holy Judge;  
The Lamb who is my righteousness,  
The Lamb who is my righteousness.

I will glory in my Redeemer;  
My life He bought, my love He owns.  
I have no longings for another;  
I'm satisfied in Him alone.  
I will glory in my Redeemer,  
His faithfulness my standing place;  
Though foes are mighty and come against me,  
My feet are firm held by His grace,  
My feet are firm held by His grace.

I will glory in my Redeemer  
Who carries me on eagle's wings;  
He crowns my life with loving kindness,  
His triumph song I'll ever sing.  
I will glory in my Redeemer  
Who waits for me on streets of gold;  
And when He calls me it will be paradise;  
His face forever to behold,  
His face forever to behold.

*I Will Rise*

Chris Tomlin

Capo 4

## VERSE 1

There's a peace I've come to know  
 Though my heart and flesh may fail  
 There's an anchor for my soul, I can say "It is well!"

## PRE-CHORUS

Jesus has overcome and the grave is overwhelmed  
 The victory is won, He is risen from the dead

## CHORUS

And I will rise when He calls my name  
 No more sorrow, no more pain  
 I will rise on eagle's wings, before my God, fall on my knees  
 And rise I will rise

## VERSE 2

There's a day that's drawing near, when this darkness breaks to light  
 And the shadows disappear, and my faith shall be my eyes

## BRIDGE

And I hear the voice of many angels sing  
 Worthy is the Lamb  
 And I hear the cry of every longing heart  
 Worthy is the Lamb

VERSE 1

PRE CHORUS

CHORUS

VERSE 2

PRE CHORUS

CHORUS

BRIDGE X2

CHORUS

## I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

1. I will sing the won - drous sto - ry Of the Christ who  
 2. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me; Faint was I from  
 3. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters

died for me. How He left His home in glo - ry For the  
 man - ya fall; Sight was gone, and fears pos - sessed me, But He  
 at my feet; Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the

cross of Cal - va - ry. I was lost, but Je - sus found me,  
 freed me from them all. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me,  
 loved ones I shall meet. Yes, I'll sing the won - drous sto - ry

Found the sheep that went a - stray, Threw His lov - ing  
 Sor - row's paths I of - ten tread, But the Sav - ior  
 Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with the

arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.  
 still is with me; By His hand I'm safe - ly led.  
 saints in glo - ry, Gath - ered by the crys - tal sea.

Words: Francis H. Rowley (1854-1959); Music: Rowland H. Prichard (1811-1887), Public Domain

## I Will Sing



1. I will sing of the mer - cy of Je - sus, the name by which all men are saved.
2. I will sing of the pow - er of Je - sus, through whom all cre - a - tion was made.
3. I will sing of the beau - ty of Je - sus, I'll join in the an - gels' re - frain.



He laid down His life for our ran - som, the debt of re - demp - tion to pay.  
 His glo - ri - ous light shines e - ter - nal and chas - es the dark - ness a - way.  
 Lav - ish - ing our a - do - ra - tion on Him with the love - li - est name.



*I will sing of the won - der of Je - sus and the cross that he bore for our sin.*



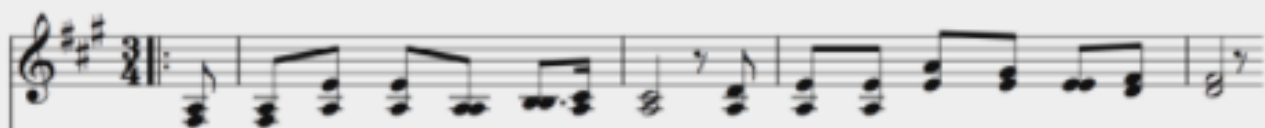
*I will sing of a love that has con - quered the grave and the day*



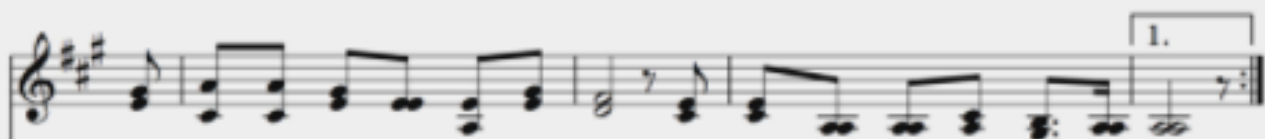
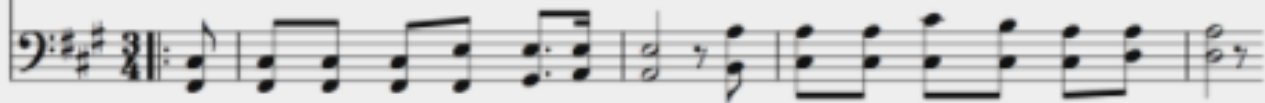
*He's re - turn - ing a - gain.*

## Preparation Music

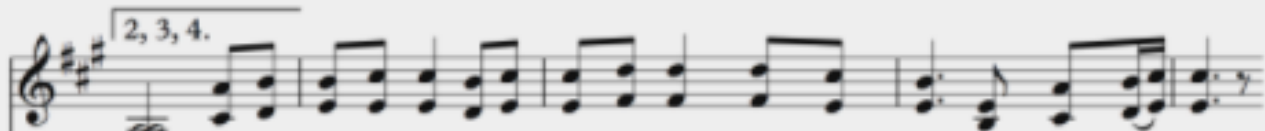
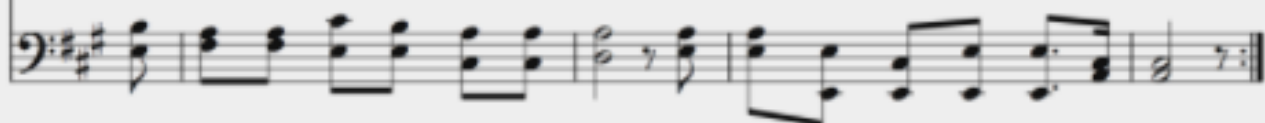
## I Will Wait for You (Psalm 130)



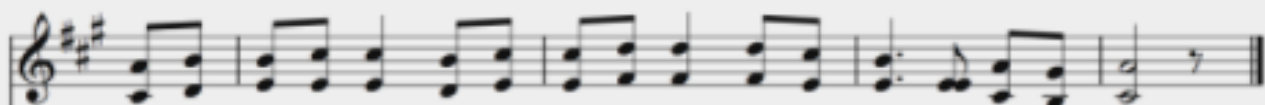
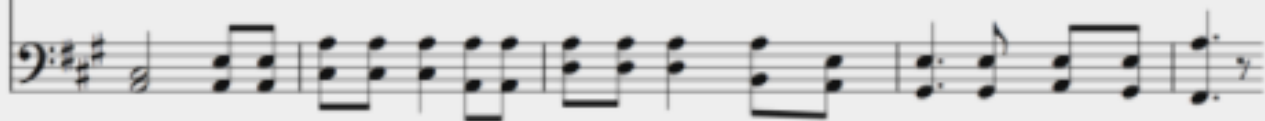
1. Out of the depths I cry to you, In dark - est pla - ces I will call;  
 2. Were You to count my sin - ful ways, How could I come be - fore Your throne?  
 3. So put your hope in God a - lone, Take cour - age in His pow'r to save;  
 4. His stead - fast love has made a way, And God Him - self has paid the price



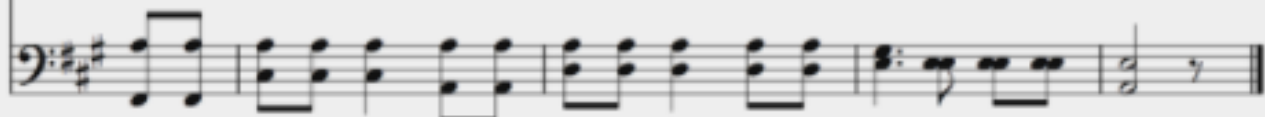
In - cline Your ear to me a - new, And hear my cry for mer - cy, Lord.  
 Yet full for - give - ness meets my gaze; I stand re - deemed by grace a -  
 Com - plete - ly and for - ev - er won By Christ, e - mer - ging from the  
 That all who trust in Him to - day Find heal - ing in His sac - ri -



- (2.) lone. *I will wait for You, I will wait for You, On Your Word I will re - ly.*  
 (3.) grave. *I will wait for You, I will wait for You, On Your Word I will re - ly.*  
 (4.) fice. *I will wait for You, I will wait for You, On Your Word I will re - ly.*  
*Final chorus: I will wait for You, I will wait for You, Through the storm and through the night.*



*I will wait for You, Sure - ly wait for You, Till my soul is sat - is - fied.*  
*I will wait for You, Sure - ly wait for You, Till my soul is sat - is - fied.*  
*I will wait for You, Sure - ly wait for You, Till my soul is sat - is - fied.*  
*I will wait for You, Sure - ly wait for You, For Your love is my de - light.*



## I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB

Words by Henrietta L. van Hayn  
 Music by Christopher Miner

1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb,  
 2. Day by so day, hap - py home, as I - way,  
 3. Who so hap - py as I am,

3 Ev - er glad at heart I am;  
 Je - sus is at my staff and stay,  
 Ev - en now the Shep - herd's lamb?

5 For my Shep - herd gent - ly guides me,  
 When I when hun - ger, Je - sus is feeds me,  
 And when my short life is end - ed,

7 Knows my need, and well pro - vides me,  
 In - to His pleas - ant an - gel pas - tures at - tends me,  
 By His an - gel host at - tends me,

9 Loves me ev - ery day the same,  
 When I shall thirst, He bids me go  
 He shall fold me to His breast,

11 Ev - en calls me by my name  
 Where the qui - et wa - ters flow,  
 There with in his arms to rest.

# I ASKED THE LORD

To play with CD, Capo 1

Words by John Newton  
Music by Laura Taylor

C F

1. I asked the Lord that I might grow In faith and love and  
3. I hoped that in some fa vored hour At once He'd an swer

4 A m

eve - ry grace, \_\_\_\_\_ Might more of His sal va tion know \_\_\_\_\_ And  
my re quest, \_\_\_\_\_ And by His love's con strain ing pow'r - Sub

7 F G C

seek more ear nest ly His face \_\_\_\_\_ 2. Twas He who taught me  
due my sins and give me rest. \_\_\_\_\_ 4. In stead of this He

10 F

thus to pray And He I trust has ans wered prayer, \_\_\_\_\_  
made me feel The hid den e vils of my heart, \_\_\_\_\_

13 A m F

— But it has been in such a way \_\_\_\_\_ As al most drove me to \_\_\_\_\_  
— And let the an gry pow'rs of Hell \_\_\_\_\_ As sault my soul in eve

16 G F G F G

— des - pair. \_\_\_\_\_  
ry part. \_\_\_\_\_

21 C F

5. Yea more with His own hand He seemed In tent to ag gra vate my woe, \_\_\_\_\_

2

## I Asked The Lord

25 Am F

Crossed all the fair de signs I schemed, Cast out my feel - ings, laid

28 G F G F G

me low.

33 C F

6.Lord why is this, I trem bling cried, Wilt Thou pur sue thy

36 Am

worm to death? "Tis in this way" the Lord re plied, "I

39 F G C

an swer prayer for grace and faith." 7."These in ward tri als

42 F

I em ploy From self and pride to set thee free,

45 Am F

And break thy schemes of earth ly joy That thou mayest seek thy all

48 G F G

in me, That thou mayest seek thy all in me,

51 F G F G F G

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (F major/D minor). It consists of nine staves of music. The first staff (measures 25-27) has a melody starting on G4 and moving up to D5, with lyrics 'Crossed all the fair de signs I schemed, Cast out my feel - ings, laid'. The second staff (measures 28-32) is a guitar accompaniment consisting of a single note G4 on the open string for the first two measures, followed by four measures of a whole note chord G. The third staff (measures 33-35) has a melody starting on G4 and moving up to D5, with lyrics '6.Lord why is this, I trem bling cried, Wilt Thou pur sue thy'. The fourth staff (measures 36-38) has a melody starting on G4 and moving up to D5, with lyrics 'worm to death? "Tis in this way" the Lord re plied, "I'. The fifth staff (measures 39-41) has a melody starting on G4 and moving up to D5, with lyrics 'an swer prayer for grace and faith." 7."These in ward tri als'. The sixth staff (measures 42-44) has a melody starting on G4 and moving up to D5, with lyrics 'I em ploy From self and pride to set thee free,'. The seventh staff (measures 45-47) has a melody starting on G4 and moving up to D5, with lyrics 'And break thy schemes of earth ly joy That thou mayest seek thy all'. The eighth staff (measures 48-50) has a melody starting on G4 and moving up to D5, with lyrics 'in me, That thou mayest seek thy all in me,'. The ninth staff (measures 51-55) is a guitar accompaniment consisting of six measures of a whole note chord F.



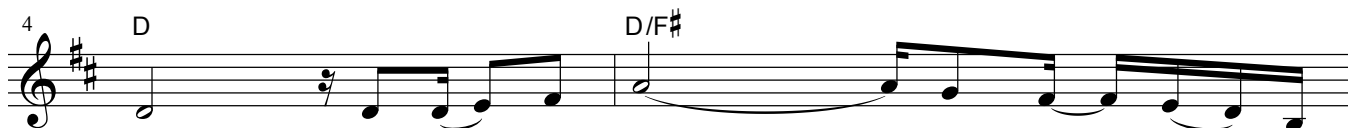
## I BOAST NO MORE

Words by Isaac Watts  
 Music by Sandra McCracken

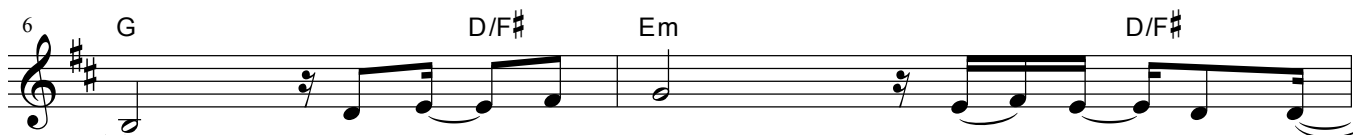
Capo II  
 Low E Open



1.No more my God, I boast no  
 2.Now, for the loss I bear His  
 3.Yes, and I must and will es -  
 4.The best o - bed - - - - - ience of my



more name, Of all the du - ties I have done -  
 teem, What was my gain - - - - - I count my loss; -  
 hands All things but loss for Je - sus' sake; -  
 Dares not ap - pear be - fore Thy throne; -



- I quit the hopes I held be - fore, -  
 - My for - mer pride I call my shame, -  
 - O may my soul be found in Him, -  
 - But faith can an - - - - - swer Thy de - mands, -



\_\_\_\_\_ To trust the mer - its of Thy  
 \_\_\_\_\_ And nail my glo - ry to His  
 \_\_\_\_\_ And of His right - eous - ness par -  
 \_\_\_\_\_ By plead - ing what my Lord has



Son \_\_\_\_\_ No more my God \_\_\_\_\_  
 cross. \_\_\_\_\_  
 take! \_\_\_\_\_  
 done. \_\_\_\_\_

12 D G

No more my God

14 Asus A7 Em D/F#

No more my God

16 G A Last Time to Coda D D/C# D/B

I boast no more.

2.Now, for the loss  
3.Yes, and I must  
4.The best o - bed -

18 D G

more. No more my God

20 D G

No more my God

22 Asus A7 Em D/F#

No more my God

24 G A D D/C# D/B D

I boast no more.

## I BOAST NO MORE

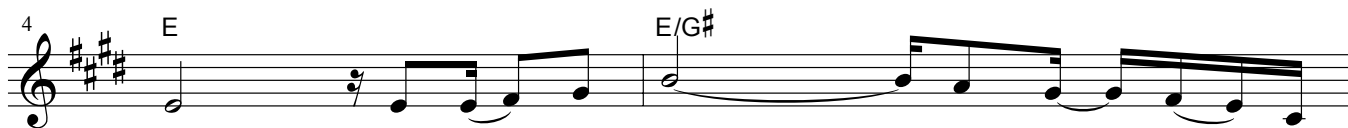
Real Key

Words by Isaac Watts

Music by Sandra McCracken



1.No more my God, I boast no  
 2.Now, for the loss I bear His  
 3.Yes, and I must and will es -  
 4.The best o - bed - ience of my



more Of all the du - ties I have done -  
 name, What was my gain I count my loss; -  
 teen, All things but loss for Je - sus' sake; -  
 hands Dares not ap - pear be - fore Thy throne; -



- I quit the hopes I held be - fore, -  
 - My for - mer pride I call my shame, -  
 - O may my soul be found in Him, -  
 - But faith can an - swer Thy de - mands, -



\_\_\_\_\_ To trust the mer - its of Thy  
 \_\_\_\_\_ And nail my glo - ry to His  
 \_\_\_\_\_ And of His right - eous - ness par -  
 \_\_\_\_\_ By plead - ing what my Lord has



Son \_\_\_\_\_ No more my God \_\_\_\_\_  
 cross. \_\_\_\_\_  
 take! \_\_\_\_\_  
 done. \_\_\_\_\_

12 E A B<sub>sus</sub>

No more my God

14 B7 F#m E/G#

No more my God

16 A *Last Time to Coda* E E/D# E/C#

I boast no more.

2.Now, for the loss  
3.Yes, and I must  
4.The best o - bed -

18 E

more. No more my God

20 E A B<sub>sus</sub>

No more my God

22 B7 F#m E/G#

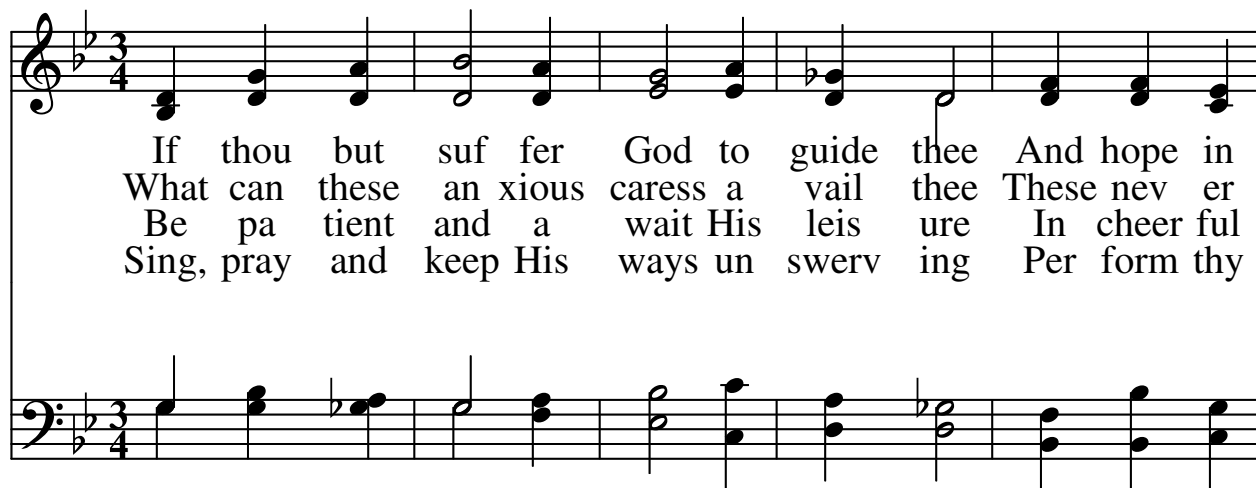
No more my God

24 A E E/D# E/C# E

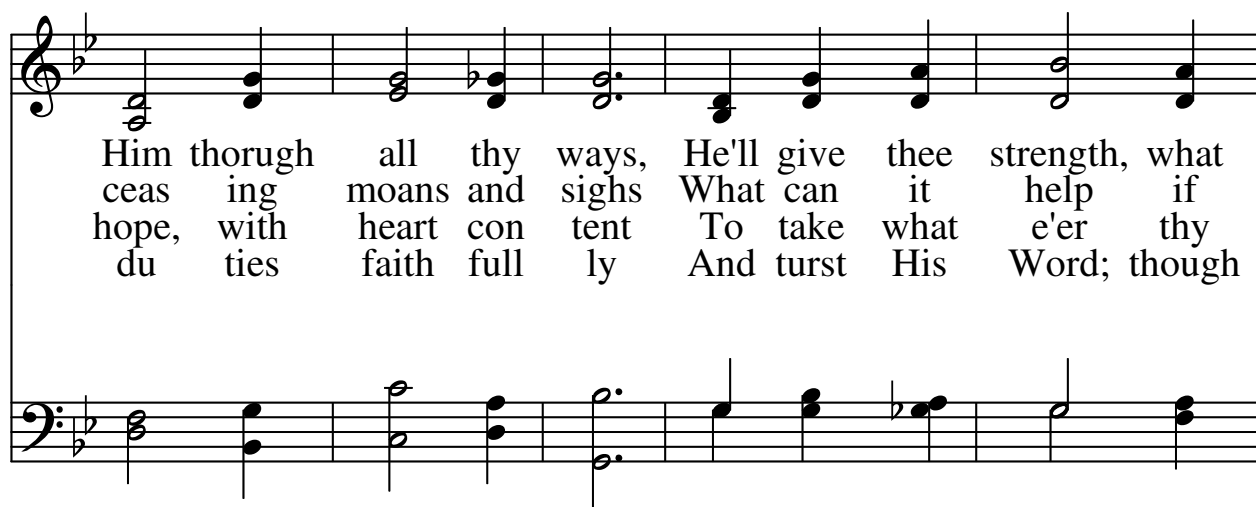
I boast no more.

# If Thou But Suffer God To Guide Thee

Georg Neumark, 1640



If thou but suffer God to guide thee And hope in  
 What can these anxious cares avail thee These never  
 Be patient and await His leisure In cheerful  
 Sing, pray and keep His ways unswerving Perform thy



Him through all thy ways, He'll give thee strength, what  
 ceasing moans and sighs What can it help if  
 hope, with heart content To take what e'er thy  
 duties faithfully And trust His Word; though

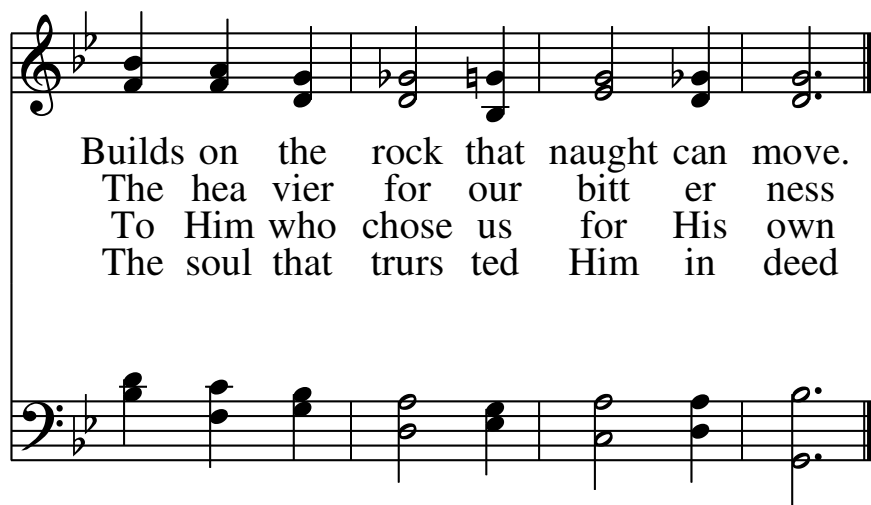
Public Domain  
 Courtesy of the Cyber Hymnal (<http://www.cyberhymnal.org>)



e'er be tide thee And bear thee through the e vil  
 thou be wail thee O'er each dark mo ment as it  
 Fat her's pleas ure And His dis cern ing love hath  
 un de serv ing Thou yet shalt find it true for



days. Who trust in God's un chan ging love  
 flies? Our cross and tri als do but press  
 sent Nor doubt our in most want are known  
 thee. God nev er yet for sook in need



Builds on the rock that naught can move.  
 The hea vier for our bitt er ness  
 To Him who chose us for His own  
 The soul that trurs ted Him in deed

## If You Will Only Let God Guide You

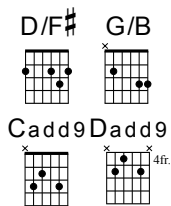
1. If you will on - ly let God guide you, And hope in  
 2. On - ly be still, and wait His lei - sure In cheer - ful  
 3. Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways, But do your

Him thro' all your ways, What - ev - er comes, He'll stand be - side you,  
 hope, with heart con - tent To take what - e'er the Fa - ther's plea - sure  
 part in con - science true; Trust His rich prom - is - es of grace,

To bear you thro' the e - vil days; Who trusts in God's un -  
 And all dis - cern - ing love have sent; Nor doubt our in - most  
 So shall they be ful - filled in you; God hears the call of

chang - ing love Builds on the Rock that can - not move.  
 wants are known To Him who chose us for His own.  
 those in need, The souls that trust in Him in - deed.

Words and Music: Georg Neumark (1621-1681), tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878), Public Domain



# IF THOU HAST DRAWN A THOUSAND TIMES

Words by Beddome and Rippon  
alt. by Kevin Twit and Brown  
Music by Kevin Twit  
and Craig Brown

## Chorus

D/F# G D G/B Cadd9 Dadd9

(men) If Thou hast drawn a thou - sand times (women) Oh draw me Lord

5 D/F# G D G/B Cadd9 Dadd9

a (men) A - round me cast the spir - it's bands (women) Oh draw me Lord

9 Em D/F# G /A /B Cadd9 Dadd9

a - gain

## Verse

14 Em Dadd9 Cadd9 Dadd9

1. Draw me from cre - a - ted good, From self, the world, and sin  
2. Lead me to Thy mer - cy - seat, Oh draw me near - er still  
3. Draw me all the des - ert through, With cords of heav'n - ly love

17 Em Dadd9

Like To - the foun draw - tain me of Thy blood, And  
And when Ma - ry draw - tain me to Thy feet, To  
pre - pared for go - ing home Oh

20 Cadd9 Dadd9

make me pure with - in  
sit and learn Thy - will  
draw me up a - bove (men) If



## If Thou Hast Drawn a Thousand Times

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Words: Benjamin Beddome and John Rippon. Music: Kevin Twit and Craig Brown.

Em                      Dadd9  
 1. Draw me from created good,  
     Cadd9                      Dadd9  
 From self, the world, and sin  
 Em                      Dadd99  
 To the fountain of Thy blood,  
     Cadd9                      Dadd9  
 And make me pure within

    D/F# G    D            G/B        Cadd9  
 CH: If Thou hast drawn a thousand times  
     Dadd9  
 (*Oh draw me Lord again*)  
     D/F# G D            G/B        Cadd9  
 Around me cast the Spirit's bands  
     Dadd9  
 (*Oh draw me Lord again*)  
 Em D/F# | G G/A G/B | Cadd9 Dadd9

2. Lead me to Thy mercy seat,  
 Oh draw me nearer still  
 Like Mary, draw me to Thy feet,  
 To sit and learn Thy will  
     (Repeat chorus)

3. Draw me all the desert through  
 With cords of heavenly love  
 And when prepared for going home,  
 Oh draw me up above  
     (Repeat chorus twice)

# I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY

Words by Horatius Bonar  
alt. by Kevin Twit  
Music by Kevin Twit

Capo IV

1. I heard the voice of, Je - sus say,  
2. I heard the voice of, Je - sus say,  
3. I heard the voice of, Je - sus say,

"Come un - to I me free and rest  
"Be - hold am this dark - ly give,  
"I hold am this dark world's light

Lay down O wear - y, one lay down,  
The liv - ing wa - ter, thirs - ty one,  
Look un - to me thy morn' shall rise,

Your head up - on my breast."  
Stoop down and drink days and be live!"  
And all thy days bright."

I came to Je - sus, as I was,  
I came to Je - sus, and I drank,  
I looked to Je - sus, and I found,

So wear that - y - worn, and sad  
From that life - giv - ing my stream  
In Him my star, my sun

I found in Him my, rest - ing place, And He has made me glad  
My thirst was quenched my, soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.  
And in that light of, life I'll walk, 'Til pil - grim days are done.

1. From the squa-lor of a bor-rowed sta-ble, By the Spi-rit and a  
 2. King of hea-ven now the Friend of sin-ners, Hum-ble ser-vant in the  
 3. Through the kis-ses of a friend's be-tray-al, He was lift-ed on a  
 4. Now He's stand-ing at the place of hon-or, Crowned with glo-ry on the

vir-gin's faith; To the ang-uish and the shame of scan-dal Came the  
 Fa-ther's hands, Filled with pow-er and the Ho-ly Spi-rit, Filled with  
 cru-el cross; He was pun-ished for a world's trans-gres-sions, He was  
 high-est throne, In-ter-ced-ing for his own be-lov-ed Till His

Sa-rior of the hu-man race! But the skies were filled with the praise of  
 mer-cy for the bro-ken man. Yes, He walked my road and He felt my  
 suf-fer-ing to save the lost. He fights for breath, He fights for  
 Fa-ther calls to bring them home! Then the skies will part as the trum-pet

heav'n, Shep-herds lis-ten as the an-gels tell Of the Gift of  
 pain, Joys and sor-rows that I know so well; Yet his right-eous  
 me, Loos-ing sin-ners from the claims of hell; And with a  
 sounds: Hope of hea-ven or the fear of hell; But the Bride will

God come down to man At the dawn-ing of Im-man-u-el.  
 steps give me hope a-gain; I will fol-low my Im-man-u-el.  
 shout our souls are free; Death de-feat-ed by Im-man-u-el.  
 run to her Lo-ver's arms, Giv-ing glo-ry to Im-man-u-el.

## Immortal Honors

1. Im - mor - tal hon - ors rest on Je - sus' head,  
 2. He is my re - fuge in each deep dis - tress,  
 3. My ev' - ry need He rich - ly will sup - ply,  
 4. O that my soul could love and praise Him more,

My God, my por - tion, and my liv - ing Bread;  
 The Lord My Strength and glor - ious right - eous - ness.  
 Nor will His mer - cy ev - er let me die;  
 His beau - ties trace, His maj - es - ty a - dore,

In Him I live, up - on Him cast my care;  
 Through floods and flames, He leads me safe - ly on,  
 In Him there dwells a trea - sure all di - vine,  
 Live near His heart, up - on His bo - som lean,

He saves from death, de - struc - tion and des - pair.  
 And dai - ly makes His sov' - reign good - ness known.  
 And match - less grace has made that trea - sure mine.  
 O - bey His voice and all His will es - teem.

Words: William Gadsby (1838); Music: C. Goudimel (1551), Public Domain

## Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

1. Im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise,  
 2. Un - rest - ing, un - hast - ing, and si - lent as light,  
 3. To all, life Thou giv - est, to both great and small;  
 4. Great Fa - ther of glo - ry, pure Fa - ther of light,

In light in - ac - ces - si - ble hid from our eyes,  
 Nor want - ing, nor wast - ing, Thou rul - est in might;  
 In all life Thou liv - est, the true life of all;  
 Thine an - gels a - dore Thee, all veil - ing their sight;

Most bless - ed, most glo - rious, the An - cient of Days,  
 Thy jus - tice, like moun - tains, high soar - ing a - bove  
 We blos - som and flour - ish as leaves on the tree,  
 All praise we would ren - der; O help us to see

Al - might - y, vic - to - rious, Thy great name we praise.  
 Thy clouds, which are foun - tains of good - ness and love.  
 And with - er and per - ish — but naught chang - eth Thee.  
 'Tis on - ly the splen - dor of light hid - eth Thee!

# IMMORTAL, INVISIBLE, GOD ONLY WISE

Words by Walter Smith  
Traditional Welsh melody

C D C D G

1.Im -  
2.Un -  
3.To  
4.Great

5 C D C D G

mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise In  
rest - ing, un - hast - ing, and to lent as of light, In  
all, life Thou giv - est, pure si - lent great as of light, Nor  
Fa - ther of glo - ry, ther Fa - ther of of light, In  
Thine

9 C D C D G

light in - ac - ces - si - ble, hid - den from our eyes; Most  
want - ing, nor wast - ing, Thou rul - est in might; Thy  
all - life Thou liv - est, the True Life of all; We  
an - gels a - dore Thee, all veil - ing their sight; All

13 G Em G D

bles - sed, most glo - rious, the An - cient of Days Al -  
jus - tice like moun - tains high soar - ing a - bove Thy -  
blos - som and flour - ish as leaves on the tree, And  
praise we would - ren - der: O help us to see 'Tis

17 C D Am D G

migh - ty, vic - tor - ious, Thy great name we praise!  
clouds which are foun - tains of good - ness and love.  
wi - ther and per - ish, but of naught chang - eth Thee.  
on - ly the splen - dor of light hid - eth Thee.

## Immovable Our Hope Remains

1. Im-mov-a - ble our hope re - mains though shift - ing sands be - fore us lie.  
 2. This is e - ter - nal life: to know the liv - ing God and Christ, the Son.  
 3. The Lord ac - quits, who can con - demn? Though Sa - tan's ac - cu - sa - tions fly,  
 4. Built in - to Christ, se - cure we stand, for with His Spi - rit we've been sealed.

The One who washed a - way our stains shall bear us safe - ly to the skies.  
 The Sa - vior will not let us go un - til His sav - ing work is done.  
 His pow'r can nev - er reach our names to blot them from the Book of Life.  
 By grace we'll see the prom - ised land where ev - ery sor - row shall be healed.

The floods may rise, the winds may beat, for - ren - tial rains de - scend,  
 Our debt was great, as was our need, but now the price is paid.  
 The Son has sure - ly made us free, His Word for - ev - er stands;  
 To God who gave His on - ly Son, to Je - sus Christ, our Lord,

Yet God His own will not for - get; He'll love and keep us till the end;  
 Who can be - hold im - man - uel bleed and doubt His wil - ling - ness to save?  
 And all our joy is know - ing we are gra - ven on His wound - ed hands;  
 To God the Spi - rit, Three - in - One, be songs of praise for - ev - er - more;

You'll love and keep us till the end.  
 We trust Your wil - ling - ness to save.  
 We're gra - ven on Your wound - ed hands.  
 We'll sing Your praise for - ev - er - more.

Words: Augustus Toplady (1740-1778), Public Domain;

Alt. Words and Music: Bob Kinglin & Brittny Kinglin, © 2012 Sovereign Grace Praise (CCLI# 964766)

# In Christ Alone

## vs. 1

G D G A  
**In Christ a - lone my hope is found,**  
 D/F# G D/F# Em7 G D  
**He is my light, my strength, my song;**  
 G D G A  
**This Corner - stone, this solid Ground,**  
 D/F# G D/F# Em7 G D  
**Firm through the fier - cest drought and storm.**  
 D/F# G D/F# Asus4 A  
**What heights of love, what depths of peace,**  
 D/F# G Bm7 Asus4 A  
**When fears are stilled, when strivings cease!**  
 G D G A  
**My Comfor - ter, my All in All,**  
 D/F# G D/F# Em7 G/A D  
**Here in the love of Christ I stand.**

## vs. 2

G D G A  
**In Christ a - lone! - who took on flesh,**  
 D/F# G D/F# Em7 G D  
**Fullness of God in help - less babe!**  
 G D G A  
**This gift of love and righteous - ness,**  
 D/F# G D/F# Em7 G D  
**Scorned by the ones He came to save:**  
 D/F# G D/F# Asus4 A  
**'Til on that cross as Jesus died,**  
 D/F# G Bm7 Asus4 A  
**The wrath of God was satis - fied -**  
 G D G A  
**For every sin on Him was laid;**  
 D/F# G D/F# Em7 G/A D  
**Here in the death of Christ I live.**



**vs. 3**

G D G A  
**There in the ground His body lay,**  
 D/F# G D/F# Em7 G D  
**Light of the world by dark - ness slain:**  
 G D G A  
**Then bursting forth in glorious Day**  
 D/F# G D/F# Em7 G D  
**Up from the grave He rose a - gain!**  
 D/F# G D/F# Asus4 A  
**And as He stands in vic - tor - y**  
 D/F# G Bm7 Asus4 A  
**Sin's curse has lost its grip on me,**  
 G D G A  
**For I am His and He is mine -**  
 D/F# G D/F# Em7 G/A D  
**Bought with the prec - ious blood of Christ.**

**vs. 4**

G D G A  
**No guilt in life, no fear in death,**  
 D/F# G D/F# Em7 G D  
**This is the power of Christ in me;**  
 G D G A  
**From life's first cry to final breath,**  
 D/F# G D/F# Em7 G D  
**Jesus com - mands my des - tin - y.**  
 D/F# G D/F# Asus4 A  
**No power of hell, no scheme of man,**  
 D/F# G Bm7 Asus4 A  
**Can ever pluck me from His hand;**  
 G D G A  
**'Til He re - turns or calls me home,**  
 D/F# G D/F# Em7 G/A D  
**Here in the power of Christ I'll stand!**

[Stuart Townend & Keith Getty](#)

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 Eastbourne, East Sussex, BN23 6NW, UK. [tym@kingsway.co.uk](mailto:tym@kingsway.co.uk).

# In Christ Alone

Words and Music by  
Keith Getty & Stuart Townend

Maestoso (♩ = 72)

Am G D G/D D G D G

*mf*

1. In Christ a - lone my hope is  
2. In Christ a - lone! - Who took on  
3. There in the ground His bo - dy  
4. No guilt in life, no fear in

A D/F# G D/F# Em7 A7 D G D G

found, He is my Light, my Strength, my Song; This Cor - ner - stone, this Sol - id  
flesh; Full-ness of God in help - less babe! This gift of love and right-eous-  
lay, Light of the world by dark - ness slain; Then burst - ing forth in glo - rious  
death - This is the power of Christ in me; From life's first cry to fi - nal

A D/F# G D/F# Em7 A7 D D/F# G D/F#

Ground, firm through the fier - est drought and storm. What heights of love, what depths of  
ness, scorned by the ones He came to save: Till on that cross, as Je - sus  
day, up from the grave He rose a - gain! And as He stands in vic - to -  
breath, Je - sus com - mands my des - ti - ny. No pow'r of hell, no scheme of

Asus A D/F# G Bm7 Asus A G D G

peace, when fears are stilled, when striv - ings cease! My Com-fort - er, my All in  
 died, the wrath of God was sat - is - fied; for ev - ery sin on Him was  
 ry, sin's curse has lost its grip on me; For I am His and He is  
 man, can ev - er pluck me from His hand; Till He re - turns or calls me

A D/F# G Em A D

all, here in the love of Christ I stand. *f*  
 laid; Here in the death of Christ I live.  
 mine- bought with the pre - cious blood of Christ.  
 home, here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand.

Am G D G/D D G D

1.2.3. 4.  
 2.In Christ a -  
 3.There in the  
 4.No guilt in

Dsus/F# G G2  
 From the highest of heights to the depths of the sea  
 Am Am7/G F  
 Creation's revealing Your majesty  
 Em Dsus/F# G G2  
 From the colours of fall to the fragrance of spring  
 Am Am7/G F  
 Every creature unique in the song that it sings  
 C2  
 All exclaiming

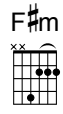
G Dsus  
 Indescribable, uncontainable,  
 C2 Em  
 You placed the stars in the sky and You know them by name.  
 C2  
 You are amazing God  
 G G2 Dsus  
 All powerful, untameable,  
 C2 Em  
 Awestruck we fall to our knees as we humbly proclaim  
 C2  
 You are amazing God

Em Dsus/F# G G2  
 Who has told every lightning bolt where it should go  
 Am Am7/G F  
 Or seen heavenly storehouses laden with snow  
 Em Dsus/F# G G2  
 Who imagined the sun and gives source to its light  
 Am Am7/G F  
 Yet conceals it to bring us the coolness of night  
 C2  
 None can fathom

G Dsus  
 Indescribable, uncontainable,  
 C2 Em  
 You placed the stars in the sky and You know them by name.  
 C2  
 You are amazing God  
 G G2 Dsus  
 All powerful, untameable,  
 C2 Em  
 Awestruck we fall to our knees as we humbly proclaim  
 C2  
 You are amazing God

G Dsus  
 Incomparable, unchangeable  
 C2 Em  
 You see the depths of my heart and You love me the same  
 C2  
 You are amazing God  
 C2  
 You are amazing God

Aadd9 Amaj7 9 Bm11 Dmaj7



# I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

Words by Annie Hawks  
alt. by Kevin Twit  
Music by Kevin Twit

1. I need Thee eve - ry hour,  
2. I need Thee eve - ry hour,

3 Most gra - cious Lo - rd No  
In joy or pai - n Come

ten - der voice like Thine, Can peace a - fford  
quic - kly and a - bide, Or life is vain

7 I need Thee eve - ry hour,  
I need Thee eve - ry hour,

9 Stay Teach Thou me near Thy by - ll Temp -  
And

11 ta - tions rich lose their power, When Thou art nigh  
Thy rich pro - mis - es, In me ful - fill

13 I need Thee, O I need Thee,

15 O I need Thee, Eve - ry hour I  
need you Lord, O bless me now. My

Chord progressions: Aadd9, Amaj7 9, Bm11, A/C#, D, E/D, F#m, F#m/E, Dmaj7.

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19 *To Coda*  
 D E/D Aadd9 Amaj79 Bm11  
 Sav - ior, I come to — Thee

22 Aadd9 Amaj7-9 Bm11

24 Thee  
 Aadd9 Amaj7-9 Bm11  
 3. I need Thee eve - ry hour,

26 Aadd9 Amaj7-9 Bm11  
 Most Ho - ly O - ne O

28 D D/E *D.S. al Coda*  
 make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son

30 Aadd9 Amaj79 Bm11 Aadd9 Amaj79 Bm11

34 Aadd9 Amaj79 Bm11  
 I need Thee eve - ry hour

36 Aadd9 Amaj79 Bm11  
 I need Thee eve - ry hour.

38 Aadd9 Amaj79 Bm11  
 I need Thee eve - ry hour.

40 Aadd9 Amaj79 Bm11  
 I need Thee eve - ry hour.

## In Love's Sweet Pastures

*Thomas Reed Hymnal #196*

*Music by Robert Turner, 2009*

*The Lord is my Shepherd; Psalm 23 (C.M.)*

**D**                    **G**            **A**        **D**  
 [1] THE LORD'S my Shepherd O may He  
**F#m**                                    **A**  
 Dismiss my doubts and fears  
**G**                    **A**            **Bm**        **G**  
 His pow'r will make the tempter flee  
           **Em**            **A**            **D**  
 His hands shall wipe my tears

[2] The LORD'S my Shepherd why so faint  
 Since He has rich supplies  
 For all the wants of every saint  
 That on His love relies

[3] The LORD'S my Shepherd all around  
 Shall see my table spread  
 In Love's sweet pastures I am found  
 His oil anoints my head

[4] The LORD'S my Shepherd He'll restore  
 His silly wand ring sheep  
 Both storms and foes I'd fear no more  
 Since Jesus will me keep

[5] The LORD'S my Shepherd I'll rejoice  
 Nor dread the vale of death  
 His rod and staff and heavenly voice  
 Will tend my parting breath

# IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY

Words by John Bowring  
Music by Brian Moss

Am F C G

In the cross of Christ I glo - ry  
When the the woos of of life I glo - ry  
When the the woos of of life I glo - ry  
Bane and and sun - - ing pain and pleas - ure

3 Am F C G

Tow - - ering de - o'er the wrecks of time.  
Hopes de - ceive love the and fears of an - noy  
Light and the love cross u - - pon sanc - my - way.  
By the cross are are sanc - ti - fied

5 F Am C G

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry  
Ne - - - ver shall of the cross - cred - sto - ry  
From the the cross the the rad - for - sake - ry  
Peace is there that that knows - iance no stream - ing  
sure

Am F C F

Gath - - - ers round its head sub - lime.  
Lo! It glows lust - - with peace and the joy.  
Adds more that through - - er all to time the a - day.  
Joys that through - - er all to time the a - bid.



Capo III  
Real Key for group singing

# In The Hours

Words by Helen L. Parmelee  
alt. by Kevin Twit  
Music by Kevin Twit

\*Bass Riff 1  
E



1. In	the	hours	of	pain	and	sor	-	row,	When	the
2. When	the	snare	of	death	sur	-	round	us,	Pride,	am
3. When	for	-	sak	-	en	in	dis	-	tress,	Poor
4. Thou	the	hat	-	ed	and	for	-	sak	-	en,
5. Thou	the	Fa	-	ther's	best	be	-	lov	-	ed,



world	brings	no	re	-	lief,	When	the
bi	-	tion,	love	of	ease,	Mam	-
spised	and	tem	-	pest	-	With	no
bear	-	of	the	cross,	Crowned	of	but
throned	and	scept	-	ered	King,	Who	

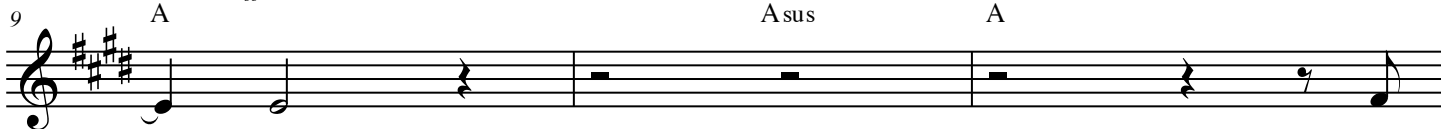


eye	is	dim	and	heav	-	y,	And	the
with	her	false	al	-	lure	-	ments,	Words
an	-	chor	to	stay	us,	Drift	-	ing,
thorns	and	mocked	and	smit	-	ten,	Count	-
Thee	should	we	a	-	dor	-	ing,	All
					ing,			our



heart	op	-	pressed	with	grief,	While	bles	-	ings
flat	ter,	and	smiles	that	please.	Then	ere	we	
sail	-	and	rud	-	lost,	Then	save	us	
earth	-	ly	gain	but	loss.	When	scorned	are	
prayers	and	prais	-	es	bring?	So	blessed	are	

\*Bass Riff 2



-	flee,							
-	yield,							
-	Thou,							who
-	we,							we
-	we,							

2

In The Hours

12 E

Sav - ior Lord we trust in Thee!  
 Sav - ior Lord be Thou our shield.  
 trod this earth with wear - y brow.  
 joy to be the more like Thee.  
 Sav - ior Lord in lov - ing Thee.

16 A Asus A

While bless - ings flee,  
 Then ere we yield,  
 Then save us Thou, who  
 When scorned are we, we  
 So blessed are we,

20 E

Sav - ior Lord we trust in Thee!  
 Sav - ior Lord be Thou our shield.  
 trod the earth with wear - y brow.  
 joy to be the more like Thee.  
 Sav - ior Lord in lov - ing Thee.

*Opt. solo after verse 3*

25 F#

33 A B E

*Bass guitar Riff 1*

41 Bass Riff 2

## ISAIAH 43

Author Unknown

## Capo III

1. When you pass through the wa - ters, I will be with you  
 2. When you walk through the fire, You'll not be burned.

5 And the waves will not ov - er - come you. Do not fear. For  
 And the flames will not con - sume you. Do not fear For

11 I have re - deemed you. I have called you by name, you are mine  
 I have re - deemed you. I have called you by name, you are mine.

17 **Women:** I am the Lord your God \_\_\_\_\_  
**Men:** For I am the Lord your God \_\_\_\_\_ I am the Lord Your

21 **Unison:** God I am the Ho - ly One of Is - ra - el Your  
 Sa - vior. **Men:** For I am the Lord your God \_\_\_\_\_

24 **Women:** I am the Lord your

28 Cadd9 God \_\_\_\_\_ Em A

God

I am the Lord Your God I am the Ho - ly One of

**Unison:**

31 Em A G Cadd9 A D D/C#

Is - ra - el Your Sa - vior **Men:** I am the Lord **Women:** Do not

35 D/B D/A G D/F# Em A D D/C#

fear Do not fear Do not

I am the Lord I am the Lord

39 D/B D/A G D/F# Em A

fear Do not fear

I am the Lord

Detailed description of the musical score: The score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of four staves. The first staff (measures 28-30) has chords Cadd9, Em, and A. The second staff (measures 31-34) has chords Em, A, G, Cadd9, A, D, and D/C#. The third staff (measures 35-38) has chords D/B, D/A, G, D/F#, Em, A, D, and D/C#. The fourth staff (measures 39-41) has chords D/B, D/A, G, D/F#, Em, and A. The lyrics are: 'God I am the Lord Your God I am the Holy One of Israel Your Savior I am the Lord I am the Lord I am the Lord I am the Lord I am the Lord Do not fear Do not fear Do not fear Do not fear'. There are vocal directions: 'Unison:' at measure 31 and 'Men:' and 'Women:' at measure 34. There are also some rests and a double bar line at the end of the fourth staff.

# I SING THE MIGHTY POWER OF GOD

Words by Isaac Watts  
Music by Jacob Grimm

Capo III  
C(riff)

1. I sing the might - ty power of God, That made the moun - tains  
2. I sing the good - ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with  
3. There's not a plant or flower be - low, But makes Thy glo - ries

rise,  
food,  
known,

That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the loft - y  
He formed the crea - tures with His word, And then pro - nounced them  
And clouds a - rise, and temp - ests blow, By or - der from Thy

skies.  
good.  
throne;

I sing the wis - dom that or - dained The sun to rule  
Lord, how Thy won - ders are dis - played, Wher - e'er I turn  
Crea - tures that bor - row life from Thee Are sub - ject to

the day;  
my eye,  
Thy care;

The moon shines full at His com - mand, And all the stars  
If I sur - vey the ground I tread, Or gaze up - on  
There's not a place where we can flee, But God is pres -

15 C(riff)

o - bey.  
the sky.  
ent there.

17 C G

**Chorus:** So I sing the migh - ty power of God,

19 F F B $\flat$  B

I sing the migh - ty power of God.

21 C G

I sing the migh - ty power of God

23 F F

I sing the migh - ty power of

25 C(riff)

God.

## It Is Finished - Part II (Hark, the Voice of Love and Mercy)

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #93*

Words: Attributed to Jonathan Evans, 1784 & Benjamin Francis, 1787.

Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005.

<p>G D G D</p> <p>G D</p> <p>Hark, the voice of love and mercy, D G Sounds aloud from Calvary!</p> <p>G D</p> <p>See, it rends the rocks asunder, G Shakes the earth and veils the sky!</p> <p>C D</p> <p>"It is finished, It is finished," D G Hear the dying Savior cry.</p> <p>C D</p> <p>"It is finished, It is finished," D G Hear the dying Savior cry.</p> <p>G D G D</p> <p>G D</p> <p>"It is finished," O what pleasure, G Do these charming words afford.</p> <p>G D</p> <p>Heavenly blessings, without measure, G Flow to us from Christ the Lord.</p> <p>C D</p> <p>"It is finished, it is finished," D G Saints the dying words record.</p> <p>C D</p> <p>"It is finished, it is finished," D G Saints the dying words record.</p> <p>G D G D</p>	<p>G D</p> <p>Finished all the types and shadows, G Of the ceremonial law;</p> <p>G D</p> <p>Finished all that God had promised; G Death and hell no more shall awe.</p> <p>C D</p> <p>"It is finished, it is finished," D G Saints from hence your comfort draw.</p> <p>C D</p> <p>"It is finished, it is finished," D G Saints from hence your comfort draw.</p> <p>G D G D</p> <p>G D</p> <p>Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs; G Join to sing the pleasing theme;</p> <p>G D</p> <p>Saints on earth and all in heaven, G Join to praise Immanuel's name.</p> <p>C D</p> <p><i>Hallelujah! Hallelujah!</i> D G <i>Glory to the bleeding lamb!</i></p> <p>C D</p> <p><i>Hallelujah! Hallelujah!</i> D G <i>Glory to the bleeding lamb! (x2)</i></p> <p>G D G D</p>
--	---

## It Is Well

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor -  
 2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this  
 3. My sin - oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't: My sin  
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds

rows like sea bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast  
 blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my  
 not in part, but the whole Is nailed to the cross and I  
 be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the

taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.  
 help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.  
 bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
 Lord shall de - scend, "E - ven so," it is well with my soul.

It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.  
 It is well with my soul,



## It Is Finished

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #982*

Words - Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855

Music - Clint Wells and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

E

"It is finished!" Sinners hear it;

E

Tis the dying Victor's cry;

C#m

"It is finished!" Angels bear it,

A

Bear the joyful truth on high:

F#      G#      A                      B

"It is finished!" Tell it through the earth and sky!

F#      G#      A                      B

"It is finished!" Tell it through the earth and sky!

Justice, from her awful station,  
 Bars the sinner's peace no more;  
 Justice views with approbation  
 What the Savior did and bore;  
 Grace and mercy now display their boundless store.

"It is finished!" All is over;  
 Yes, the cup of wrath is drained;  
 Such the truth these words discover;  
 Thus the victory was obtained;  
 'Tis a victory none but Jesus could have gained.

Crown the mighty Conqueror, crown him,  
 Who his people's foes o'ercame!  
 In the highest heaven enthrone him!  
 Men and angels sound his fame!  
 Great his glory! Jesus bears a matchless name.

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# It is Finished

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #982

Words - Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855

Music - Clint Wells and

Brian T. Murphy, 2004

E E



"It is fin - ished!" Sinn - ers hear it; 'Tis the dy - ing  
Just - ice, from her aw - ful sta - tion, Bars the sin - ner's  
"It is fin - ished!" All is ov - er; Yes, the cup of  
Crown the might - y Conq - ueror, crown him, Who his peop - le's

4 C#min



Vic - tor's cry; "It is fin - ished!" Ang - els bear it,  
peace no more; Just - ice views with ap - prob - a - tion  
wrath is drained; Such the truth these words dis - cov - er;  
foes o'er - came! In the high - est heaven en - throne him!

7 A F#min G#min



Bear the joy - ful truth on high: "It is fin - ished!"  
What the Sav - ior did and bore; Grace and merc - y  
Thus the vic - t'ry was ob - tained; 'Tis a vic - t'ry  
Men and ang - els sound his fame! Great his glor - y!

10 A B F#min G#min



Tell it through the earth and sky! "It is fin - ished!"  
now dis - play their bound - less store. Grace and merc - y  
none but Jes - us could have gained. 'Tis a vic - t'ry  
Jes - us bears a match - less name. Great his glor - y!

12 A B E



Tell it through the earth and sky!  
now dis - play their bound - less store.  
none but Jes - us could have gained.  
Jes - us bears a match - less name.

## It Is Finished - Part II (Hark, the Voice of Love and Mercy)

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #93*

Words: Attributed to Jonathan Evans, 1784 & Benjamin Francis, 1787.

Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005.

Capo III

D/F#

A

Hark, the voice of love and mercy,

D

Sounds aloud from Calvary!

D/F#

A

See, it rends the rocks asunder,

D

Shakes the earth and veils the sky!

D/B

D/C#

“It is finished, It is finished,”

A

D

Hear the dying Savior cry.

Real Key

F/A

C

Hark, the voice of love and mercy,

F

Sounds aloud from Calvary!

F/A

C

See, it rends the rocks asunder,

F

Shakes the earth and veils the sky!

F/D

F/E

“It is finished, It is finished,”

C

F

Hear the dying Savior cry.

“It is finished,” O what pleasure,  
Do these charming words afford.  
Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.  
“It is finished, it is finished,”  
Saints the dying words record.

Finished all the types and shadows,  
Of the ceremonial law;  
Finished all that God had promised;  
Death and hell no more shall awe.  
“It is finished, it is finished,”  
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;  
Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
Saints on earth and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Immanuel's name.  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Glory to the bleeding lamb!

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# It is Finished Part II

## (Hark the Voice of Love and Mercy)

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #93

Words: Jonathan Evans, 1784  
& Benjamin Francis, 1787.  
Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005.

G/B D G

Hark, the voice of love and merc - y, Sounds a-loud from Cal - var - y! See, it rends

G/B D G

the rocks a - sund - er, Shakes the earth and veils the sky! "It is fin -

C/E D/F# D G

ished, It is fin - ished," Hear the dy - ing Sav - ior cry. "It is fin -

C/E D/F# D G

ished, It is fin - ished," Hear the dy - ing Sav - ior cry. "It is fin -

G/B D G

ished," O what pleas - ure, Do these charm - ing words af - ford. Heav'n - ly bless -

G/B D G

ings, with - out meas - ure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord. "It is fin -

C/E D/F# D G

ished, it is fin - ished," Saints the dy - ing words re - cord. "It is fin -

17 C/E D/F# D G  
 ished, it is fin - ished," Saints the dy - ing words rec - ord. Fin - ished all

20 G/B D G  
 the types and shad - ows, Of the cer - e - mon - ial law; Fin - ished all

22 G/B D G  
 that God had prom - ised; Death and hell no more shall awe. "It is fin -

24 C/E D/F# D G  
 ished, it is fin - ished," Saints from hence your com - fort draw. "It is fin -

26 C/E D/F# D G  
 ished, it is fin - ished," Saints from hence your com - fort draw. Tune your harps

29 G/B D G  
 a - new, ye ser - aphs; Join to sing the pleas - ing theme; Saints on earth

31 G/B D G  
 and all in heav - en, Join to praise Im - man - uel's name. Hal - le - lu -

33 C/E D/F# D G  
 jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glor - y to the bleed - ing lamb! Hal - le - lu -

35 C/E D/F# D G  
 jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glor - y to the bleed - ing lamb! Hal - le - lu -

37 C/E D/F# D G  
 jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glor - y to the bleed - ing lamb! Hal - le - lu -

39 C/E D/F# D G  
 jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glor - y to the bleed - ing lamb!

# IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

Words by Horatio Spafford  
 Music by Philip Bliss

1. When peace like a ri - ver at - ten - deth my way When  
 2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, Though tri - als should come Let  
 3. My sin O haste the bliss day, When the faith - shall be thought! My  
 4. And Lord haste the day, When the faith shall be sight The

6 Am Dsus D G G7  
 sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll What -  
 this blest as sur - ance con - trol That  
 sin, not be in part, as the whole Is  
 clouds, back, a scroll, The

10 C F D G  
 ev - er my lot, Thou hast my taught me to e - say "It is  
 Christ has re - gard - ed and I the help - less to e - state And hath  
 nailed to the cross, - and I the bear - it no - more scend, Praise the  
 trump shall re - sound, And the Lord shall de - scend, Ev - en

14 C F C G C  
 well, it is well with my soul"  
 shed His own blood for O my my soul!  
 Lord, praise it the is well Lord, O with my my soul!  
 so, it is well with my soul!

17 C G G  
**Chorus:** It is well (echo) It is well With my soul (echo) With my

21 C F C G C  
 soul  
 (unison) It is well, it is well, with my soul



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, When shall I come to thee?  
 2. Thy saints are crowned with glo - ry great; They see God face to face;  
 3. From e - very tribe doth music rise, All na - tions form the choir;  
 4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe Or feel at death dismay?  
 5. Oh when thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend;  
 6. Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, God grant that I may see



When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?  
 They tri - umph still, they still re-joyce; Most hap - py is their case.  
 Ten thou - sand times that man were blest That might this mu - sic hear.  
 I've Ca - naan's goodly land in view And realms of endless day.  
 Where con - gre - gations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end?  
 Thine end - less joy, and of the same Par - tak - er ev - er be!





## Jesus Cast a Look on Me

© MPJ Music. Words: John Berridge. Music: Matthew Perryman Jones.

Capo V

<p>G C G Gmaj6 1. Jesus cast a look on me, G C D/F# Give me sweet simplicity C D Em Make me poor and keep me low, C D G Seeking only Thee to know</p>	<p>G C G Gmaj6 4. Leaning on Thy loving breast, G C D/F# Where a weary soul can rest C D Em Feeling well the peace of God, C D G Flowing from His precious blood</p>
<p>G C G Gmaj6 2. All that feeds my busy pride, G C D/F# Cast it evermore aside C D Em Bid my will to Thine submit, C D G Lay me humbly at Thy feet</p>	<p>G C G Gmaj6 5. In this posture let me live, G C D/F# And hosannas daily give C D Em In this temper let me die, C D G And hosannas ever cry!</p>
<p>G C G Gmaj6 3. Make me like a little child, G C D/F# Of my strength and wisdom spoiled C D Em Seeing only in Thy light, C D G Walking only in Thy might</p>	<p>G C G Gmaj6 1. Jesus cast a look on me, G C D/F# Give me sweet simplicity C D Em Make me poor and keep me low, C D G <i>Seeking only Thee to know(x2)</i> C D G</p>

## Jesus Christ, the Apple Tree

1. The tree of life my soul hath seen, La - den with fruit, and  
 2. His beau - ty doth all things ex - cel: By faith I know, but  
 3. For hap - pi - ness I long have sought, and plea - sure dear - ly  
 4. I'm wear - y with my for - mer toil, Here I will sit and  
 5. This fruit doth make my soul to thrive, It keeps my dy - ing

al - ways green: The tree of life my soul hath seen, La -  
 ne'er can tell, His beau - ty doth all things ex - cel: By  
 I have bought: For hap - pi - ness I long have sought, And  
 rest a - while; I'm wear - y with my for - mer toil, Here  
 faith a - live; This fruit doth make my soul to thrive, It

den with fruit, and al - ways green: The trees of na - ture  
 faith I know, but ne'er can tell The glo - ry which I  
 plea - sure dear - ly I have bought: I missed of all; but  
 I will sit and rest a - while: Un - der the sha - dow  
 keeps my dy - ing faith a - live; Which makes my soul in

fruit - less be Com - pared with Christ the ap - ple tree.  
 now can see In Je - sus Christ the ap - ple tree.  
 now I see 'Tis found in Christ the ap - ple tree.  
 I will be, Of Je - sus Christ the ap - ple tree.  
 haste to be With Je - sus Christ the ap - ple tree.



1. Out of my bon - dage, sor - row and night, Je - sus, I  
 2. Out of my shame - ful fail - ure and loss, Je - sus, I  
 3. Out of un - rest and ar - ro - gant pride, Je - sus, I  
 4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I



come; Je - sus, I come. In - to Thy free - dom,  
 come; Je - sus, I come. In - to the glo - rious  
 come; Je - sus, I come. In - to Thy bless - ed  
 come; Je - sus, I come. In - to the joy and



glad - ness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee.



Out of my sick - ness, in - to Thy health, Out of my  
 Out of earth's sor - rows, in - to Thy balm, Out of life's  
 Out of my - self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de -  
 Out of the depths of ru - in un - told, In - to the



want - ing and in - to Thy wealth, Out of my sin and  
 storms and in - to Thy calm, Out of dis - tress, in - to  
 spair in - to rap - tures a - bove, Up - ward for - ev - er on  
 peace of Thy shel - ter - ing fold, Ev - er Thy glo - rious



in - to Thy - self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 ju - bi - lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;  
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav-ior, too;  
 3. Haste thee on from grace to glo-ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;



Des - ti-tute, de - spised, for-sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shall be;  
 Hu-man hearts and looks de-ceive me, Thou art not, like man, un-true;  
 Heav'n's e-ter-nal days be-fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there;



Per - ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought or hoped or known;  
 And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,  
 Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis-sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days;



Yet how rich is my con-di-tion: God and heav'n are still my own!  
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me: Show Thy face, and all is bright.  
 Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,  
 2. Near the cross, a trem - bling 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,

Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.  
 There the Bright and Morn - ing Star, Shed His beams a - round me.  
 Help me walk from day to day With its shad - ow o'er me.  
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

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

Till my ran - somed soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;  
 4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:  
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.  
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;  
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!  
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.  
 False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

## Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Words: Charles Wesley; Music: Greg Thompson

### Capo III

**G C**  
1. Jesus, lover of my soul,

**G C**  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,

**G C**  
While the nearer waters roll,

**G C**  
While the tempest still is high.

**D C G**  
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,

**D C**  
'Til life's storm is past;

**D C G**  
Safe into the haven guide;

**Em D C**  
Receive my soul at last.

**G C**  
3. Thou, O Christ, are all I want,

**G C**  
Here more than all I find;

**G C**  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,

**G C**  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

**D C G**  
Just and holy is Thy Name,

**D C**  
I am all unrighteousness;

**D C G**  
False and full of sin I am;

**Em D C**  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

**G C**  
2. Other refuge have I none,

**G C**  
I helpless, hang on Thee;

**G C**  
Leave, oh leave me not alone,

**G C**  
Support and comfort me.

**D C G**  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,

**D C**  
All help from Thee I bring;

**D C G**  
Cover my defenseless head

**Em D C**  
In the shadow of Thy wing.

**G C**  
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,

**G C**  
Grace to cover all my sin;

**G C**  
Let the healing streams abound;

**G C**  
Make and keep me pure within.

**D C G**  
Thou of life the fountain art,

**D C**  
Let me take of Thee;

**D C G**  
Spring Thou up within my heart;

**Em D C**  
For all eternity.

**Real Key:**

**Bb**            **Eb**  
1. Jesus, lover of my soul,

**Bb**            **Eb**  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,

**Bb**            **Eb**  
While the nearer waters roll,

**Bb**            **Eb**  
While the tempest still is high.

**F**            **Eb**    **Bb**  
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,

**F**            **Eb**  
'Til life's storm is past;

**F**            **Eb**    **Bb**  
Safe into the haven guide;

**Gm**    **F**    **Eb**  
Receive my soul at last.



## ***Jesus Messiah***

*Chris Tomlin*

### VERSE 1

G Am  
 He became sin, Who knew no sin  
 G/B C  
 That we might become His Righteousness  
 G Am  
 He humbled himself and carried the cross  
 G/B C G/B C  
 Love so amazing, Love so amazing

### VERSE 1

### CHORUS

### VERSE 2

### CHORUS

### BRIDGE

### CHORUS

G C  
 Jesus Messiah, name above all names  
 G D  
 Blessed Redeemer, Emmanuel  
 G  
 The rescue for sinners  
 C  
 The ransom from Heaven  
 G/B D G  
 Jesus Messiah, Lord of all

### CHORUS

### VERSE 2

G Am  
 His body the bread, His blood the wine  
 G/B C  
 Broken and poured out all for love  
 G Am  
 The whole earth trembled and the veil was torn  
 G/B C G/B C  
 Love so amazing, love so amazing

### BRIDGE

Am G/B C D  
 All our hope is in You, all our hope is in You  
 Am G/B C D  
 All the glory to You, God, the Light of the world

# Jesus Messiah

386

Capo 4 (G)    Worshipfully    ♩ = 86

Words and Music by  
DANIEL CARSON, CHRIS TOMLIN,  
ED CASH, and JESSE REEVES

Keyboard  
(Guitar)    B/D#  
(G/B)

C#m7(4)  
(Am7(4))

VERSE

B  
(G)

C#m7  
(Am7)

5

1. He be - came \_ sin, \_ who knew no \_ sin; \_ that  
2. bo - dy the \_ bread, \_ His blood the \_ wine \_ bro -

B/D#  
(G/B)

E<sup>2</sup>(no<sup>3</sup>)  
(C<sup>2</sup>(no<sup>3</sup>))

7

we might be - come \_ His right - eous - ness; \_ He  
ken and poured out, \_ all for \_ love. \_ The

386

9 **B** (G) **C#m7** (Am7) **387**

hum - bled Him - self, and car - ried the cross.  
 whole earth trem - bled, and the veil was torn.

11 **B/F#** (G/D) **E2(no3)** (C2(no3))

Love so a - maz - ing,

13 **B/F#** (G/D) **E2(no3)** (C2(no3))

love so a - maz - ing. Je - sus, Mes - si -

**CHORUS**

16 **B** (G) **E2(no3)** (C2(no3))

- ah; Name a - bove all names;

Bless - ed Re - deem - er;

Em - man - u - el. The Res - cue for sin -

ners, the Ran - som from heav -

en; Je - sus, Mes - si -

28

B/D#  
(G/B)

F#sus  
(Dsus)

389

ah, Lord of all.

30

B  
(G)

3rd time to Coda 1. | 2.

2. His All our hope

BRIDGE

33

C#m7(4)  
(Am7(4))

B/D#  
(G/B)

is in You, all our hope

35

E2(no3)  
(C2(no3))

F#sus  
(Dsus)

is in You; all the glo

389

37  $C\#m7(4)$   $(Am7(4))$   $B/D\#$   $(G/B)$

- ry to You, — God, —

39  $E^2(no^3)$   $(C^2(no^3))$   $F\#sus$   $(Dsus)$  *D.S. al Coda*

the Light of the world. — Je - sus, Mes - si -

CODA

42  $B/G\#$   $(G/E)$   $B/F\#$   $(G/D)$

Je - sus, Mes - si - ah, —

44  $F\#sus$   $(Dsus)$   $E^2$   $(C^2)$

Lord of all. —

46

The Lord of all!

48

The Lord of all.

50

B  
(G)

Chords Used in This Song

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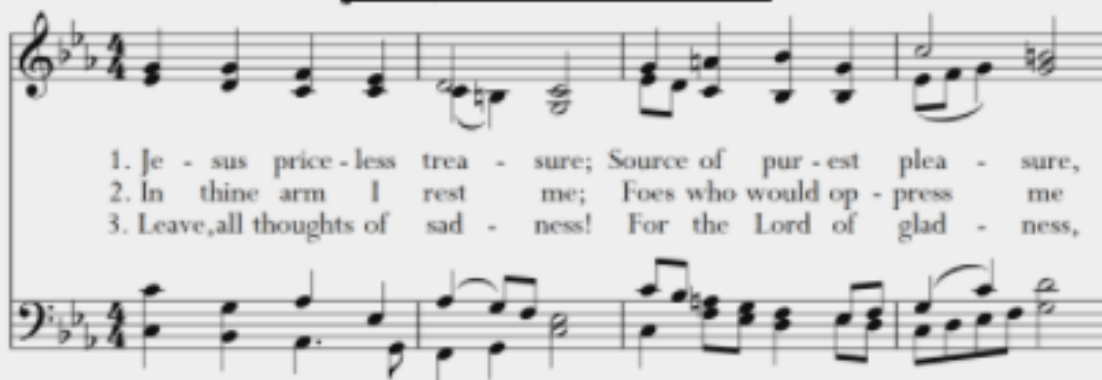
1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small,  
 2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone,  
 3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim;  
 4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com - plete,

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

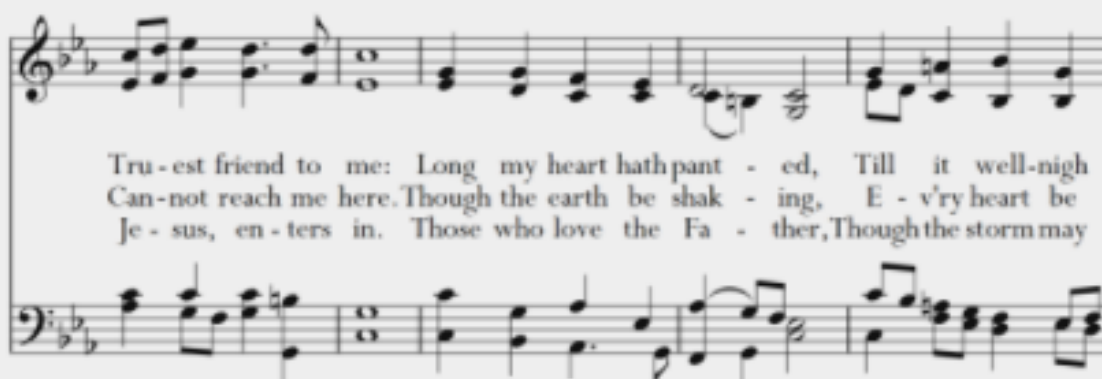
Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

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

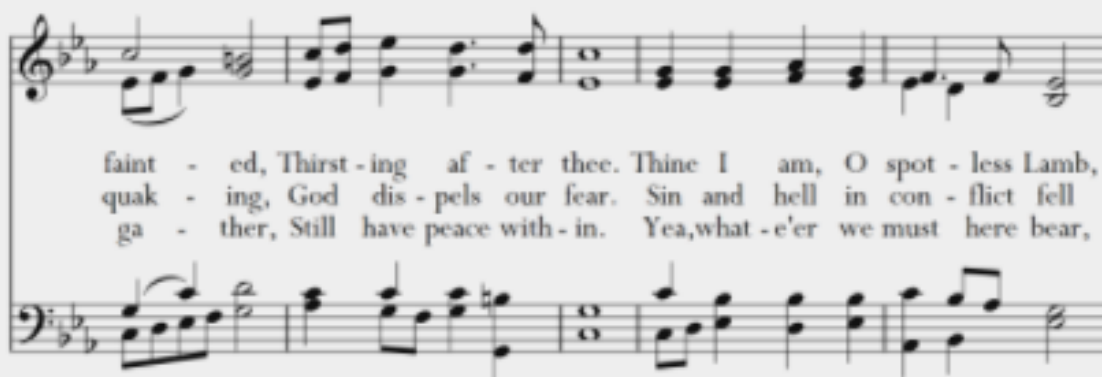


Jesus, Priceless Treasure


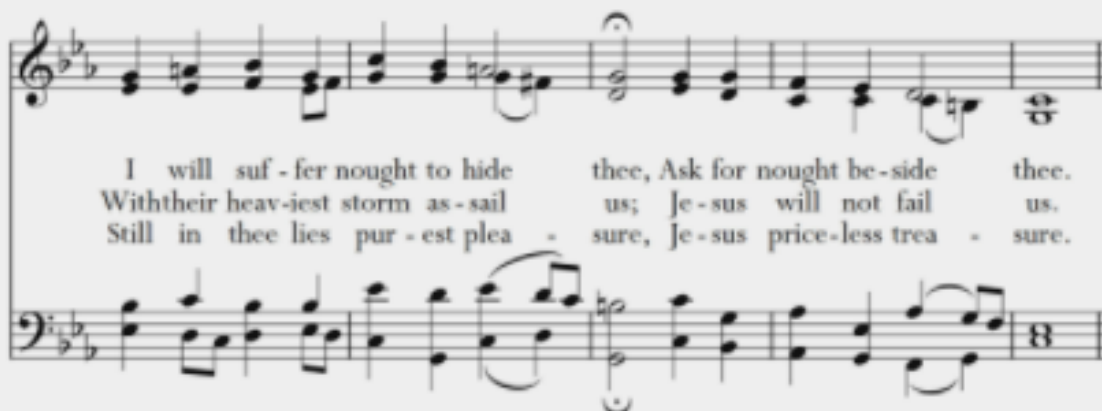
1. Je - sus price - less trea - sure; Source of pur - est plea - sure,  
 2. In thine arm I rest me; Foes who would op - press me  
 3. Leave, all thoughts of sad - ness! For the Lord of glad - ness,



Tru - est friend to me: Long my heart hath pant - ed, Till it well-nigh  
 Can - not reach me here. Though the earth be shak - ing, E - v'ry heart be  
 Je - sus, en - ters in. Those who love the Fa - ther, Though the storm may



faint - ed, Thirst - ing af - ter thee. Thine I am, O spot - less Lamb,  
 quak - ing, God dis - pels our fear. Sin and hell in con - flict fell  
 ga - ther, Still have peace with - in. Yea, what - e'er we must here bear,



I will suf - fer nought to hide thee, Ask for nought be - side thee.  
 With their heav - iest storm as - sail us; Je - sus will not fail us.  
 Still in thee lies pur - est plea - sure, Je - sus price - less trea - sure.

Words: Johann Franck (1618-1677), tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)

Music: German melody, arr. J S Bach (1685-1750); Public Domain

## Jesus Shall Reign

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does its suc -  
 2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end - less  
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His  
 4. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Hon - or and

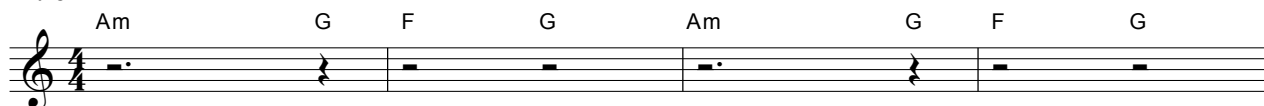
ces - sive jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from  
 prais - es crown His head; His name like sweet per -  
 love with sweet - est song, And in - fant voic - es  
 glo - ry to our King; An - gels de - scend with

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice,  
 shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.  
 songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud "A - men"!

# JESUS SHALL REIGN

Based on Psalm 72  
 Words by Isaac Watts  
 Music by John Hatton

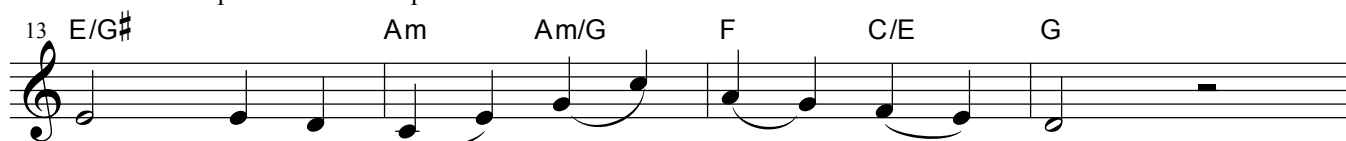
## Intro



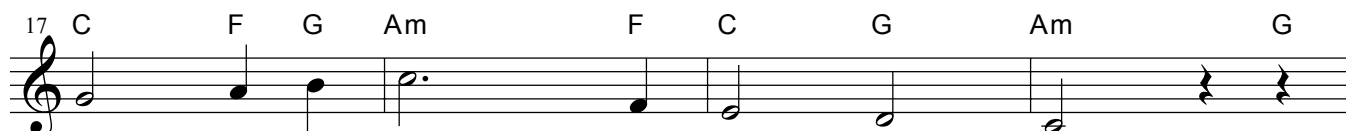
1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun  
 2. For Him shall end - less prayer be made  
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev' - ry tongue  
 4. Bless - ing a - bound wher - e'er He reigns



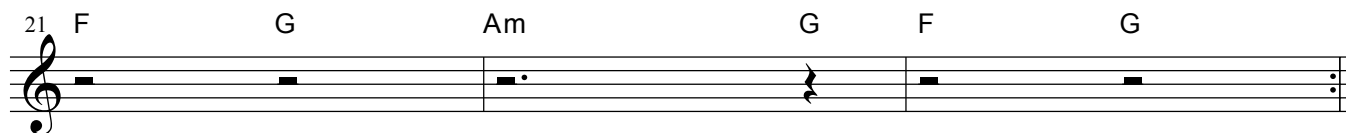
Does His suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;  
 And prais - es thron - g to crown His head  
 Dwell on His love with sweet His est song;  
 The pris - 'ner leaps to lose his his chains



His king - dom spread from shore to shore,  
 His name like sweet fume shall pro - rise,  
 And in - fant voi - ces - shall pro - claim  
 The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest



Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 With ev - ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice  
 Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name  
 And all the sons of want His are blessed



5. Where He displays His healing power  
 Death and the curse are known no more  
 In Him the tribes of Adam boast  
 More blessings than, their father lost

6. Let ev'ry creature rise and bring  
 His grateful honors to our King;  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the loud "Amen!"

## Jesus! The Name

1. Je - sus! The name high o - ver all,  
 2. Je - sus! The name to sin - ners dear,  
 3. Je - sus! The pri - s'ner's fet - ters breaks,  
 4. O that the world might taste and see  
 5. His on - ly right - eous - ness I show,  
 6. Hap - py if with my lat - est breath

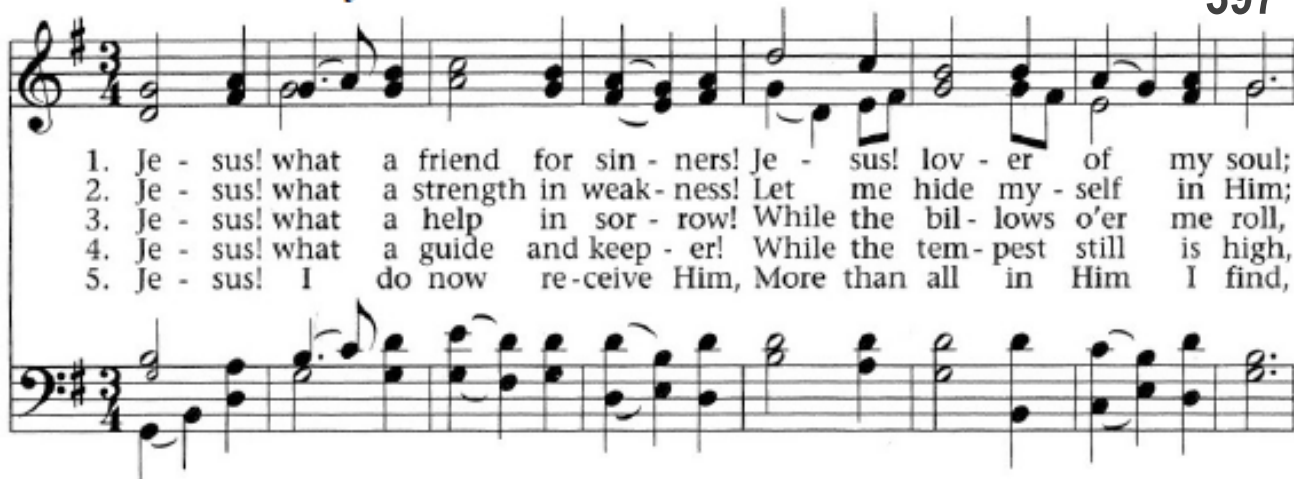
In hell, or earth, or sky;  
 The name to sin - ners giv'n;  
 And bruis - es Sa - tan's head;  
 The rich - es of His grace:  
 His sav - ing grace pro - claim;  
 I might but gasp His name;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall,  
 It scat - ters all their guil - ty fear,  
 Pow'r in - to strength - less souls it speaks,  
 The arms of love that com - pass me  
 'Tis all my busi - ness here be - low  
 Preach him to all and cry in death:

And de - vils fear and fly.  
 It turns their hell to heav'n.  
 And life in - to the dead.  
 Would all man - kind em - brace.  
 To cry: "Be - hold the Lamb!"  
 "Be - hold, be - hold the Lamb!"

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788);

Music: Carl G. Gläser (1784-1829), arr. Lowell Mason (1792-1872), Public Domain



1. Je - sus! what a friend for sin - ners! Je - sus! lov - er of my soul;  
 2. Je - sus! what a strength in weak - ness! Let me hide my - self in Him;  
 3. Je - sus! what a help in sor - row! While the bil - lows o'er me roll,  
 4. Je - sus! what a guide and keep - er! While the tem - pest still is high,  
 5. Je - sus! I do now re - ceive Him, More than all in Him I find,



Friends may fail me, foes as - sail me, He, my Sav - ior, makes me whole.  
 Tempt - ed, tried, and some - times fail - ing, He, my strength, my vic - t'ry wins.  
 E - ven when my heart is break - ing, He, my com - fort, helps my soul.  
 Storms a - bout me, night o'er - takes me, He, my pi - lot, hears my cry.  
 He hath grant - ed me for - give - ness, I am His, and He is mine.



Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a friend!



Sav - ing, help - ing, keep - ing, lov - ing, He is with me to the end.

Words: J. Wilbur Chapman (1859-1918); Music: Rowland H. Prichard (1811-1887), Public Domain

*Silence for Reflection and Preparation:* After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together this evening. The piano will resume to mark the conclusion of the service.

# JESUS EVERLASTING KING

Words by Isaac Watts  
(alt. by Matthew Smith)  
Music by Matthew Smith

F C B $\flat$  C

Je - sus, ev - er - last - ing King ——— Ac - cept the tri - bute which we bring —

4 F Dm C B $\flat$

— Ac - cept the well - de - served re - nown ——— And wear our prais -

7 C F B $\flat$  C

es as Your crown ———

1. O send Your Spir - it to im - part —  
2. The glad - ness of re - demp - tion's — day,  
3. May ev - 'ry time of wor - ship — see  
4. O that the months would roll a - way —

10 F B $\flat$  C

— Rest and hearts re - pent - ance to our hearts, —  
— Our hearts would wish it long to stay, —  
— Your grace re - vealed more rich and free, —  
— And bring the cor - o - na - tion day; —

12 Dm Gm F

— Like the dear hour when from a - bove —  
— Nor let our faith for - sake its hold, —  
— Till we are raised to sing Your name —  
— The King of Grace shall fill the throne —

14 C B $\flat$  C

— We first re - ceived — Your pledge of love, —  
— Nor com - forts sink, — or love grow cold, —  
— At the great sup - per of the Lamb, —  
— With all His Fa - ther's glo - ries on. —

## Jesus, I am Resting, Resting

Words by Jean Sophia Pigott (1845-1882);

Music by Matthew Smith, 2007 from All I Owe

### CAPO 3

[1]

**G A D G A D**  
 Jesus, I am resting, resting in the joy of what Thou art,  
**G A D G A D**  
 I am finding out the greatness of Thy loving heart  
**G A D F#m G**  
 Thou hast bid me gaze upon thee, and Thy beauty fills my soul  
**G A D G A D**  
 For by Thy transforming power, Thou hast made me whole

[2]

**G A D G A D**  
 O how great Thy loving kindness, vaster, broader than the sea  
**G A D G A D**  
 Of how marvelous Thy goodness lavished all on me  
**G A D F#m G**  
 Yes, I rest in Thee Beloved, know what wealth of grace is Thine  
**G A D G A D**  
 Know Thy certainty of promise and have made it mine

### CHORUS

**G A D Bm A G**  
 Jesus, I am resting, resting, in the joy of what Thou art  
**G A D G A D**  
 I am finding out the greatness of Thy loving heart

[3]

**G A D G A D**  
 Simply trusting Thee Lord Jesus, I behold Thee as Thou art  
**G A D G A D**  
 And Thy love so pure so changeless satisfies my heart  
**G A D F#m G**  
 Satisfies its deepest longings, meets, supplies its every need  
**G A D G A D**  
 Compasseth me round with blessings; Thine is love indeed

[4]

**G A D G A D**  
 Ever lift Thy face upon me, as I work and wait for Thee  
**G A D G A D**  
 Resting 'neath Thy smile Lord Jesus, earth's dark shadows flee  
**G A D F#m G**  
 Brightness of my Father's glory, sunshine of my Father's face  
**G A D G A D**  
 Keep me ever trusting, resting, fill me with Thy grace.

# Jesus, Cast a Look on Me

Words by  
JOHN BERRIDGE

Music by  
MATTHEW PERRYMAN JONES

C F C C F C

5 C F C C2

1. Je - sus cast a look on me,  
2. All that feeds my busy pride,  
3. Make me like a little child,

5

8 C F G/B

give me sweet sim - pli - ci - ty.  
cast it ev - er - more a - side.  
of my strength and wis - dom spoiled.

8



11 F G Am

Make me poor \_\_\_ and \_\_\_ keep \_\_\_ me \_\_\_ low, \_\_\_  
 Bid my will \_\_\_ to \_\_\_ thine \_\_\_ sub - mit, \_\_\_  
 See - ing on - ly \_\_\_ in \_\_\_ Thy \_\_\_ light, \_\_\_

14 F G C 1, 2, 3, 4.

Seek - ing on - ly \_\_\_ Thee \_\_\_ to \_\_\_ know. \_\_\_  
 lay me humb - ly \_\_\_ at \_\_\_ Thy \_\_\_ feet. \_\_\_  
 walk - ing on - ly \_\_\_ in \_\_\_ Thy \_\_\_ might. \_\_\_

14 1, 2, 3, 4.

17 C 5. C F G C

cry! \_\_\_

17 5. 3

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,  
 where a weary soul can rest.  
 Feeling well the peace of God,  
 flowing from His precious blood.

5. In this posture let me live,  
 and hosannas daily give.  
 In this temper let me die,  
 and hosannas ever cry!

Gmaj6



# JESUS, CAST A LOOK

Words by John Berridge

Music by Matthew Perryman Jones

Capo V

G C G Gmaj6

1. Je - sus, cast a look on me,  
 2. All that feeds my bu - sy pride,  
 3. Make me like a lit - tle child,

G C D/F#

Give me sweet sim - pli - ci - ty,  
 Cast it ev - er - more a - side  
 Of my strength and wis - dom spoiled

C D Em

Make me poor and keep me low,  
 Bid my will to Thine sub - mit,  
 See - ing on - ly in Thy light,

C D G

Seek - ing on - ly thee to know  
 Lay me humb - ly at Thy feet  
 Walk - ing on - ly in Thy might

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,  
 Where a weary soul can rest  
 Feeling well the peace of God,  
 Flowing from His precious blood

5. In this posture let me live,  
 And hosannas daily give  
 In this temper let me die,  
 And hosannas ever cry!

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**Jesus Cast a Look on Me**

© MPJ Music. Words: John Berridge. Music: Matthew Perryman Jones.

**Capo V**

G C G Gmaj6

1. Jesus cast a look on me,

G C D/F#

Give me sweet simplicity

C D Em

Make me poor and keep me low,

C D G

Seeking only Thee to know

2. All that feeds my busy pride,

Cast it evermore aside

Bid my will to Thine submit,

Lay me humbly at Thy feet

3. Make me like a little child,

Of my strength and wisdom spoiled

Seeing only in Thy light,

Walking only in Thy might

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,

Where a weary soul can rest

Feeling well the peace of God,

Flowing from His precious blood

5. In this posture let me live,

And hosannas daily give

In this temper let me die,

And hosannas ever cry!

**Real Key**

C F C C2

1. Jesus cast a look on me,

C F G/B

Give me sweet simplicity

F G Am

Make me poor and keep me low,

F G C

Seeking only Thee to know

Gmaj6



# JESUS, CAST A LOOK

Words by John Berridge

Music by Matthew Perryman Jones

Capo V

G C G Gmaj6

1. Je - sus, cast a look on me,  
 2. All that feeds my bu - sy pride,  
 3. Make me like a lit - tle child,

G C D/F#

Give me sweet sim - pli - ci - ty,  
 Cast it ev - er - more a - side  
 Of my strength and wis - dom spoiled

C D Em

Make me poor and keep me low,  
 Bid my will to Thine sub - mit,  
 See - ing on - ly in Thy light,

C D G

Seek - ing on - ly thee to know  
 Lay me humb - ly at Thy feet  
 Walk - ing on - ly in Thy might

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,  
 Where a weary soul can rest  
 Feeling well the peace of God,  
 Flowing from His precious blood

5. In this posture let me live,  
 And hosannas daily give  
 In this temper let me die,  
 And hosannas ever cry!

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Gmaj6



# JESUS, CAST A LOOK

Words by John Berridge

Music by Matthew Perryman Jones

Capo V

G C G Gmaj6

1. Je - sus, cast a look on me,  
 2. All that feeds my bu - sy pride,  
 3. Make me like a lit - tle child,

G C D/F#

Give me sweet sim - pli - ci - ty,  
 Cast it ev - er - more a - side  
 Of my strength and wis - dom spoiled

C D Em

Make me poor and keep me low,  
 Bid my will to Thine sub - mit,  
 See - ing on - ly in Thy light,

C D G

Seek - ing on - ly thee to know  
 Lay me humb - ly at Thy feet  
 Walk - ing on - ly in Thy might

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,  
 Where a weary soul can rest  
 Feeling well the peace of God,  
 Flowing from His precious blood

5. In this posture let me live,  
 And hosannas daily give  
 In this temper let me die,  
 And hosannas ever cry!

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## Jesus' Gracious Hand

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #673*

Words – John Berridge, 1838

Music – Clint Wells, Brian T. Murphy and Benj Pocta, 2006

Capo III

D, Em, G

D, Em, G

D      Em      G  
 When Jesus' gracious hand,  
 D      Em      G  
 Has touched our eyes and ears,  
                          G      A      Bm  
 Oh what a dreary land the wilderness appears,  
                          G      A      D  
 Oh what a dreary land the wilderness appears.

### Chorus:

                 A      G      D  
 No healing balm springs from its dust,  
                  G      D/F#      Em      A      D  
 No cooling stream to quench its thirst.

Yet long I vainly sought  
 A resting place below  
 That sweet land forgot  
 Where living waters flow;  
 I hunger now for heavenly food  
 And my poor heart cries out for God

My sorrow Thou canst see  
 For Thou doest read my heart;  
 It pineth after Thee  
 And yet from Thee will start;  
 Reclaim Thy roving child at last  
 And fix my heart and bind it fast

I would be near Thy feet,  
 Or at Thy bleeding side;  
 Feel how Thy heart does beat  
 And see its purple tide;  
 Trace all the wonders of Thy death,  
 And sing Thy love in every breath.

# Jesus' Gracious Hand

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #673

words by John Berridge, 1716-1793.

music by Benj Pocta, Clint Wells,  
and Brian T. Murphy, 2006

F G m7 B $\flat$

When Je - sus' gra - cious hand, Has  
Yet long I vain - ly sought, A  
My sor - row Thou can see, For  
I would be near Thy feet, Or

5 F G m7 B $\flat$

touched our eyes and ears, O what a drear - y  
rest - ing place be - low; That sweet land for -  
Thou dost read my heart; It pi - neth af - ter  
at Thy bleed - ing side; Feel how Thy heart does

9 B $\flat$  C D m

land, the wild - er - ness ap - pears. O what a drear - y  
got, where liv - ing wa - ters flow; That sweet land for -  
Thee, and yet from Thee will start; It pi - neth af - ter  
beat, and see its pur - ple tide; Feel how Thy heart does

13 B $\flat$  C F C

land, the wild - er - ness ap - pears. No heal - ing balm  
got, where liv - ing wa - ters flow; I hun - ger now for  
Thee, and yet from Thee will start; Re - claim Thy rov - ing  
beat, and see its pur - ple tide; Trace all the won - ders

18 B $\flat$  F B $\flat$  F/A

springs from its dust; No cool - ing stream to  
heav - en - ly food; And my poor heart cries  
child at last, And fix my heart and  
of Thy death, And sing Thy love in

22 G m7 C/E F

quench the thirst.  
out for God.  
bind it fast.  
ev - - - - - ry breath.

# JESUS, I COME

Words by William Sleeper  
Music by Greg Thompson

C G Fmaj7

1. Out of my bon - dage, sor - row and night,  
2. Out of my shame - ful fail - ure and loss,  
3. Out of un - rest and ar - ro - gant pride,  
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,

5 Am G Fmaj7

Je - sus I come; Je - sus, I come  
Je - sus, I come; Je - sus, I come.  
Je - sus, I come; Je - sus, I come.  
Je - sus, I come; Je - sus, I come.

9 C G Fmaj7

In - to Thy free - dom, glad - ness, and light  
In - to the glo - rious gain of Thy cross,  
In - to Thy bless - ed will to a - bide,  
In - to the joy and light of Thy home,

13 Am G/B Fmaj7 F G

Je - sus, I come to Thee,  
Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
Je - sus, I come to Thee.

17 Am G Fmaj7

Out of my sick - ness in - to Thy health,  
Out of earth's sor - rows in - to Thy balm,  
Out of my - self to dwell in Thy love,  
Out of the depths of ru - in un - told,



21 Am G Fmaj7

Out of my want - ing and in - to Thy wealth,  
 Out of life's storms and in - to Thy calm,  
 Out of de - spair in - to rap - tures a - bove,  
 In - to the peace of Thy shel - ter - ing fold,

25 Am G Fmaj7

Out of my sin and in - to Thy - self,  
 Out of dis - tress in - to jub - i - lant psalm,  
 Up - ward for - ev - er on wings like dōve,  
 Ev - er Thy glo - rious face to be - hold,

29 Am G Fmaj7

Je - sus, I come to Thee  
 Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 Je - sus, I come to Thee.

33 Am G Fmaj7

## Jesus I Long For Thee

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #672*

Words - John Berridge, 1716-1793

Music - Brian T. Murphy and Jeff Koonce, 2004

Bm      A      G  
 Jesus, I long for thee,  
 Em            D/F#    G  
 And sigh for Canaan's shore,  
 Bm            A      G  
 Thy lovely face to see,  
 Em            D      C  
 And all my warfare o'er;  
 D            G      Bm A G  
 Here billows break upon my breast  
 D            G            Bm A G  
 And brooding sorrows steal my rest.

I pant, I groan, I grieve  
 For my untoward heart;  
 How full of doubts I live,  
 Though full of grace thou art!  
 What poor returns, I make to thee  
 For all the mercy shown to me!

And must I ever smart,  
 A child of sorrows here?  
 Yet, Lord be near my heart,  
 To soothe each rising tear;  
 Then at thy bleeding cross I'll stay,  
 And sweetly weep my life away.

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# Jesus, I Long for Thee

from the Gadsby Hymnal #672

words: John Berridge, 1716-1793

music: Jeff Koonce and

Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Bmin A G

Je - sus, I long for Thee And  
I pant, I groan, I grieve, For  
And must I ev - er smart, A

Emin<sub>2</sub> D<sub>2</sub> G Bmin A

sigh for Ca - naan's Shore, Thy love - ly face to  
my un - to - ward heart; How full of doubts I  
child of sor - rows here? Yet, Lord be near my

G Emin<sub>2</sub> D<sub>2</sub> C D

see, And all my war - fare o'er Here bil - lows  
live, Though full of grace thou art! What poor re -  
heart, To soothe each ris - ing tear; Then at Thy

G Bmin A G D

break up - on my breast And brood - ing  
turns I make to Thee, For all the  
bleed - - - ing cross I'll stay, And sweet - ly

G<sub>2</sub> Bmin A G

sor - - rows steal my rest.  
mer - - cy shown to me.  
weep my life a - - - way.

# JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN

Words by Henry Lyte  
 Music by Mozart  
 (alt. by Bill Moore)

D F#m G D

1. Je - sus I my cross have ta - ken,  
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me  
 3. Man may trou - ble and di - stress me,  
 4. Go then earth - ly fame and trea - sure,

3 D F#m G A

All to leave and fol - low Thee  
 They have left my sa - vior too  
 Twill but drive me to thy breast  
 Come di - sas - ter, scorn and pain

5 D F#m G D

Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sa - ken  
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me,  
 Life with tri - als hard may press me,  
 In thy ser - vice pain is plea - sure,

7 D F#m G D Bm Bm/A

Thou from hence my all shalt be Per - ish ev - ery fond  
 Thou art not like them un - true Oh while thou dost smile  
 Heaven will bring me sweet - er rest Oh 'tis not in grief  
 With thy fa - vor loss is gain I have called thee A -

10 G D Bm Bm/A G D

am - bi - tion, All I've sought or hoped or known  
 u - pon me, God of wis - dom, love and might  
 to harm me, While thy love is left to me  
 bba Fa - ther, I have stayed my heart on thee

13 Bm Bm/A G D

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion,  
 Foes may hate and friends dis - own me,  
 Oh 'twere not in joy clouds to charm me,  
 Storms may howl and clouds may ga - ther,

15      Em      D/F#      G      A

God Show Were All and thy that must heaven face joy work are and un for - still all mixed good my is with to

17      D      G

own bright thee me

1.2.3.4.5. D

6.

1.2.3.4.5.

6.

5. Soul then know thy full salvation  
 Rise o'er sin and fear and care  
 Joy to find in every station,  
 Something still to do or bear  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,  
 Think what Father's smiles are thine  
 Think that Jesus died to win thee,  
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine

6. Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide the there  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

# JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN

Words by Henry Lyte  
 Music by Mozart  
 (alt. by Bill Moore)

CAPO II

D F#m G D

1. Je - sus I my cross have ta - ken,  
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me,  
 3. Man may trou - ble and di - stress me,  
 4. Go then earth - ly fame and and - stress trea - sure,

3 D F#m G A

All to leave and fol - low Thee  
 They have left my and sa - vior  
 I will but drive me to thy  
 Come di - sas - ter, scorn and breast pain

5 D F#m G D

Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sa - ken  
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me,  
 Life with tri - als hard pain is press me,  
 In thy ser - vice thy hard pain is plea - sure,

7 D F#m G D

Thou from hence my all shalt be  
 Thou art not like them un - be  
 Heaven will thy bring me vor sweet loss er rest  
 With thy fa - vor loss is gain

9 Bm Bm/A G D

Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion,  
 Oh while thou dost smile u - pon me,  
 Oh 'tis not in thee grief to harm me,  
 I have called thee A - bba Fa - ther,

11 Bm Bm/A G D

All I've sought or dom, hoped or known  
 God of wis - dom, love and might  
 While thy love is my left heart on me  
 I have stayed my heart on thee

13 Bm Bm/A G D

Yet how rich is and my friends con - di - tion,  
 Foes may hate and in joy clouds dis - own me,  
 Oh 'twere not howl and clouds may charm me,  
 Storms may howl and clouds may ga - ther,

15 Em D/F# G A

God Show and thy heaven are and still my  
 Show thy that face joy work are un - all is  
 Were All that must joy work for mixed good with  
 All that must joy work for mixed good to

17 D G D A

own  
 bright  
 thee  
 me

5. Soul then know thy full salvation  
 Rise o'er sin and fear and care  
 Joy to find in every station,  
 Something still to do or bear  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,  
 Think what Father's smiles are thine  
 Think that Jesus died to win thee,  
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine

6. Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight and prayer to praise.



## Jesus Is Our Great Salvation

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #205*

*Words - John Adams, 1751-1835*

*Music - Clint Wells, 2004*

**G**  
**[1]** Jesus is our great salvation,  
**Em** **D**  
 Worthy of our best esteem;  
**G**  
 He has saved his favorite nation;  
**Em** **D D/F#**  
 Join to sing aloud of him.  
  
**D/F# G/C G**  
 He has saved us!  
**Em Am C D**  
 Christ alone could us redeem  
  
**D/F# G/C G**  
 He has saved us!  
**Em Am C D**  
 Christ alone could us redeem  
  
**D/F# G/C G**  
 He has saved us!  
**Em D**  
 Christ alone could us redeem.

**G**

**G**  
**[3]** Let us never Lord forget thee;  
**Em D**  
 Make us walk as children here.  
**G**  
 We will give thee all the glory  
**Em D D/F#**  
 Of the love that brought us near.  
  
**D/F# G/C G**  
 Bid us praise thee,  
**Em Am C D**  
 And rejoice with holy fear.  
  
**D/F# G/C G**  
 Bid us praise thee,  
**Em Am C D**  
 And rejoice with holy fear.  
  
**D/F# G/C G**  
 Bid us praise thee,  
**Em D**  
 And rejoice with holy fear.

**G**

**[4]** Free election known by calling,

**[2]** When involved in sin and ruin,

**Em** **D**

And no helper there was found,

**G**  
Jesus our distress was viewing;

**Em** **D D/F#**

Grace did more than sin abound.

**D/F# G/C G**

He has called us,

**Em Am C D**

With salvation in the sound.

**D/F# G/C G**

He has called us,

**Em Am C D**

With salvation in the sound.

**D/F# G/C G**

He has called us,

**Em D**

With salvation in the sound.

**Em D**  
Is a privilege divine;

**G**  
Saints are kept from final falling;

**Em D D/F#**

All the glory Lord be thine!

**D/F# G/C G**

All the glory,

**Em Am C D**

All the glory, Lord is thine!

**D/F# G/C G**

All the glory,

**Em Am C D**

All the glory, Lord is thine!

**D/F# G/C G**

All the glory,

**Em Am C D**

All the glory, Lord is thine!□

## Jesus Is Our Great Salvation

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #205*

Words - John Adams, 1751-1835

Music - Clint Wells, 2004

CAPO I

G

Jesus is our great salvation,

Em D

Worthy of our best esteem;

G

He has saved his favorite nation;

Em D D/F#

Join to sing aloud of him.

D/F# G/C G

He has saved us!

Em Am C D

Christ alone could us redeem

D/F# G/C G

He has saved us!

Em D

Christ alone could us redeem.

When involved in sin and ruin,  
And no helper there was found,  
Jesus our distress was viewing;  
Grace did more than sin abound.

He has called us,  
With salvation in the sound.

Let us never Lord forget thee;  
Make us walk as children here.  
We will give thee all the glory  
Of the love that brought us near.  
Bid us praise thee,  
And rejoice with holy fear.

Free election known by calling,  
Is a privilege divine;  
Saints are kept from final falling;  
All the glory Lord be thine!  
All the glory,  
All the glory, Lord is thine!

# Jesus Is Our Great Salvation

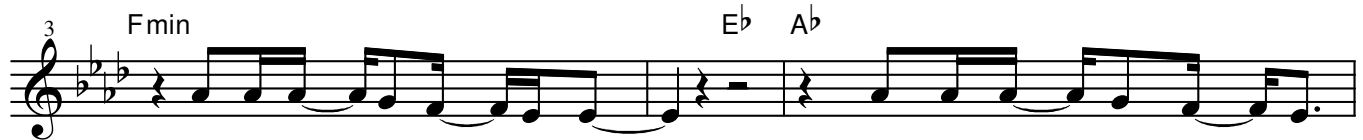
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #205

Words - John Adams, 1751-1835

Music - Clint Wells, 2004



Jes - us is our great sal - va - tion,  
 When inv - olved in sin and ru - in,  
 Let us nev - er Lord for - get thee;  
 Free e - lec - tion known by call - ing,



Worth - y of our best est - eem;  
 And no help - er there was found,  
 Make us walk as child - ren here.  
 Is a priv - il - ege div - ine;  
 He has saved his favor - ite  
 Jes - us our dis - tress was  
 We will give thee all the  
 Saints are kept from fin - al



na - tion;  
 view - ing;  
 glor - y  
 fall - ing;  
 Join to sing a - loud of him.  
 Grace did more than sin a - bound.  
 Of the love that brought us near.  
 All the glor - y Lord be thine!  
 He has saved  
 He has called  
 Bid us praise  
 All the glor -



us!  
 us,  
 thee,  
 y,  
 Christ a - lone could us red - eem  
 With sal - va - tion in the sound.  
 And rej - oice with hol - y fear.  
 All the glor - y, Lord is thine!

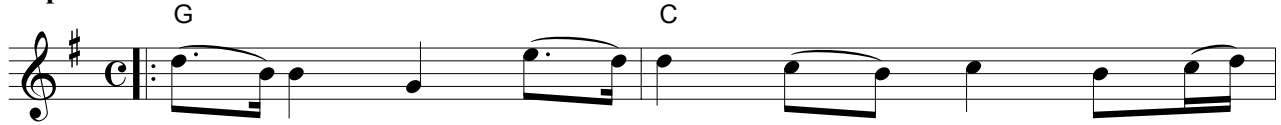


He has saved us!  
 He has called us,  
 Bid us praise thee,  
 All the glor - y,  
 Christ a - lone could us red - eem.  
 With sal - va - tion in the sound.  
 And rej - oice with hol - y fear.  
 All the glor - y, Lord is thine!

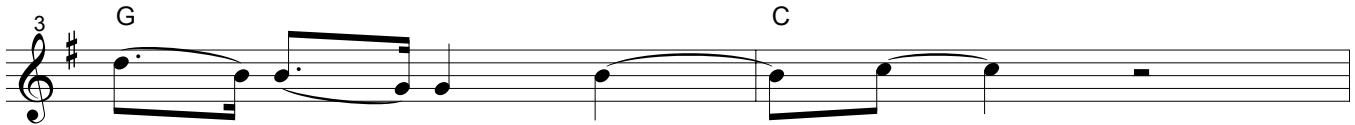
# JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

Words by Charles Wesley  
Music by Greg Thompson

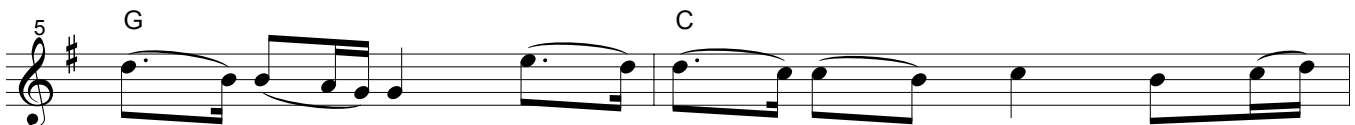
## Capo III



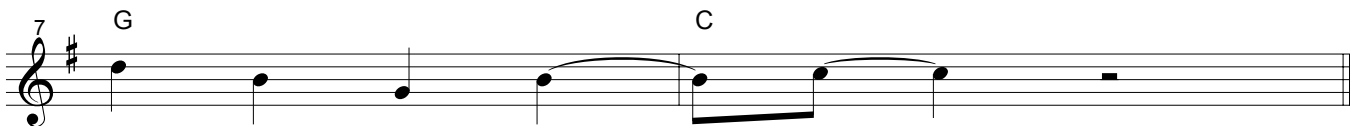
1. Je - sus, lo - ver of my soul, let me  
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, hangs my  
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than  
4. Plen - teous grace with thee is found, grace to



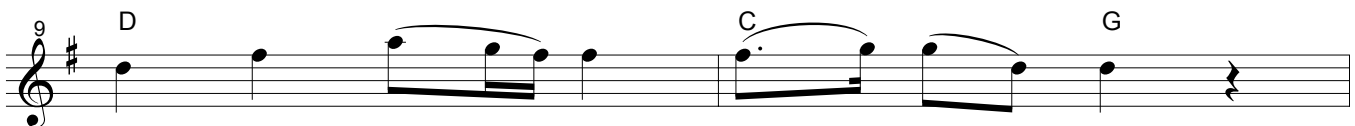
to thy bo - som fly,  
help - less soul on thee; find;  
all in thee I my sin;  
cov - er all my



While the nea - rer wa - ters roll, while the  
leave, ah! leave me not a lone, still sup -  
raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, heal the  
let the heal - ing streams a - bound; make and



tem - pest and still is high:  
port and com - fort me!  
sick, and lead the blind.  
keep me pure with in:



hide me, O my Sa - vior, hide,  
All my and trust on ly thee is stayed,  
Just thou of ho - ly the is thy name;  
thou art life the foun - tain art,

**Jesus, Lover of My Soul**

©2000 Greg Thompson. Words: Charles Wesley. Music: Greg Thompson.

## Capo III

G C  
 1. Jesus, lover of my soul,  
 G C  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 G C  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 G C  
 While the tempest still is high.  
 D C G  
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,  
 D C  
 'Til life's storm is past;  
 D C G  
 Safe into the haven guide;  
 Em D C  
 Receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,  
 I helpless, hang on Thee;  
 Leave, oh leave me not alone,  
 Support and comfort me.  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenseless head  
 In the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, are all I want,  
 Here more than all I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is Thy Name,  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 False and full of sin I am;  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound;  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Let me take of Thee;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart;  
 For all eternity.

## Real Key

Bb Eb  
 1. Jesus, lover of my soul,  
 Bb Eb  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 Bb Eb  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 Bb Eb  
 While the tempest still is high.  
 F Eb Bb  
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,  
 F Eb  
 'Til life's storm is past;  
 F Eb Bb  
 Safe into the haven guide;  
 Gm F Eb  
 Receive my soul at last.

11 D C

'till the storm is past  
 help from thee I bring;  
 I am all un- I - teous - ness;  
 let me take of thee;

13 D C G

safe in - to the ha - ven guide, re -  
 cov - er - my de - fense - less head the -  
 false and full of with - in I am, thou  
 spring thou up with - in my heart, to

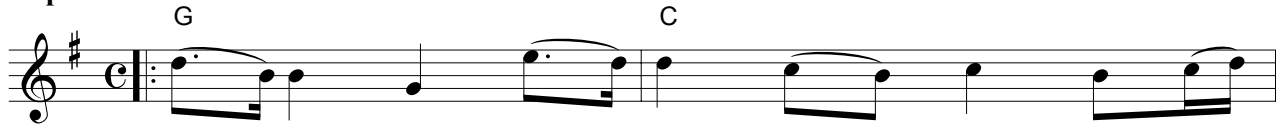
15 Em D C C

ceive my soul at last  
 shad - ow of thy wing.  
 full of truth and grace.  
 all e - ter - ni - ty.

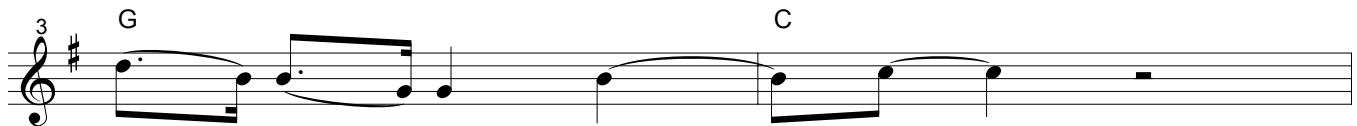
# JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

Words by Charles Wesley  
Music by Greg Thompson

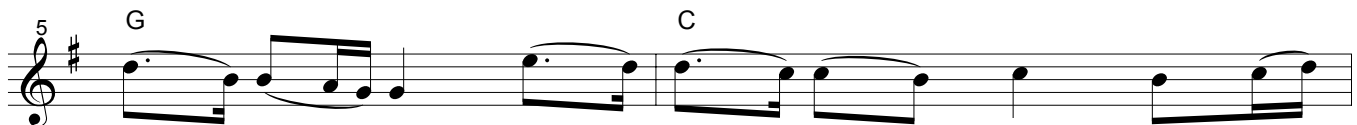
## Capo III



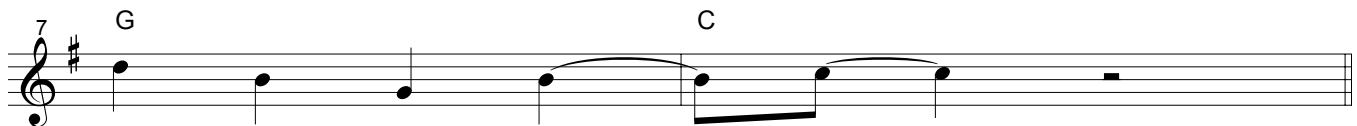
1. Je - sus, lo - ver of my soul, let me  
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, hangs my  
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than  
4. Plen - teous grace with thee is found, grace to



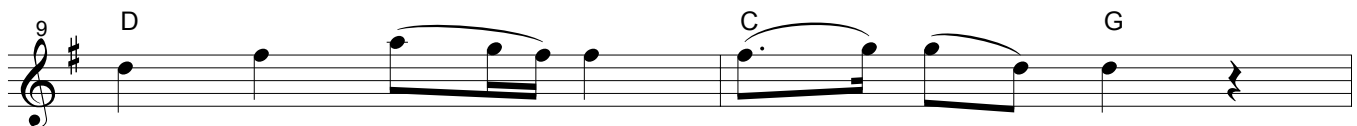
to thy bo - som fly,  
help - less soul on thee; find;  
all in thee I my sin;  
cov - er all my



While the nea - rer wa - ters roll, while the  
leave, ah! leave me not a lone, still sup -  
raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, heal the  
let the heal - ing streams a - bound; make and



tem - pest and still is high:  
port and com - fort me!  
sick, and lead the blind.  
keep me pure with in:



hide me, O my Sa - vior, hide,  
All my and trust on ly thee is thy stayed,  
Just thou of ho - ly the is thy name;  
thou art life the foun - tain art,



11 D

'till the storm is past  
 help from thee I bring;  
 I am all take un - I - teous - ness;  
 let me take of thee;

13 D

safe in - to the ha - ven guide, re -  
 cov - er - my de - fense - less head the -  
 false and full of sin - I am, thou  
 spring thou up with - in my heart, to

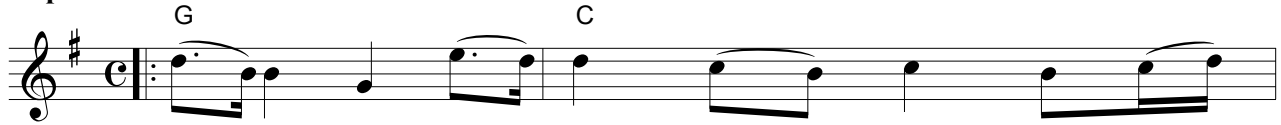
15 Em

ceive my soul at thy last  
 shadow of truth and wing.  
 full of truth and grace.  
 all e - ter - ni - ty.

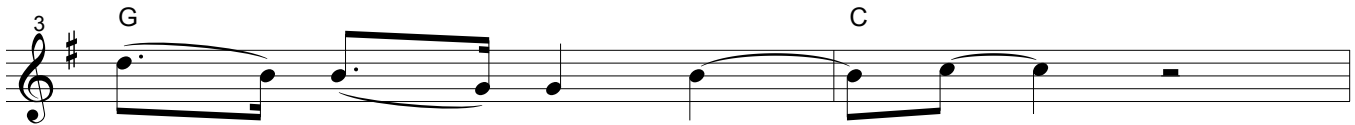
# JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

Words by Charles Wesley  
Music by Greg Thompson

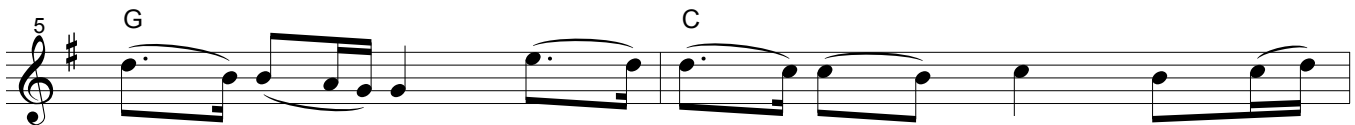
## Capo III



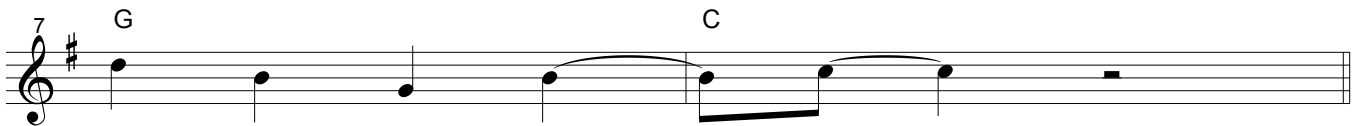
1. Je - sus, lo - ver of my soul, let me  
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, I  
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than  
4. Plen - teous grace with thee is found, grace to



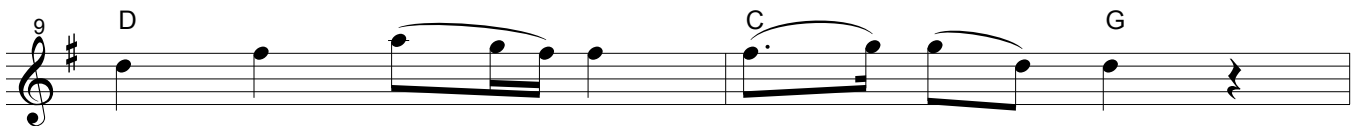
to help - thy bo - som fly,  
all - less hang on thee; I  
cov - er er all my sin;



While the nea - rer wa - ters roll, while the  
leave, ah! leave me not a lone, still sup -  
raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, heal the  
let the heal - ing streams a - bound; make and



tem - pest and still is high:  
port and com - fort me!  
sick, and lead the blind.  
keep me pure with in:



hide me, O my Sa - vior, hide,  
All my and trust on ly thee is thy stayed,  
Just thou of ho - ly the is thy name;  
thou of life the foun - tain art,

11 D

'till the storm is past  
 help from thee I bring;  
 I am all un- I - teous - ness;  
 let me take of thee;

13 D

safe in - to the ha - ven guide, re -  
 cov - er my de - fense - less head the  
 false and full of sin - I am, thou  
 spring thou up with - in my heart, to

15 Em

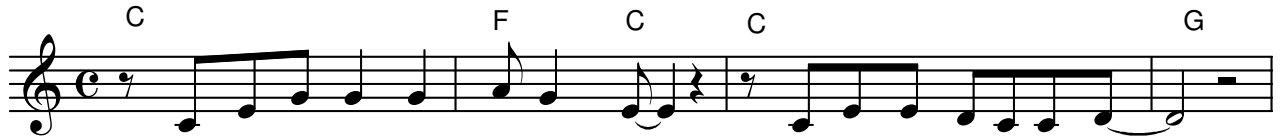
ceive my soul at last  
 shad - ow of thy wing.  
 full of truth and grace.  
 all e - ter - ni - ty.



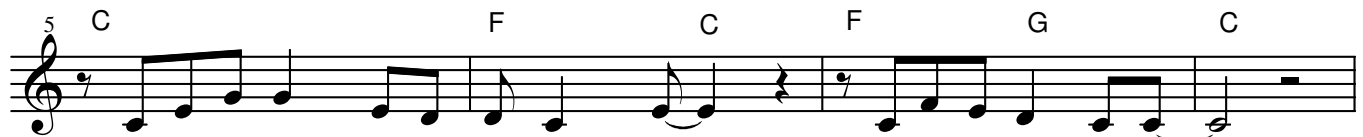
# Jesus' Precious Blood

from the Gadsby Hymnal #1156

words: William J. Irons, 1812-1833  
music: Clint Wells, 2004



What sac - red foun - tain yon - der springs  
 What might - y sum paid all my debt,  
 What voice is that which speaks for me  
 What theme, my soul shall best em - ploy  
 Up from the throne of God,  
 When I a bond - man stood,  
 In heav - en's court for good,  
 Thy harp be - fore thy God,



And all new cov - 'nant bless - ing brings? 'Tis Je - sus' prec - ious blood.  
 And has my soul at freed - om set?  
 And from the curse has set me free?  
 And make all heav'n to ring with joy?



What stream can sweep a - way My sins just like a flood,



Nor lets one guilt - y blemish stay? 'Tis Je - sus' prec - ious blood.

# JESUS SHALL REIGN

Based on Psalm 72  
 Words by Isaac Watts  
 Music by John Hatton

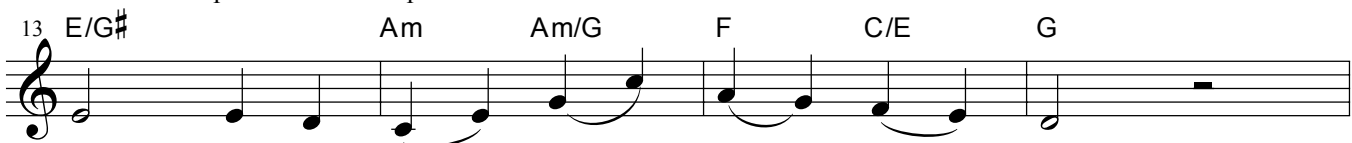
## Intro



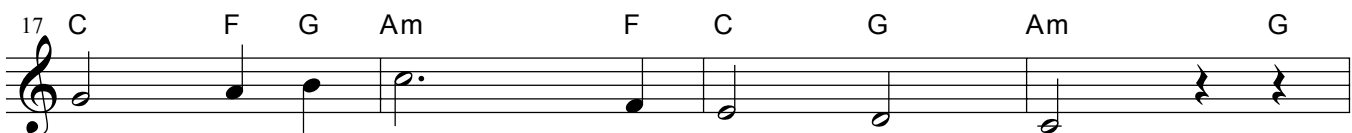
1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun  
 2. For Him shall end - less prayer be made  
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev' - ry tongue  
 4. Bless - ing a - bound wher - e'er He reigns



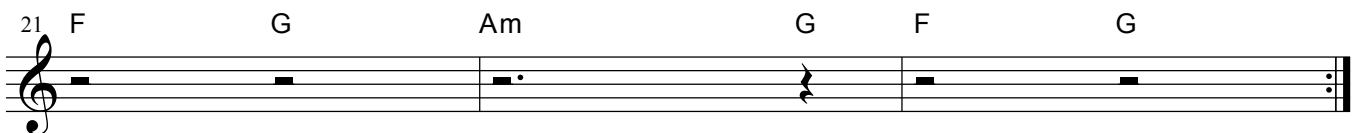
Does His suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;  
 And prais - es thron'g to crown His head  
 Dwell on His love with sweet His song;  
 The pris - 'ner leaps to lose his chains



His king - dom spread from shore to shore,  
 His name like sweet fume shall pro - rise,  
 And in - fant voi - ces - shall pro - claim  
 The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest



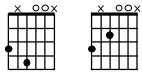
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 With ev - ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice  
 Their ear - ly bless - ings of on His name  
 And all the sons of want His are blessed



5. Where He displays His healing power  
 Death and the curse are known no more  
 In Him the tribes of Adam boast  
 More blessings than, their father lost

6. Let ev'ry creature rise and bring  
 His grateful honors to our King;  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the loud "Amen!"

Gmaj7 G6



# JESUS THE LORD MY SAVIOR IS

D9(add4)



To play with CD,  
tune down 1/2 step

Words by William Gadsby  
Music by Sandra McCracken

1. Je - sus, the Lord, my Sa - vior is,  
3. As through the wild er ness I roam,

My Shep herd, and my God; My light, my strength, my joy,  
His mer cies I'll pro claim; And when I safe ly reach

— my bliss; And I His grace re - cord.  
— my home, I'll still a dore His name.

2. What-e'er I need in Je sus dwells, And there it dwells for me;  
4. "Wor thy the Lamb," my song shall be, "For He for me was slain;"

— 'Tis Christ my earth en ves sel fills  
And me with all the heaven - ly thron -

With trea sures rich and free. Chorus: Mer cy and truth and right  
Shall join, and say, "A men." G/B C D2

eous ness, And peace, most rich ly meet In

2

## Jesus The Lord My Savior Is

21 G/B C D Em Am7 D

Je - sus Christ, the King of grace, In Whom I stand com-plete.

25 G Gmaj7 G 6 C9 G

1. Je - sus, the Lord, my Sa - vior is,

27 C D9(add4) G D/G C/G G Gmaj7 G 6

My Shep-herd, and my God; My light, my strength, my joy,

30 C9 G C D9(add4) G

- my bliss; And I His grace re - cord.



# JESUS, THE SINNER'S FRIEND

Words by Charles Wesley  
Music by Steve Barnes

Capo II  
Low E Open  $D$

1. Je - sus, the sin - ner's friend, to thee,  
2. Pi - ty and save my ru - ined soul;  
3. At last I own it can - not be,  
4. What can I say thy grace to move?

5  
Lost and un - done, for aid I flee;  
'Tis thou a - lone canst make me whole;  
That I should fit my - self for thee;  
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love

9  
Wear - y of earth, my - self, and sin,  
Dark, till in me thine im - age shine,  
Here then to thee I all re - sign;  
I give up ev - ery plea be - side,

11  
Op - en thine arms and take me in.  
And lost I am, till thou art mine.  
Thine is the work, and on - ly thine  
Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died!

13  
 $D$   $A7$   $Asus$   $A7$

## Jesus Thou Joy of Loving Hearts

Words: Bernard of Clairvaux, 12<sup>th</sup> Century

Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2003

C                    C/B    Am  
 Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts  
           F                            Am        G  
 Thou fount of life, Thou light of men  
 C                    C/B        Am  
 From the best bliss that earth imparts  
           F                            Dm G    C  
 We turn unfilled to Thee    again

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood  
 Thou savest those that on Thee call  
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art good  
 To them that find, Thee all in all

We taste of Thee, O living bread  
 And long to feast upon Thee still  
 We drink of Thee the fountainhead  
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee  
 Wherever our changeful lot is cast  
 Glad when Thy gracious smile we see  
 Blessed when our faith can hold Thee fast

Key Change:

D                    D/C#    Bm  
 O Jesus, ever with us stay  
           G                            Bm        A  
 Make all our moments calm and bright  
 D                    D/C#        Bm  
 Chase the dark night of sin away  
           G                            Em A        D  
 Shed over the world Thy ho - ly light

# Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts

words: Benard of Clairvaux, 12th century  
music: Brian T. Murphy, 2003

C C/B Amin

Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts Thou  
Thy truth un - changed hath ev - er stood Thou  
We taste of Thee, O liv - ing bread And  
Our rest - less spi - rits yearn for Thee Where -  
O Je - sus ev - er with us stay Make

5 F Amin G

fount - of life, thou light of men  
sav - - est those that on Thee call  
long to feast u - pon Thee still  
'er our change - ful lot is cast  
all our mo - ments calm and bright

9 C C/B Amin

From the best bliss that earth im - parts We  
To them that seek Thee thou art good To  
We drink of Thee the foun - - tain - head And  
Glad when Thy gra - cious smile we see Blessed  
Chase the dark night of sin a - way Shed -

13 F Dmin G C

turn un - filled to Thee a - gain.  
them that find Thee all in all.  
thirst our souls from Thee to fill.  
when our faith can hold Thee fast.  
over the world The ho - - - ly light.

# JESUS! WHAT A FRIEND FOR SINNERS

Words by Wilbur Chapman  
Music by Rowland Pritchard

D Bm G A D Bm G A D

1. Je - sus, what a friend for sin - ners, Je - sus, lov - er of my soul.  
2. Je - sus what a strength in weak - ness, Let me hide my - self in Him.  
3. Je - sus, what a help in sor - row, While the bil - lows o'er me roll.

5 D Bm G A D Bm G A D

Friends may fail me foes as - sail me, He my Sa - vior makes me whole,  
Temp - ted, tried, and some - times, fail - ing, He, my strength, my vic - t'ry wins.  
Ev - en when my heart is break - ing, He, my com - fort, helps my soul.

9 D Bm Em A D Bm Em A

**Chorus:** Hal - le - lu - jah! What a Sa - vior! Hal - le - lu - jah! What a friend!

13 D A D A D D/F# G D A D

Sav - ing, help - ing, keep - ing, lov - ing, He is with me to the end.

4. Jesus, what a guide and keeper!  
While the tempest still is high,  
Storms about me, night o'ertakes me,  
He my pilot, hears my cry.

5. Jesus, I do now receive Him,  
More than all in Him I find,  
He hath granted me forgiveness,  
I am His and He is mine



# Jesus Whispers

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #180

Words - Joseph Hart, 1759

Music - Clint Wells and

Brian T. Murphy, 2004

**B $\flat$**  **E $\flat$ /B $\flat$**



Lamb of God, we fall be - fore thee,  
Thee we own a perf - ect Sav - ior,  
When we live on Jes - us' mer - it,  
Hear the whole conc - lus - ion of it;

**B $\flat$**  **E $\flat$ /B $\flat$**  **B $\flat$**  **E $\flat$ /B $\flat$**



Humb - ly trust - ing in thy cross; That a - lone be all our glor - y;  
Onl - y source of all that's good: Ever - y grace and ever - y fav - or  
Then we wor - ship God a - right, Fa - ther, Son and Hol - y Spir - it,  
Great or good, what - e'er we call, God, or King, or Priest, or Pro - phet,

**B $\flat$**  **E $\flat$ /B $\flat$**  **F**



All things else are vain and loss. Jes - us whisp - ers this sweet sent - ence,  
Comes to us through Jes - us' blood.  
Then we sav - ing - ly u - nite.  
Jes - us Christ is All in All.

**E $\flat$**  **F**



"Son, thy sins are all for - giv - en." Faith He gives us to bel - ieve,

**E $\flat$**  **B $\flat$**



Hear - ing ears and see - ing eyes.

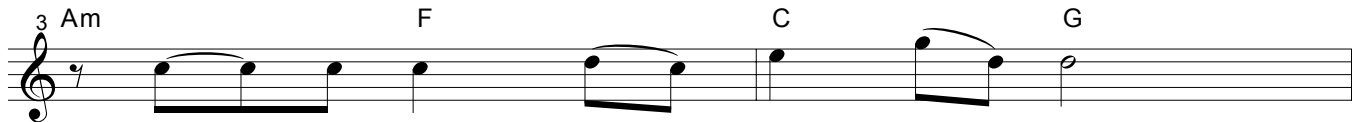
# JESUS, WITH THY CHURCH ABIDE

Capo III

Words by Thomas Pollock  
Music by Christopher Miner



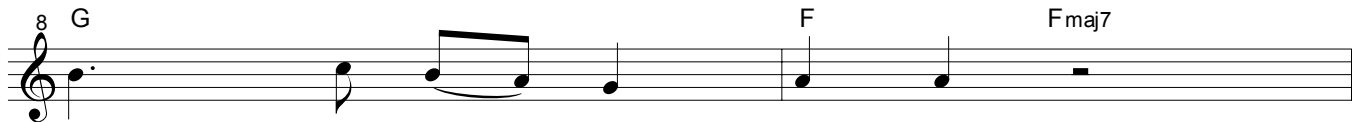
1. Je - sus, with Thy church a - bide;  
2. Keep her life and doct - rine pure;  
3. May she one in doct - rine be,  
4. May she guide the poor and blind,



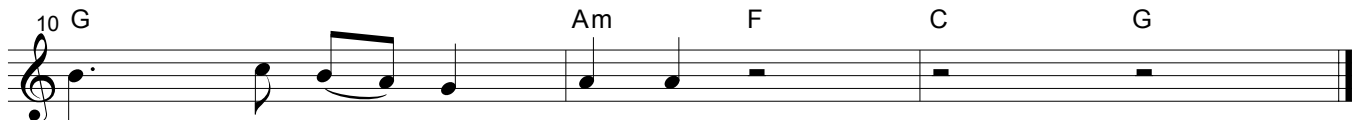
Be her sav - ior, Lord, and Guide,  
Grant her pa - tience to en - dure,  
One in truth and char - i - ty,  
Seek the lost un - til she find



While on earth her faith is tried:  
Trust - ing in Thy prom - ise sure:  
Win - ning all to faith in Thee:  
And the bro - ken - heart - ed bind:



We be - seech Thee, hear us,  
We be - seech Thee, hear us,  
We be - seech Thee, hear us,  
We be - seech Thee, hear us,



We be - seech Thee, hear us,  
We be - seech Thee, hear us.  
We be - seech Thee, hear us.  
We be - seech Thee, hear us.

# Jesus, You're Beautiful

Words and Music by  
NATE SABIN

Worshipfully ♩ = 64  
mp

The musical score is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It consists of a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some triplet patterns. The vocal line is simple and lyrical, with lyrics written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the piano part to indicate the harmonic structure.

**Chord Symbols:**  
 Ebmaj7 / Bb (measures 1-2)  
 Bb2 (measures 3-4)  
 Cm9 (measures 5-6)  
 Ebmaj9 / F (measures 7-8)  
 Bb2 (measures 9-10)  
 Cm9 (measures 11-12)  
 Eb / F (measures 13-14)

**Lyrics:**  
 Je - sus, bright as the morn - ing - star.  
 Je - sus, how can I tell You how



9

beau - ti - ful — You are to me.

$B\flat^2$   $D$   $E\flat$   $B\flat^2$   $E\flat$   $F$   $sus$   $F7$  2nd time: My —

11

Je - sus, song that the an - gels sing.

Je - sus, song that the an - gels sing.

$B\flat^2$   $Gm^9$

13

Je - sus, dear - er — to my heart — than

$Cm^9$   $E\flat$   $F$   $E\flat$

15

94

17

pur - er - than sun - shine, ev - er - my - song - will

Am7(b5) Dsus D7 Gm7  $\begin{matrix} A\flat \\ B\flat \end{matrix}$  B $\flat$ 7

19

be: Je - sus, - You're beau - ti -

Ebmaj<sup>9</sup> G Eb Cm B $\flat$  F Cm B $\flat$  F

21

ful to me.

Fsus F B $\flat$ 2 Cm<sup>9</sup> F7

1.

24

2.

11

26

are so beau - ti - ful.

Bb2  
D

Fb2

Ebmaj7  
F

Detailed description: This system contains measures 26 and 27. The vocal line starts with a quarter rest followed by a half note 'are', then a quarter note 'so', and a half note 'beau - ti - ful.' with a slur. The piano accompaniment features a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 7/8 time signature. The bass line has a half note 'are' and a half note 'so' in the first measure, and a half note 'beau - ti - ful.' in the second measure. Chord symbols Bb2/D, Fb2, and Ebmaj7/F are placed above the piano staff.

28

So beau - ti - ful, so beau - ti - ful,

Bb2

Cm9

Detailed description: This system contains measures 28 and 29. The vocal line has a quarter rest, then a half note 'So', a quarter note 'beau - ti - ful,', a quarter rest, a half note 'so', and a half note 'beau - ti - ful,' with a slur. The piano accompaniment continues with a treble clef and 7/8 time signature. The bass line has a half note 'So' and a half note 'so' in the first measure, and a half note 'beau - ti - ful,' in the second measure. Chord symbols Bb2 and Cm9 are placed above the piano staff.

30

so beau - ti - ful. Je - sus, You're beau - ti - ful to me.

Bb2  
D

Cm  
Eb

Ebmaj9  
F

F7

Detailed description: This system contains measures 30 and 31. The vocal line has a quarter rest, then a half note 'so', a quarter note 'beau - ti - ful.', a quarter rest, a half note 'Je - sus,', a quarter rest, a half note 'You're beau - ti - ful', and a half note 'to me.' with a slur. The piano accompaniment continues with a treble clef and 7/8 time signature. The bass line has a half note 'so' and a half note 'so' in the first measure, and a half note 'beau - ti - ful.' in the second measure. Chord symbols Bb2/D, Cm/Eb, Ebmaj9/F, and F7 are placed above the piano staff.

32

0

Detailed description: This system contains measure 32, which is a whole rest in the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with a treble clef and 7/8 time signature. The bass line has a whole rest. A large black bar obscures the bottom of the page.

96

34

beau - ti - ful. Je - sus, You're beau - ti - ful to me

Bb2  
D Cm Ebmaj9 F7

36

Won - der - ful, heav - en - ly, —

Won - der - ful, heav - en - ly, —

Bb2 Cm9

38

beau - ti - ful. —

beau - ti - ful. Je - sus, You're beau - ti - ful to r

Bb2  
D Cm Ebmaj9 F7

40

Morn - ing star, — Lord, You are —

32



42 beau - ti - ful. —

beau - ti - ful. —  
 beau - ti - ful. Je - sus, You're beau - ti - ful — to me.  
 B $\flat$ 2/D Cm/Eb Ebmaj9/F F7

44

Ooo,  
 oh,  
 B $\flat$ 2 Cm9

46

so beau - ti - ful.  
 B $\flat$ 2/D B $\flat$ /Eb Ebmaj9/F F7

48

Sweet - er than spring

32

musical score system showing vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "Sweet" and "than si". The piano accompaniment features arpeggiated chords. Measure numbers 48 and 49 are visible.

52

Je - sus, — You're beau - ti - ful to

$B\flat$  F Cm  $B\flat$  Fsus F

musical score system for measures 52-53. The vocal line has the lyrics "Je - sus, — You're beau - ti - ful to". The piano accompaniment includes chords  $B\flat$ , F, Cm,  $B\flat$ , Fsus, and F.

54

me,

$B\flat$   $E\flat$   $B\flat$

musical score system for measures 54-55. The vocal line has the lyric "me,". The piano accompaniment includes chords  $B\flat$  and  $E\flat$   $B\flat$ .

56

*rit.*

*mm.*

$B\flat$   $D$  Cm  $E\flat$   $E\flat$   $maj^9$  F-7  $B\flat$

*rit.*

musical score system for measures 56-57. The piano accompaniment includes chords  $B\flat$   $D$ , Cm  $E\flat$ ,  $E\flat$   $maj^9$  F, F-7, and  $B\flat$ . Performance markings include *rit.* and *mm.*.

**Join, Every Tongue, To Sing & Praise**

Gadsby Hymnal #445 (Hart)

Music by Robert Turner, 2008

**D** **G**  
1. JOIN, every tongue, to sing and praise

**D** **A7**  
The mercies of our Lord ;

**D** **G**  
The love of Christ, our God and King,

**D** **A7** **D**  
Let every heart record.

**G** **D**  
He saved us from the wrath of God,

**G** **D** **A7**  
And paid our ransom with his blood.

**D** **G**  
JOIN, every tongue, to sing and praise

**D** **A7** **D**  
The mercies of our Lord ;

2. What wondrous grace was this, was this!

We sinned; and Jesus died:

He wrought our perfect righteousness,

And we were justified:

We ran the score to lengths extreme,

And all our debt was charged on him.

JOIN, every tongue, to sing and praise

The mercies of our Lord ;

3. Hell was our just desert,

And he that hell endured;

Our guilt broke his guiltless heart

With wrath that we incurr'd;

We bruised his body, spilt his blood,

And both became our heavenly food.

JOIN, every tongue, to sing and praise

The mercies of our Lord ;

Repeat verse 1

D                    Em D A D            G A7            D  
 Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King;  
 D

Let every heart prepare Him room,

A

And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing,

D        G D        Em D A D

And heaven, and heaven, and nature sing.

D                    Em D A D            G            A7            D  
 Joy to the world, the Savior reigns! Let men their songs employ;  
 D

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains

A

Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat the sounding joy,

D G D Em D A D

Repeat, repeat, the sounding joy.

D                    Em D A D            G            A7            D  
 No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;  
 D

He comes to make His blessings flow

A

Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found,

D G D Em D A D

Far as, far as, the curse is found.

D                    Em D A D            G            A7            D  
 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove  
 D

The glories of His righteousness,

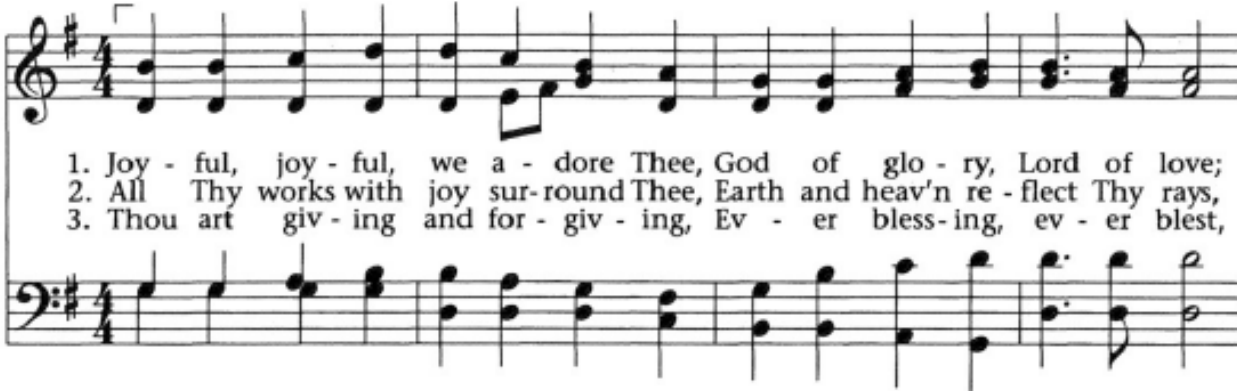
A

And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love,

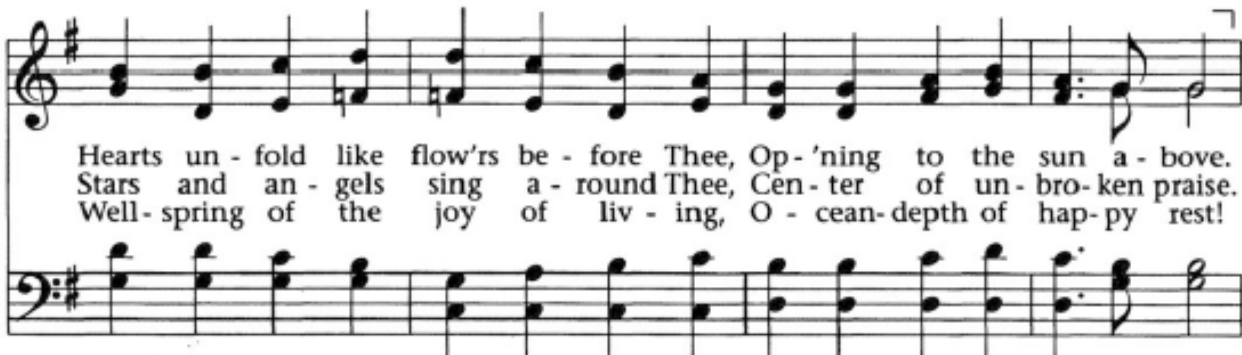
D G D Em D A D

And wonders, wonders, of His love.



Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee


1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore Thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;  
 2. All Thy works with joy sur-round Thee, Earth and heav'n re - flect Thy rays,  
 3. Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, Ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,



Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore Thee, Op - 'ning to the sun a - bove.  
 Stars and an - gels sing a - round Thee, Cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise.  
 Well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, O - cean - depth of hap - py rest!



Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; Drive the dark of doubt a - way;  
 Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, Flow - 'ry mead - ow, flash - ing sea,  
 Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our Broth - er — All who live in love are Thine;



Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, Fill us with the light of day!  
 Sing - ing bird and flow - ing foun - tain Call us to re - joice in Thee.  
 Teach us how to love each oth - er, Lift us to the joy di - vine.

# JOYFUL, JOYFUL WE ADORE THEE

Words by Henry van Dyke  
Music by Ludwig van Beethoven  
Adapted by Edward Hodges

E A2

1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore Thee,  
2. All Thy works with sur - round Thee,  
3. Thou art giv - ing the hap - py chor - us,  
4. Mor - tals, join the hap - py chor - us,

3 E B

God of glo - ry, Lord of love;  
Earth and heav - en, re - flect Thy rays,  
Ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blessed,  
Which the morn - ing stars be - gan;

5 E A2

Hearts un - fold an - like flowers be - fore Thee,  
Stars and spring an of gels sing a - round Thee,  
Well - spring of love the is of ing liv - ing, us,  
Fa - ther ther love is joy reign - ing o'er E

7 E B

Open - ing to the sun a - bove.  
Cen - ter of the un - brok - en praise.  
O - cean of depth of hap - py rest!  
Bro - ther love binds man to man.

9 B

Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness;  
Field and for est, vale and moun - tain,  
Thou our Fa - her, Christ our Bro - ther,  
Ev - er sing - ing, march we on - ward,

11 C#m A B

Drive the dark of doubt a - way;  
Flow - ery mea - dow, flash - ing sea,  
All who live in the love are of Thine;  
Vic - tors in the midst of strife,

13 E A

Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness,  
Sing - ing how bird and mor - flow - ing foun - tain,  
Teach us how to love each o - ther,  
Joy - ful mu - sic leads us Sun - ward

15 E B E

Fill us with the re - light of day!  
Call us to the joy in Thee.  
Lift us to the joy di - vine.  
In the tri - umph song of life.

Public Domain

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy  
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my  
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With man - y a  
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind; Sight, rich - es,  
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come,  
 6. Just as I am, Thy love un - known Hath bro - ken

blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me  
 soul of one dark blot, To Thee whose blood can  
 con - flict, many a doubt, Fight - ings with - in and  
 heal - ing of the mind, Yea, all I need in  
 par - don, cleanse, re - lieve, Be - cause Thy prom - ise  
 ev - 'ry bar - rier down; Now to be Thine, yea,

come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

# JUST AS I AM

Words by Charlotte Elliott  
 Music by Bobby Guy  
 and Craig Brown

1. Just as I am with - out one plea  
 2. Just as I am and waiti - ng not,  
 3. Just as I am tho' tossed a - bout

3 But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot  
 With ma - ny con - flicts, ma - ny doubts

5 And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
 To Thee whose and blood fears with - in, each with - out  
 Fight - ings and

7 O Lamb of God I come, I

9 come, O Lamb of God

12 I come, I come

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind  
 Sight riches, healing of the mind  
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come,  
 O Lamb of God, I come

5. Just as I am Thou will receive  
 Will welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve  
 Because Thy promise I believe  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come,  
 O Lamb of God, I come



# King of Saints

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #857

Words - Joseph Hart, 1712-1768

Music - Clint Wells, 2004

G D/F#

Jes - us Christ, God's hol - y lamb, We will laud thy level - y name;  
Right-eous are thy ways and true; End - less hon - ors are thy due;

5 Emin C(add9) D

We were saved by God's dec - ree, And all our debt was paid by thee.  
Grace and glor - y in thee shine; Match - less merc - y, love div - ine.

9 G D/F#

Thou has washed us in thy blood, Made us kings  
We for whom thou once was slain, We thy ran -

12 Emin

and priests to God; Take this trib - ute of the poor;  
somed sin - ner train, In this one re - quest ag - ree,

15 C(add9) D G G

Less we can't, we can't give more. Souls red - eemed,  
"Spir - it make us more like thee."

20 D/F# Emin

your voic - es raise, Sing your dear Red - eem - er's praise; Worth - y thou

24 C(add9) D G

of love and laud, King of saints, inc - ar - nate God.

Gm9/B $\flat$ 

\* B $\flat$  can be substituted  
for Gm9/B $\flat$

# LADEN WITH GUILT AND FULL OF FEARS

Words by Isaac Watts  
alt. by Sandra McCracken  
Music by Sandra McCracken

1. La-den with guilt and full of fears, I  
2. This is the field where hid-den lies, The  
3. This is the judge that ends the strife, Where

4 fly to Thee my Lord And not a glimpse of hope  
pearl of price un-known That mer-chant is di-vine  
wit and rea-son fail My guide to ev-er-last-

7 - ap-pears, But in Thy wri-tten Word The  
ly-wise, Who makes the pearl his own Here  
ing life, Through all this gloo-my vale Oh

10 \*Tag  
vol-umes of my Fa-ther's grace, Does  
con-se-cra-ted wa-ter flows, To  
may Thy coun-sels might-ty God My

12 all my griefs as-suage Here I be-hold my Sa-  
quench my thirst of sin Here the fair tree of know-  
ro-ving feet com-mand Nor I for-sake the hap-

15 vior's face, in ev-ery page 2. This is  
ledge grows No dan-ger dwells with-in  
py road That leads to Thy right hand 3. This is

## Lead On O King Eternal

©2005 Cubs In The Series Music (ASCAP). Words: Ernest Shurtleff (alt. Jeff Pardo). Music: Jeff Pardo.

*Em C G*

*Em C G Em C G*  
 1. Lead on, O King eternal, The day of march has come;  
*Em C G Em C G*  
 Henceforth in fields of conquest, Thy tents shall be our home.  
*D Em D C*  
 Through days of preparation, Thy grace has made us strong;  
*Em C G Em C G*  
 And now, O King eternal, We lift our battle song.

*Em C G Em C G*  
 2. Lead on, O King eternal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,  
*Em C G Em C G*  
 And holiness shall whisper, The sweet amen of peace.  
*D Em D C*  
 For not with swords' loud clashing, Nor roll of stirring drums;  
*Em C G Em C G*  
 With deeds of love and mercy, The heavenly kingdom comes.

*Chorus*

*D C D C D Am EmCGEmCG*  
*Lead on, O King; Lead on, O King; Lead on, O King, Lead on*

*Em C G Em C G*  
 3. Lead on, O King eternal, We follow, not with fears,  
*Em C G Em C G*  
 For gladness breaks like morning, Where'er Thy face appears.  
*D Em D C*  
 Thy cross is lifted over us, We journey in its light;  
*Em C G Em C G*  
 The crown awaits the conquest; Lead on, O God of might. *Chorus 2x*



## Lead On O King Eternal

©2005 Cubs In The Series Music (ASCAP). Words: Ernest Shurtleff (alt. Jeff Pardo). Music: Jeff Pardo.

*Em C G Em C G*  
 1. Lead on, O King eternal, The day of march has come;  
*Em C G Em C G*  
 Henceforth in fields of conquest, Thy tents shall be our home.  
*D C D C*  
 Through days of preparation, Thy grace has made us strong;  
*Em C G Em C G G*  
 And now, O King eternal, We lift our battle song.

2. Lead on, O King eternal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,  
 And holiness shall whisper, The sweet amen of peace.  
 For not with swords' loud clashing, Nor roll of stirring drums;  
 With deeds of love and mercy, The heavenly kingdom comes.

### Chorus

*D C D C D Am Em C G Em C G*  
 Lead on, O King; Lead on, O King; Lead on, O King, Lead on

3. Lead on, O King eternal, We follow, not with fears,  
 For gladness breaks like morning, Where'er Thy face appears.  
 Thy cross is lifted over us, We journey in its light;  
 The crown awaits the conquest; Lead on, O God of might.

*Chorus 2x*



# Lead Me to the Rock

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #1104

words by S. Turner or Bennett, 1838.  
 music by Benj Pocta, Clint Wells,  
 and Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

Musical score for "Lead Me to the Rock" in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of four systems of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines. The lyrics are as follows:

Con - vinced as a sin - ner, to Je - sus I come,  
 Bles - sed be Je - sus, for an - swer - ing prayer,  
 When sore - ly af - flict - ed, and rea - dy to faint,

4 In - formed by the gos - pel, for such there is room;  
 And rais - ing my soul from the pit of des - pair;  
 Be - fore my re - deem - er, I'll spread my com - plaint;

8 In O'er - whelmed with sor - row, for sin will I  
 'Midst ev - 'ry new tri - al, to him will I  
 'Midst storms and dis - tres - ses, my soul shall re -

12 cry;  
 cry,  
 ly. On Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.  
 Je - sus the Rock that is high - er than I.

# LEAD ON, O KING ETERNAL

Words by Ernest W. Shurtleff  
Music by Jeff Pardo

Em C G Em C G Em C G

1. Lead on, O King eternal  
on, O King, eternal  
on, O King, eternal

6 Em C G

nal, The day of march has come; Hence -  
nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And  
nal, We fol - low, not with fears, For

9 Em C G Em C G

forth in fields of con - quest, Thy tents shall be our home.  
ho - li - ness shall whis - per, The sweet a - men of peace.  
glad - ness breaks like morn - ing Wher - e'er - Thy face ap - pears

12 D Em

Through days of prep a - ra - tion, Thy  
For not with swords' loud clash - ing, Nor  
Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us, We

15 D Em C G

grace has made us strong; And now, O King eternal  
roll of stir - ring drums; With deeds of love and mer  
jour - ney in its light The crown a - waits the con

18 Em C G

nal, We lift our bat - tle song.  
cy, The heaven - ly king - dom comes.  
quest; Lead on, O God of might. 2. Lead

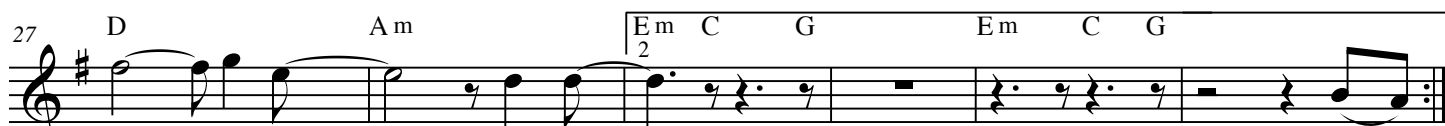
22 2, 3 D C D C

So lead on, O King, Lead on, O King, Lead

2

## Lead On, O King Eternal

27 D Am Em C G Em C G



on, \_\_\_ O King, \_\_\_ Lead on. \_\_\_ 3. Lead

33 Em C G D Em D



So lead on, \_\_\_ O King, \_\_\_ Lead on, \_\_\_ O King,

38 C D Am Em C G Em C G



\_\_\_ Lead on, \_\_\_ O King, \_\_\_ Lead on. \_\_\_

1. What a fel- low-ship, what a joy di- vine, Lean- ing on the ev- er-  
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil- grim way, Lean- ing on the ev- er-  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean- ing on the ev- er-

last- ing arms; What a bless- ed- ness, what a peace is mine,  
 last- ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
 last- ing arms? I have bless- ed peace with my Lord so near,

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,  
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,  
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se- cure from all a- larms; Lean -  
 lean- ing on Je- sus, Lean - ing on

ing, lean - ing, Lean- ing on the ev - er - last- ing arms.  
 Je - sus, lean- ing on Je - sus,

Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

1. Let all mor - tal flesh keep si - lence, And with fear and  
 2. Rank on rank the host of heav - en Spreads its van - guard  
 3. At His feet the six - winged ser - aph; Cher - u - bim, with

trem - bling stand; Pon - der noth - ing earth - ly mind - ed,  
 on the way, As the Light of light de - scend - eth  
 sleep - less eye, Veil their fac - es to the Pres - ence,

For with bless - ing in His hand, Christ our God to earth de -  
 From the realms of end - less day, That the pow'rs of hell may  
 As with cease - less voice they cry, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -

scend - eth, Our full hom - age to de - mand.  
 van - ish As the dark - ness clears a - way.  
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lord Most High.

Words: From the Liturgy of St. James, 5<sup>th</sup> Century; tr. Gerard Moultrie (1829-1885);  
 Music: Traditional French Carol, Public Domain

## Let All Things Now Living

*Katherine K. Davis, 1939*

CAPO 3

**D**        **A7** **D**    **Em**  
 Let all things now living A song of thanksgiving  
**D**        **GD**        **A7** **D**  
 To God the creator Triumphantly raise.  
**D**        **A7** **D**        **Em**        **A**  
 Who fashioned and made us, Protected and stayed us,  
**D**        **G**                **D**    **A7** **D**  
 Who guides us and leads us To the end of our days.

**D**                                **A7**  
 His banners are o'er us, His light goes before us,  
**D**        **Bm**    **A**    **E**    **A**  
 A pillar of fire shining forth in the night.  
**D**                                **Em**        **A**  
 Till shadows have vanished And darkness is banished  
**D**        **G**                **D**    **A7** **D**  
 As forward we travel from light into light.

His law he enforces, The stars in their courses  
 The sun in it's orbit Obediently shine;  
 The hills and the mountains, The rivers and fountains,  
 The deeps of the ocean Proclaim him divine.  
 We too should be voicing Our love and rejoicing;  
 With glad adoration A Song let us raise  
 Till all things now living Unite in thanksgiving:  
 "To God in the highest, Hosanna and praise!"



Let Us Love and Sing and Wonder

1. Let us love and sing and won - der, Let us praise the  
 2. Let us love the Lord Who bought us, Pit - ied us when  
 3. Let us sing, though fierce temp - ta - tion Threa - ten hard to  
 4. Let us won - der: grace and jus - tice Join and point to  
 5. Let us praise, and join the cho - rus Of the saints en -

Sav - ior's name! He has hushed the law's loud thun - der,  
 en - e - mies, Called us by his grace and taught us,  
 bear us down! For the Lord, our strong Sal - va - tion,  
 mer - cy's store; When through grace in Christ our trust is,  
 throned on high; Here they trust - ed him be - fore us,

He has quenched Mount Si - nai's flame. He has washed us  
 Saved us from sin's dark dis - ease, He has wahsed us  
 Holds in view the con - queror's crown: He who washed us  
 Jus - tice smiles and asks no more: He who washed us  
 Now their prais - es fill the sky: "You have washed us

with his blood, He has brought us nigh to God.  
 with his blood, He pre - sents our souls to God.  
 with his blood, Soon will bring us home to God.  
 with his blood Has se - cured our way to God.  
 with your blood; You are wor - thy, Lamb of God!"



1. Let us with a glad - some mind, Praise the Lord for He is kind;
2. He, with all com-man - ding might, Filled the new-made world with light:
3. All things liv-ing He doth feed, His full hand sup - plies their need:
4. He His cho-sen race did bless in the waste-ful wil - der - ness:
5. He hath with a pit - eous eye looked up - on our mis - er - y:
6. Let us, then, with glad - some mind, Praise the Lord for He is kind;



For His mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure.



## LET US LOVE AND SING AND WONDER

Capo V  
To play with CD, Capo II

Words by John Newton  
Music by Laura Taylor

G D

1. Let us love and sing Lord and won - der,  
2. Let us love sing the Lord who bought us,  
3. Let us sing though fierce temp - ta - tion

3 Em C

Let us praise the Sa - vior's name,  
Pit - ied us when en - e - mies  
Threat - ens hard to bear us down

5 G D

He has hushed the law's loud thun - der,  
Called us by his grace and taught us  
For the Lord our strong sal - va - tion

7 Em C

He has quenched Mount Si - nai's flame, He has  
Gave us ears and the gave us eyes He has  
Holds in view the conq - u'ror's crown He who


9 Em C

washed us with His blood, He has  
washed us with His blood, He has  
washed us with His blood, He who

11 Em C

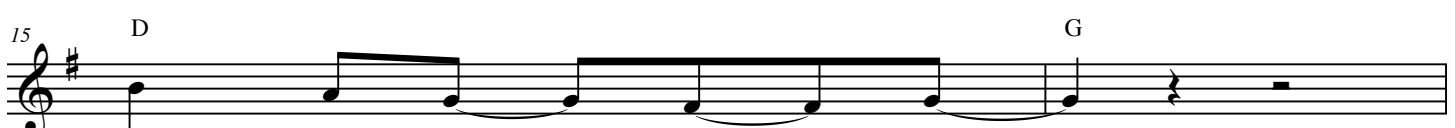
washed us with His blood, He has  
washed us with His blood, He has  
washed us with His blood, He who

13 Em C



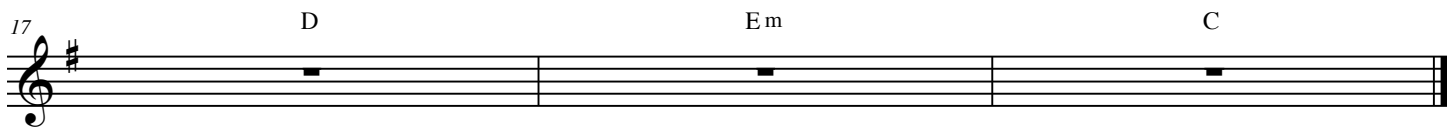
washed us with His blood, He has  
washed us with His blood, He pre -  
washed us with His blood, blood, blood, Soon will

15 D G



brought us nigh to God  
sents our souls to God  
bring us home to God

17 D Em C



4. Let us wonder grace and justice  
Join and point to mercy's store  
When through grace in Christ our trust is  
Justice smiles and asks no more  
He who washed us with His blood  
He who washed us with His blood  
He who washed us with His blood  
Has secured our way to God

5. Let us praise and join the chorus  
Of the saints enthroned on high  
Here they trusted Him before us  
Now their praises fill the sky  
Thou hast washed us with Thy blood  
Thou hast washed us with Thy blood  
Thou hast washed us with Thy blood  
Thou art worthy Lamb of God

# Let Us Love and Sing and Wonder

Words by JOHN NEWTON  
Music by LAURA TAYLOR

$\text{♩} = 95$

A E F#min D

5 A E F#min

1. Let us love \_\_\_ and sing \_\_\_ and won - der, let us praise \_\_\_ the Sav -  
 2. Let us love \_\_\_ the Lord \_\_\_ who bought \_\_\_ us, pit - ied us \_\_\_ when en -  
 3. Let us sing \_\_\_ though fierce \_\_\_ temp - ta - tion threat - en hard \_\_\_ to bear

8 D A E

- ior's name. \_\_\_ He has hushed \_\_\_ the laws \_\_\_ loud thun - der,  
 - e - mies. \_\_\_ Called us by \_\_\_ His grace \_\_\_ and taught \_\_\_ us,  
 \_\_\_ us down. \_\_\_ For the Lord \_\_\_ our strong \_\_\_ sal - va - tion

11 F#min D F#min

He has quenched Mount Si - nai's flame. He has washed us with His blood,  
 Gave us ears and gave us eyes. He has washed us with His blood,  
 holds in view the con - qu'ror's crown. He who washed us with His blood,

14 D F#min D

He has washed us with His blood, He has  
 He has washed us with His blood, He has  
 He who washed us with His blood, He who

17 F#min D E

washed us with His blood, He has brought us nigh to God.  
 washed us with His blood, He pre - sents our souls to God.  
 washed us with His blood, soon will bring us home to God.

20

A 1, 2, 3, 4. E F#min D

24

5. A E F#min D A

5.

4.  
 Let us wonder grace and justice,  
 join and point to mercy's store.  
 When through grace in Christ our trust is,  
 Justice smiles and asks no more.  
 He who washed us with His blood,  
 He who washed us with His blood,  
 He who washed us with His blood,  
 Has secured our way to God.

5.  
 Let us praise and join the chorus  
 of the saints enthroned on high.  
 Here they trusted Him before us,  
 now their praises fill the sky.  
 Thou hast washed us with Thy blood,  
 Thou hast washed us with Thy blood,  
 Thou hast washed us with Thy blood,  
 Thou art worthy Lamb of God.

## LET US LOVE AND SING AND WONDER

Real Key

Words by John Newton  
Music by Laura Taylor

C G

1. Let us love and sing and won - der,  
2. Let us love the Lord who bought us,  
3. Let us sing though fierce temp - ta - tion

3 Am F

Let us praise the Sa - - vior's name,  
Pit - ied us when his en - - e - mies  
Threat - ens hard to bear us down

5 C G

He has hushed the his law's loud and thun - der,  
Called us by the Lord our grace strong and taught us  
For the Lord our strong sal - va - tion

7 Am F

He has quenched Mount Si - nai's flame, He has  
Gave us ears view the and the us gave us eyes  
Holds in view the the conq - u'ror's crown He has  
He who

9 Am F

washed us with His blood, He has  
washed us with His blood, He has  
washed us with His blood, He who

11 Am F

washed us with His blood, He has  
washed us with His blood, He has  
washed us with His blood, He who



13 Am F

washed us with His blood, He has  
washed us with His blood, He pre -  
washed us with His blood, Soon will

15 G C

brought us nigh, to God  
sent our souls to God  
bring us home to God

17 G Am F

4. Let us wonder grace and justice  
 Join and point to mercy's store  
 When through grace in Christ our trust is  
 Justice smiles and asks no more  
 He who washed us with His blood  
 He who washed us with His blood  
 He who washed us with His blood  
 Has secured our way to God

5. Let us praise and join the chorus  
 Of the saints enthroned on high  
 Here they trusted Him before us  
 Now their praises fill the sky  
 Thou hast washed us with Thy blood  
 Thou hast washed us with Thy blood  
 Thou hast washed us with Thy blood  
 Thou art worthy Lamb of God

## LET US LOVE AND SING AND WONDER

Words by John Newton  
 Music from Darmstadt Gesangbuch

1. Let us love and sing in won - der,  
 2. Let us love sing the Lord who bought us,  
 3. Let us sing though fierce temp - ta - tion

Let us praise the Sa - vior's name,  
 Pit - ied us hard when he en - e - mies down  
 Threat - ens hard to bear us down

He has hushed the Law's loud thun - der,  
 Called us by his grace and taught us  
 For the Lord our strong sal - va - tion

He has quenched Mount Si - nai's flame,  
 Gave us ears view and the conq - u'ror's eyes crown  
 Holds in view the the conq - u'ror's crown

He has washed us with His blood,  
 He has washed us with His blood,  
 He who washed us with His blood

He has brought us nigh to God  
 He pre - sents our souls to God  
 Soon will bring us home to God

4. Let us wonder grace and justice  
 Join and point to mercy's store  
 When through grace in Christ our trust is  
 Justice smiles and asks no more  
 He who washed us with His blood  
 Has secured our way to God

5. Let us praise and join the chorus  
 Of the saints enthroned on high  
 Here they trusted Him before us  
 Now their praises fill the sky  
 Thou hast washed us with Thy blood  
 Thou art worthy Lamb of God

# LIFT UP THY BLEEDING HAND

To play with CD, Capo II

Words by Cecil F. Alexander  
alt. by Andrew Osenga  
Music by Andrew Osenga

D Em G D Dsus D

1. When wound - ed sore, the  
3. When pen - i - ten - tial

6 Em G D Dsus D Em

strick - en heartlies bleed - ing and un - bound, One on - ly hand, a pierc - ed hand, can  
grief has wept — o'er some foul dark spot, One on - ly stream, a stream of blood, can

11 G Asus D Em G

salve the sin - ner's wound. 2. When sor - row swells the lad - en breast, and tears of ang - uish  
wash a - way the blot. 4. 'Tis Je - sus' blood that wash - es white, his hand that brings re -

16 D Dsus D Em G Asus

flow, One on - ly heart, a brok - en heart, can feel the sin - ner's woe.  
lief, His heart that's touched with all our joys, and feels for all our grief.

21 G D A D G D

*Chorus:* Lift up Thy bleed - ing hand, O — Lord, — Un - seal that cleans - ing tide; —

25 A G D A Bm G A 3 D

— We have no shelt - er from our sin — But in Thy wound - ed side.

## Like a River Glorious

1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver  
 2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er  
 3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Trac'd up -

all vic - to - rious In its bright in - crease; Per - fect, yet it  
 foe can fol - low, Nev - er trai - tor stand; Not a surge of  
 on our di - al By the Sun of Love; We may trust Him

flow - eth Ful - ler ev - 'ry day; Per - fect, yet it grow - eth  
 wor - ry, Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry  
 ful - ly All for us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly

Deep - er all the way.  
 Touch the spir - it there. Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are  
 Find Him whol - ly true.

ful - ly blessed; Find - ing, as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

Words: Frances R. Havergal (1846-1879); Music: James Mountain (1844-1933), Public Domain



1. 2. 3.

Je - sus Christ, my liv - ing hope.  
 Je - sus Christ, my liv - ing hope.  
 Je - sus won the vic - to - ry!

*Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the One who set me free! Hal - le - lu - jah! Death has*

*lost its grip on me! You have bro - ken eve - ry chain, there's sal -*

*va - tion in Your Name, Je - sus Christ, my liv - ing hope.*

1. How great the cha - sm that lay be - tween us, How high the  
 2. Who could i - ma - gine so great a mer - cy? What heart could  
 3. Then came the morn - ing that sealed the prom - ise, Your bur - ied

moun - tain I could not climb; In des - per - a - tion I turned to  
 fa - thom such bound - less grace? The God of ag - es stepped down from  
 bo - dy be - gan to breathe. Out of the si - lence the roar - ing

hea - ven and spoke Your name in - to the night. Then through the  
 glo - ry to wear my sin and bear my shame. The cross has  
 Li - on de - clared, "The grave has no claim on me." Then came the

dark - ness Your lov - ing - kind - ness tore through the shad - ows of my  
 spo - ken, I am for - giv - en; The King of kings calls me His  
 morn - ing that sealed the prom - ise, Your bo - dy then be - gan to

soul; The work is fin - ished, the end is writ - ten,  
 own; Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, I'm yours for - ev - er,  
 breathe; Out of the si - lence a - rose the Li - on:

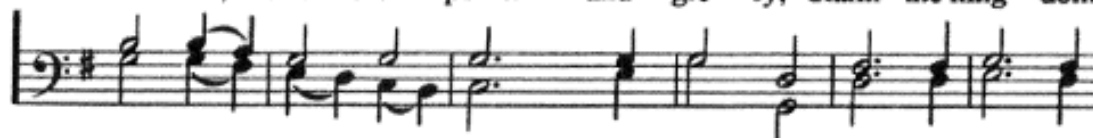
## Lo, He Comes with Clouds Descending



1. Lo, He comes, with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fa - voured sin - ners slain!
2. Ev - ery eye shall now be - hold Him Robed in dread - ful ma - jes - ty;
3. Now re - demp - tion, long ex - pec - ted, See in sol - emn pomp ap - pear!
4. Yea, A - men! Let all a - dore Thee, High on Thine e - ter - nal throne!



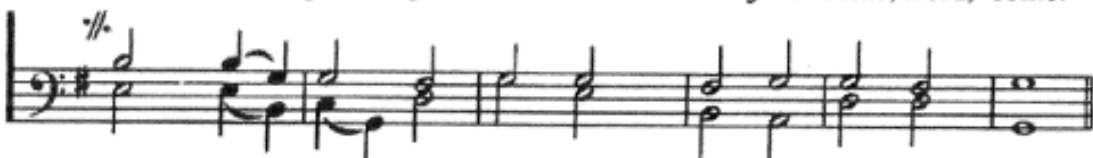
Thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing Swell the tri - umph  
 Those who set at nought and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him  
 All His saints by man re - jec - ted, Now shall meet Him  
 Sav - iour, take the power and glo - ry; Claim the king - dom



of His train: Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,  
 to the tree, Deep - ly wail - ing Deep - ly wail - ing,  
 in the air: Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,  
 for Thine own: O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly!



Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus now shall ev - er reign.  
 Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the great Mes - si - ah see.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! See the day of God ap - pear!  
 O come quick - ly! Hal - le lu - jah! Come, Lord, come!



*Words: John Cennick (1718-1755), alt. by Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*  
*Music: Traditional English melody, arr. Martin Madan (1726-1790), Public Domain*



*Large-print bulletins are available at the hall entrances.*

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

1. Lo, how a Rose e'er bloom - ing From ten - der stem  
 2. I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it, The Rose I have  
 3. This Flow'r, whose fra - grance ten - der With sweet - ness fills

hath sprung! Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing As  
 in mind: With Ma - ry we be - hold it, The  
 the air, Dis - pels with glo - rious splen - dor, The

men of old have sung. It came, a flow - er bright,  
 vir - gin moth - er kind. To show God's love a - right  
 dark - ness ev - 'ry - where. True man, yet ver - y God,

A - mid the cold of win - ter, When half-gone was the night.  
 She bore to men a Sav - ior, When half-gone was the night.  
 From sin and death He saves us, And light - ens ev - 'ry load.

*A reflection on Isaiah 11:1: "A shoot will come up from the stump of Jesse; from his roots a Branch will bear fruit."  
 Words: 15<sup>th</sup> c. German; st. 1, 2, tr. Theodore Baker (1851-1934); st. 3, tr. Harriet Krauth Spaeth (1845-1925)  
 Music: "Geistliche Kirchengesang" (1599), harm. Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)*

# Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

A shoot will come up from the stump of Jesse: from his roots a Branch will bear fruit.  
Is. 11:1

1. Lo, how a rose e'er bloom - ing from ten - der  
 2. I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told the rose I  
 3. The shep - herds heard the sto - ry, pro - claimed by  
 4. This flow'r, whose fra - grance ten - der with sweet - ness  
 5. O Sav - ior, child of who felt our

stem hath sprung, of lin - se's com - ing,  
 have in mind; with we be - eage hold it,  
 • an - gels bright, how Lord glo - ry,  
 fills the air, dis - pel with glo - ry, splen - dor  
 hu - man woe; O Sav - ior, King of glo - ry,

as men of old have sung. It came, a flow'r - et bright,  
 the vir - gin moth - er kind. To show God's love a - right  
 • was born on earth this night. To Beth - le - hem they sped  
 the dark - ness ev - 'ry where. True man, yet ver - y God;  
 who dost our weak - ness know, bring us at length, we pray,

a - mid the cold of win - ter, when half - spent was the night.  
 she bore to men a Sav - ior, when half - spent was the night.  
 • and in the man - ger found him, as an - gel her - alds  
 from sin and death he saves us and light - ens ev - 'ry load.  
 to the bright courts of heav - en and to the end - less day.

German hymn, ca. 1500  
 St. 1-2 tr. by Theodore Baker, 1894.  
 St. 3-4 tr. by Harriett R. Spaeth, 1875  
 St. 5 tr. by John C. Mattes, 1914

ES IST EIN' ROS' ENTSPRUNGEN 7.6.7.6.6.7.6.  
 German melody, 15th cent.  
 Arr. by Michael Praetorius, 1609; alt.

# While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

There were shepherds living out in the fields nearby, keeping watch over their flocks at night. Luke 2:8

1. While shep - herds watched their flocks by night, all seat - ed on the ground,  
 2. "Fear not," said he— for might - y dread had seized their trou - bled mind—  
 3. "To you, in Da - vid's town this day, is born of Da - vid's line,  
 4. "The heav'n - ly babe you there shall find to hu - man view dis - played,


the an - gel of the Lord came down, and glo - ry shone a - round.  
 "glad tid - ings of great joy I bring to you and all man - kind.  
 the Sav - ior, who is Christ the Lord, and this shall be the sign:  
 all mean - ly wrapped in swath - ing bands, and in a man - ger laid."  
 482

5. Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
 appeared a shining throng  
 of angels praising God, who thus  
 addressed their joyful song:

6. "All glory be to God on high,  
 and to the earth be peace;  
 good will henceforth, from heav'n to men,  
 begin and never cease!"

## LO! HE COMES

Words by Charles Wesley  
and John Cennick (Vs. 3)  
Music by Darwin Jordan



1. Lo! He comes with clouds descend - ing,  
2. Ever - ry eye shall now behold Him,  
3. Now re - demp - tion long ex - pec - ted,  
4. Yea a - men let all adore Thee,

Once for our sal - va - tion slain  
Robed in dread - ful ma - jes - ty  
See in sol - emn pomp ap - pear!  
High on thine e - ter - nal throne

Thou - sand, thou - sand saints at - tend - ing,  
Those who set at naught and sold Him,  
All his saints by the man pow - er  
and re - ject - ed, Sa - viors take the pow - er and glo - ry

Swell the tri - umph of His train  
Pierced the and nailed - umph Him of to the tree  
Now shall meet - ing Him in the the air  
Claim the king - dom for thine own

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!  
Deep - ly wail - ing, deep - ly wail - ing,  
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!  
O - come quick - ly, O - come quick - ly,

God ap - pears on earth to reign  
Shall the true Mes - si - ah see  
See the day of God, ap - pear  
Al - le - lu - ia, come Lord come

## LO, HE COMES

Words by Charles Wesley  
and John Cennick (vs. 3-4)  
Music by Matthew Smith

## Capo III

Em7 A D

1. Eve - ry eye shall now be - hold Him,  
2. Lo! He comes in glo - ry shin - ing  
3. Now re - demp - tion long ex - pect - ed,  
4. Yea a - men let all a - dore Thee,

3 G A D

Robed in dread - ful maj - es - ty  
Saints a - rise and meet your king  
See in sol - emn pomp ap - pear!  
High on thine e - tern - al throne

5 G A D

Those who set at naught and sold Him,  
Glo - rious cap - tain of sal - va - tion  
All his saints by man re - ject - ed,  
Sav - ior take the power and glo - ry

7 G A

Pierced and nailed Him to the tree  
"Wel - come wel - come" hear them sing  
Now shall meet Him in the air  
Claim the king - dom for the thine own

9 G Bm D

Deep - ly wail - ing, deep - ly wail - ing,  
Shouts of tri - umph, shouts of tri - umph,  
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!  
O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,

11 G A

Shall the true Me - ssi - ah see  
Make the heav - ens with ech - oes  
See the day of God, ap - pear  
Al - le - lu - ia, come Lord come

13 G Em7 A

Chorus: Lo! He comes with clouds de-scend - ing, Once for

16 Em7 A

fav - ored sin - ners slain Thou - sand,

18 Em7 A

thou - sand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the

20 Em7 A

tri - umph of His train Al - le - lu -

22 G Bm

ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God appears

24 G D

on earth to reign

## Look, Ye Saints! The Sight Is Glorious

1. Look, ye saints! The sight is glo - rious: see the man of sor - rows now;  
 2. Crown the Sav - ior! An - gels crown him; rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings;  
 3. Sin - ners in de - ris - ion scorn him, mock - ing thus the Sav - ior's claim;  
 4. Hark, those bursts of acc - la - ma - tion! Hark, those loud tri - um - phant chords!

From the fight re - turned vic - tor - ious, ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow;  
 In the seat of pow'r en - throne him, While the vault of hea - ven rings;  
 Saints and an - gels crowd a - round him, Own his ti - tle, praise his name;  
 Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion; O what joy the sight af - fords!

Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,  
 Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,  
 Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,  
 Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,

Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow, crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.  
 Crown the Sav - ior King of kings, crown the Sav - ior King of kings.  
 Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame, spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame.  
 King of kings and Lord of lords! King of kings and Lord of lords!

## Lord, Hear Me When I Cry

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #378 - Matt 8.2, "Lord, if you will, you can make me clean."*

*Words: Samuel Medley, 1738-1799 :: Music: Robert Turner, 2009*

**Am Dm Am**  
 [1] A BEGGAR poor at mercy's door  
**Am E**  
 Lies such a wretch as I  
**Am G Em Am**  
 Thou knowest my need is great indeed  
**G Em Am**  
 Lord hear me when I cry  
**G Em Am**  
 Lord hear me when I cry

**Am Dm Am**  
 [4] Affections wild by sin defiled  
**Am E**  
 Oft hurry me away  
**Am G Em Am**  
 Lord bring them home nor let them roam  
**G Em Am**  
 From Christ the living way  
**G Em Am**  
 Christ the living way

**Am Dm Am**  
 [2] With guilt beset and deep in debt  
**Am E**  
 For pardon Lord I pray  
**Am G Em Am**  
 O let thy love sufficient prove  
**G Em Am**  
 To take my sins away  
**G Em Am**  
 Lord take my sins away

**Am Dm Am**  
 [5] Before thy face I've told my case  
**Am E**  
 Lord help and mercy send  
**Am G Em Am**  
 Pity my soul and make me whole  
**G Em Am**  
 And love me to the end  
**G Em Am**  
 Lord, love me to the end

**Am Dm Am**  
 [3] A wicked heart is no small part  
**Am E**  
 Of my distress and shame  
**Am G Em Am**  
 Let sovereign grace its crimes efface  
**G Em Am**  
 Through Jesus blessed name  
**G Em Am**  
 Jesus blessed name

**G Em Am**  
**G Em Am**  
 Lord hear me when I cry

*Large-print bulletins are available at the hall entrances.*

Lord, I Deserve Thy Deepest Wrath

1. Lord, I de - serve Thy deep - est wrath, Un - grate - ful,  
 2. My heart is vile, my mind de - praved, My flesh re -  
 3. With - out de - fense, to Thee I look, To Thee, the  
 4. Speak peace to me, my sins for - give, Dwell Thou with -

faith - less I have been; No ter - rors have my soul de -  
 bels a - gainst Thy will; I am pol - lut - ed in Thy  
 on - ly Sa - vior, fly; With - out a hope, with - out a  
 in my heart, O God, The guilt and pow'r of sin re -

tered, Nor good - ness wooed me from my sin. No ter - rors  
 sight, Yet, Lord, have mer - cy on me still! I am pol -  
 friend, In deep dis - tress to Thee I cry. With - out a  
 move, And fit me for Thy blest a - bode. The guilt and

have my soul de - terred, Nor good - ness wooed me from my sin.  
 lut - ed in Thy sight, Yet, Lord, have mer - cy on me still!  
 hope, with - out a friend, In deep dis - tress to Thee I cry.  
 pow'r of sin re - move, And fit me for Thy blest a - bode.



1. Lord! I was blind, I could not see  
 2. Lord! I was deaf, I could not hear  
 3. Lord! I was dumb, I could not speak  
 4. Lord! I was dead, I could not stir  
 5. For Thou hast made the blind to see,

In Thy marred vis - age an - y grace;  
 The thrill - ling mu - sic of Thy voice;  
 The grace and glo - ry of Thy name;  
 My life - less soul to come to Thee;  
 The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,

But now the beau - ty of Thy face  
 But now I hear Thee and re - joice  
 But now, as touched with liv - ing flame,  
 But now since Thou hast quick - en'd me  
 The dead to live: and Thou didst break

In rad - iant vi - sion dawns on me.  
 And sweet are all Thy words, and dear!  
 My lips Thine ea - ger prais - es wake!  
 I rise from sin's dark se - pul - cher!  
 The chains of my cap - ti - vi - ty!

## Lord, It Belongs Not to My Care

1. Lord, it be - longs not to my care  
 2. If life be long, I will be glad,  
 3. *Christ leads me through no dark - er rooms*  
 4. *Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet*  
 5. Then I shall end my sad com - plaints  
 6. My know - ledge of that life is small,

Whe - ther I die or live;  
 That I may long o - bey;  
 Than he went through be - fore;  
 Your bles - sed face to see:  
 And wea - ry, sin - ful days,  
 The eye of faith is dim;

To love and serve you is my share,  
 If short, yet why should I be sad  
 He that in - to God's king - dom comes  
 For if your work on earth be sweet,  
 And join with the tri - um - phant saints  
 But 'tis e - nough that Christ knows all,

And this your grace must give.  
 To end my lit - tle day?  
 Must en - ter by this door.  
 What will your glo - ry be!  
 That sing my Sav - ior's praise.  
 And I shall be with him.

Words: Richard Baxter (1615-1691); Music: Scottish Psalter (1615), Public Domain

## Hymn

## Lord, Keep Me Day by Day

1. Lord, keep me day by day  
 2. Lord, keep me fixed on You;  
 3. I'm just a stran - ger here,

In a pure and per - fect way.  
 Lead me by your light and truth.  
 Trav - 'ling through this bar - ren land.

I want to live I want to live on  
 Lord, give me grace to run this Chris-tian race  
 Lord, I know there's a build - ing some-where,

in a build-ing not made by hand.  
 to a build-ing not made by hand.  
 it's a build-ing not made by hand.

# Lord Thou Hast Seen

Words by Isaac Watts/ Music by Robert Turner



Lord, Thou has searched and se - en me through,  
 My thoughts be - fore, they are - my own,  
 With - in Thy circ - ling po - wer I stand;  
 O may these thoughts po - sses - s my breast,



Thine eye com - mands, with pi - er - cing view.  
 Are to my God dis - ti - nc - ly known;  
 On eve - ry side I fi - nd Thy hand;  
 Where 'er I rove, where 'er - I rest!



My ris - ing and my res - ting hour,  
 He knows the words I mean to speak  
 A - wake, a - sleep, at home, a - broad,  
 Nor let my wea - ker pas - sions dare.



my heart and flesh with all their powers.  
 Ere from my open - ing lips they break.  
 I am sur - round - ed still with God.  
 Con - sent to sin, for God is there.

Lord, Thou Hast Searched Me

1. Lord, thou hast searched me, and dost know wher - e'er I  
 2. My words from thee I can - not hide; I feel thy  
 3. Where can I go a - part from thee, or whith - er  
 4. If I the wings of morn - ing take, and far a -  
 5. If deep - est dark - ness cov - er me, the dark - ness

rest, wher - e'er I go; thou know - est all that  
 pow'r on ev - ery side; O won - drous knowl - edge,  
 • from thy pres - ence flee? In heav'n?— it is thy  
 way my dwell - ing make, the hand that lead - eth  
 hid - eth not from thee; to thee both night and

I have planned, and all my ways are in thy hand.  
 awe - some might, un - fath - omed depth, un - mea - sured height!  
 • dwell - ing fair; in death's a - bode?— lo, thou art there.  
 me is thine, and my sup - port thy pow'r di - vine.  
 day are bright, the dark - ness shin - eth as the light.

## Lord, with Glowing Heart I'd Praise You

1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise You for the bliss your love be -  
 2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought you, wretch - ed wan - d'rer far a -  
 3. Praise your Sav - ior God that drew you to that cross, new life to  
 4. Lord, my soul's most ear - nest feel - ing vain - ly would my lips ex -

stows, For the par - d'ning grace that saves me, and the peace that  
 stray; Found you lost, and kind - ly brought you from the paths of  
 give, Held a blood - seal'd par - don to you, that you'd look to  
 press: Low be - fore your foot - stool kneel - ing, ask - ing that my

from it flows. Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or;  
 death a - way. Praise, with love's de - vout - est feel - ing,  
 him and live. Praise the grace whose threats a - larmed you,  
 prayer You'd bless. Let Your love, my soul's chief trea - sure,

my dull soul to glo - ry raise; You must light the  
 Him who saw your guilt - born fear; And, the light of  
 roused you from your fa - tal ease; Praise the grace whose  
 love's pure flame with - in me raise, And, since words can

flame, or nev - er can my love be warmed to praise.  
 hope re - veal - ing, made the blood - stain'd cross ap - pear.  
 prom - ise warmed you, praise the grace that whis - pered peace.  
 nev - er mea - sure, let my life show forth your praise.

**Lord, Dissolve My Frozen Heart***Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #1117*

Words: Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855. Chorus by Brian T. Murphy.

Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

Am G F C/E  
 Lord, dissolve my frozen heart,  
 Am G Dm  
 By the beams of love divine;  
 Am G F C/E  
 This alone can warmth impart,  
 Am G C  
 To dissolve a heart like mine.

O that love, how vast it is!  
 Vast it seems, though known in part;  
 Strange indeed, if love like this,  
 Should not melt the frozen heart.

*Chorus:*

F/D C/E F  
 The love of Christ passes knowledge.  
 F/D C/E G  
 The love of Christ eases fear.  
 F/D C/E F  
 The love of Christ hits a man's heart,  
 G  
 It pierces him like a spear.

Savior, let thy love be felt,  
 Let its power be felt by me,  
 Then my frozen heart shall melt,  
 Melt in love, O Lord to thee.

# Lord, Dissolve My Frozen Heart

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #1117

Words: Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

Chorus by Brian T. Murphy.

Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

Amin7 G F C/E

Lord, dis - solve my froz - - - en heart,  
O that love, how vast it is!  
Sav - ior, let thy love be felt,

3 Amin7 G Dmin7 Amin7 G

By the beams of love div - ine; This a - lone ca - warmth  
Vast it seems, though known in part; Strange in - deed, if love  
Let its pow'r be felt by me, Then my froz - en heart

6 F C Amin7 G C

im - part, To dis - solve a heart like mine. The  
like this, Should not melt the froz - en heart.  
shall melt, Melt in love, O Lord to thee.

9 Dmin7 C F

love of Christ pas - ses know - ledge. The

11 Dmin7 C G Dmin7 C

love of Christ eas - es fear. The love of Christ hits a man's

14 F G

heart, It pierc - es him like a spear.



## LORD, SPEAK TO ME

Words by Francis Havergal  
Music by Eric Ashley

1. Lord speak to me that I may speak In liv - ing  
2. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wander - ing  
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The pre - cious

ech - oes of Thy tone; As  
and the Thou waver - ing feet; O  
things Thou dost im - part; And

Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err - ing  
feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hunger - ing  
wing my words, that they may reach The hid - den

child - ren with lost man - na and 'lone  
ones depths of many a sweet heart.

*D.C. al Fine (Last time only)*

4. O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

5. O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, when, and where,  
Until Thy blessed face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

END: Lord speak to me that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone.

# LORD, THOU HAST SEARCHED ME

## (PSALM 139)

Words from the Witenberg Gesangbuch  
 adapted by Stephen Barnes  
 Music arranged by Stephen Barnes

### Capo III

1. Lord, Thou hast searched me and dost not know Where -  
 2. My words can from I Thee I a - and can - dost not know hide; I Or  
 3. Where can I go a - part from Thee, Or

e'er feel whi - I Thy ther rest, power from wher on Thy - e'er ev pres - I ery go; side; flee? Thou O, In

know - est drous all know - that ledge, I have planned, And won - drous It is Thy Thy aw dwel - ful ling might, fair, In heaven? It is Thy Thy aw dwel - ling fair, In

all fath - my ways are in Thy hand. death's - omed depth, a - bode? Lo, Thou art there.

4. If I the wings of morning take,  
 And far away my dwelling make,  
 The hand that leadeth me is Thine,  
 And my support Thy pow'r divine.

5. If deepest darkness cover me,  
 The darkness hideth not from Thee;  
 To Thee both night and day are bright,  
 The darkness shineth as the light.

## Love Divine, All Loves Excelling



1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;  
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it, In - to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast!  
 3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive;  
 4. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;



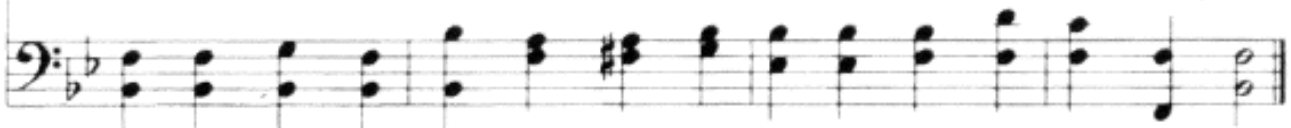
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.  
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest;  
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave.  
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee:



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;  
 Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;  
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,  
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.  
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.  
 Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.  
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.



Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788); Music: John Zundel (1815-1882), Public Domain

E/G#



# LOVE CONSTRAINING TO OBEDIENCE

Words by William Cowper  
Music by Kevin Twit

Intro 2x

E C#m B E/G# A B

(2nd time only)

Chorus: To see the Law

5 E C#m B E/G# A B

by Christ ful-filled To hear His pardon - ing voice, Chan-ges a slave,

9 E C#m B A A/C# B

*Last Time To Coda*

in - to a child And du - ty in - to choice

13 E B

1. No strength of nat - ure can suf - fice,  
2. How long be - neath the Law I - lay,  
3. Then to all ab - stain from out - ward sin,  
4. Then my ser - vice were done,

15 C#m A E

To serve the Lord a - right And what she has  
In bond - age and di - stress I toiled the pre -  
Was more than I could do Now if I feel  
A right - eous - ness to raise Now free - ly cho -

18 B C#m A

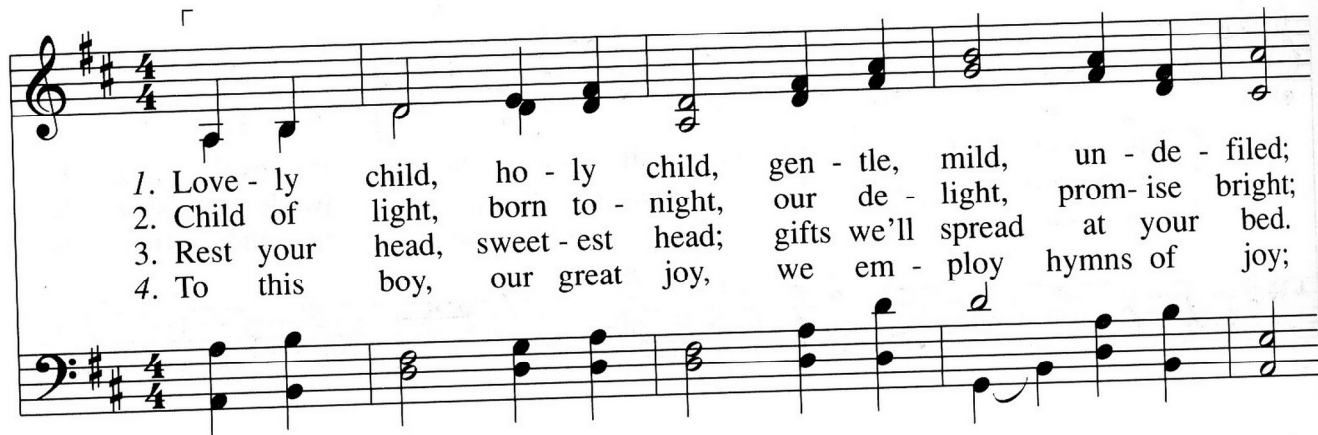
she mis - ap - plies, For want of clear - er light  
cept to o - bey, But toiled with - out suc - cess  
its power with - in, I feel I hate it too  
sen in the Son, I free - ly choose His ways.

21 F#m G#m A B

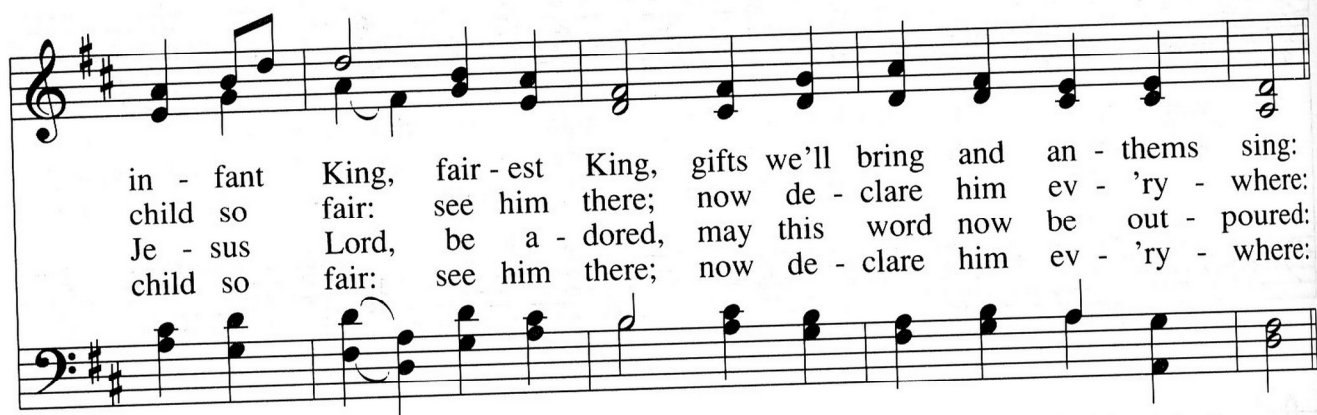
Chorus: But to see the Law

25 E A E

They saw the child with his mother Mary, and they bowed down and worshiped him.  
Then they opened their treasures and presented him with gifts. Matt. 2:11



1. Love - ly child, ho - ly child, gen - tle, mild, un - de - filed;  
2. Child of light, born to - night, our de - light, prom - ise bright;  
3. Rest your head, sweet - est head; gifts we'll spread at your bed.  
4. To this boy, our great joy, we em - ploy hymns of joy;



in - fant King, fair - est King, gifts we'll bring and an - thems sing:  
child so fair: see him there; now de - clare him ev - 'ry - where:  
Je - sus Lord, be a - dored, may this word now be out - poured:  
child so fair: see him there; now de - clare him ev - 'ry - where:



*f* Al - le - lu - - ia, *p* al - le - lu - - ia.



*f* Al - le - lu - - ia, *p* al - le - lu - - ia!

# LOVE ME FREELY

GADSBY HYMNAL #391

Words: Charles Wesley, 1707-1788.

Music by Robert Turner, November 2008

- 1**
- D G A7 G Bm  
 JESUS Friend of sinners hear  
 G Em A7  
 A feeble creature pray  
 D G A7 G Bm  
 From my debt of sin set clear  
 G Em A7  
 For I have nought to pay  
 G A7 D A7 D  
 Speak O speak my kind release  
 G Em A7  
 A poor backsliding soul restore  
 D G A7 G Bm  
*Love me freely seal my peace*  
 G A7 D  
*And let me rove no more*
- 2**
- D G A7 G Bm  
 Though my sins as mountains rise  
 G Em A7  
 And swell and reach to heaven  
 D G A7 G Bm  
 Mercy is above the skies  
 G Em A7  
 And I shall stand forgiven  
 G A7 D A7 D  
 Mighty is my guilt's increase  
 G Em A7  
 But greater is thy mercy's store  
 D G A7 G Bm  
*Love me freely seal my peace*  
 G A7 D  
*And let me rove no more*
- 3**
- D G A7 G Bm  
 From the oppressive weight of sin  
 G Em A7  
 My struggling spirit free  
 D G A7 G Bm  
 Blood and righteousness divine  
 G Em A7  
 Can rescue even me  
 G A7 D A7 D  
 Holy Spirit shed thy grace  
 G Em A7  
 And let me feel the softening shower  
 D G A7 G Bm  
*Love me freely seal my peace*  
 G A7 D  
*And let me rove no more*

**Love Me to the End***Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #378*

Words: Samuel Medley, 1738-1799.

Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005.

E C#m7  
 A beggar poor, at mercy's door,  
 E C#m7  
 Lies such a wretch as I;  
 E C#m7  
 Thou know'st my need is great indeed,  
 E C#m7  
 Lord hear me when I cry.

A E  
 With guilt beset and deep in debt,  
 C#m7 B  
 For pardon Lord I pray;  
 A E  
 O let Thy love sufficient prove,  
 C#m7 B E  
 To take my sins away,

A wicked heart is no small part,  
 Of my distress and shame;  
 Let sovereign grace its crimes efface,  
 Through Jesus' blessed name.

My darkened mind I daily find,  
 Is prone to go astray;  
 Lord on it shine with light divine,  
 And guide it in Thy way.

My stubborn will opposes still,  
 Thy wise and holy hand;  
 Thy Spirit send to make it bend,  
 To Thy supreme command.

Affections wild by sin defiled,  
 Oft hurry me away;  
 Lord bring them home nor let them roam,  
 From Christ the Living Way.

E C#m7  
 Before Thy face I've told my case;  
 E C#m7  
 Lord help and mercy send;  
 E A  
 Pity my soul and make me whole,  
 C#m7 B E  
 And love me to the end.

# Love Me to the End

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #378

Words: Samuel Medley, 1738-1799.  
Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005.

E C#m7 E C#m7

A beg - gar poor, at merc - y's door, Lies such a wretch as I; Thou  
wick - ed heart is no small part, Of my dist - ress and shame; Let  
stub - born will op - pos - es still, Thy wise and hol - y hand; Thy

6 E C#m7 E C#m7

know'st my need is great in - deed, Lord hear me when I cry.  
sover - eign grace its crimes ef - face, Through Jes - us' bless - ed name.  
Spir - it send to make it bend, To Thy supr - eme com - mand.

10 A E C#m7 B

With guilt bes - et and deep in debt, For pard - on Lord I pray;  
My dark - ened mind I dail - y find, Is prone to go as - tray;  
Af - fect - ions wild by sin def - iled, Oft hurr - y me a - way;

14 A E C#m7 B 1, 2  
E C#m7

O let Thy love suf - fic - ient prove, To take my sins a - way, A  
Lord on it shine with light div - ine, And guide it in Thy way. My  
Lord bring them home nor let them roam, From Christ the Liv - ing

19 3  
E C#m7 E C#m7 E C#m7

Way. Be - fore Thy face I've told my case; Lord help and merc - y send; Pit -

25 E A C#m7 B E

y my soul and make me whole, And love me to the end.





**LOW IN THE GRAVE HE LAY (Capo II)**

Words: Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

Tune: *Christ Arose*, Robert Lowry

Season: Easter

G C/G G  
 1 Low in the grave He lay,  
 2 Vainly they watched His bed  
 3 Death could not keep his prey,

D D7 C/G G  
 1 Je-sus, my Sav-ior  
 2 Je-sus, my Sav-ior!  
 3 Je-sus, my Sav-ior!

C Cdim C G  
 1 Wait-ing the coming day  
 2 Vain-ly they sealed the dead  
 3 He tore the bars away,

Em D/A A7 D  
 1 Je -sus my Lord  
 2 Je -sus, my Lord!  
 3 Je -sus, my Lord!

Refrain:

G  
 Up from the grave He arose  
 (He arose)  
 C G  
 With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;  
 (He arose)  
 D D7 Em C G  
 He a-rose a victor from the dark do-main,  
 C A D A7 D  
 And He lives for-ever with His saints to reign  
 G C  
 He a-rose! He a-rose!  
 (He arose) (He arose)  
 G/D D6 D G  
 Halle-lujah! Christ a -rose!

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the  
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the  
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to the  
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the

Sav - ior's brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His  
 sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair Who  
 my re - lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And  
 joys I have; He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And

lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.  
 fill the heav'n - ly train, Who fill the heav'n - ly train.  
 car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.  
 saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

## Make Me a Captive, Lord



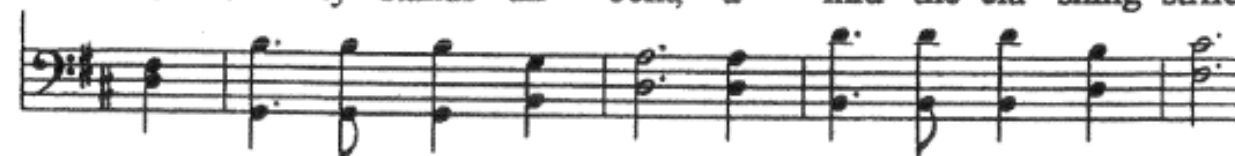
1. Make me a cap - tive, Lord, and then I shall be free;
2. My heart is weak and poor un - til it mas - ter find;
3. My will is not my own till Thou hast made it Thine;



Force me to ren - der up my sword and I shall con - queror be.  
It has no spring of ac - tion sure, it va - ries with the wind;  
If it would reach the mo - narch's throne it must its crown re - sign;



I sink in life's a - larms when by my - self I stand;  
It can - not free - ly move till Thou hast wrought its chain,  
It on - ly stands un - bent, a - mid the cla - shing strife,



Im - pri - son me with - in Thine arms and strong shall be my hand.  
En - slave it with Thy match - less love, and death - less it shall reign.  
When on Thy bo - som it has leant and found in Thee its life.



# Final Hymn – Man of Sorrows, Lamb of God

1. Man of sor - rows, Lamb of God, by His own be - trayed;  
 2. Si - lent as He stood ac - cused, beat - en, mocked and scorned;  
 3. Sent of hea - ven God's own Son to pur - chase and re - deem,  
 4. See the stone is rolled a - way, be - hold the em - pty tomb;

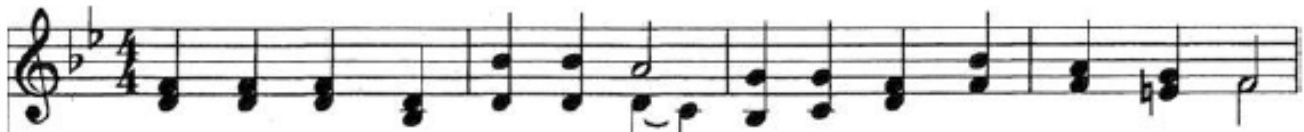
The sin of man and wrath of God has been on Je - sus laid.  
 Bow - ing to the Fath - er's will, He took a crown of thorns.  
 And rec - on - cile the sin - ful ones who nailed Him to that tree.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, God be praised: He's ri - sen from the grave!

Oh that rug - ged cross, my sal - va - tion, where Your love poured out o - ver me;

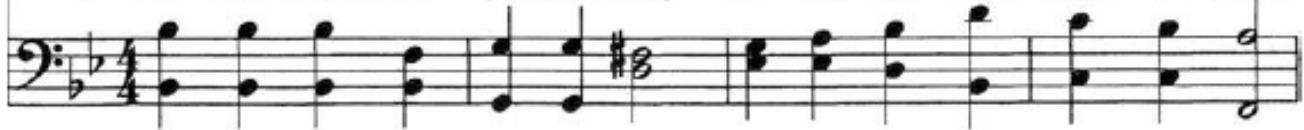
Now my soul cries out: "Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise and hon - or un - to Thee!"

Words & Music: Matt Crocker & Brooke Ligertwood, © 2012, Admin. by Capitol CMG Publishing (CCLI# 264766)

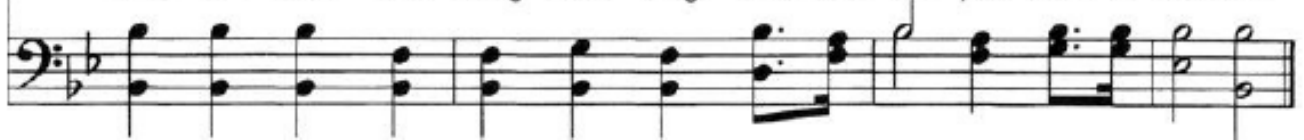
*Silence for Reflection and Preparation: After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together. The piano will resume to mark the conclusion of the service.*



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-somed home to bring,



Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-ior!  
 Seal'd 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!



# MAN OF SORROWS

Words by Phillip B. Bliss  
 Music by Phelps Anderson  
 and Jim Hitch

Capo IV

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). It features three vocal parts and guitar accompaniment. The guitar chords are indicated above the staff lines. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score is divided into five systems, each starting with a measure number (1, 3, 5, 7, 9).

**System 1 (Measures 1-2):** Chords: D/F#, G, A, G. Lyrics: 1. Man of Sorrows! what a name; 2. Bearing shame and scoffing rude; 3. Guilty, vile, and help - less we;

**System 2 (Measures 3-4):** Chords: Bm, Em, D/F#, G. Lyrics: For the Son of God, who came; In my place of con - demned He stood; Spot - less Lamb of God, He was; He;

**System 3 (Measures 5-6):** Chords: D/F#, G, A, A/C#, D, A/C#. Lyrics: Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim Hal - le - lu -  
 Sealed my par - don with His blood.  
 Full a - tone - ment! can it be?

**System 4 (Measures 7-8):** Chords: Bm, A/C#, D. Lyrics: jah, What a Sa - vior, Hal - le - lu -

**System 5 (Measures 9-10):** Chords: Bm, A/C#, D. Lyrics: jah, What a Sa - vior!

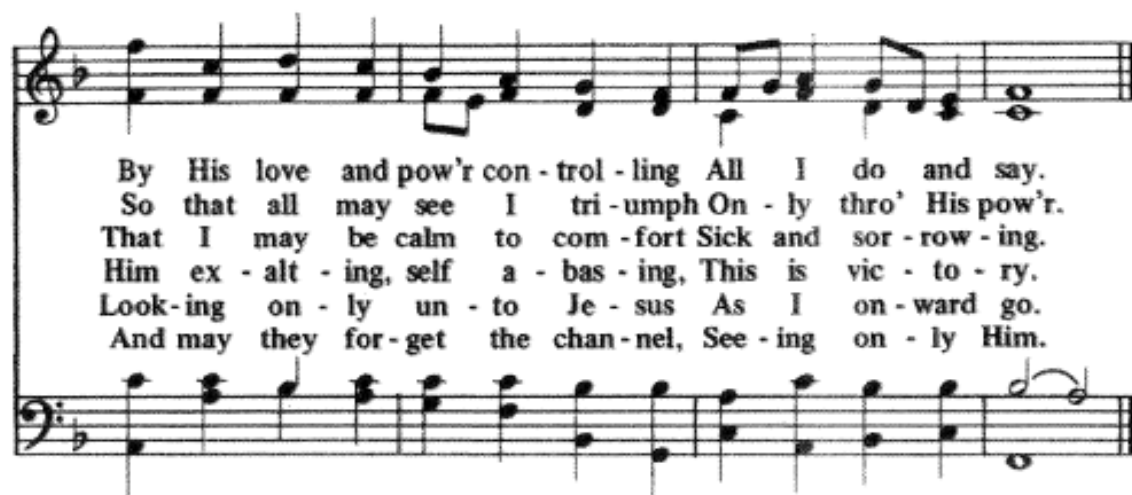
4. Lifted up was He to die;  
 "It is finished!" was His cry;  
 Now in heaven exalted high.  
 Hallelujah! What a Savior!  
 Hallelujah! What a Savior!

5. When He comes, our glorious King,  
 All His ransomed home to bring,  
 Then anew His song we'll sing:  
 Hallelujah! What a Savior!  
 Hallelujah! What a Savior!

## May the Mind of Christ, My Savior



1. May the mind of Christ my Sa - vior Live in me from day to day,  
 2. May the Word of God dwell rich - ly In my heart from hour to hour,  
 3. May the peace of God my Fa - ther Rule my life in e - v'ry thing,  
 4. May the love of Je - sus fill me, As the wa - ters fill the sea;  
 5. May I run the race be - fore me, Strong and brave to face the foe,  
 6. May His beau - ty rest up - on me As I seek the lost to win,



By His love and pow'r con - trol - ling All I do and say.  
 So that all may see I tri - umph On - ly thro' His pow'r.  
 That I may be calm to com - fort Sick and sor - row - ing.  
 Him ex - alt - ing, self a - bas - ing, This is vic - to - ry.  
 Look - ing on - ly un - to Je - sus As I on - ward go.  
 And may they for - get the chan - nel, See - ing on - ly Him.

*Words: Kate B. Wilkinson (1859-1928)*

*Music: A. Cyril Barnham-Gould (1892-1953) (CCLI# 264766)*



## MAY THE MIND OF CHRIST MY SAVIOR

Words by Kate Wilkinson

Music by A. Cyril Barham-Gould

1. May the mind of Christ, my Sa - vior,  
 2. May the the Word of God, dwell rich - ly  
 3. May the the peace of God, my my ther,  
 4. May the the love of Je - sus fill - me,

3 Live in me from day to day,  
 In my heart from hour to hour,  
 Rule my life wa - ters ev - ery thing,  
 As the the - ters fill the sea;

5 By His love and pow'r con - troll - ing,  
 So that I - all may be - see calm I - troll - ing,  
 That Him ex - alt - ing, self to a - bas - ing,

7 All I do and say  
 On ly and His pow'r.  
 Sick this is vic - to - ry.

**Meekness and Majesty (This Is Your God)**

Words and Music: Graham Kendrick

Meekness and majesty, manhood and Deity,  
In perfect harmony, the Man who is God.  
Lord of eternity dwells in humanity;  
Kneels in humility and washes our feet.

O what a mystery, meekness and majesty;  
Bow down and worship, for this is your God.  
For this is your God.

Father's pure radiance, perfect in innocence,  
Yet learns obedience to death on a cross.  
Suffering to give us life, conquering through  
sacrifice,  
And as they crucify, prays, "Father, forgive."

O what a mystery, meekness and majesty;  
Bow down and worship, for this is your God.  
For this is your God.

Wisdom unsearchable, God the invisible;  
Love indestructible in frailty appears.  
Lord of infinity, stooping so tenderly;  
Lifts our humanity to the heights of His throne.

O what a mystery, meekness and majesty;  
Bow down and worship, for this is your God.  
For this is your God.

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## Melt My Soul To Love

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #951*

Words – J. Swain, 1838

Music – Brian T. Murphy and Benj Pocta, 2006.

Dm  
 Hark! From the cross a gracious voice,  
 Dm  
 Salutes my ravished ears;  
       Gm  
 Rejoice, thou ransomed souls, rejoice!  
       Dm  
 And dry those falling tears!

Amazed, I turn, grown strangely bold;  
 This wondrous thing to see;  
 And there the dying Lord behold,  
 Stretched on the bloody tree.

“Sinners”, he cried, “behold the head,  
 This thorny wreath entwines;  
 Look on those wounded hands and read  
 Thy name in crimson lines.”

The power, the sweetness of that voice  
 My stony heart does move;  
 Makes me in Christ my Lord rejoice  
 And melts my soul to love.

# Melt My Soul to Love

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #951

words by Joseph Swain, 1761-1796.

music by Benj Pocta and

Brian T, Murphy, 2006.

D m F C D m D m

Hark from the cross a gra - cious voice, Sa - lutes my  
 A - mazed I turn, grown strange - ly bold, This won - drous  
 "Sin - ner," he cried, "be - hold the head, This thorn - y  
 The pow'r the sweet - ness of that voice, My ston - y

6 F A D m F C

ray - ished ears; \_\_\_\_\_ "Re - joice, thou ran - somed soul, re-  
 thing \_\_\_\_\_ to see; \_\_\_\_\_ And there the dy - ing Lord re-  
 wreath \_\_\_\_\_ en - twines; \_\_\_\_\_ Look on these wound - ed hands and  
 heart \_\_\_\_\_ does move; \_\_\_\_\_ Makes me in Christ my Lord re-

12 D m D m A D m

joice, And dry those fall - ing tears." \_\_\_\_\_  
 hold, Stretched on a blood - y tree. \_\_\_\_\_  
 read, Thy name in crim - son lines." \_\_\_\_\_  
 joice, And melts my soul to love. \_\_\_\_\_

# MERCY SPEAKS BY JESUS' BLOOD

Words by William Gadsby  
 Music by Derek Webb  
 and Sandra McCracken

Capo I

D G/B Cadd9 D G/B C

1. Mer - cy speaks by Je - sus' blood;  
 2. Je - sus' blood speaks loud and sweet;  
 3. Peace of con - science, peace with God,

5 Hear and sing, ye sons of God; Just - ice sa - tis - fied in - deed;  
 Here all De - i - ty can meet, And, with - out a ja - rring voice,  
 We ob - tain through Je - sus' blood; Je - sus' blood speaks sol - id rest;

9 Christ has full a - tone - ment made.  
 Wel - come Zi - on to re - joice,  
 We be - lieve, and we are blest.

12 Wel - come Zi - on and to re - joice.  
 We be - lieve, and we are blest.

15 "All her debts were cast on Me, And she must and shall go free.

19 All her debts were cast on Me, And she must and shall go free."

23

27 D 2 D Am C

Should the law a- gainst her roar, Je- sus' blood

31 G F Am C

still speaks with power, "All her debts were cast on Me, And she must

35 G D G/B Cadd9 D

and shall go free. she must

39 G/B C D G/B Cadd9 D

and shall go free."

43 D A Cadd9 G

"All her debts were cast on Me, And she must and shall go free.

47 D A Cadd9 G

All her debts were cast on Me, And she must and shall go free.

51 D A Cadd9 G

All her debts were cast on Me, And she must and shall go free.

55 D A Cadd9 G

All her debts were cast on Me, And she must and shall go free.

59 D G/BCadd9 D G/B C D

And she must and shall go free."

64 G/B Cadd9 D G/B C D

And she must and shall go free."

68 G/B Cadd9 D G/B C D

And she must and shall go free."

# MERCY SPEAKS BY JESUS' BLOOD

Words by William Gadsby  
 Music by Derek Webb  
 and Sandra McCracken

Real Key

1. Mer - cy, speaks by Je - sus' blood;  
 2. Je - sus' blood speaks loud and sweet;  
 3. Peace of con - science, peace with God,

Hear and sing, ye sons of God; Just - ice sa - tis - fied in - deed;  
 Here all De - i - ty can meet, And, with - out a ja - rring voice,  
 We ob - tain through Je - sus' blood; Je - sus' blood speaks sol - id rest;

Christ has full a - tone - ment made.  
 Wel - come Zi - on to re - jice,  
 We be - lieve, and we are blest.

Wel - come Zi - on to re - jice.  
 We be - lieve, - on and to we re - jice.  
 blest.

"All her debts were cast on Me, And she must and shall go free.  
 All her debts were cast on Me, And she must and shall go free."

27  $E^b$   $E^b$   $B^b m$   $D^b$   
 Should the law a- gainst her roar, Je- sus' blood

31  $A^b$   $G^b$   $B^b m$   $D^b$   
 still speaks with power, "All her debts were cast on Me, And she must

35  $A^b$   $E^b$   $A^b/C$   $D^b add 9$   $E^b$   
 and shall go free. she must

39  $A^b/C$   $D^b$   $E^b$   $A^b/C$   $D^b add 9$   $E^b$   
 and shall go free." and shall go free.

43  $E^b$   $B^b$   $D^b add 9$   $A^b$   
 "All her debts were cast on Me, And she must and shall go free.

47  $E^b$   $B^b$   $D^b add 9$   $A^b$   
 All her debts were cast on Me, And she must and shall go free.

51  $E^b$   $B^b$   $D^b add 9$   $A^b$   
 All her debts were cast on Me, And she must and shall go free.

55  $E^b$   $B^b$   $D^b add 9$   $A^b$   
 All her debts were cast on Me, And she must and shall go free.

59  $E^b$   $A^b/C$   $D^b add 9$   $E^b$   $A^b/C$   $D^b$   $E^b$   
 And she must and shall go free."

64  $A^b/C$   $D^b add 9$   $E^b$   $A^b/C$   $D^b$   $E^b$   
 And she must and shall go free."

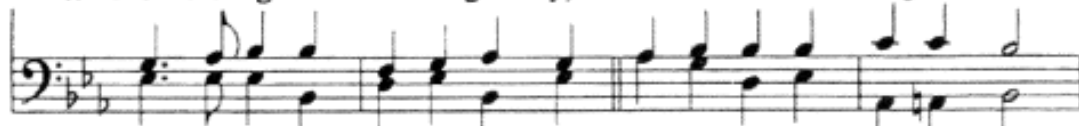
68  $A^b/C$   $D^b add 9$   $E^b$   $A^b/C$   $D^b$   $E^b$   
 And she must and shall go free."



## Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee



1. Might-y God, while an-gels bless thee, may a mor - tal sing thy name?
2. For the grand-eur of thy na - ture, grand be-yond a ser -aph's thought;
3. But thy rich, thy free re-demp-tion, dark though bright-ness all a - long -
4. From the high-est throne of glor - y, to the cross of deep-est woe,



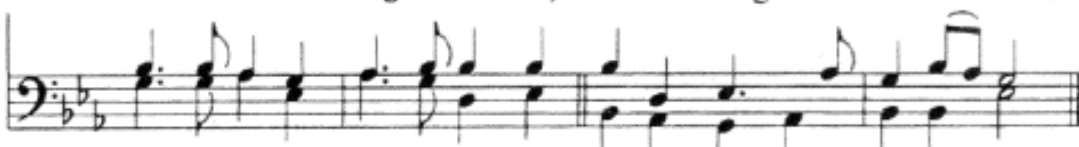
Lord of earth as well as heav - en, thou art ev' - ry crea-ture's theme.  
for cre - a - ted works of pow - er, work with skill and kind-ness wrought;  
thought is poor and poor ex-pres-sion - who dare sing that awe-some song?  
all to ran-som guilt - y cap - tives, flow, my praise, for ev - er flow!



Lord of ev' - ry land and na - tion, An-cient of e - ter - nal Days,  
for thy pro - vi - dence that gov - erns through thine em-pire's wide do-main,  
Bright-ness of the Fa - ther's glor-y, shall thy praise un - ut - tered lie?  
Go, re - turn, im - mor - tal Sa-viour, leave thy foot - stool, take thy throne;



sound-ed through the wide cre - a - tion be thy just and faith-ful praise.  
wings an an - gel, guides a spar-row, bles-sed by thy gen - tle reign.  
Break, my tongue, such guilt-y si-lence, sing the Lord who came to die.  
thence re - turn and reign for ev - er, be the king - dom all thine own!



Words: Robert Robinson (1735-1790); Music: Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809), Public Domain

More Love to Thee, O Christ

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the  
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -  
 3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:  
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:  
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

# MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST

Words by Elizabeth Prentiss

Music by William H. Doane

E C#m A Bsus4 B

1. More love to Thee, oh Christ, More love to Thee,  
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, sought peace and rest;  
 3. Let sor - row do its work, send grief and pain;  
 4. Then shall my lat - est breath whis - per thy praise;

5 E C#m A B E

Hear Thou the prayer I make on ben - ded knee,  
 now thee a - lone I seek; give what is best:  
 sweet are thy mes - sen - gers, sweet their re - frain,  
 this be the part - ing cry my heart shall raise,

9 A E B E

**Chorus:** This is my ear - nest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
 This all my prayer shall be,  
 When they can sing with me,  
 This still its prayer shall be,

13 A E B E E

More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

# MORE LOVE TO THEE

Badd11(no3)



Words by Elizabeth Prentiss  
Music by Kevin Twit

E Badd11(no3) A A

5 E Badd11(no3) F#m

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, more love to Thee!  
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, sought peace and rest;  
 3. Then shall my lat - est breath whis - per Thy praise;

8 A E Badd11(no3) C#m

— Hear Thou the prayer I make on bend - ed knee.  
 — Now Thee a - lone I seek, give what is best.  
 — This be the part - ing cry my heart shall raise;

12 A A C#m

This is my ear - nest plea: More love, O Christ,  
 This all my prayer shall be:  
 This still its prayer shall be:

16 E Badd11(no3) F#m

— to Thee — More love — More love, — More love — to Thee, —

16

(echo) More love, — More love, — More love — to thee, —

20 1, 2 E Badd11(no3) E

More love, — More love, — to Thee! —

20 1, 2

More love, — More love — to Thee! —

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More Love To Thee

24 Badd11(no3) A A E Badd11(no3) A A

31 3 E Badd11(no3) F#m

More love, \_\_\_ More love, \_\_\_ More love \_\_\_ to Thee, \_\_\_

31 3

More love, \_\_\_ More love, \_\_\_ More love \_\_\_ to thee, \_\_\_

35 E Badd11(no3) E

More love, \_\_\_ More love, \_\_\_ to Thee! \_\_\_

35

More love, \_\_\_ More love \_\_\_ to Thee! \_\_\_

39 Badd11(no3) A A E Badd11(no3) A A E

## My Faith Looks Up to Thee

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,  
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,  
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my  
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my  
 Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's  
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!  
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and change - less be A liv - ing fire!  
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.  
 trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul!

## My God, How Wonderful Thou Art



1. My God how won - der - ful Thou art! Thy maj - es - ty how bright!
2. How dread are Thine et - er - nal years, O ev - er - las - ting Lord,
3. O how I fear Thee, liv - ing God, With deep - est, ten - derest fears,
4. Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord, Al - might - y as Thou art,
5. No earth - ly fa - ther loves like Thee; No mo - ther, e'er so mild,
6. How won - der - ful, how beau - ti - ful, The sight of Thee must be,



How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy seat, In depths of burn - ing light!  
 By pros - trate spir - its day and night In - ces - sant - ly a - dored!  
 And wor - ship Thee with trem - bling hope And pen - i - ten - tial tears!  
 For Thou hast stooped to ask of me The love of my poor heart.  
 Bears and for - bears as Thou hast done With me, Thy sin - ful child.  
 Thine end - less wis - dom, bound - less power, And aw - ful pu - ri - ty!



Words: Frederick W. Faber (1849), Public Domain

Music: Folk Hymn, arr. Annabel M. Buchanan (1889-1989), ©1938 J. Fischer & Bro. (CCLI# 264766)

## My Heart Is Filled with Thankfulness

1. My heart is filled with thank - ful - ness to Him who bore my pain;  
 2. My heart is filled with thank - ful - ness to Him who walks be - side;  
 3. My heart is filled with thank - ful - ness to Him who reigns a - bove;

Who plumbed the depths of my dis - grace and gave me life a - gain;  
 Who floods my weak - ness - es with strength and caus - es fears to fly;  
 Whose wis - dom is my per - fect peace, whose ev - 'ry thought is love.

Who crushed my curse of sin - ful - ness and clothed me in His light,  
 Whose ev - 'ry prom - ise is e - nough for ev - 'ry step I take;  
 For ev - 'ry day I have on earth is gi - ven by the King.

And wrote His law of right - eous - ness with pow'r u - pon my heart.  
 Sus - tain - ing me with arms of love, and crown - ing me with grace.  
 So I will give my life, my all, to love and fol - low Him.



## My Jesus, I Love Thee

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;  
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,  
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,

For Thee, all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;  
 And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;  
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;  
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou;  
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;  
 And say, when the death dew lies cold on my brow;  
 And sing - ing Thy prais - es, be - fore Thee I'll bow;

If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Words: William R. Featherston (1846-1873); Music: Adoniram J. Gordon (1836-1895), Public Domain



# My Shepherd Will Supply My Need

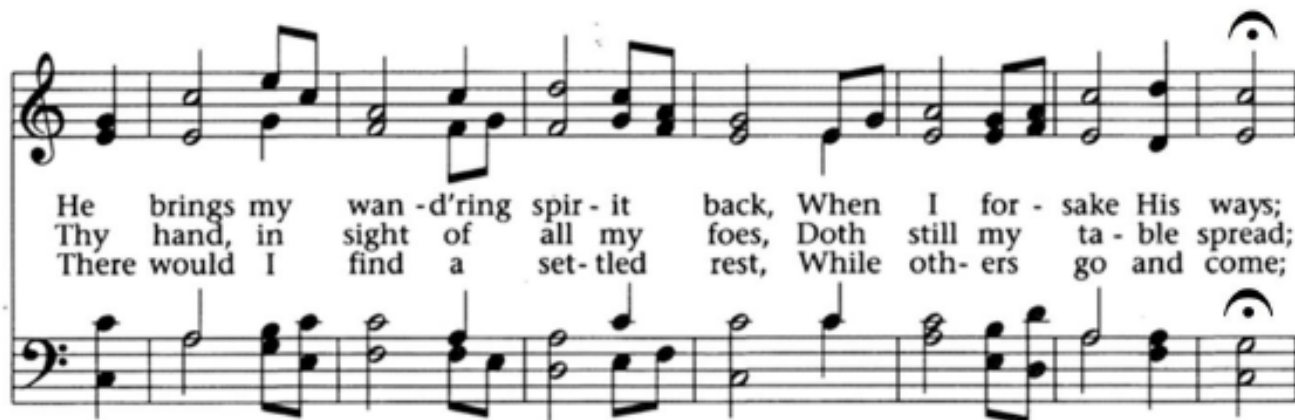
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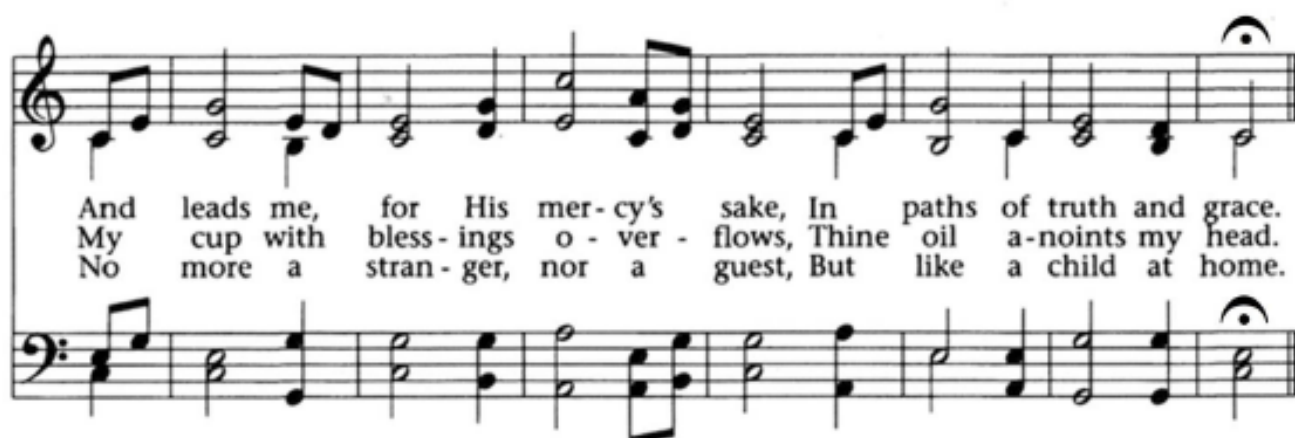
1. My Shep-herd will sup - ply my need; Je - ho - vah is His name;  
2. When I walk thro' the shades of death Thy pres-ence is my stay;  
3. The sure pro - vi - sions of my God At - tend me all my days;



In pas - tures fresh He makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.  
One word of Thy sup - port - ing breath Drives all my fears a - way.  
O may Thy house be my a - bode, And all my work be praise.



He brings my wan - d'ring spir - it back, When I for - sake His ways;  
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes, Doth still my ta - ble spread;  
There would I find a set - tled rest, While oth - ers go and come;



And leads me, for His mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.  
My cup with bless - ings o - ver - flows, Thine oil a - noints my head.  
No more a stran - ger, nor a guest, But like a child at home.

531

1. My song for - ev - er shall re - cord  
 2. I sing of mer - cies that en - dure,  
 3. Be - hold God's truth and grace dis - played,  
 4. Al - might - y God, your loft - y throne  
 5. All glo - ry un - to God we yield,

The ten - der mer - cies of the Lord;  
 For - ev - er build - ed firm and sure,  
 For he has faith - ful cov - 'nant made,  
 Has just - ice for its cor - ner - stone,  
 Je - ho - vah is our help and shield;

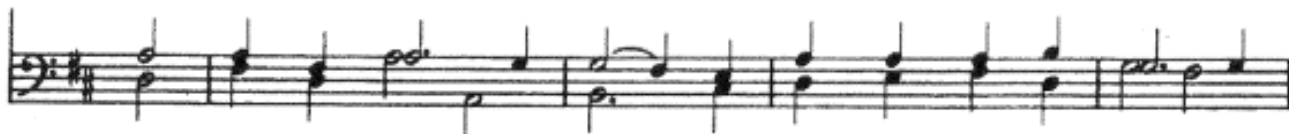
Your faith - ful - ness will I pro - claim,  
 Of faith - ful - ness that nev - er dies,  
 And he has sworn that Da - vid's son  
 And shi - ning bright be - fore your face  
 All praise and hon - or we shall bring

And ev - ery age shall know your name.  
 Es - tab - lished change - less in the skies.  
 Shall ev - er sit up - on his throne.  
 Are truth and love and bound - less grace.  
 To Is - rael's Ho - ly One, our King.

## My Song Is Love Unknown



1. My song is love un - known, my Sa - viour's love to me; love
2. He came from His blest throne sal - va - tion to be - stow; but
3. Some - times they strew His way, and His strong prais - es sing; re -
4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He
5. They rise and needs will have my dear Lord made a - way; a
6. In life, no house, no home my Lord on earth might have; in
7. Here might I stay and sing, no sto - ry so di - vine; nev -



1. to the love - less shown, that they might love - ly be. O
2. men made strange, and none the longed-for Christ would know: But
3. sound-ing all the day ho - san - nas to their King: Then
4. made the lame to run, He gave the blind their sight. Sweet
5. mur - der - er they save, the Prince of life they slay; Yet
6. death, no friend - ly tomb, but what a strang - er gave. What
7. er was love, dear King! Nev - er was grief like Thine. This



1. who am I, that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh, and die?
2. O! my Friend, my Friend in - deed, who at my need His life did spend.
3. "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath, and for His death they thirst and cry.
4. in - ju - ries! Yet they at these them-selves dis - please and 'gainst Him rise.
5. stead-fast He to suf - fering goes that He His foes from thence might free.
6. may I say? Heav'n was His home; but mine the tomb where-in He lay.
7. is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could glad - ly spend.



Words: Samuel Crossman (1624-1683), alt. Public Domain  
 Music: John Ireland (1879-1962), © 1924 John Ireland Trust (CCLI# 264766)

## My Times of Sorrow and of Joy

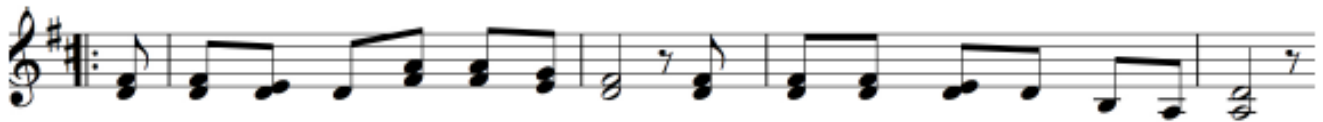
1. My times of sor - row and of joy,  
 2. If Thou should'st take them all a - way,  
 3. Nor would I drop a mur - m'ring word,  
 4. What is the world with all its store?  
 5. Here per - fect bliss can ne'er be found,

great God, are in thy hand;  
 yet would I not re - pine;  
 tho' the whole world were gone,  
 'Tis but a bit - ter - sweet;  
 the hon - ey's mix'd with gall;

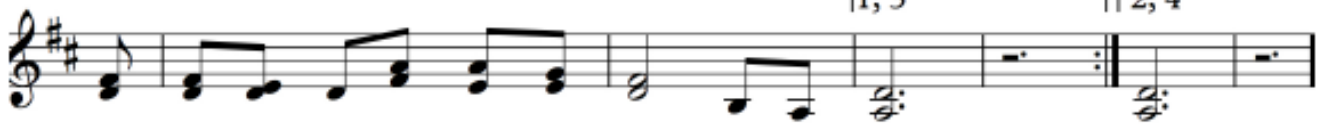
My choic - est com - forts come from Thee,  
 Be - fore they were pos - sess'd by me,  
 But seek en - dur - ing hap - pi - ness  
 When I at - tempt to pluck the rose,  
 Midst chang - ing scenes and dy - ing friends,

and go at Thy com - mand.  
 they were en - tire - ly Thine.  
 in Thee, and Thee a - lone.  
 a prick - ing thorn I meet.  
 be Thou my all in all.

Words: Benjamin Beddome, (1778); Music: "St. Columba," Traditional Irish Arrangement, Public Domain



1. My worth is not in what I own, Not in the strength of flesh and bone,
2. My worth is not in skill or name, In win or lose, in pride or shame,
3. As sum-mer flow'rs we fade and die; Fame, youth and beau - ty hur - ry by,
4. I will not boast in wealth or might, Or hu - man wis - dom's fleet - ing light,



But in the cost - ly wounds of love at the cross. *(To 2nd verse)*  
 But in the blood of Christ that flowed at the cross. *(To chorus)*  
 But life e - ter - nal calls to us at the cross. *(To 4th verse)*  
 But I will boast in know - ing Christ at the cross. *(To chorus)*



*Chorus: I re-joice in my Re-deem-er, Great-est Treas-ure, Well-spring of my soul;*



*I will trust in Him, no oth - er; My soul is sat - is - fied in Him a - lone.*



## MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

Words by Ray Palmer  
Music by Bobby Guy

Capo I

G Em

1. My faith looks up to Thee,  
2. May Thy rich grace im - part  
3. While life's dark maze I tread,  
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream,

A C

Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
Strength to my faint - ing heart,  
And griefs a - round me spread,  
When death's cold sul - len stream

G Em D

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray,  
my zeal in - spire! As Thou hast died for me,  
be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day,  
o - ver me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then in love,

Dadd9 C A

take all my guilt a - way, and  
O may my love to Thee,  
wipe sor - row's tears a - way,  
fear and dis - trust re - move;

C C G/B

O \_\_\_\_\_ let me from this day  
Pure \_\_\_\_\_ warm, and change - less be,  
Nor \_\_\_\_\_ let me ev - er stray  
O \_\_\_\_\_ bear me safe a - bove,

G/B A C C C

be whol - ly \_\_\_\_\_ Thine! \_\_\_\_\_  
a liv - ing \_\_\_\_\_ fire! \_\_\_\_\_  
from Thee a - side. \_\_\_\_\_  
a ran - somed \_\_\_\_\_ soul! \_\_\_\_\_

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# MY GOD, MY FATHER, BLISSFUL NAME

Words by Anne Steele  
Music by Katy Bowser

1. My God, my Fa - ther, bliss - ful name  
2. What - e'er Thy pro - vi - dence de - nies  
pain and sick - ness rend this frame

3 Oh may I call Thee mine?  
I calm - ly would re - sign  
And life al - most de - part

5 May I with sweet as - sur - ance claim  
For Thou art just, and good, and wise  
Is not Thy mer - cy still the same

7 A por - tion so di - vine?  
O bend my will to Thine  
To cheer my droop - ing heart

9 This on - ly can my fears con - trol  
What - e'er Thy sa - cred will or - dains  
If cares and sor - rows me sur - round

11 And bid give my sor - rows fly;  
O me strength to bear;  
Their power why should I fear?

13 What harm can ev - er reach my soul  
And let me know peace they can - not wound  
My in - ward peace they can - not wound

15 Be - neath my Fa - ther's eye?  
And trust His ten - der care  
If Thou, my God, art near

# MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE

Words by William Featherstone  
Music by Adoniram Gordon

1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine For  
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me And  
 3. I'll love Thee in life, and I'll love Thee in death I'll  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry, and end - less de - light I'll

6 Thee all the fol - lies, of sin I re - sign My  
 pur - chased the my par - don, on Cal - va - ry's tree I  
 praise - Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath And  
 ev - er a - dore Thee in Hea - ven so bright And

10 gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou If  
 love Thee for wear - ing, the thorns cold on Thy brow If  
 say when the death - dew, lies cold on my brow If  
 sing with thee glit - ter - ing crown on my brow If

14 ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus 'tis now  
 ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus 'tis now  
 ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus 'tis now  
 ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus 'tis now

## My Jesus, I Love Thee

Words - William R. Featherston, 1864

Music - "Gordon," Adoniram J. Gordon, 1876

D            Bm            A/C#            D  
 My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;  
 D            Bm            A/C#            D  
 For Thee all the follies of sin I resign.  
 D            G            D            A  
 My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou;  
 D    Bm            A/C#            D  
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love Thee because Thou has first loved me,  
 And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree.  
 I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;  
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,  
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;  
 And say when the death dew lies cold on my brow,  
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,  
 I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;  
 I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow;  
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

[www.redmountainmusic.com](http://www.redmountainmusic.com)

CAPO 2

Real Key = E

# My Jesus, I Love Thee

Words - William R. Featherston, 1864  
 Music - Adoniram J. Gordon, 1876

Handwritten guitar chords are written above the musical staff: D, G, ~~B~~, Bm7, A/C#.

5 mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I res - ign. My  
 me, And purch - ased my par - don on Cal - var - y's tree. I  
 death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath; And  
 light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll

10 grac - ious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If  
 love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow; If  
 say when the death dew lies cold on my brow; If  
 sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; If

14 ev - er I loved Thee, my Jes - - - us, 'tis now.  
 ev - er I loved Thee, my Jes - - - us, 'tis now.  
 ev - er I loved Thee, my Jes - - - us, 'tis now.  
 ev - er I loved Thee, my Jes - - - us, 'tis now.

www.redmountainmusic.com

## My Jesus Makes A Way

Words by J. Franklin

Music by Robert Turner, 2009

*Jesus the Soul's Help in Times of Trouble*

*Psalm 31.7; 1 Corinthians 10.13*

[1]

G C D G  
IN all my troubles and distress  
Em Am D  
The Lord my soul doth own  
C D G C  
Jehovah doth my griefs redress  
Am D G  
And make his mercy known

[2]

G C D G  
He helps me on him to rely  
Em Am D  
He is my strength and tower  
C D G C  
Tis he that hears me when I cry  
Am D G  
And manifests his power

[3]

G C D G  
In every storm in every sea  
Em Am D  
My Jesus makes a way  
C D G C  
His light shall make the darkness flee  
Am D G  
And turn the shade to day

[4]

G C D G  
Tis he in trouble bears me up  
Em Am D  
And leads me safely through  
C D G C  
My Jesus doth maintain my cup  
Am D G  
And daily strength renew

## MY MAKER AND MY KING

Words by Anne Steele  
 Music by Brian Moss

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words split across lines. Chord symbols (G, Bm, Em, Cmaj7, D, C) are placed above the notes to indicate the accompaniment. The score includes a 3-measure rest, a 5-measure rest, and a 7-measure rest. The final system ends with a double bar line.

My Ma - ker and my King, To Thee my all I owe; Thy  
 The crea - ture of Thy hand, On Thee a - lone I live; My  
 Lord, what can I im - part When all is Thine be - fore? Thy  
 O! let Thy grace in - spire My soul with strength di - vine Let

3 D C Em D C  
 sover - eign boun - ty is the spring Whence all my bless - ings flow; Thy  
 God, Thy ben - e - fits de - mand More praise than I can give. My  
 love de - mands a thank - ful heart; The gift, a - las! how poor. Thy  
 e - very word and each de - sire And all my days be Thine. Let

5 D Em C D  
 sover - eign boun - ty is the spring Whence all my bless - ings  
 God, Thy ben - e - fits de - mand More praise than I can  
 love de - mands a thank - ful heart; The gift, a - las! how  
 e - very word and each de - sire And all my days be

7 G Bm Em Cmaj7  
 flow.  
 give.  
 poor.  
 Thine.

**My Raptured Soul***Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #268*

Words: John Berridge, 1716-1793.

Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

Capo 2

C  
 If Jesus kindly say,  
 C  
 And with a whispering word,  
 G  
 "Arise my love and come away,"  
 F G C  
 I run to meet my Lord.

My soul is in my ears;  
 My heart is all on flame;  
 My eyes are sweetly drowned in tears,  
 And melted is my frame.

*Chorus:*

F  
 My raptured soul will rise up,  
 C  
 And give a cheerful spring,  
 F  
 And dart through all the lofty skies,  
 G  
 To visit Zion's King.  
 F G C  
 To visit Zion's King.

He meets me with a kiss,  
 And with a smiling face;  
 I taste the dear, enchanting bliss,  
 And wonder at his grace.

A soft and tender sigh,  
 Now heaves my hollowed breast;  
 I long to lay me down and die,  
 And find eternal rest.

# My Raptured Soul

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #268

Words: John Berridge, 1716-1793.

Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

D

If Je - sus kind - ly say, And  
My soul is in my ears; My  
He meets me with a kiss, And  
A soft and ten - der sigh, Now

4 D

with a whisp - ering word, "A -  
heart is all on flame; My  
with a smil - ing face; I  
heaves my hol - lowed breast; I

6 A G A

rise my love and come a - way," I run to meet my Lord.  
eyes are sweet - ly drowned in tears, And melt - ed is my frame.  
taste the dear, en - chant - ing bliss, And won - der at his grace.  
long to lay me down and die, And find e - ter - nal rest.

8 D G

My rap - tured soul will rise up, And give a cheer - ful

12 D G

spring, And dart through all the loft - y skies, To vi - sit Zi - on's

16 A G A D

King. To vi - sit Zi - on's King.



**My Soul Rejoice and Sing***Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #550*

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

Music: Matthew S. Welch, Clint Wells, &amp; Brian T. Murphy, 2005.

Capo 5

Am  
 My soul rejoice and sing,  
 F  
 Thy Father's glorious praise;  
 Am  
 And let His precious love,  
 F G  
 Employ thee all thy days;  
 Am  
 To save my soul from hell,  
 F  
 Was His eternal will;  
 Am  
 And bless His precious name,  
 F G  
 His purpose to fulfill.  
 C G  
 He took the Lord, the great I AM,  
 F C G  
 And as a nail He fastened Him.

When deep calls to deep,  
 And sins like mountains rise,  
 And the old prince of hell,  
 Says all the Bible's lies,  
 This nail is fastened, in my heart,  
 Nor will it e'er, from me depart.

My wicked heart has said,  
 Again yea, and again,  
 That Christ my soul will leave,  
 To perish in my sin;  
 But though I feel as cold as clay,  
 He will not, cannot, go away.

# My Soul Rejoice and Sing

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #550

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.  
 Music: Matthew S. Welch,  
 Clint Wells, & Brian T. Murphy, 2005.

Dmin B♭

My (To) soul save re - joice my soul and sing, from hell, Thy Was His Fa - ther's glor - ious e - ter - nal

Dmin B♭

praise; will; And let His pre - cious love, Em - ploy thee all thy ful -  
 And bless His pre - cious name, His pur - pose to thy ful -

C C F

days; To fill. He took the Lord, the

C B♭ F

great I AM, And as a nail He fast - ened

C Dmin B♭

Him. When deep calls to deep, And sins like moun - tains

Dmin B♭

rise, And the old prince of hell, Says all the Bi - ble's

26 C F C  
 lies, This nail is fast - ened, in my heart, Nor

31 B $\flat$  F C  
 will it e'er, from me de - part. My

35 Dmin B $\flat$   
 wick - ed heart has said, A - gain yea, and a - gain, That

39 Dmin B $\flat$  C  
 Christ my soul will leave, To per - ish in my sin; But

43 F C  
 though I feel as cold as clay, He

47 B $\flat$  F C F  
 will not, can - not, go a - way.

## Narrow Little Road

Words and Music - Mo Leverett, 1995

G C D  
I believe in the love of God  
G C D  
It is an orphan's wildest dream  
G C D  
It is a narrow little road  
G C D  
It is an ever-widening desert stream

*refrain:*

G F#/D EM  
*Oh I, and I,*  
C G D  
*I will leave this road*  
G  
*For the narrow*

It is portrayed in the bread and wine  
Let it fortify my bones  
It is more than just a sign  
It is the fountain from that desert stone

*refrain*

It is the path where the humble go  
It is the narrow not the broad  
It is the pathway down the hill  
To the graveyard of the living God

*refrain*

The love of God is the hymn of hope  
Let the needy join the throng  
Let the widow hear and cope  
Let the crippled rise to sing this song

*Refrain*

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## Narrow Little Road


Words and Music - Mo Leverett, 1995

The musical score is written in a single system with seven staves. The key signature has one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily eighth-note based. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Chord symbols: F, Bb, C, F, Bb, C, F, Bb, C, F, C/E, Dmin, Bb, F, C, F, F, Bb, C, F, Bb, C, F, C, F.

Lyrics:  
 I be-lieve in the love of God It is an or - phan's wild - est  
 dream It is a nar - row lit - tle road  
 It is an ev - er - wi - dening de - sert stream  
 Oh I, and I, I will leave this road For the nar - row  
 It is por-trayed in the bread and wine Let it for - ti - fy my bones  
 It is more than just a sign It is the fount - ain from that de - sert stone  
 Oh I, and I, I will leave this road For the nar - row

25 F B $\flat$  C F B $\flat$



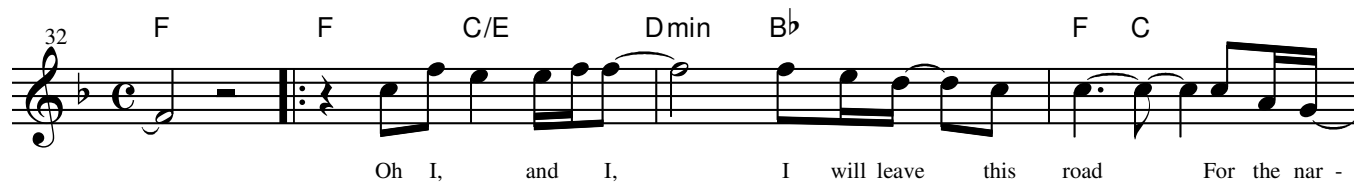
It is the path where the hum-ble go It is the nar-row not the broad

28 C F B $\flat$  C F B $\flat$  C



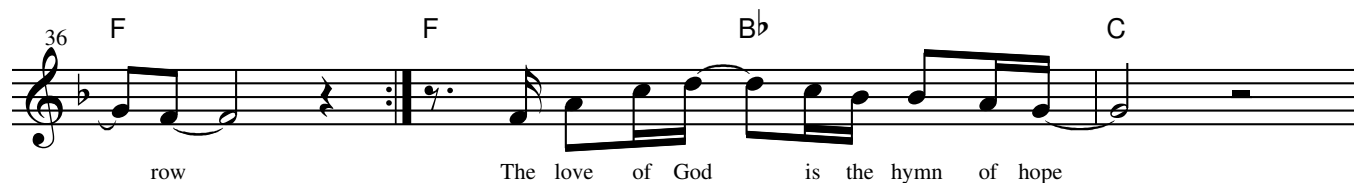
It is the path-way down the hill To the grave-yard of the liv-ing God

32 F F C/E Dmin B $\flat$  F C



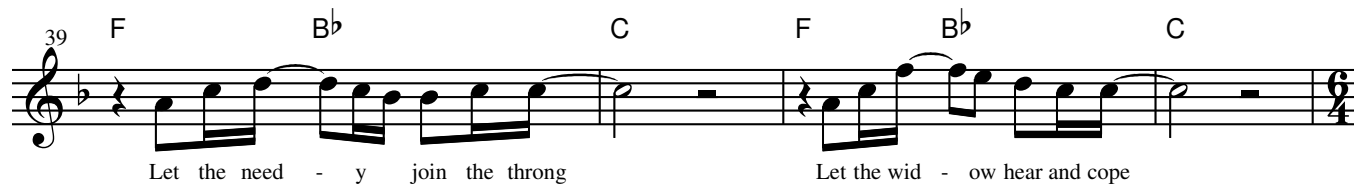
Oh I, and I, I will leave this road For the nar-

36 F F B $\flat$  C



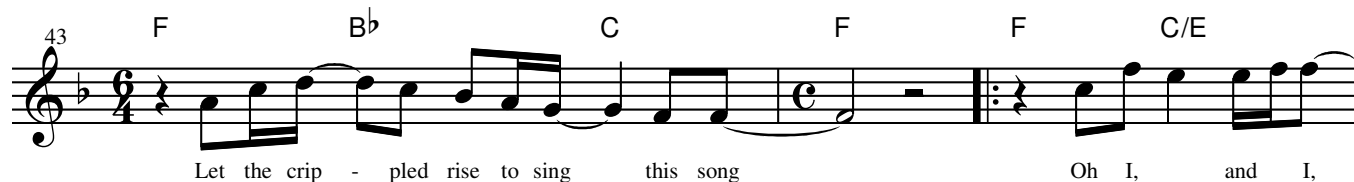
row The love of God is the hymn of hope

39 F B $\flat$  C F B $\flat$  C



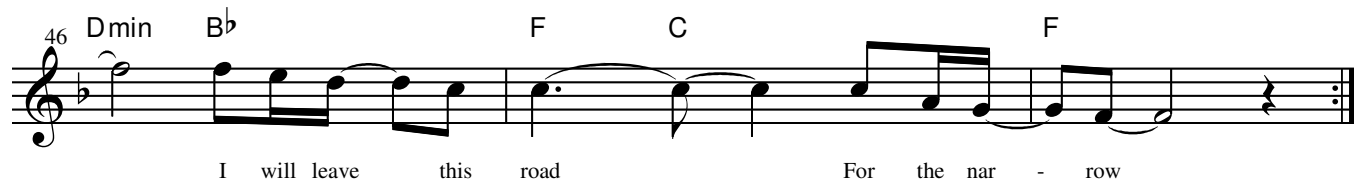
Let the need-y join the throng Let the wid-ow hear and cope

43 F B $\flat$  C F F C/E



Let the crip-pled rise to sing this song Oh I, and I,

46 Dmin B $\flat$  F C F



I will leave this road For the nar-row

## Nearer, My God, to Thee

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it  
 2. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou  
 3. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my  
 send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my  
 ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my

God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!  
 God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!  
 God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

## None Among

From the album **All I Owe**, available at [www.matthewsmith.us](http://www.matthewsmith.us)

Words by John Berridge and Matthew S. Smith, Music by Matthew S. Smith

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Intro: G D C Am G D C D

G D  
 1. When by faith my Lord I see,  
 C D  
 Bleeding on a cross for me  
 G D  
 Quick my idols all depart,  
 C D  
 Jesus gets and fills my heart

Chorus

C D C D  
 None among the sons of men, none among the heavenly train  
 C D C D G  
 Can with Jesus then compare, none so sweet, none so fair

2. Soon my tongue would fain express  
 All His love and loveliness  
 But I lisp and falter forth  
 Broken words, not half His worth

Bridge

C D C  
 Oh I try and try again, still my efforts are in vain  
 D C  
 And I know, despite my pride, that His truth will still remain  
 D Am  
 Idols crowd my heart and mind and demand I shed my blood  
 D C D  
 But the Lord, the risen Christ has secured me in the flood  
 C D  
 Has secured me in the flood



## No Sweeter Subject

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #202*

Words - John Newton, 1725-1807

Music - Brian T. Murphy, 2004

CAPO I

A E/G#  
 Now may the Lord reveal his face,  
 A/F#  
 And teach our stammering tongues  
 A E/G#  
 To make his sovereign, reigning grace  
 A/F#  
 The subject of our songs.

*refrain:*

D A/C#  
 No sweeter subject can invite  
 Bm  
 A sinner's heart to sing,  
 D A/C#  
 Or more display the glorious right  
 E  
 Of our exalted King.

Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,  
 To melt the hardest hearts;  
 And from the work it once begins  
 It never once departs.

The world and Satan strive in vain  
 Against the chosen few;  
 Secured by grace's conquering reign,  
 They all shall conquer too.

'Twas grace that called our souls at first;  
 By grace thus far we've come;  
 And grace will help us through the worst,  
 And lead us safely home.

# No Sweeter Subject

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #202

Words - John Newton, 1725-1807

Music - Brian T. Murphy, 2004

**B $\flat$**  **F/A**



Now may the Lord re - veal his face, And  
 Grace reigns to par - don crim - son sins, To  
 The world and Sa - tan strive in vain A -  
 Twas grace that called our souls at first; By

**B $\flat$ /G**



3  
 teach our stam - mering tongues To  
 melt the hard - est hearts; And  
 gainst the chos - en few; Se -  
 grace thus far we've come; And

**B $\flat$**  **F/A**



4  
 make his sover - eign, reign - ing grace The  
 from the work it once be - gins It  
 cured by gra - ce's con - quering reign, They  
 grace will help us through the worst, And

**B $\flat$ /G** **E $\flat$**  **B $\flat$ /D**



5  
 sub - ject of our songs. No sweet - er sub - ject can in - vite A sin -  
 nev - er once de - parts.  
 all shall con - quer too.  
 lead us safe - ly home.

**Cmin** **E $\flat$**  **B $\flat$ /D**



7  
 ner's heart to sing, Or more dis - play the glor - ious right Of our

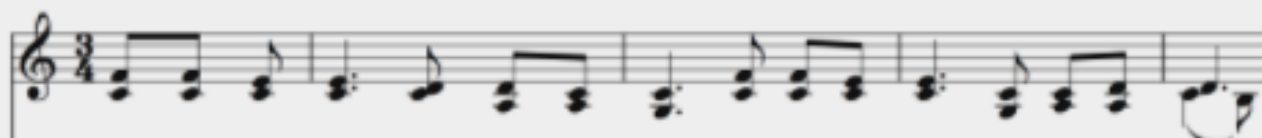
**F**



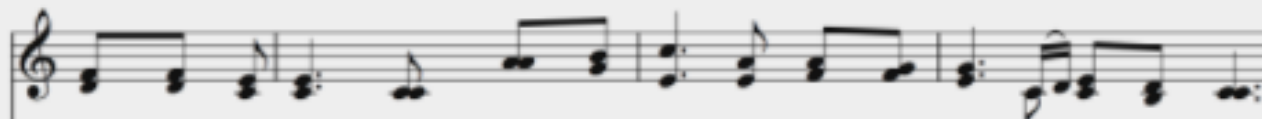
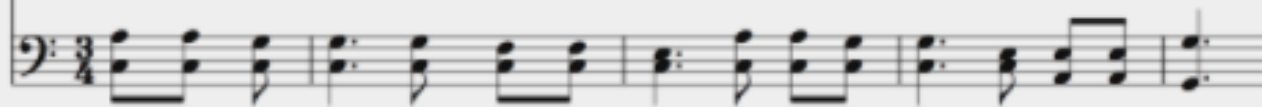
9  
 ex - alt - - - ed King.

## Hymn

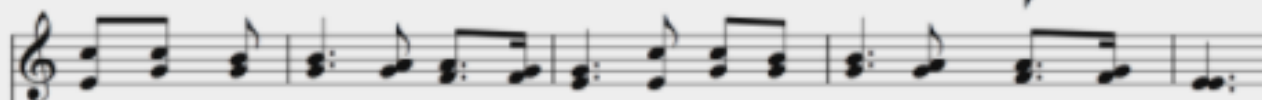
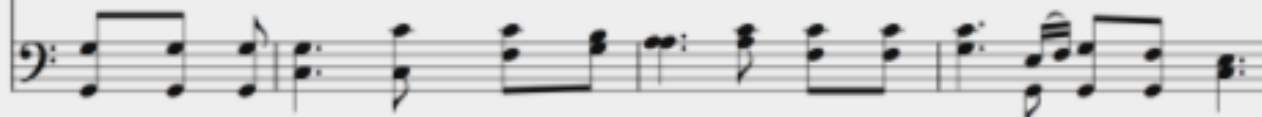
## Not in Me



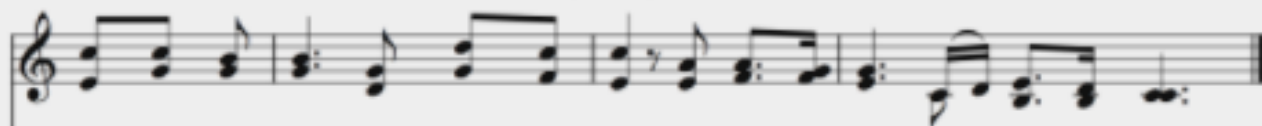
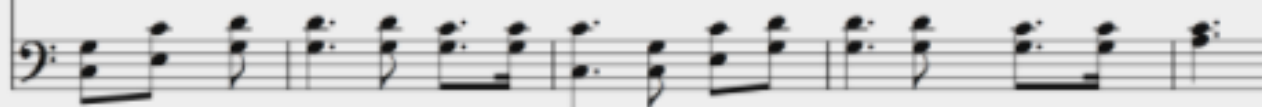
1. No list of sins I have not done, no list of vir - tues I pur - sue,  
 2. No hum - ble dress, no fer - vent prayer, no lift - ed hands, no tear - ful song,  
 3. No sep - a - ra - tion from the world, no work I do, no gift I give



No list of those I am not like can earn my - self a place with you.  
 No rec - i - ta - tion of the truth, can jus - ti - fy a sin - gle wrong.  
 Can cleanse my con - science, cleanse my hands; I can - not cause my soul to live.



O God! Be mer - ci - ful to me; I am a sin - ner through and through.  
 My right - eous - ness is Je - sus' life; my debt was paid by Je - sus' death.  
 But Je - sus died and rose a - gain; the pow'r of death is ov - er - thrown!



My on - ly hope of right - eous - ness is not in me, but on - ly you.  
 My wear - y load was borne by him and he a - lone can give me rest.  
 My God is mer - ci - ful to me and mer - ci - ful in Christ a - lone.



# NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD

Words and Music by Robert Lowry

Musical notation for the first system, measures 1-4. Chords: E, E, B, E.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? No - thing but the blood of Je - sus  
 2. For my clean - sing this I see No - thing but the blood of Je - sus  
 3. No - thing can for sin a - tone No - thing but the blood of Je - sus  
 4. This is all my hope and peace No - thing but the blood of Je - sus

Musical notation for the second system, measures 5-8. Chords: E, E, B, E.

What can make me whole a - gain? No - thing but the blood of Je - sus  
 For my par - don this my plea No - thing but the blood of Je - sus  
 Naught of good that I have done No - thing but the blood of Je - sus  
 This is all my right - eous - ness No - thing but the blood of Je - sus

Musical notation for the third system, measures 9-12. Chords: E, B, A, B.

Oh, pre - cious is the flow, That makes me white as snow

Musical notation for the fourth system, measures 13-16. Chords: E, E, B, E.

No o - ther fount I know No - thing but the blood of Je - sus

## Optional Modulation

Musical notation for the optional modulation system 1, measures 17-20. Chords: F#, F#, C#, F#.

5. Glo - ry, glo - ry thus I sing No - thing but the blood of Je - sus

Musical notation for the optional modulation system 2, measures 21-24. Chords: F#, F#, C#, F#.

All my praise for this I bring No - thing but the blood of Je - sus

Musical notation for the optional modulation system 3, measures 25-28. Chords: F#, C#, B, C#.

Oh, pre - cious is the flow, That makes me white as snow

Musical notation for the optional modulation system 4, measures 29-32. Chords: F#, F#, C#, F#.

No o - ther fount I know No - thing but the blood of Je - sus

# NOT WHAT MY HANDS HAVE DONE

Words by Horatius Bonar  
Music by Kevin Twit

## Capo IV

Am Am/G F C C/B

1. Not what my hands have done, Can save my guilt - ty soul  
2. Thy work a - lone O Christ, Can ease this weight of sin  
3. Thy grace a - lone O God, To me can par - don speak

3 Am Am/G F G

Not what my toil - ing flesh has borne, Can make my spir - it whole  
Thy blood a - lone O Lamb of God, Can give me peace with - in  
Thy power a - lone O Son of God, Can this sore bond - age break

5 F G Am F

Not what I feel or do, Can give me peace with God  
Thy love to me O God, Not mine, O Lord, to Thee  
No o - ther work save Thine, No o - ther blood will do

7 F G F G

Not all my prayers and sighs and tears,  
Can rid me of this dark un - rest,  
No strength save that which is di - vine,

9 F G Am Am/G F G

Can bear my aw - ful load  
And set my spir - it free!  
Can bear me safe - ly thru

4. I bless the Christ of God, I rest on Love divine  
And with unfaltering lip and heart, I call this Savior mine  
His cross dispels each doubt, I bury in His tomb  
My unbelief, and all my fear, Each lingering shade of gloom

5. I praise the God of grace, I trust his truth and might  
He calls me His, I call Him mine, My God, my joy, my light  
Tis He who saveth me, And freely pardon gives  
I love because He loveth me, I live because He lives!

Now Blessed Be the Lord Our God

1. Now bless - ed be the Lord our God, the  
 2. And bless - ed be his glo - rious name to  
 3. His wide do - min - ion shall ex - tend from  
 4. Yea, all the kings shall bow to him, his

God of Is - ra - el, for he a - lone does  
 all e - ter - ni - ty; the whole earth let his  
 sea to ut - most sea, and un - to earth's re -  
 rule all na - tions hail; he will re - gard the

won - drous works in glo - ry that ex - cel.  
 glo - ry fill. A - men, so let it be.  
 mot - est bounds his peace - ful rule shall be.  
 poor man's cry when oth - er help - ers fail.

## Now Thank We All Our God

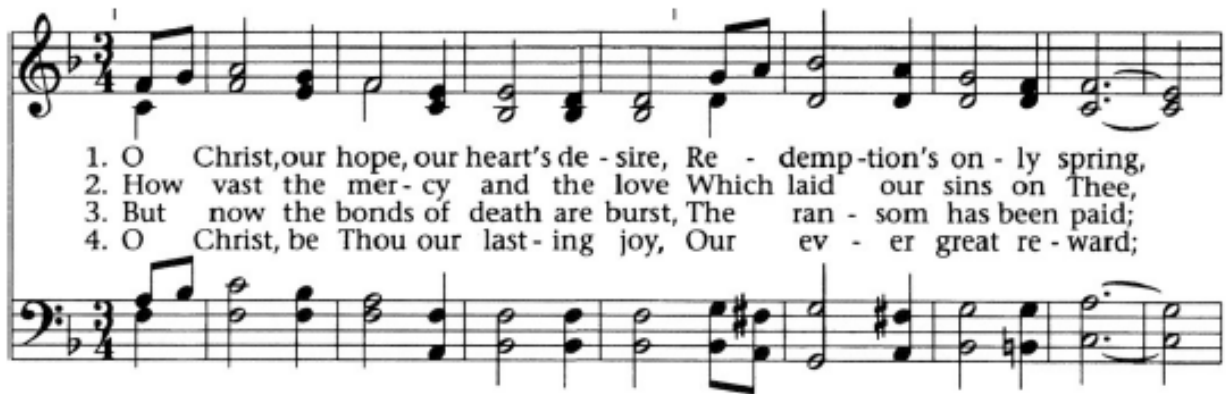
1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voic - es,  
 2. O may this boun-teous God Thro' all our life be near us,  
 3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther now be giv - en,

Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;  
 With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;  
 The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high - est heav - en,

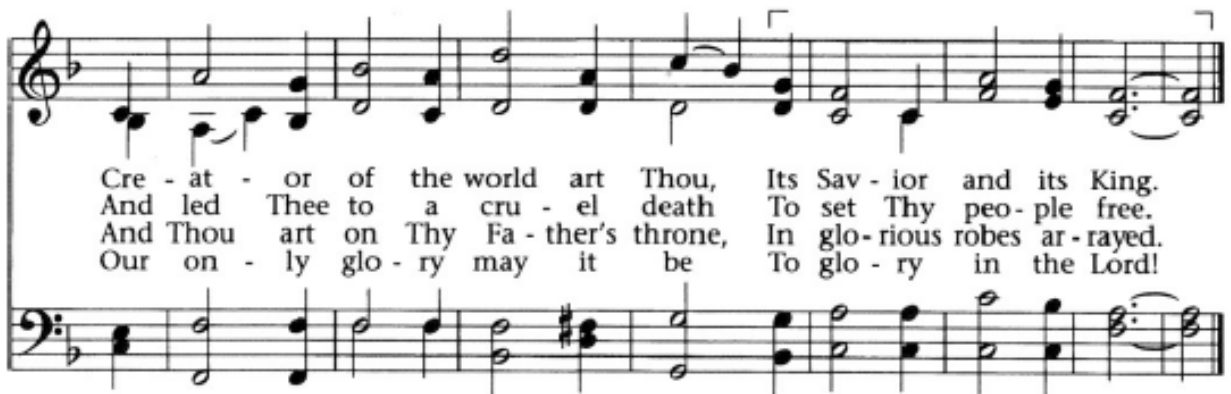
Who, from our moth - er's arms, Hath blest us on our way  
 And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,  
 The one e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore;

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.  
 And free us from all ills, In this world and the next.  
 For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

Words: Martin Rinkart (1586-1649); tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)  
 Music Johann Crüger (1598-1662); harm. Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847), Public Domain

O Christ, Our Hope, Our Heart's Desire


1. O Christ, our hope, our heart's de - sire, Re - demp-tion's on - ly spring,  
2. How vast the mer-cy and the love Which laid our sins on Thee,  
3. But now the bonds of death are burst, The ran - som has been paid;  
4. O Christ, be Thou our last - ing joy, Our ev - er great re - ward;



Cre - at - or of the world art Thou, Its Sav - ior and its King.  
And led Thee to a cru - el death To set Thy peo - ple free.  
And Thou art on Thy Fa - ther's throne, In glo - rious robes ar - rayed.  
Our on - ly glo - ry may it be To glo - ry in the Lord!



# O Christ, What Burdens Bowed Thy Head

561

1. O Christ, what bur - dens bowed thy head! Our  
 2. Death and the curse were in my cup: O  
 3. Je - ho - vah lift - ed up his rod: O  
 4. Je - ho - vah bade his sword a - wake: O  
 5. For me, Lord Je - sus Thou hast died, And

load was laid on Thee; Thou stood - est in the  
 Christ, 'twas full for Thee! But Thou hast drained the  
 Christ, it fell on Thee! Thou wast sore strick - en  
 Christ it woke 'gainst Thee! Thy blood the flam - ing  
 I have died in Thee: Thou'rt ris'n, my bands are

sin - ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me.  
 last dark drop, 'Tis emp - ty now for me.  
 of Thy God; There's not one stroke for me.  
 blade must slake, Thy heart its sheath must be.  
 all un - tied, And now Thou livest in me;

A vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed!  
 That bit - ter cup, love drank it up,  
 Thy tears, Thy blood, be - neath it flowed;  
 All for my sake, my peace to make:  
 When pu - ri - fied, made white, and tried,

Now there's no load for me.  
 Now bless - ings draught for me.  
 Thy bruis - ings heal - eth me.  
 Now sleeps that sword for me.  
 Thy glo - ry then for me.

Words: Anne R Cousins (1824-1906)

Music: Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second (1813), Public Domain

561

**O Church, Arise**

O church, arise, and put your armor on;  
Hear the call of Christ our Captain.  
For now the weak can say that they are strong  
In the strength that God has given.  
With shield of faith and belt of truth,  
We'll stand against the devil's lies;  
An army bold, whose battle cry is love,  
Reaching out to those in darkness.

Our call to war: to love the captive soul,  
But to wage against the captor;  
And with the sword that makes the wounded whole,  
We will fight with faith and valor.  
When faced with trials on every side,  
We know the outcome is secure;  
And Christ will have the prize for which He died:  
An inheritance of nations.

Come see the cross, where love and mercy meet,  
As the Son of God is stricken;  
Then see his foes lie crushed beneath his feet,  
For the Conqueror has risen!  
And as the stone is rolled away  
And Christ emerges from the grave,  
This victory march continues till the day  
Every eye and heart shall see Him.

So Spirit, come, put strength in every stride,  
Give grace for every hurdle;  
That we may run with faith to win the prize  
Of a servant good and faithful.  
As saints of old still line the way,  
Retelling triumphs of his grace,  
We hear their calls and hunger for the day  
When with Christ we stand in Glory.

G D G D G C G D  
 O come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,  
 E- D A D A7 D

O Come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem.

G D C G D E- D  
 Come and behold Him, born the King of angels;

G  
 O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,  
 C G/B A- G D/F# C G D G  
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

G D G D G C G D  
 Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation;  
 E- D A D A7 D  
 Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!  
 G D C G D E- D  
 Glory to God, all glory in the highest;

G D G D G C G D  
 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;  
 E- D A D A7 D  
 Jesus, to Thee be glory given;  
 G D C G D E- D  
 Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.

## O Come and Mourn with Me Awhile

1. O come and mourn with me a - while; O come ye  
 2. Sev'n times he spake, sev'n words of love; and all three  
 3. O break, O break, hard heart of mine! Thy weak self -  
 4. A bro - ken heart, a fount of tears, ask, and they  
 5. O love of God! O sin of man! In this dread

to the Sav - ior's side; O come, to - geth - er let us mourn:  
 hours his si - lence cried for mer - cy on the souls of men:  
 • love and guilt - y pride his Pi - late and his Ju - das were:  
 will not be de - nied; a bro - ken heart love's cra - dle is:  
 act your strength is tried, and vic - to - ry re - mains with love:

**REFRAIN**

Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied!

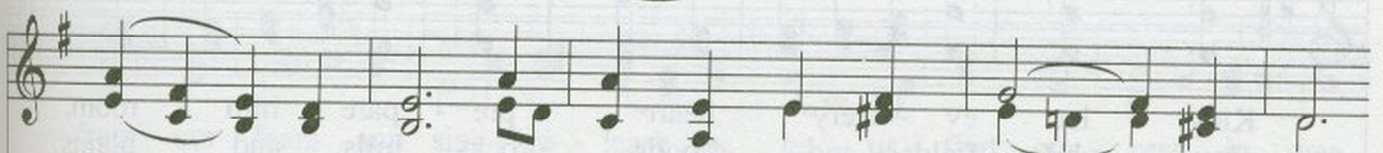
# O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

1565

"The Redeemer will come to Zion, to those in Jacob who repent of their sins,"  
declares the LORD. Is. 59:20



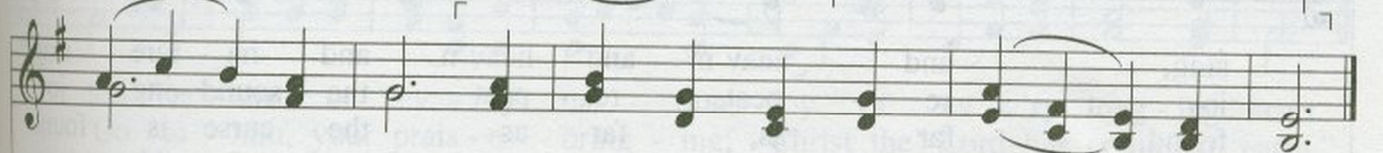
1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, and ran - som cap - tive
2. O come, O come, thou Lord of might, who to thy tribes, on
3. O come, thou Rod of Jes - se, free thine own from Sa - tan's
4. O come, thou Day-spring from on high, and cheer us by thy
5. O come, thou Key of Da - vid, come and o - pen wide our



Is - ra - el, that mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here,  
Si - nai's height, in an - cient times didst give the law  
• tyr - an - ny; from depths of hell thy peo - ple save,  
draw - ing nigh; dis - perse the gloom - y clouds of night,  
heav'n - ly home; make safe the way that leads on high,



un - til the Son of God ap - pear.  
in cloud and maj - es - ty and awe.  
• and give them vic - t'ry o'er the grave. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -  
and death's dark shad - ows put to flight.  
and close the path to mis - er - y.

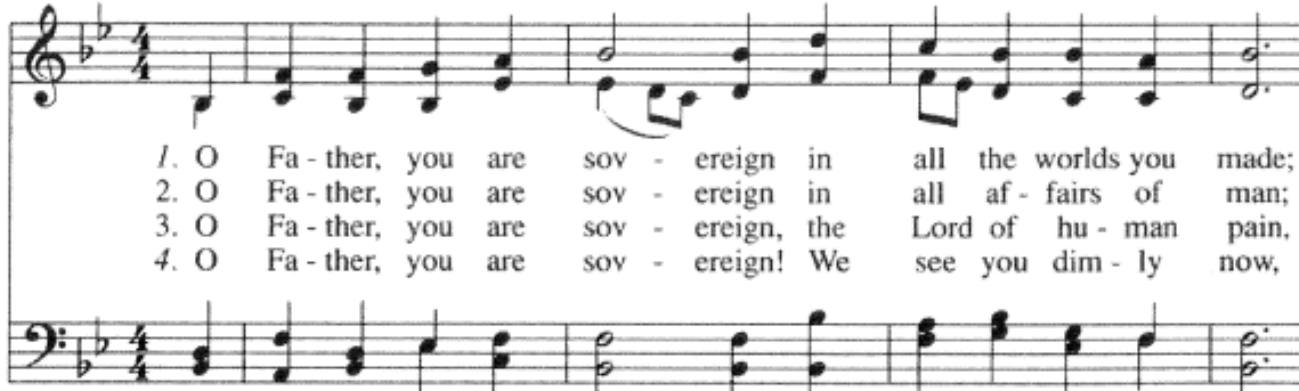


man - u - el shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el.



565

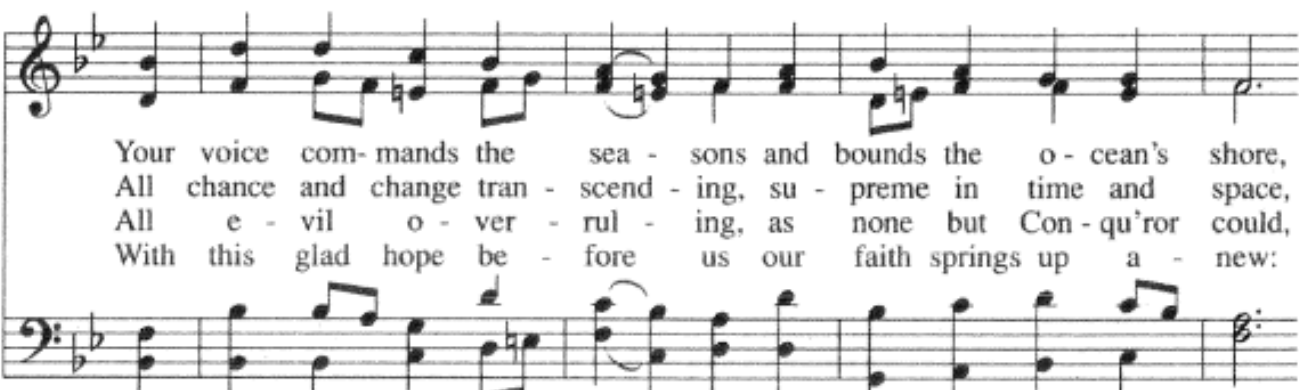
## O Father, You Are Sovereign



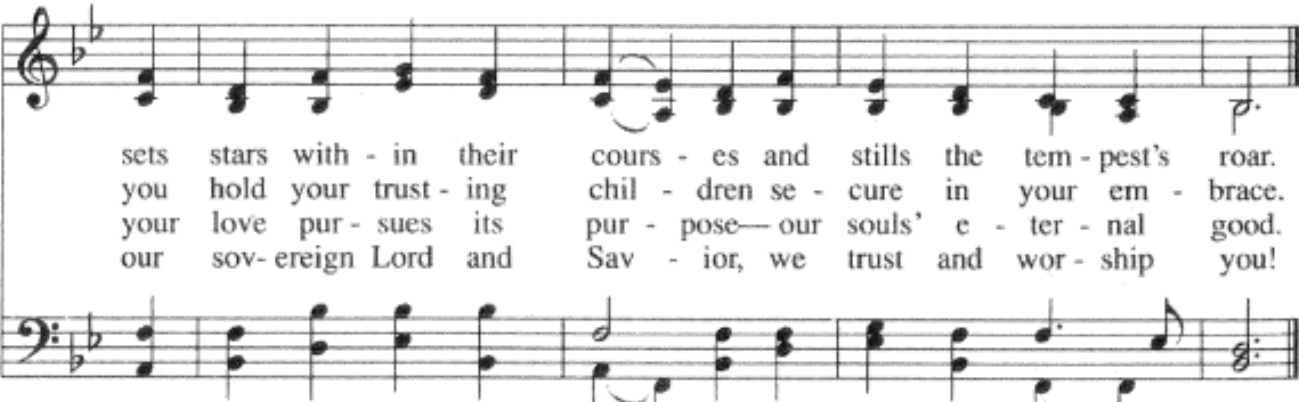
1. O Fa - ther, you are sov - ereign in all the worlds you made;  
 2. O Fa - ther, you are sov - ereign in all af - fairs of man;  
 3. O Fa - ther, you are sov - ereign, the Lord of hu - man pain,  
 4. O Fa - ther, you are sov - ereign! We see you dim - ly now,



your might - y word was spo - ken and light and life o - beyed.  
 no pow'rs of death or dark - ness can thwart your per - fect plan.  
 trans - mut - ing earth - ly sor - rows to gold of heav'n - ly gain.  
 but soon be - fore your tri - umph earth's ev - ery knee shall bow.



Your voice com - mands the sea - sons and bounds the o - cean's shore,  
 All chance and change tran - scend - ing, su - preme in time and space,  
 All e - vil o - ver - rul - ing, as none but Con - qu'ror could,  
 With this glad hope be - fore us our faith springs up a - new:



sets stars with - in their cours - es and stills the tem - pest's roar.  
 you hold your trust - ing chil - dren se - cure in your em - brace.  
 your love pur - sues its pur - pose—our souls' e - ter - nal good.  
 our sov - ereign Lord and Sav - ior, we trust and wor - ship you!

Words: Margaret Clarkson (1982); Music: Melchior Teschner (ca. 1615), Public Domain



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Between Verses: DG – CG – DG



O God Beyond All Praising

1. O God be-yond all prais - ing, we wor - ship you to - day,  
2. Then hear, O gra - cious Sav - ior, ac - cept the love we bring,



And sing the love a - ma - zing that songs can - not re - pay;  
That we who know your fa - vor may serve you as our king;



For we can on - ly won - der at ev - 'ry gift you send,  
And wheth - er our to - mor - rows be filled with good or ill,



At bless - ings with - out num - ber and mer - cies with - out end;  
We'll tri - umph through our sor - rows and rise to bless you still:



We lift our hearts be - fore you and wait up - on your Word,  
To mar - vel at your beau - ty and glo - ry in your ways,



We hon - or and a - dore you, our great and might - y Lord.  
And make a joy - ful du - ty our sac - ri - fice of praise.

# O God Beyond All Praising

570



1. O God be-yond all prais-ing, we wor-ship you to - day and  
2. Then hear, O gra-cious Sav-iour, ac-cept the love we bring, that



sing the love a-maz-ing that songs can-not re-pay; for we can on-ly  
we who know your fav-our may serve you as our king; and wheth-er our to -



won-der at ev-'ry gift you send, at bless-ings with-out num-ber and  
mor-tows be filled with good or ill, we'll tri-umph thro' our sor-rows and



mer-cies with-out end: we lift our hearts be-fore you and wait up-on your  
rise to bless you still: to mar-vel at your beau-ty and glo - ry in your



word, we hon - our and a - dore you, our great and might-y Lord.  
ways, and make a joy-ful du - ty our sac - ri - fice of praise.



570

## O God, Our Help in Ages Past

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,  
 2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;  
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,  
 4. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;  
 5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;  
 6. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!  
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.  
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.  
 Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.  
 They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the op - 'ning day.  
 Be Thou our guard while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

O God, the Rock of Ages

1. O God, the Rock of Ages, who ev - er - more hast been,  
 2. Our years are like the shad - ows on sun - ny hills that lie,  
 3. O thou who canst not slum - ber, whose light grows nev - er pale,  
 4. Lord, crown our faith's en - deav - or with beau - ty and with grace,

what time the tem - pest ra - ges, our dwell - ing place se - rene:  
 or grass - es in the mead - ows that blos - som but to die;  
 teach us a - right to num - ber our years be - fore they fail;  
 till, clothed in light for - ev - er, we see thee face to face:

be - fore thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,  
 a sleep, a dream, a sto - ry by strang - ers quick - ly told,  
 on us thy mer - cy light - en, on us thy good - ness rest,  
 a joy no lan - guage mea - sures; a foun - tain brim - ming o'er;

to end - less gen - er - a - tions the Ev - er - last - ing Thou!  
 an un - re - main - ing glo - ry of things that soon are old.  
 and let thy Spir - it bright - en the hearts thy - self hast blessed.  
 an end - less flow of plea - sures; an o - cean with - out shore.

## O God, We Praise Thee

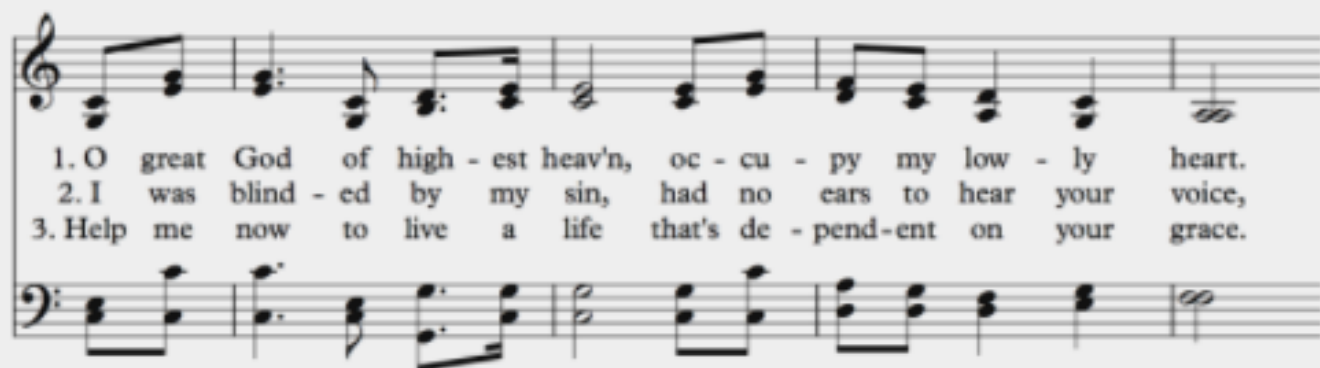
1. O God, we praise Thee; and confess that  
 2. To Thee all angels cry aloud; to  
 3. O ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, whom  
 4. Th'a - pos - tles' glo - rious com - pa - ny and  
 5. The ho - ly church through - out the world, O  
 6. Thine hon - ored, true, and on - ly Son; and

Thou the on - ly Lord And ev - er - last - ing  
 Thee the pow'rs on high, Both cher - u - bim and  
 heav'n - ly hosts o - bey, The world is with the  
 proph - ets crowned with light, With all the mar - tyrs'  
 Lord, con - fes - ses thee, That Thou E - ter - nal  
 Ho - ly Ghost, the Spring Of nev - er - ceas - ing

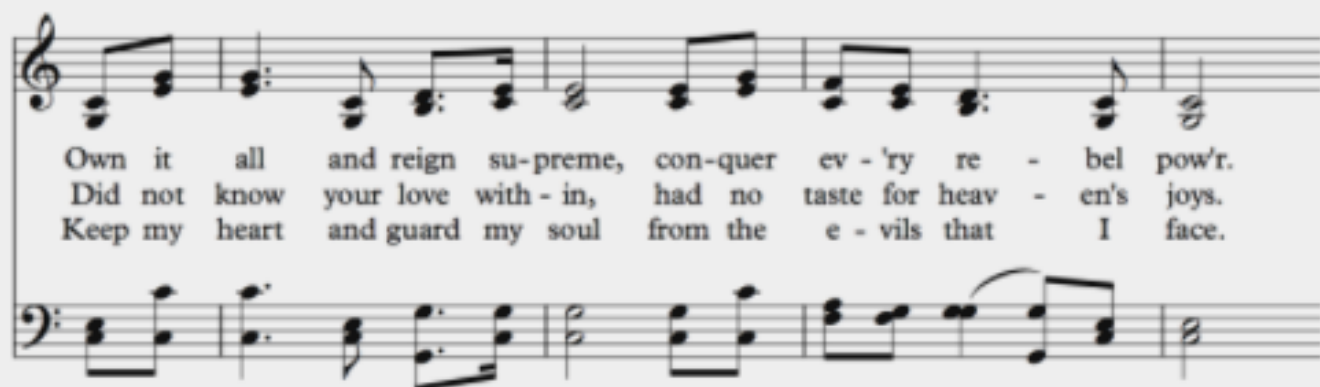
Fa - ther art, by all the earth a - dored.  
 ser - a - phim, con - tin - ual - ly do cry.  
 glo - ry filled of thy maj - es - tic ray.  
 no - ble host, thy con - stant praise re - cite.  
 Fa - ther art, of bound - less maj - es - ty;  
 joy: O Christ, of glo - ry Thou art King.

Words: "Te Deum" (ca. 4<sup>th</sup> cent.), tr. In Tate and Brady's "Supplement to the New Version" (1708)

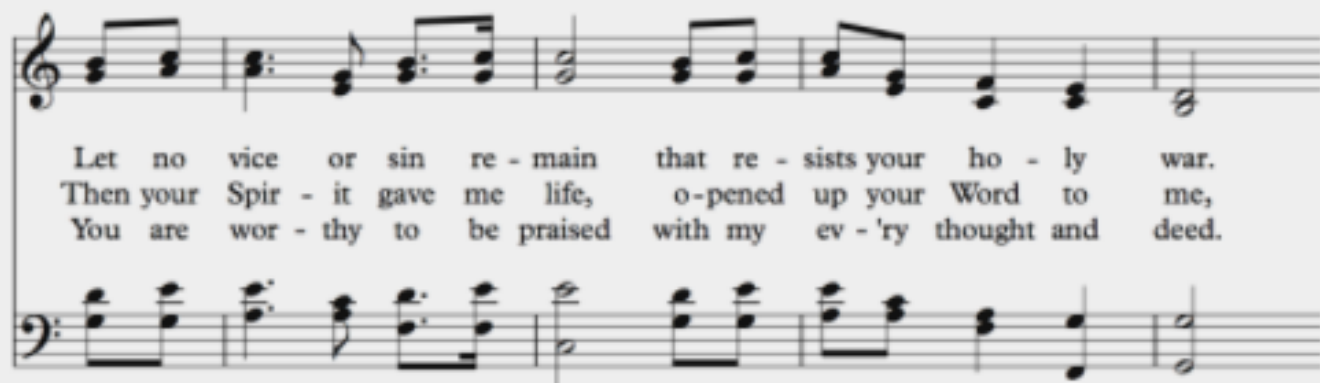
Music: "Dundee," Scottish Psalter (1615), Public Domain

O Great God


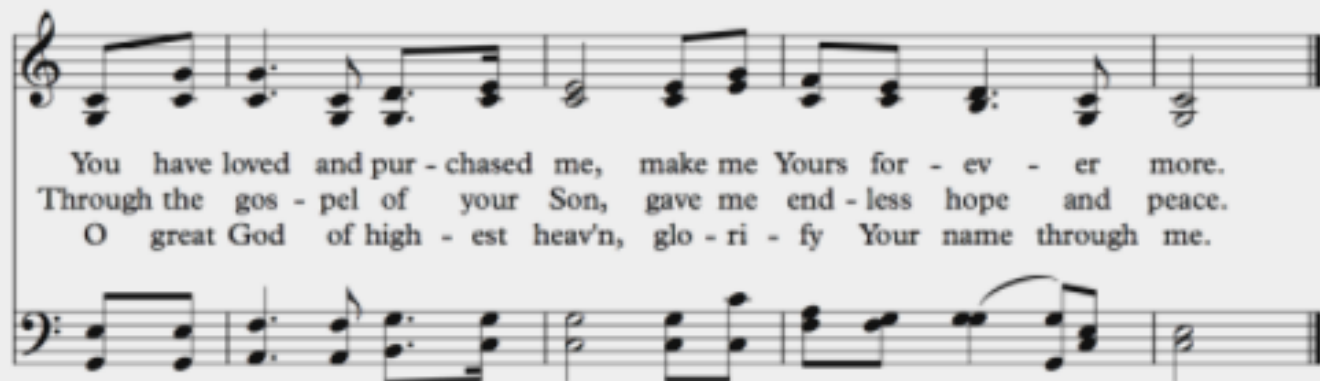
1. O great God of high - est heav'n, oc - cu - py my low - ly heart.  
 2. I was blind - ed by my sin, had no ears to hear your voice,  
 3. Help me now to live a life that's de - pend - ent on your grace.



Own it all and reign su - preme, con - quer ev - 'ry re - bel pow'r.  
 Did not know your love with - in, had no taste for heav - en's joys.  
 Keep my heart and guard my soul from the e - vils that I face.



Let no vice or sin re - main that re - sists your ho - ly war.  
 Then your Spir - it gave me life, o - pened up your Word to me,  
 You are wor - thy to be praised with my ev - 'ry thought and deed.



You have loved and pur - chased me, make me Yours for - ev - er more.  
 Through the gos - pel of your Son, gave me end - less hope and peace.  
 O great God of high - est heav'n, glo - ri - fy Your name through me.

## Preparation Music

## O How I Love Jesus

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;  
 2. It tells me of a Sav - ior's love, Who died to set me free;  
 3. It tells me what my Fa - ther hath In store for ev - ery day  
 4. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my deep - est woe,

It sounds like mu - sic in my ear, The sweet - est name on earth.  
 It tells me of His pre - cious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.  
 And, tho' I tread a dark - some path, Yields sun - shine all the way.  
 Who in each sor - row bears a part That none can bear be - low.

*Refrain*

O how I love Je - sus! O how I love Je - sus!

O how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first loved me!

# CAROL\* | O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

576

\*Congregation rises to sing at the end of the one-verse instrumental introduction

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!  
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n!  
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;  
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love.  
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n.  
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day!

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;  
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,  
 No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,  
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!  
 Where meek souls will re - ceive Him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.  
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im - man - u - el!



# O Little Town of Bethlehem

*Bethlehem Ephrathah, though you are small ... out of you will come for me one who will be ruler over Israel, whose origins are from of old, from ancient times. Mic. 5:2*

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie;  
 2. For Christ is born of Mar - y; and gath - ered all a - bove,  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, the won - drous gift is giv'n!  
 4. O ho - ly child of Beth - le - hem, de - scend to us, we pray;

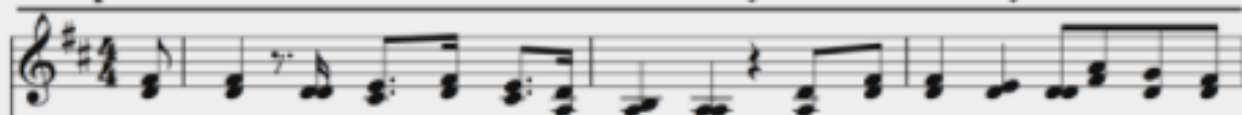
a - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the si - lent stars go by:  
 while mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their watch of won - d'ring love.  
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of his heav'n.  
 cast out our sin and en - ter in; be born in us to - day.

yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the ev - er - last - ing Light;  
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er pro - claim the ho - ly birth!  
 No ear may hear his com - ing, but in this world of sin,  
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels the great glad tid - ings tell;

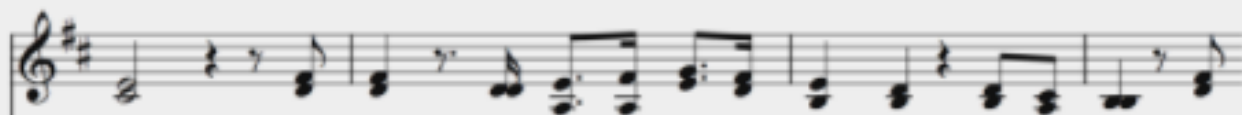
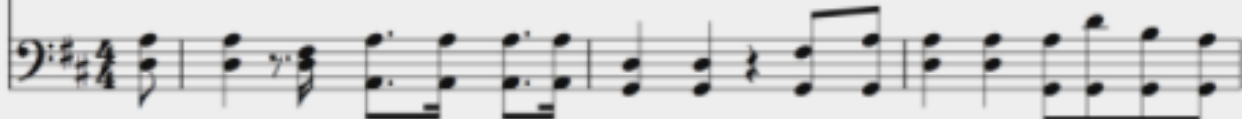
the hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.  
 And prais - es sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth.  
 where meek souls will re - ceive him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.  
 O come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el.

## Preparation Music

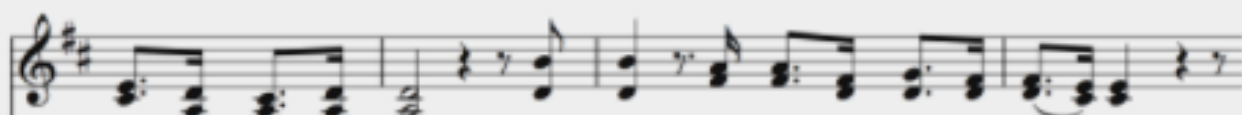
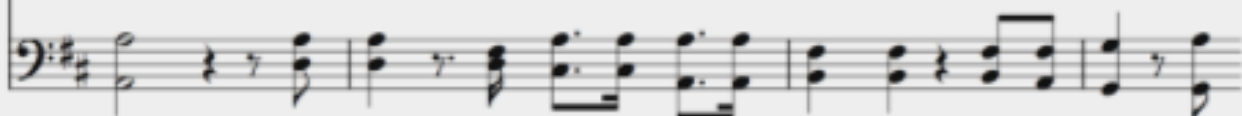
## O Lord, My Rock and My Redeemer



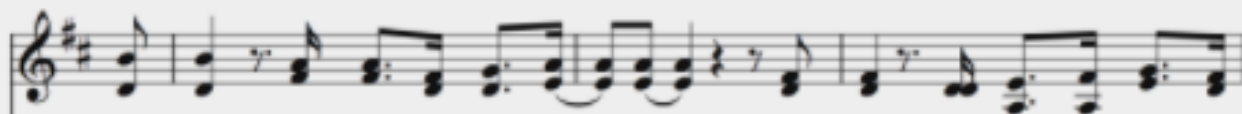
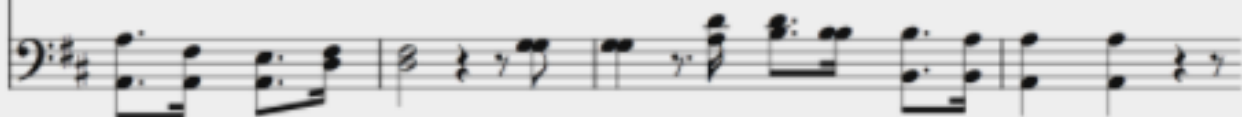
1. O Lord, my Rock and my Re-deem-er, Great-est trea-sure of my long-ing  
 2. O Lord, my Rock and my Re-deem-er, Strong de-fend-er of my wea-ry  
 3. O Lord, my Rock and my Re-deem-er, Gra-cious Sa-vior of my ru-ined



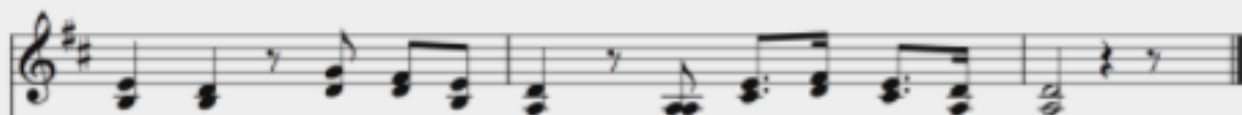
soul, My God, like You there is no oth-er; True de-light is  
 heart, My sword to fight the cruel de- ceiv- er, And my shield a-  
 life, My guilt and cross laid on Your shoul- ders, In my place You



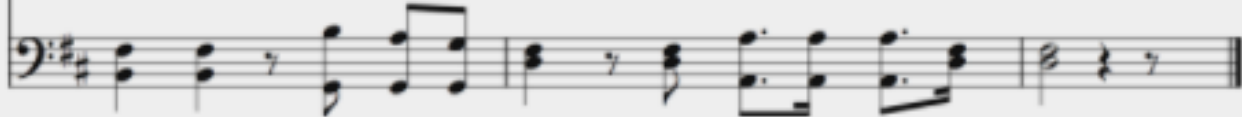
found in You a- lone. Your grace, a well too deep to fath- om,  
 gainst his hate- ful darts. My song when en- e- mies surround me,  
 suf- fered, bled, and died. You rose, the grave and death are con- quered;



Your love ex- ceeds the heav- ens' reach; Your truth, a fount of per- fect  
 My hope when tides of sor- row rise; My joy when tri- als are a-  
 You broke my bonds of sin and shame. O Lord, My Rock and my Re



wis- dom, My high-est good, and my un- end- ing need.  
 bound- ing, Your faith- ful- ness, my ref- uge in the night.  
 deem- er, May all my days bring glo- ry to Your Name.

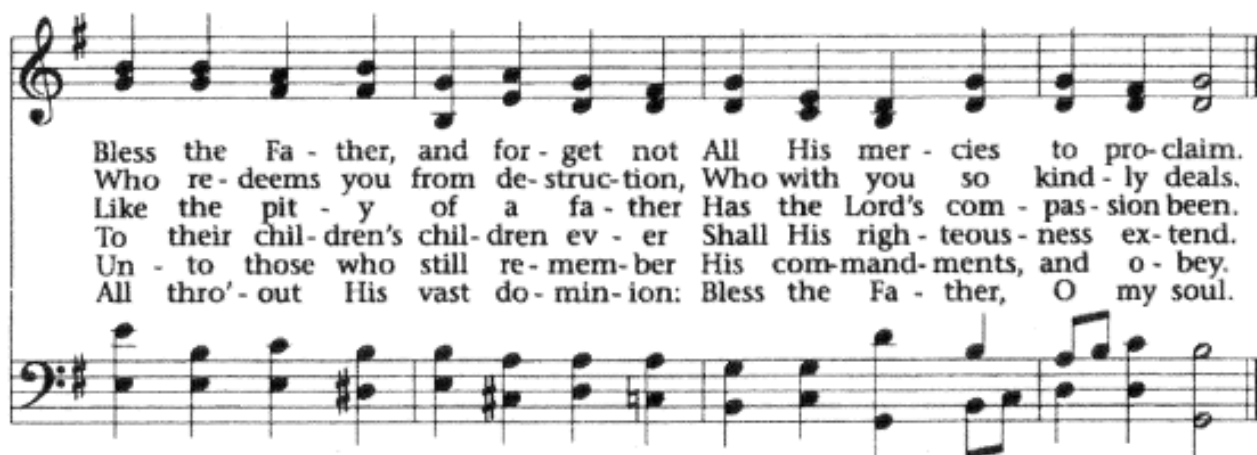


Words and Music: Nathan Stiff. © 2017 Sovereign Grace Worship (ASCAP) (CCLI# 264766)

## O My Soul, Bless God the Father



1. O my soul, bless God the Fa - ther; All with - in me bless His name;  
 2. Who for - gives all your trans - gres - sions, Your dis - eas - es all who heals;  
 3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He has put a - way our sin;  
 4. As it was with - out be - gin - ning, So it lasts with - out an end;  
 5. Un - to such as keep His cov - 'nant And are stead - fast in His way;  
 6. Bless the Fa - ther, all His crea - tures, Ev - er un - der His con - trol,



Bless the Fa - ther, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.  
 Who re - deems you from de - struc - tion, Who with you so kind - ly deals.  
 Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Has the Lord's com - pas - sion been.  
 To their chil - dren's chil - dren ev - er Shall His righ - teous - ness ex - tend.  
 Un - to those who still re - mem - ber His com - mand - ments, and o - bey.  
 All thro' - out His vast do - min - ion: Bless the Fa - ther, O my soul.

## Preparation Music

## O Praise the Name

1. I cast my mind to Cal - va - ry, Where Je - sus bled  
 2. His bod - y bound and drenched in tears, They laid Him down  
 3. Then on the third, at break of dawn, The Son of heav -  
 4. He shall re - turn in robes of white, The blaz - ing sun

and died for me. I see His wounds, His hands, His feet:  
 in Jo - seph's tomb. The en - trance sealed by heav - y stone,  
 en rose a - gain. O tram - pled death, where is your sting?  
 shall pierce the night. And I will rise a - mong the saints,

1. My Sav - ior on that curs - ed tree,  
 Mes - si - ah still and all a - lone. *O praise the name of the*  
 The an - gels roar for Christ the King.  
 My gaze trans - fixed on Je - sus' face.

2, 3, 4.

Lord our God! *O praise His name for - ev - er - more; For*

end - less days we will sing Your praise, O Lord, O Lord, our God!

Words and Music: Benjamin Hastings, Dean Usher, © 2015, admin. by Capitol CMG Publishing (CCLI# 264766)

## O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

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!  
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;  
 O make me Thine for - ev - er, And should I faint - ing be,

How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!  
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.  
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.

Words: P. Gerhardt (1607-1676), based on a Medieval Latin poem

Music: melody by H.L. Hassler (1564-1612), harmony by J.S. Bach (1685-1750) Public Domain

## O Splendor of God's Glory Bright

1. O Splen - dor of God's glo - ry bright,  
 2. Come, ver - y Sun of heav - en's love,  
 3. And now to you our prayers as - cend,  
 4. Con - firm our will to do the right.  
 5. O joy - ful be the pas - sing day  
 6. Dawn's glo - ry gilds the earth and skies,

From light e - ter - nal bring - ing light,  
 In last - ing ra - diance from a - bove,  
 O Fa - ther, glo - rious with - out end;  
 And keep our hearts from en - vy's blight;  
 With thoughts as pure as morn - ing's ray,  
 Let him, our per - fect Morn a - rise,

O Light of light, light's liv - ing Spring.  
 And pour the Ho - ly Spir - it's ray  
 We plead with Sov - ereign Grace for pow'r  
 Let faith her ea - ger fires re - new.  
 With faith like noon - tide shin - ing bright,  
 The Word in God the Fa - ther one,

True Day, all days il - lu - min - ing:  
 On all we think or do to - day.  
 To con - quer in temp - ta - tion's hour.  
 And hate the false, and love the true.  
 Our souls un - shad - owed by the night.  
 The Fa - ther im - aged in the Son.

Words: Ambrose of Milan (340-397), Trans. Louis F. Benson (1910, alt. 1990);  
 Music: "Musikalisches Handbuch," Hamburg (1690), Public Domain

## O the Deep, Deep Love of Jesus

1. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus, Vast, un - mea - sured,  
 2. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus, Spread his praise from  
 3. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus, Love of e - v'ry

bound - less, free; Rol - ling as a might - y o - cean In its  
 shore to shore; How he lov - eth, e - ver lov - eth, Chang - eth  
 love the best; 'Tis an o - cean vast of bles - sing, 'Tis a

full - ness o - ver me. Un - der - neath me, all a - round me,  
 ne - ver, ne - ver - more: How He watch - es o'er His loved ones,  
 ha - ven sweet of rest. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus,

Is the cur - rent of Thy love; Lead - ing on - ward,  
 Died to call them all His own; How for them He  
 'Tis a heav'n of heav'ns to me; And it lifts me

lead - ing home - ward, To my glo - rious rest a - bove.  
 in - ter - ced - eth, Watch - eth o'er them from the throne.  
 up to glo - ry, For it lifts me up to Thee.

Words: S. Trevor Francis (1834-1925); Music: Thomas Williams (1869-1944), Public Domain

**O Worship the King**

Adapted from: 1833 Hymn by Robert Grant

Ab Db Eb  
O worship the King all glorious above,

Ab Eb Ab  
O gratefully sing his pow'r and his love;

Eb7  
Our shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,

Ab Eb7 Ab  
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

Ab Db Eb  
O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,

Ab Eb Ab  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.

Eb7  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,

Ab Eb7 Ab  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

Chorus: Db2 Fm7  
You alone are the matchless King,

Bbm7 Ab/C  
To You alone be all majesty.

Db2 Fm7  
Your glories and wonders, what tongue can recite?

Bbm7 Ab/C  
You breathe in the air,

Db2  
You shine in the light.



**O Worship the King (page 2 of 2)**

Ab Db Eb  
Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,

Ab Eb Ab  
In You do we trust, nor find You to fail;

Eb7  
Your mercies how tender, how firm to the end.

Ab Eb7 Ab  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

Chorus: Db2 Fm7  
You alone are the matchless King,

Bbm7 Ab/C  
To You alone be all majesty.

Db2 Fm7  
Your glories and wonders, what tongue can recite?

Bbm7 Ab/C  
You breathe in the air,

Db2  
You shine in the light.

Ab Db Eb  
O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!

Ab Eb Ab  
While angels delight to hymn You above,

Eb7  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,

Ab Eb7 Ab  
With true adoration shall lisp to your praise.

**O Worship the King**

Adapted from: 1833 Hymn by Robert Grant

**GUITAR****CAPO 1**

(True key is Ab)

G C D  
O worship the King all glorious above,

G D G  
O gratefully sing his pow'r and his love;

D7  
Our shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,

G D7 G  
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

G C D  
O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,

G D G  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.

D7  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,

G D7 G  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

Chorus: C2 Em7  
You alone are the matchless King,

Am7 G/B  
To You alone be all majesty.

C2 Em7  
Your glories and wonders, what tongue can recite?

Am7 G/B  
You breathe in the air,

C2  
You shine in the light.

**O Worship the King (page 2 of 2)****GUITAR**  
CAPO 1

G C D  
Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,

G D G  
In You do we trust, nor find You to fail;

D7  
Your mercies how tender, how firm to the end.

G D7 G  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

Chorus: C2 Em7  
You alone are the matchless King,

Am7 G/B  
To You alone be all majesty.

C2 Em7  
Your glories and wonders, what tongue can recite?

Am7 G/B  
You breathe in the air,

C2  
You shine in the light.

G C D  
O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!

G D G  
While angels delight to hymn You above,

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The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,

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**O Worship the King**

Adapted from: 1833 Hymn by Robert Grant

**GUITAR****CAPO 1**

(True key is Ab)

G C D  
O worship the King all glorious above,

G D G  
O gratefully sing his pow'r and his love;

D7  
Our shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,

G D7 G  
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

G C D  
O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,

G D G  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.

D7  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,

G D7 G  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

Chorus: C2 Em7  
You alone are the matchless King,

Am7 G/B  
To You alone be all majesty.

C2 Em7  
Your glories and wonders, what tongue can recite?

Am7 G/B  
You breathe in the air,

C2  
You shine in the light.

**O Worship the King (page 2 of 2)****GUITAR**  
CAPO 1

G C D  
Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,

G D G  
In You do we trust, nor find You to fail;

D7  
Your mercies how tender, how firm to the end.

G D7 G  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

Chorus: C2 Em7  
You alone are the matchless King,

Am7 G/B  
To You alone be all majesty.

C2 Em7  
Your glories and wonders, what tongue can recite?

Am7 G/B  
You breathe in the air,

C2  
You shine in the light.

G C D  
O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!

G D G  
While angels delight to hymn You above,

D7  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,

G D7 G  
With true adoration shall lisp to your praise.

## O Worship the King

1. O wor-ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly  
 2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the  
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the  
 4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the  
 light, whose can - o - py space! His char - iots of wrath the deep  
 air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -  
 trust, nor find Thee to fail: Thy mer - cies how ten - der, how

An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.  
 thun - der - clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
 scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.  
 firm to the end, Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

Words: Robert Grant (1779-1838)

Music: Attr. Johann Michael Haydn (1737-1806), in William Gardiner's Sacred Melodies (1815), Public Domain

## O CHRIST OUR KING

Words by Gregory the Great  
 Trans. by Ray Palmer  
 Music by Stephen Barnes

Capo II  
 Low E Open

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of five systems of music, each with a guitar chord indicated above the staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system starts with a D chord and includes three verses of lyrics. The second system starts with a D chord and continues the lyrics. The third system starts with a G chord and continues the lyrics. The fourth system starts with a G chord and continues the lyrics. The fifth system starts with a D chord and includes a final line of lyrics and a double bar line.

D A7 Asus A7 D A7 Asus A7

1. O Christ, our King, Cre - a - tor, Lord,  
 2. In Thy dear cross a grace is found  
 3. Thou didst cre - ate the stars of night

5 D A7 Asus A7 D A7 Asus A7

Sa - vior of all who trust Thy word,  
 It flows from ev - ery stream - ing wound  
 Yet Thou hast veiled in flesh Thy light

9 G A

To them who seek Thee e - ver near  
 Whose power our in - bred sin con - trols  
 Hast deigned a mor - tal form to wear

11 G A Asus A7

Now to our prai - ses and bend thine ear  
 Breaks the firm bond pain - ful frees our souls  
 A mor - tal's pain - ful lot to bear

13 D A7 Asus A7

4. When Thou didst hang upon the tree  
 The quaking earth acknowledged Thee  
 When Thou didst there yield up Thy breath  
 The world grew dark as shades of death

5. Now in the Father's glory high  
 Great Conqueror never more to die  
 Us by Thy mighty power defend  
 And reign through ages without end  
 And reign through ages without end  
 And reign through ages without end

# O COME AND MOURN WITH ME A WHILE

Words by Frederick Faber  
Music by Eric Ashley

C G/B Am Em

1.O come and mourn with me, a - while O  
2.Sev'n times he spake sev'n words of love, And  
3.O break, O break, hard heart of mine! Thy  
4.A bro - ken heart, a fount of tears, Ask

4 F G C G

come ye to the Sa - vior's side? Oh  
all three hours his and si - lence cried For  
weak self - love and not guilt be - ty pride His  
and they will will and not be de - nied A

6 C G/B Am Em

come to - ge - ther let us mourn, Je -  
mer - cy on the souls of men, Je -  
Pi - late and his Ju - das were, Je -  
bro - ken heart love's cra - dle is, Je -

8 F G C<sub>1,3</sub> C<sub>2,4</sub>

sus our Lord is cru - ci - fied O  
sus our Lord is cru - ci - fied!  
sus our Lord is cru - ci - fied!  
sus our Lord is cru - ci - fied!

11 G F C Am

Love of God, O sin - of man! In this dread act your strength

14 G/B C G/B

is tried and vic - to - ry re - mains

16 Am Em F G C

with love, Je - sus, our Lord is cru - ci - fied



# O Come and Mourn With Me A While

Words by **FREDERICK FABER**  
 Music by **ERIC ASHLEY**

♩ = 82

C G/B A m E m F G

4

1. O come and mourn with me a while, O  
 2. Sev'n times He spake sev'n words of love, and  
 3. O break, O break, hard heart of mine! Thy  
 4. A brok - en heart, a fount of tears, ask

C G C G/B A m E m

7

come ye to the Sa - vior's side. O  
 all three hours His si - lence cried. For  
 weak self love and not guil - ty pride. His  
 and they will G be C de - nied. A

9

come to - geth - er let us mourn,  
mer - cy on the souls of men,  
Pi - late and His Ju - das were,  
brok - en heart love's crad le is, Je -

C G/B A m E m

11

1, 3.

sus our Lord is cru - ci - fied.

2. Sev'n  
4. A

F G C 1, 3.

13

2, 4.

O Love of God, O sin of man! In

C 2, 4. G F C

16

this dread act — your strength — is tried. — And vic - to - ry — re - mains —

Am G/B C G/B

19

— with — love, — Je - sus our Lord is cru - ci - fied. (1x) 3. O

Am Em F G C

## O Day of Rest and Gladness

©1997 Christopher Miner Music. Words: Christopher Wordsworth.  
Music: Christopher Miner.

E B E  
1. O day of rest and gladness,

A B E  
O day of joy and light,

E B E  
O balm of care and sadness,  
A B E

Most beautiful, most bright:

B E  
On Thee, the high and lowly,  
C#m A

Through ages joined in tune,  
B A

Sing holy, holy, holy,  
B A B E

To the great God Triune.

2. On Thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On Thee, for our salvation,  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On Thee, our Lord, victorious,  
The Spirit sent from heav'n,  
And thus on Thee, most glorious,  
A triple light was giv'n.

3. Thou art a port protected  
From storms that round us rise;  
A garden intersected  
With streams of paradise;  
Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry dreary sand;  
From Thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land.

4. Today on weary nations  
The heav'nly manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing,  
With soul-refreshing streams.

5. New graces ever gaining  
From this, our day of rest,  
We reach the rest remaining  
To spirits of the blessed.  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father, and to Son;  
The church her voice upraises  
To Thee, blessed Three in One.

## O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

Words by Christopher Wordsworth  
 Music by Christopher Miner

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O  
 2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion The  
 3. Thou art a port pro - tect - ed From

5 day of joy and light O balm of care and sad - ness, Most  
 light first had Its birth; On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ  
 storms that round us rise; A gar - den in - ter - sect - ed With

9 beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee the high and low - ly, Through  
 rose from depths of - earth; Thou thee our Lord, vic - tor - ious The  
 streams of Par - a - dise; On thee art a cool - ing foun - tain In

13 a - ges joined in tune, Sing And Ho - ly, Ho - ly, most  
 Spir - it dry, sent from heav'n sand; From thus, on thee, most  
 life's dry, drear - y sand; From thus, on like Pis - gah's

16 Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une  
 glor - i - ous, A the tri - ple our light was - une  
 moun - tain, We view our prom - ised - giv'n  
 land.

4. Today on weary nations,  
 The heav'nly manna falls:  
 To holy convocations,  
 The silver trumpet calls,  
 Where gospel light is glowing  
 With pure and radiant beams  
 And living water flowing,  
 With soul refreshing streams.

5. New graces ever gaining,  
 From this our day of rest,  
 We reach the rest remaining,  
 To spirits of the blest.  
 To Holy Ghost be praises,  
 To Father, and to Son;  
 The church her voice upraises,  
 To thee, blest Three in One.

## O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

Words by Christopher Wordsworth  
 Music by Christopher Miner



1. O day of rest and glad-ness,  
 2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion  
 3. Thou art a pro-tect-ed From

5 day of joy and light O balm of care and sad-ness, Most  
 light first had Its birth; On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ  
 storms that round us rise; A gar-den in-ter-sect-ed With

9 beau-ti-ful most bright; On thee the high and low-ly, Through  
 streams of depths of earth; Thou art our Lord, vic-tor-ious The  
 Par-a-dise; a cool-ing foun-tain In

13 a-ges joined in tune, Sing And Ho-ly, Ho-ly,  
 Spir-it sent from heav'n heav'n sand; And thus, on thee, most  
 life's dry, drear-y Pis-gah's From thee, on like Pis-gah's

16 Ho-ly, To the great God Tri-une  
 glor-ious, A We tri-ple our light was giv'n.  
 moun-tain, We view our prom-ised land.

4. Today on weary nations,  
 The heav'nly manna falls:  
 To holy convocations,  
 The silver trumpet calls,  
 Where gospel light is glowing  
 With pure and radiant beams  
 And living water flowing,  
 With soul refreshing streams.

5. New graces ever gaining,  
 From this our day of rest,  
 We reach the rest remaining,  
 To spirits of the blest.  
 To Holy Ghost be praises,  
 To Father, and to Son;  
 The church her voice upraises,  
 To thee, blest Three in One.

# O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

Words by Christopher Wordsworth  
Music by Christopher Miner

E E E B E

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O  
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion The  
3. Thou art a port pro - tect - ed From

A B E E B E

5  
day of joy and light O balm of care and sad-ness, Most  
light first had Its birth; On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ  
storms that round us rise; A gar - den in - ter - sect - ed With

4. Today on weary nations,  
The heav'nly manna falls:  
To holy convocations,  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams  
And living water flowing,  
With soul refreshing streams.

5. New graces ever gaining,  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the rest remaining,  
To spirits of the blest.  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father, and to Son;  
The church her voice upraises,  
To thee, blest Three in One.

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9            A            B            E            B            E

beau - ti - ful, most            bright;  
 rose from depths of            earth;  
 streams of Par - a -            dise;

On thee the high and low - ly, Through  
 On our Lord, vic - tor - ious The  
 Thou art a cool - ing foun - tain In

13            C#m            A            B

a - ges joined in            tune,            Sing            Ho - ly,            Ho - ly,  
 Spir - it sent from            heav'n            And            on            thee, most  
 life's dry,            drear - y            sand;            From            thee,            like            Pis - gah's

16            A            B            A            B            E

Ho - ly,            To            the great God Tri - une  
 glor - i - ous,            A            tri - ple light was            giv'n.  
 moun - tain,            We            view our prom - ised            land.



## Ode to Joy

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Arranged William Wallace

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The first system of musical notation for 'Ode to Joy' is presented in a grand staff with two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music consists of a series of chords: the first staff has chords on G4, A4, B4, and C5, while the second staff has chords on G3, A3, B3, and C4. The first measure contains four chords, and the second measure contains four chords.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The first staff features a melodic line with notes G4, A4, B4, and C5, followed by a quarter rest. The second staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with notes G3, A3, B3, and C4. The first measure contains four chords, and the second measure contains four chords.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. The first staff features a melodic line with notes G4, A4, B4, and C5, followed by a quarter rest. The second staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with notes G3, A3, B3, and C4. The first measure contains four chords, and the second measure contains four chords.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. The first staff features a melodic line with notes G4, A4, B4, and C5, followed by a quarter rest. The second staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with notes G3, A3, B3, and C4. The first measure contains four chords, and the second measure contains four chords.

The fifth system of musical notation continues the piece. The first staff features a melodic line with notes G4, A4, B4, and C5, followed by a quarter rest. The second staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with notes G3, A3, B3, and C4. The first measure contains four chords, and the second measure contains four chords.



God, all nature sings Thy glory, and Thy works proclaim Thy might;  
 Ordered vastness in the heavens, ordered course of day and night;  
 Beauty in the changing seasons, beauty in the storming sea;  
 All the changing moods of nature praise the changeless Trinity.

Clearer still we see Thy hand in man whom Thou hast made for Thee;  
 Ruler of creation's glory, image of Thy majesty.  
 Music, art, the fruitful garden, all the labor of his days,  
 Are the calling of his Maker to the harvest feast of praise.

But our sins have spoiled Thine image; nature, conscience only serve  
 As unceasing, grim reminders of the wrath which we deserve.  
 Yet Thy grace and saving mercy in Thy Word of truth revealed  
 Claim the praise of all who know Thee, in the blood of Jesus sealed.

God of glory, power, mercy, all creation praises Thee;  
 We, Thy creatures, would adore Thee now and through eternity.  
 Saved to magnify Thy goodness, grant us strength to do Thy will;  
 With our acts as with our voices Thy commandments to fulfill.

## Of the Father's Love Begotten

Unison

1. Of the Fa-ther's love be - got - ten, Ere the worlds be - gan to be,  
 2. O ye heights of heav'n a - dore Him; An - gel hosts, His prais - es sing;  
 3. Christ, to Thee with God the Fa - ther, And, O Ho - ly Ghost, to Thee,

He is Al - pha and O - me - ga, He the source, the  
 Pow'rs, do - min - ions, bow be - fore - Him, And ex - tol our  
 Hymn and chant and high thanks - giv - ing And un - wea - ried

end - ing He, Of the things that are, that have been,  
 God and King; Let no tongue on earth be si - lent,  
 prais - es be: Hon - or, glo - ry, and do - min - ion,

And that fu - ture years shall see, Ev - er - more and ev - er - more!  
 Ev - 'ry voice in con - cert ring, Ev - er - more and ev - er - more!  
 And e - ter - nal vic - to - ry, Ev - er - more and ev - er - more!

Words: Aurelius Prudentius (348-413); Tr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866) & H. W. Baker (1821-1877), Public Domain  
 Music: 13<sup>th</sup> c. Plainsong Melody; arr. Mark Blankenship (b. 1943), © 1991 McKinney Music, Inc. (CCLI # 264766)

# O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING

Words by Charles Wesley  
Music by Kevin Twit

E G D A

1. O for a thou sand tongues to sing,  
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God,  
3. Je - sus the Name that of charms our fears,  
4. He breaks the power of can - celed sin

3 E D G A

My great Re - deem - er's praise  
As - sist to pro - claim  
That bids set our the sor - rows cease  
He sets the pris - oner free

5 E G D A

The glor - ies of all my God and a King,  
To spread through of all the earth a broad,  
'Tis mu - sic in make the the sin - ner's ears,  
His blood can make the the foul - est clean,

7 E D A G

The tri - umphs of His  
The hon - ors of Thy  
'Tis life and health and  
His blood a - vailed for

9 E G D A E G D A

grace (To Verse)  
Name (To Chorus)  
peace (To Verse)  
me (To Chorus)

13 G D

(Women) O for a thou - sand tongues  
(Men) O for a thou - sand tongues

5. He speaks, and listening to His voice,  
New life the dead receive  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice  
The humble poor believe (To Verse)

6. Hear Him ye deaf, His praise ye dumb  
Your loosened tongues employ  
Ye blind, behold your Savior come  
And leap, ye lame, for joy (To Chorus)

15 sand tongues O for a thou -

O for a thou - sand tongues

17 sand tongues tongues to

O for a thou - sand tongues to

19 sing

sing

# O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING

Words by Charles Wesley  
 Music by Kevin Twit

Driving rock ♩ = 140-141

Piano *mf*

Pno.



8 E G D A

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing,
2. My gracious Master and my God,
3. Je - sus the Name that charms our fears,
4. He breaks the power of can - celed sin

Pno.

11 E D G A E G

— My great Re - deem - er's praise — The glor - ies of —  
 — As - sist me to pro - claim — To spread through all —  
 — That bids our sor - rows cease — 'Tis mu - sic in —  
 — He sets the pris - oner free — His blood can make —

Pno.

14 A E D A G

— my God and King, — The tri - umphs of — His —  
 — the earth a - broad, — The hon - ors of — Thy —  
 — the sin - ner's ears, — 'Tis life and health — and —  
 — the foul - est clean, — His blood a - vailed — for —

Pno.

1, 3

17 E G D A E G D

grace (To Verse)  
 Name (To Chorus)  
 peace (To Verse)  
 me (To Chorus)

Pno.

20 A E 2, 4 G D A

grace of grace  
Name of Thy  
peace (To Verse)  
me (To Chorus)

Piano accompaniment for measures 20-22, featuring chords A, E 2, 4, G, D, and A.

23 G D

(Women) O for a thou -

(Men) O for a thou - sand tongues

Piano accompaniment for measures 23-24, featuring chords G and D.

25 G D

O for a thou - sand tongues

O for a thou - sand tongues

Piano accompaniment for measures 25-26, featuring chords G and D.





36

sand — tongues — O for — a — thou -

Pno.

O — for — a — thou - sand — tongues — to

38

sand — tongues — O for — a — thou - sand — tongues — to

Pno.

sing

41

sing a thou - sand tongues to sing

Pno.

44

a thou-sand tongues to sing a thou-sand tongues to

Pno.

47

sing a thou-sand tongues to sing

Pno.

5. He speaks, and listening to His voice,  
 New life the dead receive  
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice  
 The humble poor believe (*To Verse*)

6. Hear Him ye deaf, His praise ye dumb  
 Your loosened tongues employ  
 Ye blind, behold your Savior come  
 And leap, ye lame, for joy (*To Chorus*)

## O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

Words by Isaac Watts  
 Music by William Croft

1. O God, our help in ages past, Our  
 2. Be - neath the sha - dow of Thy throne, Thy  
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or

4. hope saints for have re - years dwelt to se - come, Our  
 earth have re - ceived her - cure; frame, From -

6. shel - ter from the storm arm - y a - blast, And  
 fi - cient - last - Thine ing Thou art - lone, And  
 ev - er - last - ing Thou art - lone, God, To

8. our e - ter - nal home!  
 our end - less - fense years is the sure.  
 end - less - fense years is the same.

4. Thy word commands our flesh to dust:  
 "Return, ye sons of men!"  
 All nations rose from earth at first  
 And turn to earth again.

5. A thousand ages in Thy sight  
 Are like an evening gone;  
 Short as the watch that ends the night  
 Before the rising sun.

6. O God our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home.

## OH THE DEEP, DEEP LOVE

Original words by Samuel Trevor Francis (1834-1925)

Music, chorus, and alternate words by Bob Kauflin

♩ = 73

Dsus4 D D2 D Dsus4/B Bm7 1. G2

5 2. G2 **VERSE** Dsus4 D D2 D

1. Oh the deep, deep love of Je - sus, vast un -  
 (2.) deep, deep love of Je - sus, spread His

8 F#m7 G2 Dsus4 D

mea - sured, bound - less, free, roll - ing as a might - y  
 praise from shore to shore, how He came to pay our

11 D2 D Em7 A/E D

o - cean in its full - ness o - ver me, un - der -  
 ran - som through the sa - ving cross He bore; how He

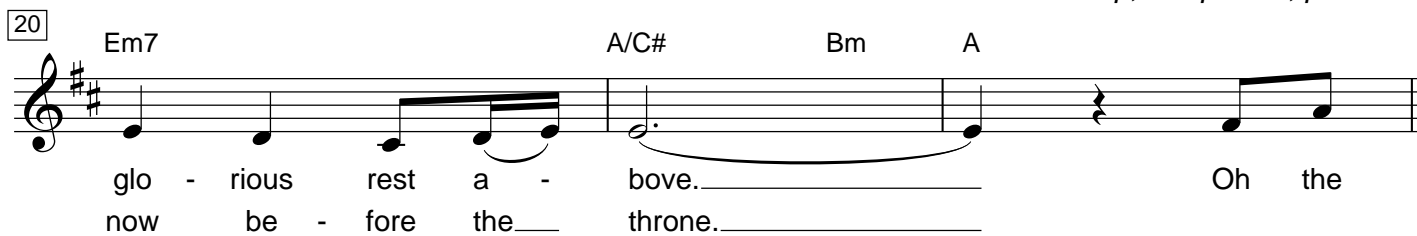
14 A/C# (Em) Bm G2

neath me, all a - round me is the cur - rent of Your\_  
 watch - es o'er His loved ones, those He died to make His\_\_

17 D A/C# (Em) G2

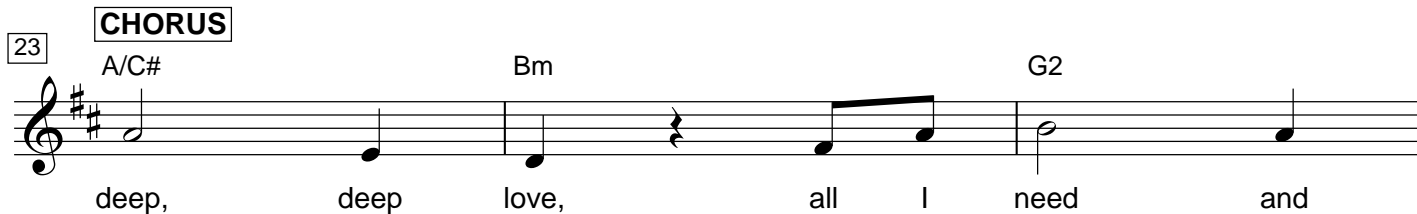
love, lead - ing on - ward, lead - ing home - ward to Your  
 own, how for them He's in - ter - ce - ding, plead - ing

20 Em7 A/C# Bm A



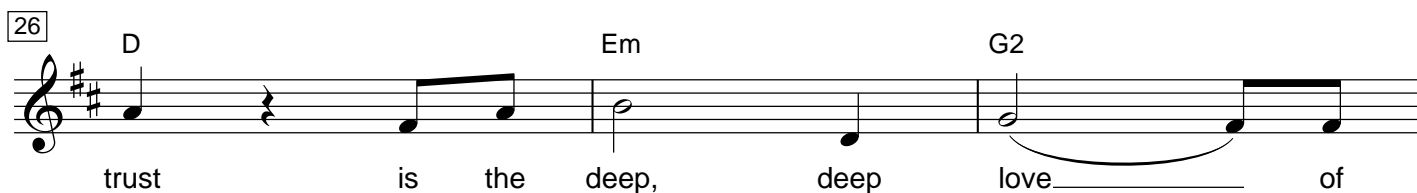
glo - rious rest a - bove. Oh the  
now be - fore the throne.

23 **CHORUS** A/C# Bm G2



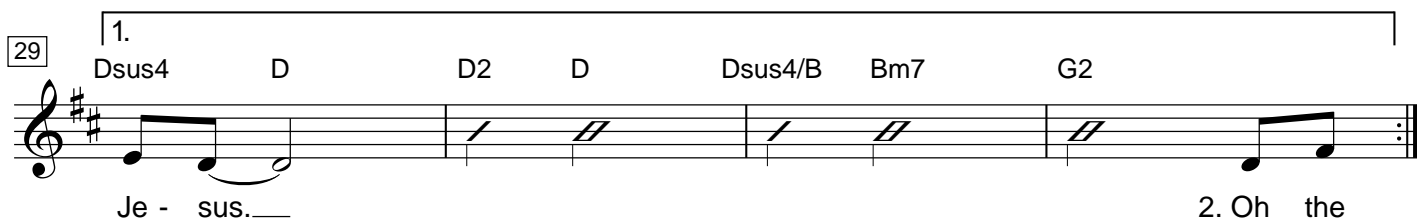
deep, deep love, all I need and

26 D Em G2



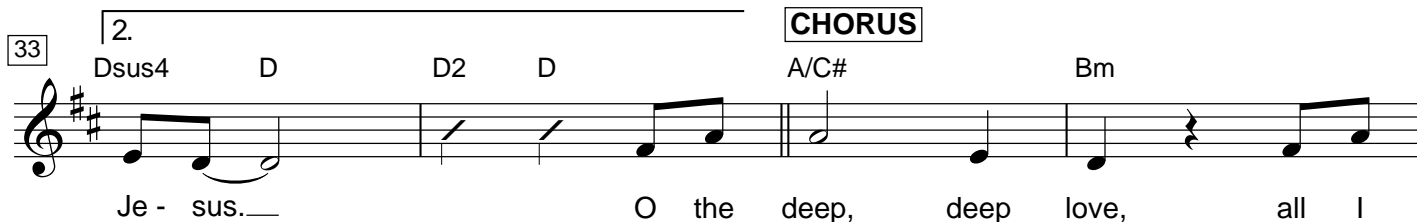
trust is the deep, deep love of

29 1. Dsus4 D D2 D Dsus4/B Bm7 G2



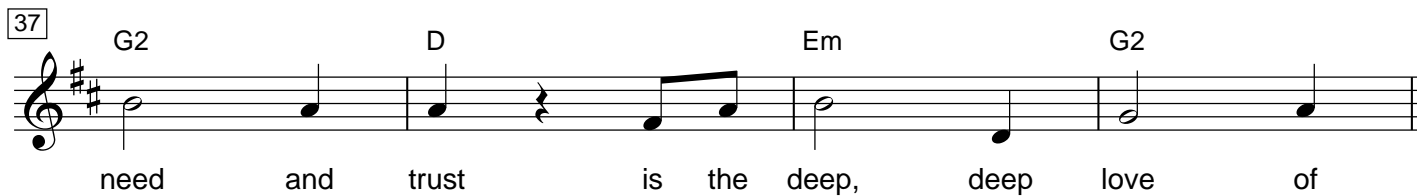
Je - sus. 2. Oh the

33 2. Dsus4 D D2 D **CHORUS** A/C# Bm



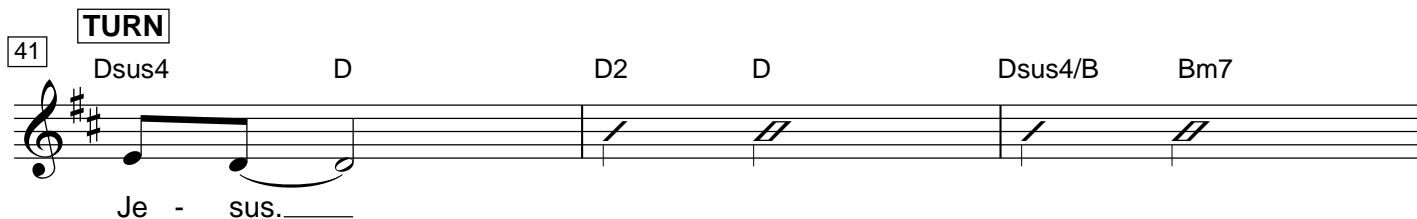
Je - sus. O the deep, deep love, all I

37 G2 D Em G2



need and trust is the deep, deep love of

41 **TURN** Dsus4 D D2 D Dsus4/B Bm7



Je - sus.

44 G2 Dsus4 D D2 D Dsus4/B Bm7 G2

3. Oh the

**VERSE 3**

49 Dsus4 D D2 D D2 G/D

deep, deep love of Je - sus, far sur - pass - ing all the rest, it's an

53 Dsus4 D D2 D Em7/D D

o - cean full of bless - ing in the midst of ev - ery test. Oh the

57 A/C# Bm G D

deep, deep love of Je - sus, might - y Sa - viour, pre - cious friend, You will

61 A/C# Em G Em7 A/C# Bm A

bring us home to glo - ry, where Your love will nev - er end. Oh the

**CHORUS**

66 A/C# Bm G2 D Em

deep, deep love, all I need and trust is the deep, deep

71 G2 Dsus4 D D2 D D

love of Je - sus. O the

# O Heart Bereaved and Lonely

Group Singing Key

Words by Fanny Crosby  
Music by Christopher Miner

A A Maj7 A D/A D/A A Maj7



4 A A A Maj7 A D/A



1. O heart be - reaved and lone - ly, Whose  
2. O cling to thy Re - deem - er, Thy  
3. Look up, the clouds are break - ing, The

7 D/A A Maj7 A D/A A Maj7 A A Maj7 A



bright - est dreams have fled, Whose hopes like sum - mer  
Sav - ior, Broth - er, Friend, Be - lieve and trust His  
strom will soon be o'er, And thou shall reach the

10 D/A D/A A Maj7 A



— ros es, Are with - ered crushed and dead; Though  
— prom - ise, To keep you till the end; O  
— ha - ven, Where sor - rows are no more; Look

13 A A aug D/A D/A A Maj7



link by link be bro - ken, And tears un - seen may  
watch and wait with pa - tience, And ques - tion all you  
up, be not dis - cour - aged; Trust on, what - e'er be -

16 A D/A A Maj7 A A Maj7 A D/A



— fall, Look up a - mid thy sor - row,  
— will, His arms of love and mer - cy,  
— fall, Re - mem - ber, O re - mem - ber,

19 D/A A Maj7 A A Maj7 A D/A D/A A Maj7 A



To Him who knows it all. 2. O  
Are round a - bout thee still. 3. Look  
Thy Sav - ior knows it all.

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# O Help My Unbelief

Real Key

Words by Isaac Watts  
Music by Justin Smith

B m7 F#m7

1. How sad \_\_\_ our state by na - ture is! \_\_\_ Our sin, \_\_\_  
 2. My soul \_\_\_ o - beys th'al-might - y call, \_\_\_ And runs \_\_\_  
 3. Stretch out \_\_\_ Thine arm, vic - tori - ous King, \_\_\_ My reign -

3 G A B m7

— how deep \_\_\_ it \_\_\_ stains! \_\_\_  
 — to this \_\_\_ re - lief. \_\_\_  
 — ing sins \_\_\_ sub - due; \_\_\_

5 B m7 F#m

And Sa - tan binds \_\_\_ our cap - tive minds \_\_\_ Fast in \_\_\_  
 I would \_\_\_ be - lieve \_\_\_ thy prom - ise, Lord; \_\_\_ O help \_\_\_  
 Drive the \_\_\_ old drag - - - on from \_\_\_ his seat, \_\_\_ With all \_\_\_

7 G A B m A

— his slav - - - ish \_\_\_ chains. \_\_\_  
 — my un - - - be - lief! \_\_\_  
 — his hell - - - ish \_\_\_ crew. \_\_\_

9 D F#m7

But there's \_\_\_ a voice \_\_\_ of sov'r - eign grace, \_\_\_ Sounds from \_\_\_  
 To the \_\_\_ dear foun - - tain of \_\_\_ thy blood, \_\_\_ In - car -  
 A guilt - y, weak, \_\_\_ and help - less worm, \_\_\_ On thy \_\_\_

11 G A B m7 A

— the sa - - - cred \_\_\_ word: \_\_\_  
 — - - nate God, \_\_\_ I \_\_\_ fly; \_\_\_  
 — kind arms \_\_\_ I \_\_\_ fall; \_\_\_

O Help My Unbelief 2

13 D F#m

"O, ye de - spair - - - ing sin - ners come, And trust  
 Here let me wash my spot - ted soul, From crimes  
 Be thou my strength and right - eous - ness, My Je -

15 G A B m7

up - on the Lord."  
 of deep - est dye.  
 sus, and my all.

17 B m7 A D F#m7

But there's a voice of sov'r - eign grace, Sounds from

20 G A B m7 A

the sa - - - cred word:

22 D F#m

"O, ye de - spair - - - ing sin - ners come, And trust

24 G A B m7

up - on the Lord."

Instrumental Riff

B m7 F#m7

G A B m7

# O LORD, OUR LORD, IN ALL THE EARTH

## (PSALM 8)

Words from the Scottish Psalter  
Music by Ian Fitchuk

Capo II



1. O Lord, our Lord, in all the earth, How Has Thy  
2. From lips of child - ren, Thou, O rous Lord, heavens, Thy  
3. ex - cel - lent strength Thy or - Name!  
migh - ty strength work on - dained,  
han - di - work high,

5. Thy glo - ry Thou has spread a be - far  
That ad - ver - sar - ies or - should dained by stilled  
Thee, The moon and stars - or - dained by stilled Thee,

7. In all the star - ry frame. **Chorus:** Lord, our  
And venge - ful is star - ry re - strained.  
O what ful is man, I cry.

9. Lord, in all the earth, How great is Thy Name! Thine the Name

13. of match - less worth, Ex - cel - lent in all the earth How great

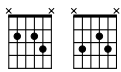
17. is Thy Name!

4. O what is man, in Thy regard  
To hold so large a place,  
And what the son of man, that Thou  
Dost visit him with grace

5. On man Thy wisdom has bestowed  
A power well nigh divine;  
With honor Thou has crowned his head  
With glory like to Thine.

6. Thy mighty works and wondrous grace  
Thy glory, Lord, proclaim.  
O Lord, our Lord, in all the earth,  
How excellent Thy Name!

D/B D/C



## O LOVE INCOMPREHENSIBLE

Words by Toplady (Chorus, vs. 3);  
Anne Steele (other verses)  
alt. by Kevin Twit  
Music by Kevin Twit

## Drop D Tuning

Chorus: O Love in-com-pre - hen - si-ble, That made Thee bleed for me

5 The Judge of all has suf-fered death, To set His pri-soner free

10  
1. What pain what soul - o - ppres - sing pain,  
2. A - rraigned at Pi - late's - shame - ful bar,  
3. The spot - less Sav - ior lived for me,

12  
The Un - Great Re - deem - er bore  
And died up - on the dis - grace!  
mount

14  
While bloo - dy sweat like drops of rain,  
See spot - less in - no - cence a - ppear,  
The o - be - dience of His life and death,

16  
Di - stilled from ev - ery pore!  
In - guilt's de - test - ed place  
Is placed to my a - ccount!

4. "Tis finished!" now aloud He cries,  
No more the Law requires  
And now (amazing sacrifice),  
The Lord of Life expires!

5. On Thee alone my hope relies,  
Beneath Thy cross I fall  
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,  
My Savior and my All!

## O LOVE THAT WILL NOT LET ME GO

Words by George Matheson  
 Music by Christopher Miner

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble clef staff containing rests and a piano accompaniment. The second system starts at measure 5 and includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The third system starts at measure 9 and includes a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment, and chord symbols (B, F#, E, B, /A#) above the vocal staff.

5

5

9

B F# E B /A#

Love that will not - let me go, I  
 Light that foll - ow'st all my way, I  
 Joy that seek - est me through pain, I  
 Cross that lift - est up my head, I

13 G#m F#/A# B E F#

rest my wear - y soul in thee; I  
yield my flick' - ring torch to thee; My  
can - not close my heart to thee; I  
dare not ask to fly from thee; I

17 B F# E B /A#

give thee back the li - fe I owe, That  
heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray, That  
trace the rain - bow through the rain, And  
lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And

21 G#m F#/A# B E F#

in thine o - cean depths its flow May  
in thy sun - shine's blaze its day May  
feel the prom - ise is not vain, That  
from the ground there bloss - oms red Life

25 C#m G#m F# F#/E

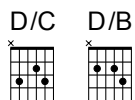
ri - cher, full - er be.  
brigh - ter, fair - er be.  
morn shall tear - less be.  
that shall end - less be.

29 F#/D# F# 1. 2. 3. 4.

1. 2. 3. 4.

*rit.*

# O LOVE THAT WILL NOT LET ME GO



Words by George Matheson  
Music by Christopher Miner

CAPO IV

G D C G /F#



1. O Love that will not let me go, I  
 2. O Light that foll - ow'st all my way, I  
 3. O Joy that seek - est me through pain, I  
 4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I

4 Em D/F# G C D



rest my wear - y soul in thee; I  
 yield my flick' - ring torch to thee; My  
 can - not close my heart to thee; I  
 dare not ask to fly from thee; I

6 G D C G /F#



give thee back the li - fe I owe, That  
 heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray, That  
 trace the rain - bow through the rain, And  
 lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And

8 Em D/F# G C D



in thine o - cean depths its flow May  
 in thy sun - shine's blaze its day May  
 feel the prom - ise is not vain, That  
 from the ground there bless - oms red Life

10 Am Em D D/C D/B D



ri - cher, full er - be.  
 brigh - ter, fair - er be.  
 morn - shall tear - less be.  
 that shall end - less be.



## On Christmas Night All Christians Sing

The angel said to them, "Do not be afraid. I bring you good news of great joy that will be for all the people." Luke 2:10

*Unison*

1. On Christ - mas night all Chris - tians sing, to hear the news the  
 2. Then why should men on earth be sad, since our Re - deem - er  
 3. When sin de - parts be - fore Your grace, then life and health come  
 4. All out of dark - ness we have light which made the an - gels

*Harmony*

an - gels bring; on Christ - mas night all Chris - tians sing, to  
 made us glad; then why should men on earth be sad, since  
 in its place; when sin de - parts be - fore Your grace, then  
 sing this night; all out of dark - ness we have light, which

*Unison*

hear the news the an - gels bring: news of great  
 our Re - deem - er made us glad, when from our  
 life and health come in its place; an - gels and  
 made the an - gels sing this night: "Glo - ry to

*Harmony*

joy, news of great mirth, news of our mer - ci - ful King's birth.  
 sin he set us free, all for to gain our lib - er - ty.  
 men with joy may sing, all for to see the new - born King.  
 God and peace to men, now and for - ev - er - more. A - men."

## On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand

1. On Jor-dan's storm - y banks I stand And cast a wish - ful eye  
 2. All o'er those wide - ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;  
 3. No chill - ing winds nor pois - 'nous breath Can reach that health - ful shore;  
 4. When shall I reach that hap - py place And be for - ev - er blest?

To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land Where my pos - ses - sions lie.  
 There God the Son for - ev - er reigns And scat - ters night a - way.  
 Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death Are felt and feared no more.  
 When shall I see my Fa - ther's face And in His bo - som rest?

I am bound for the prom - ised land, I am bound for the prom - ised land;

O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom - ised land.

*Words: Samuel Stennett (1727-1795)*

*Music: American Folk Hymn; arr. Rigdon M. McIntosh (1896-1899), Public Domain*

## Once in Royal David's City

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty, stood a low - ly cat - tle  
 2. He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is God and Lord of  
 3. And our eyes at last shall see Him through his own re - deem - ing  
 4. Not in that poor low - ly sta - ble, with the ox - en stand - ing

shed, Where a mo - ther laid her ba - by in a  
 all, And his shel - ter was a sta - ble, and His  
 love; For that child, so dear and gen - tle, is our  
 by, We shall see Him, but in heav - en, set at

man - ger for His bed. Ma - ry was that mo - ther  
 cra - dle was a stall; With the poor and meek and  
 Lord in heav - en a - bove; And he leads his chil - dren  
 God's right hand on high; When like stars His chil - dren

mild, Je - sus Christ, her lit - tle child.  
 lowly Lived on earth our Sav - ior holy.  
 on to the place where he has gone.  
 crowned, all in white shall wait a - round.

Words: Cecil F. Alexander (1818-1895); Music: Henry John Gauntlett (1805-1876), Public Domain

## Once More Dear God of Grace

*Text: William Gadsby (#642)*

*Music: Robert Turner, 2009*

*Prayer for the Presence and Blessing of Christ.—Exod xiii li*

**C** **DM**  
 [1] ONCE more, dear God of grace,  
**F** **G G7**  
 Thy earthly courts we tread;  
**C** **G G7**  
 We come to see thy face,  
**Am** **F**  
 And banquet with our Head:  
**Dm** **G** **F** **Am**  
 We long, we faint, we pant for thee:  
**Dm** **G** **G7** **C**  
 And hope that with us thou wilt be.

[2] Though base and vile we are,  
 Nor goodness have to bring,  
 We cannot well despair,  
 While Jesus is our King;  
 He welcomes all by sin oppress'd,  
 Upon his grace to come and feast.

[3] With Christ we would be fed;  
 By faith upon him live;  
 We wish no other bread,  
 And thou hast this to give:  
 Lord, fill us well with this rich food,  
 And let us drink thy precious blood.

## On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand

©1997 Christopher Miner Music. Words: Samuel Stennett. Music: Christopher Miner.

Capo II Low E Open

D G D  
 1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 D A  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 D G D  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 D Asus A D  
 Where my possessions lie.

2. All o'er those wide extended plains,  
 Shines one eternal day;  
 There God the Son forever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.

D A  
 CH: I am bound (*I am bound*) I am bound (*I am bound*)  
 G A D  
 I am bound for promised land,  
 D A  
 I am bound (*I am bound*) I am bound (*I am bound*)  
 G A D  
 I am bound for promised land.

3. No chilling winds nor poisonous breath  
 Can reach that healthful shore;  
 Sickness, sorrow, pain and death,  
 Are felt and feared no more.  
 (Repeat chorus)

4. When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be forever blessed?  
 When shall I see my Father's face,  
 And in His bosom rest?  
 (Repeat chorus)

## Real Key

E A E  
 1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 E B  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 E A E  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 E Bsus B E  
 Where my possessions lie.

E B  
 CH: I am bound (*I am bound*) I am bound (*I am bound*)  
 A B E  
 I am bound for promised land,  
 E B  
 I am bound (*I am bound*) I am bound (*I am bound*)  
 A B E  
 I am bound for promised land.

# ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS I STAND

Words by Samuel Stennett  
 Music by Christopher Miner  
 Arr. by Belmont RUF

Capo II  
 Low E Open

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a common time signature. It features guitar chords (D, G, A, Asus, D1) and lyrics for four different versions of the song. The score is divided into sections: a main melody, a bridge, and a chorus. The chorus includes a call-and-response section for men and women.

**Lyrics:**

1. On Jor - dan's stor - my banks I stand, And  
 2. All o'er those wide ex - ten - ded plains, Shines  
 3. No chill - ing winds nor pois - onous breath, Can  
 4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, Can

cast a wish - ful eye To Can - aan's fair and  
 one e - ter - nal day There God, the Son and  
 reach that health - ful shore, Sick - ness, sor - row,  
 be for - ev - er blessed When I see my

hap - py land, Where my po - sses - sions lie  
 ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a  
 pain and death, Are felt and feared no  
 Fa - ther's face, And in his bos - om

**Chorus**

way. (Men) I am (Women) I am bound, I am bound, I am bound I am  
 more. rest. bound, I am bound, I am bound, I am

bound for Prom - ised Land I am bound, I am bound, I am

bound, I am bound I am bound for Prom - ised Land

3. No  
 4. When

## ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS I STAND

Words by Samuel Stennett  
 Music by Christopher Miner

CAPO II  
 Low E Open

1. On Jor - dan's stor - my banks I stand, And  
 2. All o'er those wide ex - ten - ded plains, Shines  
 3. No chill - ing winds nor pois - onous breath, Can  
 4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And

cast a wish - ful eye To  
 one e - ter - nal day There  
 reach that health - ful shore, blessed  
 be for - ev - er er When

Can - aan's fair and hap - py land, Where  
 God, the Son for - ev - er er reigns, And  
 Sick - ness, sor - row, pain and death, Are  
 shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And

my scat - ters and his po - tions lie - 2. All way. Chorus: I am  
 felt in his bos - om a no more rest.

bound, I am bound, I am bound for Prom - ised Land I am  
 bound, I am bound, I am bound for Prom - ised Land  
 3. No  
 4. When

# ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS I STAND

Words by Samuel Stennett  
 Music by Christopher Miner  
 Arr. by Belmont RUF

4 E E A E

1. On Jor - dan's stor - wide - banks I stand, And  
 2. All o'er those wide ten - ded plains, Shines  
 3. No chill - ing winds pois - onous breath, Can  
 4. When shall I reach hap - py place, And

7 E B E

cast a wish - ful eye To Can - aan's fair and  
 one e - ter - nal day There God, the Son for -  
 reach that health - ful shore, Sick - ness, sor - row,  
 be for - ev - er blessed When shall I see my



10 A E E Bsus B E<sub>1</sub>

hap - py land, Where my po - sses - ions lie  
 ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a -  
 pain and death, Are felt and feared no  
 Fa - ther's face, And in his bos - om

2. All

13 E<sub>2, 3, 4</sub> E

way. more. rest. (Men) I am (Women) bound, I am bound, I am bound I am

16 A B E E

bound for Prom - ised Land I am bound, I am bound, I am

19

bound, I am bound I am bound for Prom - ised

19

21

Land 3. No 4. When

Land

21

1.2. 4.

## Only You, My Lord

1. Not what my hands have done can save my guilt-y soul; Not what my  
 2. Your voice a-lone, O Lord, can speak to me of grace; Your pow'r a-  
 3. I praise the Christ of God; I rest on love di-vine, And with un-

toil-ing flesh has borne can make my spir-it whole. Not what I feel or do  
 lone, O Son of God, can all my sin e-rase. No oth-er work but Yours,  
 fal-t'ring lips and heart I call this Sav-ior mine. My Lord has saved my life,

can give me peace with God; Not all my prayers and sighs and  
 no oth-er blood will do; No strength but that which is di-  
 and free-ly par-don gives; I love be-cause He first loved

tears can bear my aw-ful load. On ly You, my Lord; You, my  
 vine can bear me safe-ly through.  
 me, I live be-cause He lives.

*Lord! Your per-fect life, My rest com-plete; You are my Prince of Peace.*

Words (verses): Horatius Bonar (1808-1889), Public Domain; Words (chorus): Connie Dever (2017)

Music: Connie Dever and Matt Merker (2017)

## Open The Eyes Of My Heart

D

Open the eyes of my heart, Lord

A

Open the eyes of my heart;

G D

I want to see You, I want to see You.

Open the eyes of my heart, Lord

Open the eyes of my heart;

I want to see You, I want to see You.

Bm G

To see You high and lifted up,

D

Shining in the light of Your glory.

Bm G

Pour out Your pow'r and love;

A G

As we sing holy, holy, holy...

Bridge:

D

Holy, holy, holy

A/D

Holy, holy, holy

A/D

Holy, holy, holy

D

I want to see You.

I want to hear You.

I want to know You.

I want to see You.

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Words and Music by Paul Baloche

## O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED

Words by Bernard of Clairvaux  
 Trans. by Jaems Alexander  
 Music by Hans Leo Hassler  
 Adapt. by Hans Hassler

D A/C# Bm E A E/G# F#m C#m F#m A/C#



1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down, Now gain; Mine,  
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered, Was all for sin - ners' side, When  
 3. The joy can ne'er be spok - en, A - bove all joys be - side, When  
 4. What lang - uage shall I bor - row To praise Thee, heaven - ly friend, For

6 D A/C# Bm E A E/G# F#m C#m F#m



scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown; O  
 mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain. Lo,  
 in Thy bo - dy bro - ken I thus with safe - ty hide. My  
 this my dy - ing sor - row, Thy pi - ty with - out end? Lord

10 D E A D A/C# Bm F#



sa - cred Head, what glo - ry What bliss 'til now was Thine Yet  
 here I fall, my Sa - vior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place; Look  
 Lord of Life, de - sir - ing Thy glo - ry now to see, Be -  
 make me Thine for - ev - er, Nor let me faith - less prove Oh

14 Bm A/C# B/D# E A/C# D E A



though de - spised and gor - y I joy to call Thee mine  
 on me with Thy fa - vor, I safe me to Thy grace.  
 side Thy cross ex - pir - ing, I'd breathe my soul to Thee.  
 let me ne - ver, ne - ver A - buse such dy - ing love

5. Forbid that I should leave Thee  
 O Jesus leave not me!  
 By faith I would receive Thee  
 Thy blood can make me free  
 When strength and comfort languish  
 And I must hence depart  
 Release me then from anguish  
 By Thine own wounded heart

6. Be near when I am dying  
 Oh show Thy cross to me  
 And for my succor flying  
 Come Lord and set me free  
 These eyes new faith receiving  
 From Jesus shall not move  
 For he who dies believing  
 Dies safely, through Thy love

## O THE DEEP, DEEP LOVE OF JESUS

Words by Samuel Trevor Francis  
 Music Traditional Welsh Melody

Em B C B Em

1. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus  
 2. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus  
 3. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus

5 G B Em Am B Em

Vast, un - meas - ured, bound - less free  
 Spread his - praise - from shore - to shore  
 Love of ev - ery the - love - best

9 Em B C B Em

Roll - ing as a migh - ty o - cean,  
 How he lov - eth ev - er - lov - eth,  
 'Tis o - cean vast of bless - ing,

13 G B Em Am B Em

In its full - ness o - ver me.  
 Chang - eth ne - ver, ne - ver more  
 'Tis a ha - ven sweet of rest

17 G D Em B

Un - der - neath me, all a - round me,  
 How he watch - es deep, o'er his - loved Je - ones,  
 O the deep, deep love of Je - sus

21 Em Am Em Am B

Is the cur - rent them of thy love  
 Died to call - rent them of all his own  
 'Tis a heav'n of heav'ns to thy love  
 Em B C B Em

25 Em B C B Em

Lead - ing on - ward, lead - ing home - ward,  
 How for them he lifts me up in ter - ce - deth,  
 And it lifts me up to glor - y

29 G B Em Am B Em

To thy glor - ious rest a - bove  
 Watch eth o'er them from the throne  
 For it lifts me up to thee

## O THE DEEP, DEEP LOVE OF JESUS

Words by Samuel Trevor Francis  
 Music Traditional Welsh Melody

Em B C B Em

5 G B Em Am B Em

9 Em B C B Em G

1. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus Vast, un -  
 2. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus Spread his  
 3. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus Love of

14

B Em Am B Em Em B C

meas - ured, bound - less free Roll - ing as a  
 praise from shore to shore How he lov - eth  
 ev - ery love the best 'Tis an o - cean

19

B Em G B Em Am B

migh - ty o - cean, In its full - ness o - ver  
 ev - er lov - eth, Chang - eth ne - ver, ne - ver  
 vast of bless - ing, 'Tis a ha - ven sweet of

24

Em G D Em

me. more Un How - der - neath watch me, all a -  
 rest rest O the deep, es deep love his -  
 of

28

B Em Am Em Am B

round me, Is the cur call - rent of thy love  
 loved ones, Died to call them of all his own  
 Je - sus 'Tis a heav'n of heav'ns to me



33 Em B C B Em G

Lead - ing on - ward, lead - ing home - ward, To thy  
 How for them he in - ter - ce - deth, Watch - eth  
 And it lifts me up to glor - y For it

38 B Em Am B 1. 2. Em

glor - ious rest a - bove  
 o'er them from the throne  
 lifts me up to thee

38 1. 2.

42 3. Em

42 3.



*Refrain*

This is the Man, the exalted Man,  
Whom we unseen adore;  
But when our eyes behold his face  
Our hearts shall love him more

Lord, how our souls are all on fire  
To see thy blessed abode!  
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise  
To our incarnate God.

*Refrain*

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# O The Delights

from the Gadsby Hymnal #476

words: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748  
music: Jeff Koonce, Andrew Spear  
Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Amin F C

O the de - lights, the heav'n - ly joys, The glor-ies of this place,  
Bless'd an - gels sound His lof - ty praise Through ev - ry heav'n - ly street,  
This is the Man, the ex - alt - ed Man, Whom we un - seen a - dore;

5 G Amin F C G

Where Je - sus sheds the bright - est beams Of his o'er - flow - ing grace.  
And lay their high - est hon - ors down Sub - miss - ive at His feet.  
But when our eyes be - hold His face Our hearts shall love Him more.

10 Dmin F C G

Sweet ma - jes - ty and aw - ful love Sit smil - ing on His brow,  
His head, the dear, ma - jes - tic head, That cru - el thorns did wound,  
Lord, how our souls are all on fire To see Thy bless'd a - bode!

14 Dmin F C G

And all the glor - ious ranks of love At hum - ble dis - tance bow,  
See what im - mor - tal glor - ies shine, And cir - cle it a - round.  
our tongues re - joice in tunes of praise To our in - car - nate God.

18 F G C F

And while our faith enjoys this sight We long to leave our clay And wish Thy fier-

23 G C F

y char - iots, Lord, To fetch our souls a - way

# OUT OF THE DEEP I CALL

Words by Henry W. Baker  
Music by Brian T. Murphy

Capo I

G D Cadd9

1. Out of the deep I call  
2. Out of the deep I cry,  
3. Out of the deep of fear  
4. Lord, there is mer - cy now,

3 G D Cadd9

To Thee, O Lord, to Thee.  
The woe - ful Lord, of sin,  
And dread of deep com - ing shame;  
As ev - er was, with Thee.

5 Em D Cadd9

Be - fore Thy throne of grace I fall;  
Of ev - il done in days gone by,  
All night till morn - ing watch is near  
Be - fore Thy throne of grace I bow;

7 Am D Em

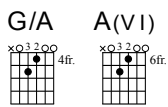
Be mer - ci - ful to me.  
Of ev - il now with - in.  
I plead the pre - cious name.  
Be mer - ci - ful to me.

9 Am D Cadd9

Be mer - ci - ful to me.  
Of ev - il now with - in.  
I plead the pre - cious name.  
Be mer - ci - ful to me.

# O WORD OF GOD INCARNATE

Words by William How  
Music by Bobby Guy



F#m7(add11)/A



1. O Word of God in - car - nate,      O wis - dom from on high,  
 2. The church from her dear Mas - ter,      Re - ceived the gift di - vine,  
 3. It float - eth like a ban - ner      Be - fore God's host un - furled;  
 4. O make Thy church, dear Sa - vior,      A lamp of pur - est gold,

5 O truth un - changed, un - chang - ing,      O light of our dark sky;  
 And still the light she lift - eth,      O'er all the earth to shine.  
 It shin - eth like a bea - con      A - bove the dark - ling world.  
 To bear be - fore the na - tions      Thy true light as of old.

9 We praise Thee for the ra - diance      That from the hal - lowed - page,  
 It is the gold - en cas - ket      Where gems of truth are stored;  
 It is the chart and com - pass      That o'er life's surg - ing sea,  
 O teach Thy wan - d'ring pil - grims      By this their path to trace,

13 A lan - tern to our foot - steps,      Shines on from age to  
 It is the heav'n - drawn pic - ture      Of Christ, the liv - ing  
 'Mid mists and rocks and quick - sands,      Still guides, O Christ, to  
 'Til, clouds and dark - ness end - ed,      They see Thee face to

16 G/A      A(VI)      A      F#m7(add11)/A      G/A      A(VI)

age.  
Word.  
Thee.  
face.

A7/G



## O WORSHIP THE KING

Words by Robert Grant  
Based on Psalm 104  
Music by Johann Haydn

D Bm G A

1. O wor - ship the King all glor - ious a - bove And  
2. Oh tell of His might, Oh sing of His grace Whose  
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care, What tongue can re - cite? It  
4. Frail chil - dren of dust, And fee - ble as frail In

4 D Bm G A D

grate - ful - ly sing, His pow - er and His love Our  
robe is the light, Whose can - o - py space Whose  
breathes in the air, It shines in the light It  
Thee do we trust, Nor find Thee to fail Thy

6 A A/G A7/G A7

shield and de - fend - er, the An - cient of Days Pa -  
char - iots of wrath, The deep thun - der - clouds form  
streams from the hills, It de - scends to the the plain  
mer - cies how ten - der, How firm to the the end And  
Our

8 D Bm G A D

vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise  
dark is His path, On the wings of the storm  
sweet - ly dis - tills, In the dew and the rain  
Ma - ker, De - fen - der, Re - deem - er, and Friend

# Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior

Words - Fanny J. Crosby, 1868  
 Music - W. Howard Doane, 1870

D G D

Pass me not, O gent - le Sav - - - ior,  
 Let me at Thy throne of mer - - - cy  
 Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - - - it,  
 Thou the Spring of all my com - - - fort,

A D D G

Hear my hum - ble cry; While on oth - ers Thou art  
 Find a sweet re - lief, Kneel - ing there in deep con -  
 Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wound - ed, brok - en  
 More than life to me, Whom have I on earth be -

D A D D

call - ing, Do not pass me by. Sav - ior,  
 tri - tion; Help my un - be - lief.  
 spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.  
 side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

G D G A D G

Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on oth - ers Thou art

D A D

call - ing, Do not pass me by.



**PASS ME NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOR**

Words - Fanny J. Crosby, 1868

Music - W. Howard Doane, 1870

intro and optional chords during verse:

(D, C, G/B, D/A, D)

D            G            D  
 Pass me not, O gentle Savior,

A            D  
 Hear my humble cry;

D            G            D  
 While on others Thou art calling,

A            D  
 Do not pass me by.

Refrain

D            G  
 Savior, Savior,

D            G - A  
 Hear my humble cry;

D            G            D  
 While on others Thou art calling,

A            D  
 Do not pass me by.

Refrain

Let me at Thy throne of mercy  
 Find a sweet relief,  
 Kneeling there in deep contrition;  
 Help my unbelief.

Refrain

Trusting only in Thy merit,  
 Would I seek Thy face;  
 Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
 Save me by Thy grace.

Refrain

Thou the Spring of all my comfort,  
 More than life to me,  
 Whom have I on earth beside Thee?  
 Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Refrain

## Pearly Gates

Words - Fredrick A. Blom, 1917

Music - Clint Wells and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Capo I

C Am  
 Love divine so great and wondrous  
 F G  
 Deep and mighty, pure sublime  
 C Am  
 Coming from the heart of Jesus  
 F G  
 Just the same through tests of time.

*Refrain*

Am C  
 He the pearly gates will open,  
 D F  
 So that I may enter in;  
 C Am  
 For he purchased my redemption  
 D F  
 And forgave me all my sin.

Like an dove when hunted frightened,  
 As a wounded fawn was I;  
 Broken hearted yet He healed me  
 He will heed the sinner's cry.

*Refrain*

Love divine so great and wondrous!  
 All my sins he then forgave!  
 I will sing his praise forever,  
 For His blood, His power to save.

*Refrain*

In life's eventide, at twilight,  
 At His door I'll knock and wait  
 By the precious love of Jesus  
 I shall enter heaven's gate.

*Refrain*

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Real Key

Db Bbm  
 Love divine so great and wondrous  
 Gb Ab  
 Deep and mighty, pure sublime  
 Db Bbm  
 Coming from the heart of Jesus  
 Gb Ab  
 Just the same through tests of time.

Bbm Db  
*He the pearly gates will open,*  
 Eb Gb  
*So that I may enter in;*  
 Db Bbm  
*For he purchased my redemption*  
 Eb Gb  
*And forgave me all my sin.*

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# Pearly Gates

words: Fredrick A .Blom, 1917  
 music: Clint Wells and  
 Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Love di - vine so great and won - drous, Deep and  
 Like a dove when hunt - ed fright - ened, As a  
 Love di - vine so great and won - drous, All my  
 In life's ev - en - tide, at twi - light, At his

4

might - ty, pure sub - lime; Com - ing from the heart of Je - sus Just the  
 wound - ed fawn was I; Bro - ken heart - ed yet he healed me, He will  
 sins he then for - gave! I will sing his praise for - ev - er, For his  
 door I'll knock and wait; By the pre - cious love of Je - sus, I shall -

8

same through tests of time. He the pear - ly gates will o - pen, So that  
 heed the sin - ners cry.  
 blood, his pow'r to save.  
 en - ter hea - ven's gate.

12

I may en - ter in; For he pur - chased my re - demp - tion And for -

16

gave me all my sin.

## Pensive, Doubting, Fearful Heart

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 273*

Words - John Newton (1725-1807), 1779

Music - Wendell Kimbrough, 2004

Intro:

G, A, D

G            A            D  
 Pensive, doubting, fearful heart,  
 Bm                            G            A  
 Hear what Christ the Savior says;  
           G                    A            D  
 Every word should joy impart,  
 Bm                            G            A  
 Change thy mourning into praise.  
           G                    A            D  
 Yes, He speaks and speaks to thee,  
           G                    A            Bm  
 May He help thee to believe;  
                   A            A/Bb        Bm  
 Then thou presently will see  
           G                    A            D  
 Thou has little cause to grieve.

Fear thou not, nor be ashamed;  
 All thy sorrows soon shall end,  
 I, who heaven and earth have framed,  
 Am thy Husband and thy Friend;  
 I the High and Holy One,  
 Israel's God, by all adored,  
 As thy Savior will be known,  
 Thy Redeemer and thy Lord.

For a moment I withdrew,  
 And thy heart was filled with pain;  
 But my mercies I'll renew;  
 Thou shall soon rejoice again;  
 Though I seem to hide my face,  
 Very soon my wrath shall cease;  
 'Tis but for a moment's space,  
 Ending in eternal peace.

Though afflicted, tempest tossed,  
Comfortless awhile thou art,  
Do not think thou can be lost,  
Thou art graven on my heart;  
All thy wastes I will repair;  
Thou shalt be rebuilt anew;  
And in thee it shall appear  
What the God of love can do.

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# Pensive, Doubting, Fearful Heart

from the Gadsby Hymnal #273

words: John Newton, 1779

music: Wendell Kimbrough, 2004

G A D Bmin G

Pen - sive, doubt - ing fear - ful heart, Hear what Christ the Sav - ior  
 Fear thou not, nor be a - shamed; All thy sor - rows soon shall  
 For a mom - ent I with - drew, And thy heart was filled with  
 Though af - flict - ed, temp - est tossed, Com - fort - less a - while thou

5 A G A D Bmin G

says; Ev - 'ry word should joy im - part, Change thy mourn - ing in - to  
 end, I who heav'n and earth have framed, Am thy Hus - band and thy  
 pain; But my merc - ies I'll re - new; Thou shall soon re - joice a -  
 art, Do not think thou can be lost, Thou art grav - en on my

9 A G A D

praise. Yes, He speaks and speaks to thee, May He  
 Friend; I the High and Hol - ly One, Is - real's  
 gain; Though I seem to hide my face, Ver - y  
 heart; All thy wastes I will re - pair; Thou shalt

12 G A Bmin A Bdim7

help thee to be - lieve; Then thou pres - ent - ly will  
 God, by all a - dored, As thy Sav - ior will be  
 soon my wrath shall cease; 'Tis but for a mom - ents  
 be re - built a - new; And in thee it shall ap -

15 Bmin G A D

see Thou has lit - tle cause to grieve.  
 known, Thy Re - deem - er and thy Lord.  
 space, End - ing in e - ter - nal peace.  
 pear What the God of love can do.

# POOR SINNER DEJECTED WITH FEAR

Words by William Gadsby  
 Music by Katy Bowser &  
 Matthew Perryman Jones

The musical score is written in 6/8 time and consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system (measures 1-3) features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef. The second system (measures 4-6) continues the piano accompaniment. The third system (measures 7-9) also continues the piano accompaniment. The fourth system (measures 10-12) includes a vocal line in the treble clef with lyrics and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. Above the vocal line, the chords C, E7, Am, and F are indicated. The lyrics are as follows:

10		C	E7	Am	F	
	1.	Poor	sin -	ner,	de -	ject -
	2.	Come	just	as	thou	art,
	3.	The	soul	that	on	Je -
					sus	re -
						lies,
						Un -
						Fall
						He'll



13 C E7 Am F F/E Dm C/E

bos - om thy mind to the Lamb; No wrath on his brow he does  
 down at the feet of the Lamb; He will not, he can - not say,  
 ne - ver, no ne - ver de - ceive; He free - ly and faith - ful - ly

16 F Dm C G/B

wear, Nor will he poor mour - ners con - demn; His  
 Go, But sure - ly will than take we out can thy stain A  
 gives More bless - ings than we can con - ceive; Yea,

19 C E7 Am F C E7

arm of om - ni - po - tent grace Is a - ble and wil - ling to  
 foun - tain is o - pened for sin, And thou - sands its vir - tues have  
 down to old age he will keep, Nor will he for - sake us at

22 Am F F/E Dm C/E

save; proved last; A He'll sweet and a per - ma - nent  
 He knows and is plunge known by there his

24 F Dm C G/B

peace in, sheep; He'll free ly and faith - ful - ly  
 And They're wash his, thee and he from will hold in his them

27 C G F G

give. blood. fast 1. 2. 3. Come The

30

*rit.*

# POOR SINNER DEJECTED WITH FEAR

Words by William Gadsby  
 Music by Katy Bowser &  
 Matthew Perryman Jones

CAPO V

1. Poor sin - ner, de - ject - ed with fear, Un -  
 2. Come just as thou art, — with thy woe, Fall  
 3. The soul that on Je - sus re - lies, He'll

4 bos - om thy mind to the Lamb; No wrath on his brow he does  
 down at the feet of the Lamb; He will not, he can - not say,  
 ne - ver, no ne - ver de - ceive; He free - ly and faith - ful - ly

7 wear, Nor will he poor will mour take - ners con - demn; His  
 Go, But sure - ly for will take out thy con - stain; A  
 gives More bless - ings than we can con - ceive; Yea,

10 arm of om - ni - po - tent grace Is a - ble and wil - ling to  
 foun - tain is o - pened for sin, And thou - sands and vir - tues have  
 down to old age he will keep, Nor will he for - sake us at

13 save; A sweet and a per - ma - nent peace He'll  
 proved last; He knows and thee, and plunge - thee there - in, And  
 He'll He knows and is known by his sheep; They're

16 free - ly the and faith - ful - ly give.  
 wash his, and he will hold \_\_\_\_\_ in his blood.  
 his, and he will hold \_\_\_\_\_ in his blood. 2. Come  
 his, and he will hold \_\_\_\_\_ in his blood. 3. The

## Poor Wayfaring Stranger

Capo IV

Em  
 I am a poor wayfaring stranger  
 Am Em  
 Traveling through this world of woe  
 Em  
 But there's no sickness, toil, or danger  
 C D Em  
 In that bright land to which I go.

C G  
*I'm going there to meet my mother*  
 C B7  
*Said she'll meet me when I come*  
 Em  
*I'm only going over Jordan*  
 C D Em  
*I'm only going over home.*

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me  
 I know my way will be rough and steep  
 But beautiful fields lie just before me  
 Where God's redeemed their vigil keep

*I'm going there to meet my loved ones*  
*Gone on before me one by one.*  
*I'm only going over Jordan.*  
*I'm only going over home.*

I'll soon be free of earthly trials  
 My body rest in the old church yard  
 I'll drop this cross of self-denial  
 And I'll go singing home to God

I'm going there to meet my Savior  
 Dwell with him and never roam.  
 I'm only going over Jordan.  
 I'm only going over home.

Real Key

G#m

I am a poor wayfaring stranger

C#m

G#m

Traveling through this world of woe

G#m

But there's no sickness, toil, or danger

E F#

G#m

In that bright land to which I go.

E

B

*I'm going there to meet my mother*

E

D#7

*Said she'll meet me when I come*

G#m

*I'm only going over Jordan*

E F#

G#m

*I'm only going over home.*

# Poor Wayfaring Stranger

Capo IV (Real Key: G# minor)

**Emin**



I am a poor way - far - ing stran - ger  
I know dark clouds will ga - ther 'round me  
I'll soon be free of earth - ly tri - als

**Amin** **Emin**



Tra - veling through this world of woe  
I know my way will be rough and steep  
My bod - y rest in the old church yard

**Emin**



But there's no sick - - - ness, toil, or dan - ger  
But beau - ti - ful fields lie just be - fore me  
I'll drop this cross of self - de - ni - al

**C** **D** **Emin**



In that bright land to which I go. I'm go - ing  
Where God's re - deemed their vi - gil keep I'm go - ing  
And I'll go sing - - - ing home to God I'm go - ing

**C** **G** **C**



there to meet my mo - ther Said she'll meet  
there to meet my loved - ones Gone on be - fore  
there to meet my Sav - ior Dwell with him

**B7** **Emin**



me when I come I'm on - ly go - - - ing ov - er  
me one by one. I'm on - ly go - - - ing ov - er  
and ne - ver roam. I'm on - ly go - - - ing ov - er

**C** **D** **Emin**



Jor - dan I'm on - ly go - - - ing ov - er home.  
Jor - dan. I'm on - ly go - - - ing ov - er home.  
Jor - dan. I'm on - ly go - - - ing ov - er home.

## Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Unison

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be -

low; O praise Him! Al-le-lu-ia! Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly

host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost. O praise Him, O

praise Him! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711)

Music: Geistliche Kirchengesang (1629), harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958), Public Domain

Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

The first system of music consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the top staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, A6, B6, C7, D7, E7, F#7, G7, A7, B7, C8, D8, E8, F#8, G8, A8, B8, C9, D9, E9, F#9, G9, A9, B9, C10, D10, E10, F#10, G10, A10, B10, C11, D11, E11, F#11, G11, A11, B11, C12, D12, E12, F#12, G12, A12, B12, C13, D13, E13, F#13, G13, A13, B13, C14, D14, E14, F#14, G14, A14, B14, C15, D15, E15, F#15, G15, A15, B15, C16, D16, E16, F#16, G16, A16, B16, C17, D17, E17, F#17, G17, A17, B17, C18, D18, E18, F#18, G18, A18, B18, C19, D19, E19, F#19, G19, A19, B19, C20, D20, E20, F#20, G20, A20, B20, C21, D21, E21, F#21, G21, A21, B21, C22, D22, E22, F#22, G22, A22, B22, C23, D23, E23, F#23, G23, A23, B23, C24, D24, E24, F#24, G24, A24, B24, C25, D25, E25, F#25, G25, A25, B25, C26, D26, E26, F#26, G26, A26, B26, C27, D27, E27, F#27, G27, A27, B27, C28, D28, E28, F#28, G28, A28, B28, C29, D29, E29, F#29, G29, A29, B29, C30, D30, E30, F#30, G30, A30, B30, C31, D31, E31, F#31, G31, A31, B31, C32, D32, E32, F#32, G32, A32, B32, C33, D33, E33, F#33, G33, A33, B33, C34, D34, E34, F#34, G34, A34, B34, C35, D35, E35, F#35, G35, A35, B35, C36, D36, E36, F#36, G36, A36, B36, C37, D37, E37, F#37, G37, A37, B37, C38, D38, E38, F#38, G38, A38, B38, C39, D39, E39, F#39, G39, A39, B39, C40, D40, E40, F#40, G40, A40, B40, C41, D41, E41, F#41, G41, A41, B41, C42, D42, E42, F#42, G42, A42, B42, C43, D43, E43, F#43, G43, A43, B43, C44, D44, E44, F#44, G44, A44, B44, C45, D45, E45, F#45, G45, A45, B45, C46, D46, E46, F#46, G46, A46, B46, C47, D47, E47, F#47, G47, A47, B47, C48, D48, E48, F#48, G48, A48, B48, C49, D49, E49, F#49, G49, A49, B49, C50, D50, E50, F#50, G50, A50, B50, C51, D51, E51, F#51, G51, A51, B51, C52, D52, E52, F#52, G52, A52, B52, C53, D53, E53, F#53, G53, A53, B53, C54, D54, E54, F#54, G54, A54, B54, C55, D55, E55, F#55, G55, A55, B55, C56, D56, E56, F#56, G56, A56, B56, C57, D57, E57, F#57, G57, A57, B57, C58, D58, E58, F#58, G58, A58, B58, C59, D59, E59, F#59, G59, A59, B59, C60, D60, E60, F#60, G60, A60, B60, C61, D61, E61, F#61, G61, A61, B61, C62, D62, E62, F#62, G62, A62, B62, C63, D63, E63, F#63, G63, A63, B63, C64, D64, E64, F#64, G64, A64, B64, C65, D65, E65, F#65, G65, A65, B65, C66, D66, E66, F#66, G66, A66, B66, C67, D67, E67, F#67, G67, A67, B67, C68, D68, E68, F#68, G68, A68, B68, C69, D69, E69, F#69, G69, A69, B69, C70, D70, E70, F#70, G70, A70, B70, C71, D71, E71, F#71, G71, A71, B71, C72, D72, E72, F#72, G72, A72, B72, C73, D73, E73, F#73, G73, A73, B73, C74, D74, E74, F#74, G74, A74, B74, C75, D75, E75, F#75, G75, A75, B75, C76, D76, E76, F#76, G76, A76, B76, C77, D77, E77, F#77, G77, A77, B77, C78, D78, E78, F#78, G78, A78, B78, C79, D79, E79, F#79, G79, A79, B79, C80, D80, E80, F#80, G80, A80, B80, C81, D81, E81, F#81, G81, A81, B81, C82, D82, E82, F#82, G82, A82, B82, C83, D83, E83, F#83, G83, A83, B83, C84, D84, E84, F#84, G84, A84, B84, C85, D85, E85, F#85, G85, A85, B85, C86, D86, E86, F#86, G86, A86, B86, C87, D87, E87, F#87, G87, A87, B87, C88, D88, E88, F#88, G88, A88, B88, C89, D89, E89, F#89, G89, A89, B89, C90, D90, E90, F#90, G90, A90, B90, C91, D91, E91, F#91, G91, A91, B91, C92, D92, E92, F#92, G92, A92, B92, C93, D93, E93, F#93, G93, A93, B93, C94, D94, E94, F#94, G94, A94, B94, C95, D95, E95, F#95, G95, A95, B95, C96, D96, E96, F#96, G96, A96, B96, C97, D97, E97, F#97, G97, A97, B97, C98, D98, E98, F#98, G98, A98, B98, C99, D99, E99, F#99, G99, A99, B99, C100, D100, E100, F#100, G100, A100, B100, C101, D101, E101, F#101, G101, A101, B101, C102, D102, E102, F#102, G102, A102, B102, C103, D103, E103, F#103, G103, A103, B103, C104, D104, E104, F#104, G104, A104, B104, C105, D105, E105, F#105, G105, A105, B105, C106, D106, E106, F#106, G106, A106, B106, C107, D107, E107, F#107, G107, A107, B107, C108, D108, E108, F#108, G108, A108, B108, C109, D109, E109, F#109, G109, A109, B109, C110, D110, E110, F#110, G110, A110, B110, C111, D111, E111, F#111, G111, A111, B111, C112, D112, E112, F#112, G112, A112, B112, C113, D113, E113, F#113, G113, A113, B113, C114, D114, E114, F#114, G114, A114, B114, C115, D115, E115, F#115, G115, A115, B115, C116, D116, E116, F#116, G116, A116, B116, C117, D117, E117, F#117, G117, A117, B117, C118, D118, E118, F#118, G118, A118, B118, C119, D119, E119, F#119, G119, A119, B119, C120, D120, E120, F#120, G120, A120, B120, C121, D121, E121, F#121, G121, A121, B121, C122, D122, E122, F#122, G122, A122, B122, C123, D123, E123, F#123, G123, A123, B123, C124, D124, E124, F#124, G124, A124, B124, C125, D125, E125, F#125, G125, A125, B125, C126, D126, E126, F#126, G126, A126, B126, C127, D127, E127, F#127, G127, A127, B127, C128, D128, E128, F#128, G128, A128, B128, C129, D129, E129, F#129, G129, A129, B129, C130, D130, E130, F#130, G130, A130, B130, C131, D131, E131, F#131, G131, A131, B131, C132, D132, E132, F#132, G132, A132, B132, C133, D133, E133, F#133, G133, A133, B133, C134, D134, E134, F#134, G134, A134, B134, C135, D135, E135, F#135, G135, A135, B135, C136, D136, E136, F#136, G136, A136, B136, C137, D137, E137, F#137, G137, A137, B137, C138, D138, E138, F#138, G138, A138, B138, C139, D139, E139, F#139, G139, A139, B139, C140, D140, E140, F#140, G140, A140, B140, C141, D141, E141, F#141, G141, A141, B141, C142, D142, E142, F#142, G142, A142, B142, C143, D143, E143, F#143, G143, A143, B143, C144, D144, E144, F#144, G144, A144, B144, C145, D145, E145, F#145, G145, A145, B145, C146, D146, E146, F#146, G146, A146, B146, C147, D147, E147, F#147, G147, A147, B147, C148, D148, E148, F#148, G148, A148, B148, C149, D149, E149, F#149, G149, A149, B149, C150, D150, E150, F#150, G150, A150, B150, C151, D151, E151, F#151, G151, A151, B151, C152, D152, E152, F#152, G152, A152, B152, C153, D153, E153, F#153, G153, A153, B153, C154, D154, E154, F#154, G154, A154, B154, C155, D155, E155, F#155, G155, A155, B155, C156, D156, E156, F#156, G156, A156, B156, C157, D157, E157, F#157, G157, A157, B157, C158, D158, E158, F#158, G158, A158, B158, C159, D159, E159, F#159, G159, A159, B159, C160, D160, E160, F#160, G160, A160, B160, C161, D161, E161, F#161, G161, A161, B161, C162, D162, E162, F#162, G162, A162, B162, C163, D163, E163, F#163, G163, A163, B163, C164, D164, E164, F#164, G164, A164, B164, C165, D165, E165, F#165, G165, A165, B165, C166, D166, E166, F#166, G166, A166, B166, C167, D167, E167, F#167, G167, A167, B167, C168, D168, E168, F#168, G168, A168, B168, C169, D169, E169, F#169, G169, A169, B169, C170, D170, E170, F#170, G170, A170, B170, C171, D171, E171, F#171, G171, A171, B171, C172, D172, E172, F#172, G172, A172, B172, C173, D173, E173, F#173, G173, A173, B173, C174, D174, E174, F#174, G174, A174, B174, C175, D175, E175, F#175, G175, A175, B175, C176, D176, E176, F#176, G176, A176, B176, C177, D177, E177, F#177, G177, A177, B177, C178, D178, E178, F#178, G178, A178, B178, C179, D179, E179, F#179, G179, A179, B179, C180, D180, E180, F#180, G180, A180, B180, C181, D181, E181, F#181, G181, A181, B181, C182, D182, E182, F#182, G182, A182, B182, C183, D183, E183, F#183, G183, A183, B183, C184, D184, E184, F#184, G184, A184, B184, C185, D185, E185, F#185, G185, A185, B185, C186, D186, E186, F#186, G186, A186, B186, C187, D187, E187, F#187, G187, A187, B187, C188, D188, E188, F#188, G188, A188, B188, C189, D189, E189, F#189, G189, A189, B189, C190, D190, E190, F#190, G190, A190, B190, C191, D191, E191, F#191, G191, A191, B191, C192, D192, E192, F#192, G192, A192, B192, C193, D193, E193, F#193, G193, A193, B193, C194, D194, E194, F#194, G194, A194, B194, C195, D195, E195, F#195, G195, A195, B195, C196, D196, E196, F#196, G196, A196, B196, C197, D197, E197, F#197, G197, A197, B197, C198, D198, E198, F#198, G198, A198, B198, C199, D199, E199, F#199, G199, A199, B199, C200, D200, E200, F#200, G200, A200, B200, C201, D201, E201, F#201, G201, A201, B201, C202, D202, E202, F#202, G202, A202, B202, C203, D203, E203, F#203, G203, A203, B203, C204, D204, E204, F#204, G204, A204, B204, C205, D205, E205, F#205, G205, A205, B205, C206, D206, E206, F#206, G206, A206, B206, C207, D207, E207, F#207, G207, A207, B207, C208, D208, E208, F#208, G208, A208, B208, C209, D209, E209, F#209, G209, A209, B209, C210, D210, E210, F#210, G210, A210, B210, C211, D211, E211, F#211, G211, A211, B211, C212, D212, E212, F#212, G212, A212, B212, C213, D213, E213, F#213, G213, A213, B213, C214, D214, E214, F#214, G214, A214, B214, C215, D215, E215, F#215, G215, A215, B215, C216, D216, E216, F#216, G216, A216, B216, C217, D217, E217, F#217, G217, A217, B217, C218, D218, E218, F#218, G218, A218, B218, C219, D219, E219, F#219, G219, A219, B219, C220, D220, E220, F#220, G220, A220, B220, C221, D221, E221, F#221, G221, A221, B221, C222, D222, E222, F#222, G222, A222, B222, C223, D223, E223, F#223, G223, A223, B223, C224, D224, E224, F#224, G224, A224, B224, C225, D225, E225, F#225, G225, A225, B225, C226, D226, E226, F#226, G226, A226, B226, C227, D227, E227, F#227, G227, A227, B227, C228, D228, E228, F#228, G228, A228, B228, C229, D229, E229, F#229, G229, A229, B229, C230, D230, E230, F#230, G230, A230, B230, C231, D231, E231, F#231, G231, A231, B231, C232, D232, E232, F#232, G232, A232, B232, C233, D233, E233, F#233, G233, A233, B233, C234, D234, E234, F#234, G234, A234, B234, C235, D235, E235, F#235, G235, A235, B235, C236, D236, E236, F#236, G236, A236, B236, C237, D237, E237, F#237, G237, A237, B237, C238, D238, E238, F#238, G238, A238, B238, C239, D239, E239, F#239, G239, A239, B239, C240, D240, E240, F#240, G240, A240, B240, C241, D241, E241, F#241, G241, A241, B241, C242, D242, E242, F#242, G242, A242, B242, C243, D243, E243, F#243, G243, A243, B243, C244, D244, E244, F#244, G244, A244, B244, C245, D245, E245, F#245, G245, A245, B245, C246, D246, E246, F#246, G246, A246, B246, C247, D247, E247, F#247, G247, A247, B247, C248, D248, E248, F#248, G248, A248, B248, C249, D249, E249, F#249, G249, A249, B249, C250, D250, E250, F#250, G250, A250, B250, C251, D251, E251, F#251, G251, A251, B251, C252, D252, E252, F#252, G252, A252, B252, C253, D253, E253, F#253, G253, A253, B253, C254, D254, E254, F#254, G254, A254, B254, C255, D255, E255, F#255, G255, A255, B255, C256, D256, E256, F#256, G256, A256, B256, C257, D257, E257, F#257, G257, A257, B257, C258, D258, E258, F#258, G258, A258, B258, C259, D259, E259, F#259, G259, A259, B259, C260, D260, E260, F#260, G260, A260, B260, C261, D261, E261, F#261, G261, A261, B261, C262, D262, E262, F#262, G262, A262, B262, C263, D263, E263, F#263, G263, A263, B263, C264, D264, E264, F#264, G264, A264, B264, C265, D265, E265, F#265, G265, A265, B265, C266, D266, E266, F#266, G266, A266, B266, C267, D267, E267, F#267, G267, A267, B267, C268, D268, E268, F#268, G268, A268, B268, C269, D269, E269, F#269, G269, A269, B269, C270, D270, E270, F#270, G270, A270, B270, C271, D271, E271, F#271, G271, A271, B271, C272, D272, E272, F#272, G272, A272, B272, C273, D273, E273, F#273, G273, A273, B273, C274, D274, E274, F#274, G274, A274, B274, C275, D275, E275, F#275, G275, A275, B275, C276, D276, E276, F#276, G276, A276, B276, C277, D277, E277, F#277, G277, A277, B277, C278, D278, E278, F#278, G278, A278, B278, C279, D279, E279, F#279, G279, A279, B279, C280, D280, E280, F#280, G280, A280, B280, C281, D281, E281, F#281, G281, A281, B281, C282, D282, E282, F#282, G282, A282, B282, C283, D283, E283, F#283, G283, A283, B283, C284, D284, E284, F#284, G284, A284, B284, C285, D285, E285, F#285, G285, A285, B285, C286, D286, E286, F#286, G286, A286, B286, C287, D287, E287, F#287, G287, A287, B287, C288, D288, E288, F#288, G288, A288, B288, C289, D289, E289, F#289, G289, A289, B289, C290, D290, E290, F#290, G290, A290, B290, C291, D291, E291, F#291, G291, A291, B291, C292, D292, E292, F#292, G292, A292, B292, C293, D293, E293, F#293, G293, A293, B293, C294, D294, E294, F#294, G294, A294, B294, C295, D295, E295, F#295, G295, A295, B295, C296, D296, E296, F#296, G296, A296, B296, C297, D297, E297, F#297, G297, A297, B297, C298, D298, E298, F#298, G298, A298, B298, C299, D299, E299, F#299, G299, A299, B299, C300, D300, E300, F#300, G300, A300, B300, C301, D301, E301, F#301, G301, A301, B301, C302, D302, E302, F#302, G302, A302, B302, C303, D303, E303, F#303, G303, A303, B303, C304, D304, E304, F#304, G304, A304, B304, C305, D305, E305, F#305, G305, A305, B305, C306, D306, E306, F#306, G306, A306, B306, C307, D307, E307, F#307, G307, A307, B307, C308, D308, E308, F#308, G308, A308, B308, C309, D309, E309, F#309, G309, A309, B309, C310, D310, E310, F#310, G310, A310, B310, C311, D311, E311, F#311, G311, A311, B311, C312, D312, E312, F#312, G312, A312, B312, C313, D313, E313, F#313, G313, A313, B313, C314, D314, E314, F#314, G314, A314, B314, C315, D315, E315, F#315, G315, A315, B315, C316, D316, E316, F#316, G316, A316, B316, C317, D317, E317, F#317, G317, A317, B317, C318, D318, E318, F#318, G318, A318, B318, C319, D319, E319, F#319, G319, A319, B319, C320, D320, E320, F#320, G320, A320, B320, C321, D321, E321, F#321, G321, A321, B321, C322, D322, E322, F#322, G322, A322, B322, C323, D323, E323, F#323, G323, A323, B323, C324, D324, E324, F#324, G324, A324, B324, C325, D325, E325, F#325, G325, A325, B325, C326, D326, E326, F#326, G326, A326, B326, C327, D327, E327, F#327, G327, A327, B327, C328, D328, E328, F#328, G328, A328, B328, C329, D329, E329, F#329, G329, A329, B329, C330, D330, E330, F#330, G330, A330, B330, C331, D331, E331, F#331, G331, A331, B331, C332, D332, E332, F#332, G332, A332, B332, C333, D333, E333, F#333, G333, A333, B333, C334, D334, E334, F#334, G334, A334, B334, C335, D335, E335, F#335, G335, A335, B335, C336, D336, E336, F#336, G336, A336, B336, C337, D337, E337, F#337, G337, A337, B337, C338, D338, E338, F#338, G338, A338, B338, C339, D339, E339, F#339, G339, A339, B339, C340, D340, E340, F#340, G340, A340, B340, C341, D341, E341, F#341, G341, A341, B341, C342, D342, E342, F#342, G342, A342, B342, C343, D343, E343, F#343, G343, A343, B343, C344, D344, E344, F#344, G344, A344, B344, C345, D345, E345, F#345, G345, A345, B345, C346, D346, E346, F#346, G346, A346, B346, C347, D347, E347, F#347, G347, A347, B347, C348, D348, E348, F#348, G348, A348, B348, C349, D349, E349, F#349, G349, A349, B349, C350, D350, E350, F#350, G350, A350, B350, C351, D351, E351, F#351, G351, A351, B351, C352, D352, E352, F#352, G352, A352, B352, C353, D353, E353, F#353, G353, A353, B353, C354, D354, E354, F#354, G354, A354, B354, C355, D355, E355, F#355, G355, A355, B355, C356, D356, E356, F#356, G356, A356, B356, C357, D357, E357, F#357, G357, A357, B357, C358, D358, E358, F#358, G358, A358, B358, C359, D359, E359, F#359, G359, A359, B359, C360, D360, E360, F#360, G360, A360



Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, to his feet your trib - ute bring;  
 2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor to our fa - thers in dis - tress;  
 3. Fa - ther - like, he tends and spares us; well our fee - ble frame he knows;  
 4. Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish, blows the wind and it is gone;  
 5. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; you be - hold him face to face;

ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, who, like me, his praise should sing?  
 praise him, still the same for - ev - er, slow to chide and swift to bless;  
 • in his hands he gent - ly bears us, res - cues us from all our foes;  
 but while mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on.  
 sun and moon, bow down be - fore him, dwell - ers all in time and space,

Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
 praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.  
 • praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, wide - ly as his mer - cy goes.  
 Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, praise the High E - ter - nal One.  
 praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, praise with us the God of grace.

## Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

1. Praise to the Lord, the Al-might - y, the King of cre - a - tion!  
 2. Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so won-drous - ly reign - eth,  
 3. Praise to the Lord, who doth pros - per thy work and de - fend thee;  
 4. Praise to the Lord, O let all that is in me a - dore Him!

O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and sal - va - tion!  
 Shel - ters thee un - der His wings, yea, so gen - tly sus - tain - eth!  
 Sure - ly His good - ness and mer - cy here dai - ly at - tend thee.  
 All that hath life and breath, come now with prais - es be - fore Him.

All ye who hear, Now to His tem - ple draw near;  
 Hast thou not seen How thy de - sires e'er have been  
 Pon - der a - new What the Al - might - y can do,  
 Let the A - men Sound from His peo - ple a - gain,

Praise Him in glad ad - o - ra - tion.  
 Grant - ed in what He or - dain - eth?  
 If with His love He be - friend thee.  
 Glad - ly for aye we a - dore Him.

Words: German Hymn, Joachim Neander (1650-1680), tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)  
 Music: Stralsund Gesangbuch (1665); harm. W. Sterndale Bennett (1816-1875), Public Domain

# PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN

Words by Henry Lyte

Music by Christopher Miner

Capo I

1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven;  
 2. Praise Him for His His grace of and flour  
 3. Frail as sum - mer's flower and we flour ish

3 To His feet thy tri - bute bring.  
 To our the fa - thy in dis - tress.  
 Blows the wind and it is gone

5 Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,  
 Praise Him, still mor - the same for - ev - er,  
 But while still mor - tals rise for and per - ish

7 Who like me His and praise should sing?  
 Slow to en - dure, and un - swift chang - ing  
 God on - dures un - chang - ing on

9 Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
 Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.  
 Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the high e - ter - nal One

13 Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
 Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.  
 Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the high e - ter - nal One

4. Fatherlike He tends and spares us;  
 Well our feeble frame He Knows.  
 In His hands He gently bears us,  
 Rescues us from all our foes.  
 Praise Him, praise Him,  
 praise Him, praise Him,  
 Widely as His mercy goes.  
 Praise Him, praise Him,  
 praise Him, praise Him,  
 Widely as His mercy goes.

5. Angels help us to adore Him;  
 Ye behold Him face to face;  
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him,  
 Dwellers all in time and space.  
 Praise Him, praise Him,  
 praise Him, praise Him,  
 Praise with us the God of grace.  
 Praise Him, praise Him,  
 praise Him, praise Him,  
 Praise with us the God of grace.

# Praise My Soul, The King of Heaven

Words by HENRY LYTE  
Music by CHRISTOPHER MINER

Piano introduction in D major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The piece starts with a 4/4 measure, followed by a 2/4 measure, and ends with a 4/4 measure.

5

D E A F#m

1. Praise \_\_\_ my soul, the King of \_\_\_ hea - ven;  
2. Praise \_\_\_ Him for His grace and \_\_\_ fa - vor \_\_\_  
3. Frail \_\_\_ as sum - mer's flower we \_\_\_ flour - ish, \_\_\_

Vocal line starting at measure 5. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The key signature is D major (two sharps).

8

D E D E A D E

To \_\_\_ His feet thy tri - bute bring. Ran - somed, healed, re -  
To \_\_\_ our fa - thers in dis - tress. Praise \_\_\_ Him still the  
Blows the wind and it is \_\_\_ gone. But \_\_\_ while mor - tals

Vocal line starting at measure 8. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The key signature remains D major.

11      A                      F#m                      D                      E                      D      E                      A

stored, — for - giv - en, —      Who — like me      His      praise      should ——— sing?  
 same ——— for - ev - er, ———      Slow — to chide, and      swift to ——— bless.  
 rise ——— and ——— per - ish, ———      God — en - dures      un - chang - ing ——— on.

14      §      D                      E                      D                      E

Praise — Him,      praise      Him, ———      praise — Him,      praise ——— Him, ———

16      D                      E                      D                      E                      A

Praise — the      ev - er - - last - ing ———      King. ———  
 Glo - rious      in      His      faith - ful - - ness. ———  
 Praise — the      High      E - - - ter - nal ———      One. ———

18

D E D E

Praise — Him, praise Him, — praise — Him, praise — Him. —

20

D E D E A

Last time repeat from § (meas. 14)

Praise — the ev - er - - last - ing — King.  
 Glo - rious in — His faith - ful - - ness.  
 Praise — the High — E - - ter - nal — One.

Last time repeat from §

4.  
 Fatherlike He tends and spares us;  
 Well our feeble frame He knows.  
 In His hands He gently bears us,  
 Rescues us from all our foes.  
 Praise Him, praise Him,  
 praise Him, praise Him,  
 Widely as His mercy goes.  
 Praise Him, praise Him,  
 praise Him, praise Him,  
 Widely as His mercy goes.

5.  
 Angels help us to adore Him;  
 Ye behold Him face to face;  
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him,  
 Dwellers all in time and space.  
 Praise Him, praise Him,  
 praise Him, praise Him,  
 Praise with us the God of grace.  
 Praise Him, praise Him,  
 praise Him, praise Him,  
 Praise with us the God of grace.



# PRAISE TO THE LORD, THE ALMIGHTY

Words by Joachim Neander  
Traditional German Melody

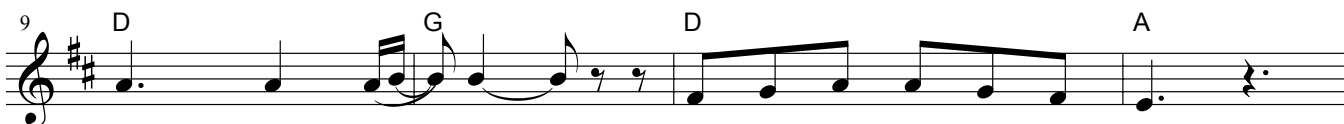
## Capo II



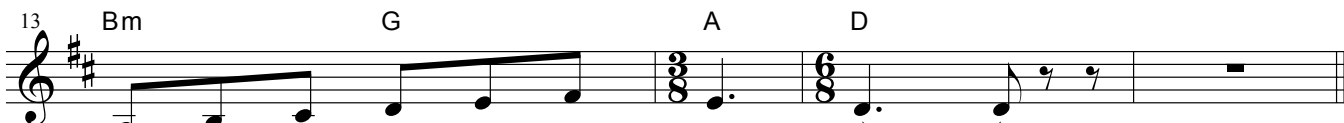
1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre - a - tion!  
2. Praise to the Lord! Who o'er all things so Won - drous - ly reign - eth  
3. Praise to the Lord who doth pros - per thy work And de - fend thee.  
4. Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me a - dore Him!



O, my soul, praise Him, For He is thy health and sal - va - tion!  
Shel - ters thee un - der His wings, Yea, so gent - ly sus - tain - eth;  
Sure - ly His good - ness and mer - cy here dai - ly at - tend thee.  
All that hath life and breath, Come now with prai - ses be - fore Him



All ye who hear, Now to his tem - ple draw near;  
Hast thou not seen, how all your long - ings have been  
Ponder a - new, What the Al - migh - ty can do,  
Let the A - men, Sound from His peo - ple a - gain;



Praise Him in glad ad - or - a - tion.  
Grant - ed in what He or - dain - eth?  
If with His love eye He be - friend thee.  
Glad - ly for aye we a - dore Him.



## Preparation Music

## Precious Lord, Take My Hand

1. Pre - cious Lord, take my hand, Lead me on, help me stand — I am  
 2. When my way grows drear, Pre-cious Lord, lin-ger near — When my

tired, I am weak, I am worn; Thro' the storm, thro' the night, Lead me  
 life is al - most gone; Hear my cry, hear my call, Hold my

on to the light — Take my hand, pre-cious Lord, lead me home.  
 hand lest I fall — Take my hand, pre-cious Lord, lead me home.

Words: Thomas A. Dorsey (1899-1993)

Music: George N. Allen (1812-1877); adapt. Thomas A Dorsey; © 1938 Hill & Range Songs (CCLI# 264766)

## Preserve Us, Lord

1. Pre - serve us, Lord, in this world's strife; we  
 2. Pre - serve us, Lord, from e - vil's ways, a -  
 3. Pre - serve us, Lord, from Thy just wrath, nor  
 4. Pre - serve us, Lord! Thy peo - ple save! In

fear but Thee, our Strength, our Life. What foe hath pow'r o'er  
 bound - ing in these dread - ful days. The wick - ed sound the  
 lay us bare in judg - ment's path, but clothe Thy church in  
 Christ up - raise us from the grave. Re - ceive Thy saints on

death and Hell? Thou shalt de - fend Thine Is - ra - el!  
 call to sin; how quick - ly we have fal - len in!  
 blood - wash'd robes; the cleans - ing stream at Cal - v'ry flows.  
 Zi - on's shore to reign with Thee for ev - er - more.

Words: Vell Rives, after Martin Luther, "Erhalt uns, Herr" (1541), used by permission  
 Music: "Erhalt uns, Herr," from *Geistliche Lieder* (1543), Public Domain

F#m7(add11) Bbadd9(no3)



# PSALM 15

Words adapted by Kevin Twit  
Music by Kevin Twit

Capo V

Women

A F#m7(add11) A F#m7(add11)

Who may en-ter In Your house, Lord?

Men

Lord who may en-ter Lord who may dwell in Your house?

5 A F#m7(add11) A F#m7(add11)

On your moun-tain Who can live, Lord?

5

And on Your moun-tain Your ho-ly hill, Who can live?

9 Cadd9 G/B

1.He who is right- eous He who is just,  
2.Not he who slan- ders Nor those who harm  
3.He who de- spis - es Those who are vile

9

1.He who is right- eous He who is just,  
2.Not he who slan- ders Nor those who harm  
3.He who de- spis - es Those who are vile

11 Bbadd9 A/C# G/B A

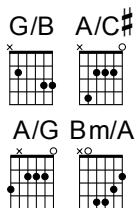
Speak - ing the truth In his heart  
Or bring re- proach On a friend  
But hon - ors those Who fear the

11

Speak - ing the truth In his heart  
Or bring re- proach On a friend  
But hon - ors those Who fear the

4. He who will stand by  
True to his word  
He who will not  
Take a bribe

5. He who is faithful  
In all of these  
He will be firm  
'Til the end



## PSALM 73

Words adapted by Kevin Twit & Mac Purdy  
Music by Kevin Twit

1. Sure - ly, God is good  
2. Sure - ly, I in vain  
3. Sure - ly, they're cast down  
4. Yet al - ways, You are near

5 To all the pure in heart  
Have kept my, my heart  
As those on, slip - pery  
You guide me, by Your ground  
Word

9 But as for, me my feet, had al - most slipped  
And sure - ly, they are strong and free from trials  
As dreams fade, when we wake, so they be - come  
And al - ways, my Lord God, You are my strength

13 I near - ly, I am lost my grip,  
Com - plete - ly, swept a - fused  
My por - tion, You will way be

17 For I en - vied, the ar - ro - gant  
Then I en - tered, Your ho - ly place  
In my heart, I was ar - ro - gant  
You're my re - fuge, my Sov - ereign Lord

21 They are free, from my bur - dens  
Then I saw, their des - ti - ny  
Like a beast, of be - fore You  
I will sing, of Your awe - some deeds

25 You're my re - fuge, my Sov - ereign Lord

29 I will sing, of Your awe - some deeds

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PSALM 73

Words adapted by Kevin Twit & Mac Purdy  
 Music by Kevin Twit

10      D                      D/F#                      G                      G/B                      A/C#

1.            Sure - ly,                      God    is    good  
 2.            Sure - ly,                      I     in    vain  
 3.            Sure - ly,                      they're cast    down  
 4.            Yet    al - ways,                      You    are    near

14 D D/F# G G/B A/C#

To all the pure in heart  
 Have kept my, pure  
 As those on, slip-ery ground  
 You guide me, by Your Word

18 D D/F# G G/B A/C#

But as for, me my feet, had al - most  
 And sure - ly, they are strong and free from  
 As dreams fade, when we wake, so they be-  
 And al - ways, my Lord God, You are my strength

22 D D/F# G G/B A/C#

I near - ly, lost my grip,  
 I am so con - fused  
 Com-plete - ly, swept a - way  
 My por - tion, You will be

26 A A/G D/F# G

For I en - vied, the ar - ro - gant  
 Then I en - tered, Your ho - ly place  
 In my heart, I was ar - ro - gant  
 You're my re - fuge, my Sov - ereign Lord

30 Bm Bm/A G G/B A/C# *Last time To Coda*

They are free, from my bur - dens  
 Then I saw, their des - ti - ny  
 Like a beast, of be - fore You  
 I will sing, of Your awe - some deeds *Last time To Coda*

34 A A/G D/F# G

You're my re - fuge, my Sov - eign Lord

38 Bm Bm/A G G/B A/C#

I will sing, \_\_\_\_\_ of Your awe - some deeds

42 D

46

*rit.*



B $\flat$ add9 C6add9(no3)



# PSALM 90

Capo V

Based on Psalm 90  
Music by Kevin Twit  
C6add9(no3)

G B $\flat$ add9 C6add9(no3)

1. Lord, Thou hast been our dwell - ing place  
2. Thou turn - est man to dust a - gain  
3. O teach us Lord to count our days

G B $\flat$ add9 C6add9(no3)

3 Through all the a - ges of our race  
And say'st "Re - turn ye sons of men"  
And set our heart on wis-dom's ways

G B $\flat$ add9 C6add9(no3)

5 Be - fore the moun - tains had their birth  
As yes - ter - day when past ap - pears!  
How long O Lord? Re - pent!

D C6add9(no3)

7 Or ev - er Thou hadst formed the earth  
So are to Thee a thous - and years  
And toward Thy ser - vants now re - lent

D C6add9(no3)

9 From years which no be - gin - ning had  
They, like a day, are in Thy sight  
Each morn - ing fill us with Thy grace

B $\flat$ add9 C6add9(no3)

11 To years un - end - ing, Thou art  
Yes, like a pass - ing, watch my  
We'll sing for joy through all our

G B $\flat$ add9 C6add9(no3) G B $\flat$ add9 C6add9(no3)

13 God, night, days, Thou art God.  
Thou art Thou art God.  
Thou art Thou art God.

4. According to the days we spent  
Beneath affliction Thou hast sent  
And all the years we evil knew  
Now make us glad our joy renew  
Thy work in all Thy servants show  
Thy glory on their sons bestow, Thou art God

5. On us let there be shed abroad  
The beauty of the Lord our God  
Our handiwork upon us be  
Established evermore by Thee  
Yes, let our handiwork now be  
Established by Thee, evermore, Thou art God  
TAG: Thou art God, Thou art God

# PSALM 97

Words based on the Scottish Psalter  
Adapted by Kevin Twit  
Music by Kevin Twit

Capo VI

Women

Men

God reign - eth

God reign - eth, Let the earth be glad and let the isles rejoice

God reign - eth

God reign - eth Let the earth be glad and let the isles rejoice

1. Dark clouds en - com - pass Him In  
2. Lightening light - ens up the world The

1. Dark clouds en - com - pass Him In  
2. Lightening light - ens up the world The

13 G D/F# Em

justice earth He sits up and - on His throne  
 earth she saw and shook through - out

13 Em D

15 Fire goes be - fore Him, His  
 The mountains they all melt like wax, Be -

15 Fire goes be - fore Him, His  
 The mountains they all melt like wax, Be -

17 G D/F# C C

17 foes it burns up all a - round  
 fore the Lord of all the earth

17 foes it burns up all a - round  
 fore the Lord of all the earth

3. The heavens proclaim his righteousness  
 The peoples see his glory shine  
 And all who worship images  
 Are put to shame with all their gods

4. Zion hears and sings for joy  
 Because of all your judgments Lord  
 For you oh Lord are the Most High  
 Above all other so-called gods

5. Let all who love the Lord hate sin  
 For He preserves His faithful ones  
 Light is shed upon the just  
 And joy upon the pure in heart

## PSALM 121

Words adapted by Darwin Jordan  
Music by Darwin Jordan

G D/F# Em

1. I will lift up my eye to the mou - tains

F C D

3 from which shall my help come,

G D/F# Em

5 my help comes from the Lord

F C D

7 who made hea - ven and earth,

Em F C

9 He will not a - llow your foot to slip,

Em F C

11 He who keeps you will not slum - ber,

Em F C

13 Be - hold, He who keeps Is - ra - el

Em F C

15 wil ne - ither slum - ber nor sleep,

G D/F# Em

17 2. The lord is your keep - er, The

19 F C D  
 Lord is your shade on your right hand,

21 G D/F# Em  
 The sun will not smite you by day,

23 F C D  
 Nor the moon by night,

25 Em F C  
 The Lord will guard you from all e - vil,

27 Em F C  
 he will keep your soul,

29 Em F C G  
 The Lord will guard your go - ing o'er and your co - ming in, From

31 D  
 this time forth and for - e - ver,

33 G D/F# Em  
 I will lift up my eye to the moun - tains,

35 F C D  
 From which shall my help come,

37 C D G  
 My help comes from the Lord

## PSALM 128

Words based on the Scottish Psalter  
Music by Steve Casey

1. Blessed the man that fears Je - ho - vah  
2. Like a vine him with fruit a - bound - ing  
3. Lo, on him that fears Je - ho - vah

4. And that walk - eth in His ways  
5. In thy house - ed - in His ways  
6. Shall this bless - ed - ness at - tend

7. Thou shalt eat of thy plants, hands' la - bor;  
8. And like ol - ive thy child - ren;  
9. For Je - ho - vah, out of Zi - on,

10. And be pro - spered all thy days.  
11. Com - pass - ing thy ta - ble 'round  
12. Shall to thee His bless - ings send

4. Thou shalt see Jerus'lem prosper  
All thy days 'til life shall cease  
Thou shalt see thy children's children  
Unto Israel be peace.

5. Blessed the man that fears Jehovah  
And that walketh in His ways.  
Lo, on him that fears Jehovah  
Shall this blessedness attend.

## PSALM 130 (FROM DEPTHS OF WOE)

Words by Martin Luther  
 Music by Christopher Miner

1. From depths of woe I raise to Thee, The voice of lam - en - ta - tion; Lord,  
 2. To wash a - way the crim - son stain, Grace, grace a - lone a - vail - eth; Our

6  
 turn a gra - cious ear to me And hear my sup - pli - ca - tion; If  
 works, a - las! Are all in vain; In much the best life fail - eth; No

10  
 thou in - i - qui - ties dost mark, Our se - cret sins and mis - deeds dark, **Men:** O  
 man can glo - ry in thy sight, All must a - like con - fess thy might, And

14  
 who shall stand be - fore thee? O  
 live a - lone by mer - cy a - lone by And mer -

18  
 who shall stand be - fore thee?  
 thee? Who shall stand be - fore thee?  
 live a - lone by mer - cy  
 cy Live a - lone by mer - cy

3. Therefore my trust  
 is in the Lord,  
 And not in mine own merit;  
 On Him my soul shall rest, His word  
 Upholds my fainting spirit;  
 His promised mercy is my fort,  
 My comfort and my sweet support;  
 I wait for it with patience (echo)  
 I wait for it with patience (echo)

4. What though I wait  
 the live-long night,  
 And till the dawn appeareth,  
 My heart still trusteth in his might;  
 It doubteth not nor feareth;  
 Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,  
 Ye of the Spirit born indeed;  
 And wait till God appeareth. (echo)  
 And wait till God appeareth (echo)

5. Though great our sins  
 and sore our woes  
 His grace much more aboundeth;  
 His helping love no limit knows,  
 Our upmost need it soundeth.  
 Our Shepherd good and true is He,  
 Who will at last His Israel free  
 From all their sin and sorrow (echo)  
 From all their sin and sorrow (echo)

# Rejoice, the Lord Is King

688

1. Re - joice, the Lord is King; Your Lord and King a - dore!  
 2. Je - sus, the Sav - ior, reigns, The God of truth and love;  
 3. His king - dom can - not fail, He rules o'er earth and heav'n;  
 4. Re - joice in glo - rious hope! Our Lord and judge shall come

Re - joice, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more: Lift  
 When He had purged our stains, He took His seat a - bove: Lift  
 The keys of death and hell, Are to our Je - sus giv'n: Lift  
 And take His ser - vants up To their e - ter - nal home: Lift

up your heart, lift up your voice! Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!  
 up your heart, lift up your voice! Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!  
 up your heart, lift up your voice! Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!  
 up your heart, lift up your voice! Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!

688



## Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart

1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing  
 2. Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maid - ens fair,  
 3. Yes, on thro' life's long path, Still sing - ing as ye go;  
 4. Still lift your stan - dard high, Still march in firm ar - ray,

Be - neath the stan - dard of your God, The cross of Christ your King.  
 Raise high your free, ex - ult - ing song, God's won - drous praise de - clare.  
 From youth to age, by night and day, In glad - ness and in woe.  
 As war - riors thro' the dark - ness toil Till dawns the gold - en day.

Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing.  
 Re - joice, re - joice,

# REJOICE, THE LORD IS KING

Words by Charles Wesley

Music by John Darwall

C G/B Am Am/G F Dm G

1. Re - joice the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a - dore Re -  
 2. The Lord Our Sa - vior reigns, The God of Truth and love When  
 3. His king - dom can - not fail, He rules o'er earth and heav'n The  
 4. Re - joice in glor - ious hope, Our Lord the Judge shall come The And

6 C Am D G G D G

joice give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er more  
 He had purged our stains, He took His seat a - bove  
 keys of death and hell, Are to their e - ter - nal giv'n  
 take His ser - vants up, To their e - ter - nal home

10 F G Am G/B F/A

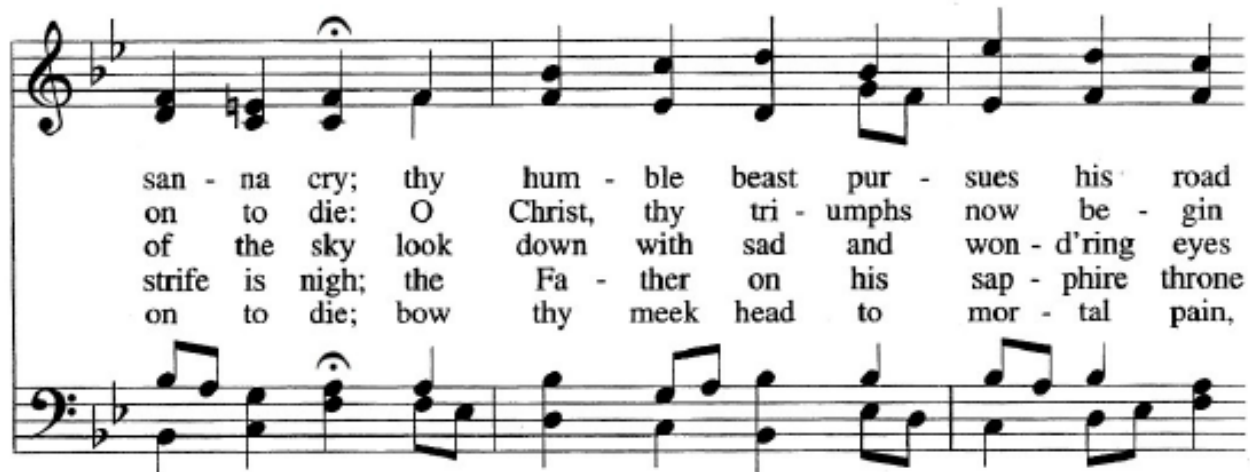
Lift up your heart, Lift up your voice, re -

14 F C/E Dm F Gsus G C

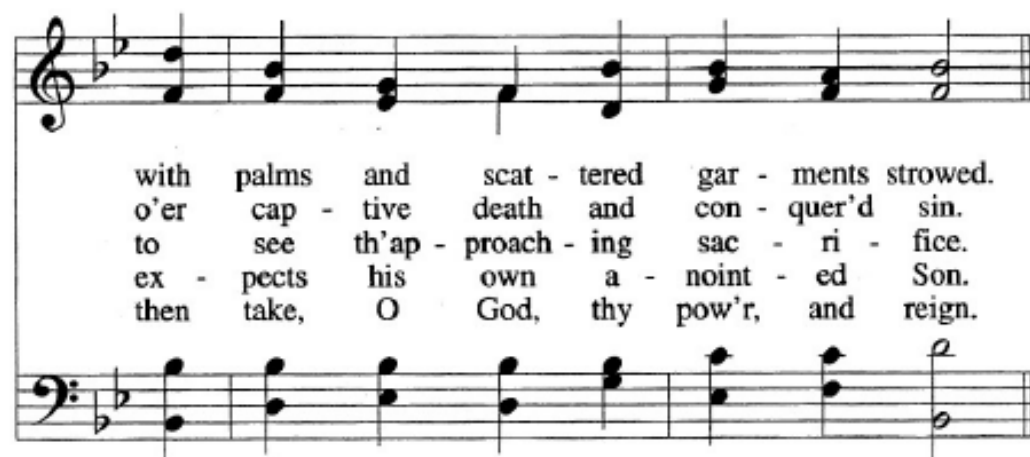
joice, a - gain I say re - joice

Ride On! Ride On in Majesty


1 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho -  
 2 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride  
 3 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an - gel ar - mies  
 4 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Thy last and fierc - est  
 5 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride



san - na cry; thy hum - ble beast pur - sues his road  
 on to die: O Christ, thy tri - umphs now be - gin  
 of the sky look down with sad and won - d'ring eyes  
 strife is nigh; the Fa - ther on his sap - phire throne  
 on to die; bow thy meek head to mor - tal pain,



with palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed.  
 o'er cap - tive death and con - quer'd sin.  
 to see th'ap - proach - ing sac - ri - fice.  
 ex - pects his own a - noint - ed Son.  
 then take, O God, thy pow'r, and reign.

## Rock of Ages

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide  
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands can ful - fill  
 3. No - thing in my hand I bring, sim - ply to  
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes

my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,  
 thy law's de - mands; Could my zeal no res - pite know,  
 thy cross I cling; Na - ked, come to thee for dress;  
 shall close in death, When I soar to worlds un - known,

from thy wound - ed side which flowed. Be of sin the  
 could my tears for - ev - er flow, All for sin could  
 Help - less, look to thee for grace; Foul, I to the  
 see Thee on thy judg - ment throne, Rock of A - ges,

dou - ble cure, save from wrath and make me pure.  
 not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
 Foun - tain fly; wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.  
 cleft for me, let me hide my - self in Thee.

**Rock of Ages**  
Augustus Montague Toplady, 1775

[1]

A                    D                    A  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
           A                    E                    A  
 Let me hide myself in Thee;  
           E                    A  
 Let the water and the blood  
           E    A  
 From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
           A                    D7                    A  
 Be of sin the double cure;  
           A                    E                    D7    A    E  
 Save from wrath and make me pure.

[2]

          A                    D                    A  
 Not the labors of my hands  
           A                    E                    A  
 Can fulfill Thy law's demands;  
           E    A  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
           E    A  
 Could my tears forever flow,  
           A                    D7                    A  
 All for sin could not atone;  
           A                    E                    D7    A    E  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

[3]

          A                    D                    A  
 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
           A                    E                    A  
 Simply to thy cross I cling;  
           E    A  
 Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
           E    A  
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
           A                    D7                    A  
 Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
           A                    E                    D7    A    E  
 Wash me, Savior, or I die.

[4]

          A                    D                    A  
 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
           A    E                    A  
 When mine eyes shall close in death,  
           E    A  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
           E    A  
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
           A                    D7                    A  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
           A                    E                    A  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.  
  
           E    A  
 Let the water and the blood  
           E    A  
 From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
           A                    D7                    A  
 Be of sin the double cure;  
           A    E                    A  
 Save from wrath and make me pure.  
           A    D7                    A  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
           A                    E                    D7                    A  
 Let me hide myself in Thee;

Romans Doxology

1. Oh, the depth of the riches, — the wis - dom of God, how un -  
 2. Oh, the depth of the riches, — the wis - dom of God, how mag -  
 3. Oh, the depth of the riches, — the wis - dom of God, how im -

search - a - ble are His ways. How pro - found are His judg - ments so  
 ni - fi - cent are His ways. Who has been His ad - vis - or — and  
 meas - 'ra - ble is His grace. How un - fail - ing His kind - ness, — so

high a - bove our thoughts, and His path - ways no man can trace.  
 who has coun - seled Him, all He gives us who can re - pay? For —  
 far re - moved His wrath, and His mer - cies are new each day.

from — Him and through — Him and to Him are all things,  
 to Him be glo - ry for - ev - er more. To Him be glo - ry for - ev - er. A -  
 men! A - men! A - - - men!

## Salvation Belongs to Our God

*Words and Music by Adrian Howard and Pat Turner, 1985*

G          D/F#          Em G/D C          G/B C D/F# G  
 Salvation belongs to our God Who sits upon the throne  
           D/F#    Em G/D          C                  G/B  
 And unto the Lamb,          Be praise and glory  
 C                  G/B EM<sub>7</sub> F<sub>2</sub>                  C/E                  Dsus D  
 Wisdom and thanks,          Honor and power and strength

G          D/G          C          Em D  
 Be to our God Forever and ever  
 G          D/G          C          Em D  
 Be to our God Forever and ever  
 G          D/G          C          Em D G          D/G C/E D/F# G  
 Be to our God Forever and ever,          Amen

G          D/F#                  Em G/D C G/B          C D/F# G  
 And we the redeemed shall be strong In          purpose, and unity  
           D/F#    Em G/D C                  G/B  
 Declaring aloud          Praise and glory  
 C                  G/B EM<sub>7</sub> F<sub>2</sub>                  C/E                  Dsus D  
 Wisdom and thanks          Honor and power and strength

G          D/G          C          Em D  
 Be to our God Forever and ever  
 G          D/G          C          Em D  
 Be to our God Forever and ever  
 G          D/G          C          Em D G          D/G C/E D/F# G  
 Be to our God Forever and ever,          Amen

## Salvation Belongs to Our God

*Words and Music by Adrian Howard and Pat Turner, 1985*

G D/F# Em G/D C G/B C D/F# G  
 Salvation belongs to our God Who sits upon the throne  
 D/F# Em G/D C G/B  
 And unto the Lamb, Be praise and glory  
 C G/B EM7 F2 C/E Dsus D  
 Wisdom and thanks, Honor and power and strength

G D/G C Em D  
 Be to our God Forever and ever  
 G D/G C Em D  
 Be to our God Forever and ever  
 G D/G C Em D G D/G C/E D/F# G  
 Be to our God Forever and ever, Amen

G D/F# Em G/D C G/B C D/F# G  
 And we the redeemed shall be strong In purpose, and unity  
 D/F# Em G/D C G/B  
 Declaring aloud Praise and glory  
 C G/B EM7 F2 C/E Dsus D  
 Wisdom and thanks Honor and power and strength

G D/G C Em D  
 Be to our God Forever and ever  
 G D/G C Em D  
 Be to our God Forever and ever  
 G D/G C Em D G D/G C/E D/F# G  
 Be to our God Forever and ever, Amen



## Satisfied

Clara T. Williams, 1875

Guitar - capo 3

Karl Digerness, 1997

Intro  $\square$  Cadd<sup>9</sup> G Cadd<sup>9</sup> G

1. All my life long I had pan - ted
2. Feed - ing on the filth a - round me
3. Poor I was and sought for rich - es
4. Well of wa - ter ev - er spring - ing

3 Cadd<sup>9</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Dsus D  $\square$

for a drink from some cool spring  
'till my strength was al - most gone.  
some - thing that would sat - is - fy.  
Bread of Life so rich and free.

5 Cadd<sup>9</sup> G Cadd<sup>9</sup> G

that I hoped would quench the burn - ing  
Longed my soul for some - thing bet - ter  
But the dust I gath - ered 'round me  
Un - told wealth that nev - er fail - eth,

7 Cadd<sup>9</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Dsus D

of the thirst I felt with - in.  
on - ly still to hun - ger on.  
on - ly mocked my soul's sad cry.  
my Re - dee - mer is to me.

## CHORUS

9 Em G Am G

Hal - le - lu - jah! He has found me,

11 C Em Dsus D

the One my soul so long has craved!

13 C G Am G

Je - sus sat - is - fies all my long - ings

15  $\square$  C Em D *last time double chorus*  $\square$

through his blood I now am saved

tag: repeat last 2 measures 2X

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Clara T. Williams, 1875

Guitar - capo 3

Karl Digerness, 1997

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for a drink from some cool spring  
 'till my strength was al - most gone.  
 some - thing that would sat - is - fy.  
 Bread of Life so rich and free.

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 Longed my soul for some - thing bet - ter  
 But the dust I gath - ered 'round me  
 Un - told wealth that nev - er fail - eth,

7 Cadd<sup>9</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Dsus D

of the thirst I felt with - in.  
 on - ly still to hun - ger on.  
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## CHORUS

9 Em G Am G

Hal - le - lu - jah! He has found me,

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the One my soul so long has craved!

13 C G Am G

Je - sus sat - is - fies all my long - ings

15  $\square$  C Em D *last time double chorus*  $\square$

through his blood I now am saved

tag: repeat last 2 measures 2X

## Savior, Teach Me Day by Day

1. Sav - ior, teach me day by day Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;  
 2. With a child's glad heart of love At Thy bid - ding may I move,  
 3. Teach me thus Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace,  
 4. Thus may I re - joice to show That I feel the love I owe;

Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.  
 Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.  
 Learn - ing how to love from Thee, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.  
 Sing - ing, till Thy face I see, Of His love who first loved me.

## See the Destined Day Arise



1. See the des - tined day a - rise! See a wil - ling sac - ri - fice!  
 2. Who but Christ had dared to drain, steeped in gall, the cup of pain,  
 3. Ho - ly Je - sus, grant us grace in that sac - ri - fice to place



Je - sus, to re - deem our loss, hangs up - on the shame - ful cross;  
 And with ten - der bo - dy bear thorns, and nails, and pierc - ing spear?  
 All our trust for life re - newed, Par - doned sin, and prom - ised good.



Je - sus, who but You could bear wrath so great and just - ice fair?  
 Slain for us, the wa - ter flowed, ming - led from your side with blood;  
 Grant us grace to sing your praise, 'round your throne through end - less days.



Ev - ery pang and bit - ter throe, fin - ish - ing your life of woe?  
 Sign to all at - tes - ting eyes of the fin - ished sac - ri - fice.  
 Ev - er with the sons of light: "Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, might!"



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Lamb of God for sin - ners slain!



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus Christ, we praise your name!



*Words (verses): Venantius Fortunatus (c. 530-c. 600), tr. Richard Mant (1837), Public Domain;*

*Words (chorus) and Music: Matt Merker, 2012*

## See What A Morning

## Verse 1:

D            A            G            D  
 See, what a morning, gloriously bright  
 A            G            D            G            D            A  
 with the dawning of hope in Jerusalem  
 D            A            G            D  
 folded the grave clothes, tomb filled with light  
 A            G            D            G            D            A            A7  
 as the angels announce Christ is risen!  
                  A            G            D            G            D  
 See God's salvation plan, wrought in love,  
                  G            D            G            D            A            A            D  
 borne in pain, paid in sacrifice,  
                  A            D  
 fulfilled in Christ, the Man,  
 G            D            G            D            A            D            (G    D    G    D    A    D)  
 for He lives: Christ is risen from the dead

## Verse 2:

D            A            G            D  
 See Mary weeping, "Where is he Laid"?  
 A            G            D            G            D            A  
 As in sorrow she turns from the empty tomb;  
 D            A            G            D  
 Hears a voice speaking, calling her name;  
 A            G            D            G            D            A            A7  
 It's the Master, the Lord raised to life again!  
                  A            G            D            G            D  
 The voice that spans the years, Speaking life,  
 G            D            G            D            A            A            D  
 stirring hope, bringing peace to us,  
                  A            D  
 Will sound till he appears,  
 G            D            G            D            A            D            (G    D    G    D    A    D)  
 For He lives, Christ is risen from the dead!

## Verse 3:

D            A            G            D  
 One with the Father, Ancient of Days,  
 A            G            D            G            D            A  
 Through the Spirit who clothes faith with certainty  
 D            A            G            D  
 Honour and blessing, glory and praise  
 A            G            D            G            D            A            A7  
 To the King crowned with power and authority!  
                  A            G            D            G            D  
 \*\*And we are raised with Him, Death is dead,  
 G            D            G            D            A            A            D  
 love has won, Christ has conquered;  
                  A            D  
 And we shall reign with Him  
 G            D            G            D            A            D            (G    D    G    D    A    D)  
 For He lives, Christ is risen from the dead!

## Seek Thy All In Me

*Gadsby Hymnal #295*

*Words by John Newton, 1879; Music by Robert Turner, 2009*

*Acts 14.22 "...we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God"*

**G D C D**  
 [1] I asked the Lord that I might grow  
**Em D**  
 In faith, and love, and every grace;  
**G D C D**  
 Might more of His salvation know,  
**Em D**  
 And seek, more earnestly, His face.  
**C D G D C**  
 I hoped that in some favored hour,  
**Am D**  
 At once He'd answer my request;  
**C D G D C**  
 And by His love's constraining pow'r,  
**Am D**  
 Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

**G D C D**  
 [3] Lord, why is this, I trembling cried,  
**Em D**  
 Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?  
**G D C D**  
 "'Tis in this way, the Lord replied,  
**Em D**  
 I answer prayer for grace and faith.  
**C D G D C**  
 These inward trials I employ,  
**Am D**  
 From self, and pride, to set thee free;  
**C D G D C**  
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
**Am D**  
 That thou may'st seek thy all in Me.

**G D C D**  
 [2] Instead of this, He made me feel  
**Em D**  
 The hidden evils of my heart;  
**G D C D**  
 And let the angry pow'rs of hell  
**Em D**  
 Assault my soul in every part.  
**C D G D C**  
 Yea more, with His own hand He seemed  
**Am D**  
 Intent to aggravate my woe;  
**C D G D C**  
 Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,  
**Am D**  
 Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

# See, What a Morning (Resurrection Hymn)

Words and Music by  
Keith Getty & Stuart Townend

Victoriously (♩. = 92)

D A/D G D/F# A Bm G D/F# G

1. See, — what a morn - ing, glo - rious-ly bright, with the dawn - ing of hope in Je-  
 2. See, — Ma - ry weep - ing, "Where — is He laid?" As in sor - row she turns from the  
 3. One — with the Fa - ther, An - cient of Days, through the Spir - it Who clothes faith with

D/A A D A/D G D A/C#

ru - sa - lem; Fold - ed the grave - clothes, tomb filled with light, as the  
 emp - ty tomb. Hears a voice speak - ing, call - ing her name; It's the  
 cer - tain - ty. Hon - or and bless - ing, glo - ry and praise to the

Bm G D/F# G D/A A A/G D/F#

an - gels an - nounce "Christ is ris - - en!" See God's sal -  
 Mas - ter, the Lord, raised to life — a - gain! The voice that  
 King crowned with pow'r and au - thor - i - ty. And we are

A/G G D/F# G D/F# G D/F# G D/A A A/G

va - tion\_\_\_ plan, wrought in love, borne in pain, paid in sac - ri - fice,  
 spans the\_\_\_ years, speak - ing life, stir - ring hope, bring - ing peace\_\_\_ to us,  
 raised with\_\_\_ Him; Death is dead, life has won, Christ has con - quered.

D/F# A/G G D/F# G D/F# G D/A A

ful - filled in Christ the Man, for He lives: Christ is ris - en from the  
 will sound till He ap - pears, for He lives: Christ is ris - en from the  
 And we shall reign with Him, for He lives: Christ is ris - en from the

D A/D 1.2. G/D G A 3. D

dead.\_\_\_\_\_  
 dead.\_\_\_\_\_  
 dead.\_\_\_\_\_

See, What a Morning (Resurrection Hymn)



A E F#- D  
 My Jesus, My Savior Lord there is none like you  
 A D A D G D/F# E  
 all of my days I want to praise The wonders of your mighty love.  
 A E F#- D  
 My comfort, My shelter Tower of refuge and strength  
 A D A D G D/F# E  
 Let every breath, all that I am never cease to worship you.

A F#- D E  
 Shout to the Lord all the earth, let us sing  
 A F#- D E  
 Power and Majesty, praise to the King  
 F#- D E  
 Mountains bow down and seas will roar At the sound of your name.  
 A F#- D E  
 I sing for joy at the work of your hands  
 A F#- D E  
 Forever I'll love you, forever I'll stand.  
 F#- D E A  
 Nothing compares to the promise I have in you

G D E C  
 My Jesus, My Savior Lord there is none like you  
 G C G C F C/E D  
 all of my days I want to praise The wonders of your mighty love.  
 G D E C  
 My comfort, My shelter Tower of refuge and strength  
 G C G C F C/E D  
 Let every breath, all that I am never cease to worship you.

G E C D  
 Shout to the Lord all the earth, let us sing  
 G E C D  
 Power and Majesty, praise to the King  
 E C D  
 Mountains bow down and seas will roar At the sound of your name.  
 G E C D  
 I sing for joy at the work of your hands  
 G E C D  
 Forever I'll love you, forever I'll stand.  
 E C D G  
 Nothing compares to the promise I have in you

## Shout to the North

Written by Martin Smith

*Verse 1 (men):*

G D C  
 Men of faith, rise up and sing  
 G D C  
 Of the great and glorious King  
 G D C  
 You are strong when you feel weak,  
 G D C  
 In your broken-ness, complete.

*Chorus (all):*

G C D  
 Shout to the north and the south.  
 G C D  
 Sing to the east and the west.  
 G C D  
 Jesus is Saviour to all,  
 C D G  
 Lord of heaven and earth.

*Verse 2 (women):*

G D C  
 Rise up women of the truth  
 G D C  
 Stand and sing to broken hearts  
 G D C  
 Who can know the healing power  
 G D C  
 Of our glorious King of love?

*Chorus 2x (all):*

G C D  
 Shout to the north and the south.  
 G C D  
 Sing to the east and the west.  
 G C D  
 Jesus is Saviour to all,  
 C D G  
 Lord of heaven and earth.

*Bridge: quieter*

Em  
 We've been through fire,  
 C  
 we've been through rain.  
 Em  
 We've been refined by the  
 C  
 pow'r of His name  
 Em  
 We've fallen deeper  
 C  
 in love with You.  
 G/B Dsus D  
 You've burned the truth on our lips.

*Chorus 2x (lively)*

G C D  
 Shout to the north and the south.  
 G C D  
 Sing to the east and the west.  
 G C D  
 Jesus is Saviour to all,  
 C D G  
 Lord of heaven and earth.

*Verse 3 (quiet)*

G D C  
 Rise up church with broken wings;  
 G D C  
 Fill this place with songs again  
 G D C  
 Of our God who reigns on high.  
 G D C  
 By His grace again we'll fly.

*Chorus 2x (first time quiet)*

G C D  
 Shout to the north and the south.  
 G C D  
 Sing to the east and the west.  
 G C D  
 Jesus is Saviour to all,  
 C D G  
 Lord of heaven and earth.

# Silent Night! Holy Night!

210

*They hurried off and found Mary and Joseph, and the baby, who was lying in the manger. Luke 2:16*

Capo 1:  $\Gamma$  B $\flat$ (A)  $\Gamma$  F $^7$ (E $^7$ ) B $\flat$ (A) E $\flat$ (D)

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright round yon  
 2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep- herds quake at the sight! Glo - ries  
 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light ra - dian't  
 4. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Won - drous star, lend thy light; with the

B $\flat$ (A) E $\flat$ (D) B $\flat$ (A)

vir - gin moth - er and child. Ho - ly in - fant, so ten - der and mild,  
 stream from heav - en a - far, heav'n - ly hosts sing al - le - lu - ia;  
 beams from thy ho - ly face, with the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,  
 an - gels let us sing al - le - lu - ia to our King;

F $^7$ (E $^7$ ) B $\flat$ (A)  $\Gamma$  F $^7$ (E $^7$ ) B $\flat$ (A)  $\Gamma$

sleep in heav - en - ly peace, sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
 Christ, the Sav - ior, is born! Christ, the Sav - ior, is born!  
 Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth.  
 Christ, the Sav - ior, is born! Christ, the Sav - ior, is born!

# CAROL\* | SILENT NIGHT

\*Congregation rises to sing at the end of the one-verse instrumental introduction

1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright Round yon  
 2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Dark - ness flies, all is light; Shep - herds  
 3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light Ra - diant  
 4. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Won - drous star, lend thy light; With the

vir - gin moth - er and child! Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild,  
 hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!  
 beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,  
 an - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King;

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Christ the Sav - ior is born."  
 Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.  
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Christ the Sav - ior is born.

Words: Joseph Mohr (1792-1848); tr. st. 1,3, John Freeman Young (1820-1885); tr. st. 2,4, Anonymous  
 Music: Franz Gruber (1787-1863), Public Domain

So Send I You

1. So send I you to la - bor un - re - ward - ed, To serve un -  
 2. So send I you to bind the bruised and bro - ken, O'er wand - ring  
 3. So send I you to lone - li - ness and long - ing, With heart a -  
 4. So send I you, to bear My cross with pa - ti - ence, And then one

paid, un - loved, un - sought, un - known, To bear re - buke, to  
 souls to work, to weep, to wake, To bear the bur - dens  
 hung - ring for the loved and known, For - sak - ing home and  
 day with joy to lay it down, To hear My voice, "Well

suf - fer scorn and scof - fing, So send I you to toil for  
 of a world a - wear - y, So send I you to suf - fer  
 kin - dred, friend and dear one, So send I you to know My  
 done, My faith - ful ser - vant, Come share My throne, My King dom,

Me a - lone; To bear re - buke, to suf - fer scorn and  
 for My sake; To bear the bur - dens of a world a -  
 love a - lone; For - sak - ing home and kin - dred, friend and  
 and My crown;" To hear My voice, "Well done, My faith - ful

scof - fing, So send I you to toil for Me a - lone.  
 wear - y, So send I you to suf - fer for My sake.  
 dear one, So send I you to know My love a - lone.  
 ser - vant, Come share My throne, My King - dom, and My crown."

Words: E. Margaret Clarkson (1915-2008), © 1969 Singspiration Music/ASCAP (CCLI# 264766)  
 Music: Jean Sibelius (1865-1957), Public Domain

## So Send I You

1. So send I you, by grace made strong to tri - umph O'er hosts of  
 2. So send I you, to take to souls in bond - age The word of  
 3. So send I you, My strength to know in weak - ness, My joy in  
 4. So send I you, to bear My cross with pa - tience, And then one

hell, o'er dark - ness, death, and sin, My name to bear, and in that  
 truth that sets the cap - tive free, To break the bonds of sin, to  
 grief, My per - fect peace in pain, To prove My pow'r, My grace, My  
 day with joy to lay it down, To hear My voice, "Well done, My

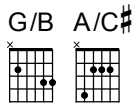
name to con - quer, So send I you, My vic - to - ry to win.  
 loose death's fet - ters, So send I you, to bring the lost to Me.  
 prom - ised pres - ence, So send I you, e - ter - nal fruit to gain.  
 faith - ful ser - vant, Come, share My throne, My king - dom and My crown!"

## Soldiers of Christ

1. Sol - diers of Christ, in truth ar - rayed, A world in  
 2. His gos - pel to the lost pro - claim, Good news for  
 3. Morn - ing and eve - ning sow the seed, God's grace the  
 4. We meet to part, but part to meet When earth - ly

ru - ins needs your aid: A world by sin de - stroyed and  
 all in Je - sus' name; Let light up - on the dark - ness  
 ef - fort shall suc - ceed. Seed - times of tears have oft been  
 la - bors are com - plete, To join in yet more blest em -

dead; A world for which the Sav - ior bled.  
 break That sin - ners from their death may wake.  
 found With sheaves of joy and plen - ty crowned.  
 ploy, In an e - ter - nal world of joy.



## SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES

Words by William Cowper  
 Alt. by Kevin Twit  
 Music by Kevin Twit

1. Some - times a light sur - pri - ses,  
 2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion,  
 3. To - morrow can bring us no - thing,  
 4. Though vine nor fig - tree nei - ther,

3 The Chris - tian while he sings  
 We sweet - ly then pur - sue  
 But He will bear fruit us through  
 Their won - ted fruit should bear

5 It is the Lord who ri - ses,  
 The theme of the God's sal - va - tion,  
 Who gives all the li - lies clo - thing,  
 Though all the fields should wi - ther,

7 With heal - ing in His wings  
 And find it ev - er new  
 Will clothe His peo - ple too  
 Nor flocks or herds be there

9 Em D/F#  
 When com - forts are de - cli - ning,  
 Set free from pre - sent sor - row,  
 Be - neath the spread - ing hea - vens,  
 Yet God the same a - bi - ding,



11 G A

He grants the soul a - gain  
 We cheer - ful - ly can - say  
 No crea - ture but tune is my fed  
 His praise shall tune my voice

13 D G/B A/C# D G A

A sea - son of clear shi - ning,  
 Let the un - known to - mor - row,  
 And He who feeds Him the ra - vens,  
 For while in Him con - fi - ding,

15 D G A D

To cheer it af - ter rain  
 Bring with it what chil - dren may  
 Will give can - His not but re - bread  
 I can - not but re - bread joy!

17 D G/B A/C# D G A D G A D

21 D G/B A/C# D G A D G A D

## SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES

Words by William Cowper  
 Alt. by Kevin Twit  
 Music by Kevin Twit

D G/B A/C# D G A D G/B A/C# D G A

5 D G/B A/C# D G A D G/B A/C# D G

1. Some - times a light sur - pri - ses, The Chris - tian while  
 2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion, We sweet - ly then  
 3. To - morrow can bring us no - thing, But He will bear  
 4. Though vine nor fig - tree nei - ther, Their won - ted fruit

8 A D G/B A/C# D G A

— he sings — It is the Lord — who ri ses,  
 — pur - sue — The theme of the God's — sal - va tion,  
 — us through — Who gives the the li - lies clo thing,  
 — should bear — Though all the fields — should wi ther,

11 D G/B A/C# D G A Em D/F#

With heal ing in — His wings When com - forts are — de cli - ning,  
 And find it ev er new Set free from pre sent sor - row,  
 Will clothe His peo ple too neath the spread ing hea - vens,  
 Nor flocks or herds be there Yet God the same — a - bi ding,

15 G A D G/B A/C# D G A

He grants the soul — a gain A sea - son of — clearshi - ning,  
 We cheer - ful ly — can say Let the un known to mor - row,  
 No crea ture but — is fed And He who feeds the ra - vens,  
 His praise shall tune — my voice For while in Him — con fi - ding,

19 D G A D D G/B A/C# D G A

To cheer it af - ter — rain.  
 Bring with it what — it — may.  
 Will give His chil - dren bread.  
 I can not but — re joice!.

1.2.3.

23 D G/B A/C# D G A | 4. D G/B A/C# D G A

For while in him — con fi - ding

23 4.

27 D G A D D G/B A/C# D G A

I can - not but — re - jice. —

27

31 D G/B A/C# D G A D G/B A/C# D G

34 A D G/B A/C# D G A D

## Soon and Very Soon

Words - Andrae Crouch, 1976.

Music - Clint Wells, 2004.

B

Soon and very soon

C#m

We're going to see the King

B

Soon and very soon

C#m

We're going to see the King

E

C#m

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah*

A

E/G#

E

*We are going to see the King*

No more crying there

We're going to see the King

No more crying there

We're going to see the King

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah*

*We are going to see the King*

Key Change:

Db

No more dying there

Ebm

We're going to see the King

Db

No more dying there

Ebm

We're going to see the King

Gb

Ebm

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah*

Cb

Gb

Db

*We are going to see the King*

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# Soon and Very Soon

Words - Andrae Crouch, 1976.  
Music - Clint Wells, 2004.

B C#min

Soon and ver - y soon We're going to see the King  
No more cry - ing there We're going to see the King  
No more dy - ing there We're going to see the King

4 B C#min

Soon and ver - y soon We're going to see the King  
No more cry - ing there We're going to see the King  
No more dy - ing there We're going to see the King

8 E2 C#min

Hal - le - lu - - - - jah, Hal - le - lu - - - -

12 A E/G# B

jah We are go - ing to see the King

## SOVEREIGN GRACE O'ER SIN ABOUNDING

Capo V

Words by John Kent

Music by Sandra McCracken

1. Sov - ereign grace o'er sin a - bound - ing! Ran - somed  
 2. What from Christ that soul can sev - er, Bound by  
 3. Heirs of God, joint - heirs with Je - sus, Long ere  
 4. On such love, my soul, still pon - der, Love so

4 Am  
 souls, ev - er time great,  
 the er - last - ing its race so  
 swell; bands?  
 'Tis a Once in  
 To His Say, while

6 G  
 deep Him, name lost  
 that in Him e - ter - nal in ho - ly  
 no for - nal  
 sound - ing; ev - er; prais - es; won - der,  
 Who its the  
 Thus O what  
 Why, O

8 Am  
 breadth eter - nal length can tell? On its  
 won - ders such love has done! None shall  
 Lord, such love to me? One with  
 D Hal - le - lu - jah!  
*Last Time to Coda* C

10  
 glo - ries, Let my soul for - ev - er  
 take Thee From the Strength of Is - rael's  
 Je - sus, By e - ter - nal un - ion  
 lu - jah! Grace shall

12 G  
 dwell. hands. one.

14 C  
 reign Hal - le - lu - jah! Grace shall reign Hal - le -

17  
 lu - jah! Grace shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

# Speak, O Lord

720

1. Speak, O Lord, as we come to You to re - ceive the food of your  
 2. Teach us, Lord, full o - be - di - ence, ho - ly rev - er - ence, true hu -  
 3. Speak, O Lord, and re - new our minds; help us grasp the heights of your

ho - ly Word. Take your truth, plant it deep in us; shape and fash-ion us  
 mil - i - ty, Test our thoughts and our at - ti-tudes in the rad - i - ance  
 plans for us. Truths un - changed from the dawn of time, that will ech - o down

in your like - ness, That the light of Christ might be seen to - day  
 of your pur - i - ty. Cause our faith to rise, cause our eyes to see  
 through e - ter - ni - ty. And by grace we'll stand on your prom - is - es,

in our acts of love and our deeds of faith. Speak, O Lord, and ful -  
 Your ma - jes - tic love and au - thor - i - ty: Words of pow'r that can  
 And by faith we'll walk as You walk with us. Speak, O Lord, 'til your

fill in us all your pur - pos - es for your glo - ry.  
 nev - er fail; let their truth pre - vail o - ver un - be - lief.  
 church is built, and the earth is filled with Your glo - ry.

720



Speed Thy Servants

1. Speed Thy ser - vants, Sav - ior, speed them; Thou art Lord of winds and waves;  
 2. Friends, and home, and all for - sak - ing, Lord they go at Thy com - mand;  
 3. When they think of home, now dear - er Than it ev - er seemed be - fore,  
 4. Where no fruit ap - pears to cheer them, And they seem to toil in vain,  
 5. In the midst of op - po - si - tion, Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;  
 6. There to reap in joy for - ev - er Fruit that grows from seed here sown,

They were bound, but Thou has freed them; Now they go to free the slaves.  
 As their stay Thy pro - mise tak - ing, While they tra - verse sea and land:  
 Bring the pro - mised glo - ry near - er, Let them see that peace - ful shore,  
 Then in mer - cy, Lord, draw near them, Then their sink - ing hopes sus - tain;  
 When suc - cess at - tends their mis - sion, Let Thy ser - vants hum - bler be;  
 There to be with Him who ne - ver Cea - ses to pre - serve His own,

Be Thou with them! Be thou with them! 'Tis Thine arm a - lone that saves.  
 O be with them! O be with them! Lead them safe - ly by the hand.  
 Where Thy peo - ple, Where Thy peo - ple Rest from toil and weep no more.  
 Thus sup - port - ed, Thus sup - port - ed, Let their zeal re - vive a - gain.  
 Ne - ver leave them, Ne - ver leave them Till Thy face in heav'n they see.  
 And with glad - ness, And with glad - ness, Give the praise to Him a - lone.

Be Thou with them! Be Thou with them! 'Tis Thine arm a - lone that saves.  
 O be with them! O be with them! Lead them safe - ly by the hand.  
 Where Thy peo - ple, Where Thy peo - ple Rest from toil and weep no more.  
 Thus sup - port - ed, Thus sup - port - ed, Let their zeal re - vive a - gain.  
 Ne - ver leave them, Ne - ver leave them, Till Thy face in heav'n they see.  
 And with glad - ness, And with glad - ness, Give the praise to Him a - lone.

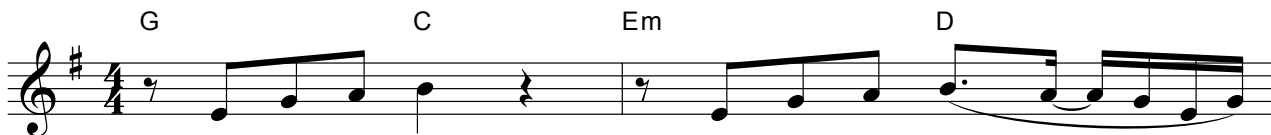
Words: Thomas Kelly (1769-1855), Public Domain

Music: *The Sacred Harp*, 1844; harm. James H. Wood, © 1958 Broadman Press, (CCLI# 964766)

## STAND UP MY SOUL

Words by Isaac Watts  
Music by Bobby Guy

Capo II

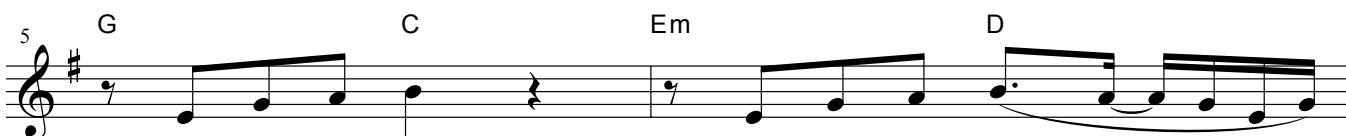


1. Stand up, my soul,  
2. Hell and your sins  
3. Then let my soul  
4. There shall I wear

shake off your fears,  
re - sist your course,  
march bold - ly on,  
a star - ry crown,

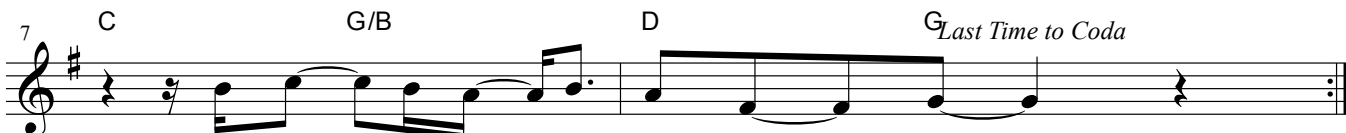


And gird the gos - pel - ar - mor on;  
But hell and sin are van - quished foes;  
Press for - ward to the heav'n - ly gate;  
And tri - umph in al - migh - ty grace;



March to the gates  
Your Je - sus nailed  
There peace and joy  
While all the ar -

of end - less joy,  
them to the cross,  
e - ter - nal reign,  
mies of the skies



Where your great Cap - tain - Sav - ior's gone.  
And sang the tri - umph when He rose.  
And glit - t'ring robes for con - qu'rors wait.  
Join in my glo - rious Sav - ior's praise.



Join in my glo - rious Lead - er's praise.

Still the night, Holy the night  
 Sleeps the world, hid from sight  
 Mary and Joseph in stable bare  
 Watch the child with wonder and care  
 Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace.

Still the night, holy the night;  
 Son of God, loves pure light.  
 Love is smiling from thy face  
 Strikes for us now the hour of grace  
 Savior since Thou art born, Savior since Thou art born.

Still the night, holy the night  
 God's son laughs, O how bright.  
 Love from holy lips shines clear  
 As the dawn of salvation draws near  
 Jesus Lord with your birth, Jesus Lord with your birth

Still the night, Holy the night  
 Where today all the might  
 Of his fatherly love has graced,  
 And then Jesus as brother embraced  
 All the peoples on earth, All the peoples on earth.

Still the night, Holy the night  
 God's dear son, bringing light  
 Saving us from sins dark thrall  
 Giving life and love to all,  
 Christ the Light of the world, Christ the Light of the world

O holy night the stars are brightly shining  
It is the night of our dear Savior's birth  
Long lay the world in sin and error pining  
'Til he appeared and the soul felt its worth  
A thrill of hope a weary world rejoices  
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn  
Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices  
O night divine o night when Christ was born  
O night divine o night o night divine

Truly He taught us to love one another  
His law was love and his gospel was peace  
Chains shall he break for the slave is our brother  
And in his name all oppression shall cease  
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raising  
Let all within us praise his holy name  
Christ is the lord o praise his name forever  
O night divine o night when Christ was born  
O night divine o night o night divine

## Streams of Living Water Flow

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 932*

Words: Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

Music: Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Capo II

G/B      A/C#      D

See, from Zion's sacred mountain,  
Streams of living water flow.

God has opened there a fountain  
That supplies the plains below.

Em              D/F#      G

They are blessed, They are blessed  
Who its sovereign virtues know.

Through ten thousand channels flowing,  
Streams of mercy find their way.  
Life and health and joy bestowing  
Making all around *unstained*.

O believer, O believer  
All thy sins are washed away.

Gladdened by the flowing treasure  
All enriching as it goes.  
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure  
Buds and blossoms as the rose.

Every sinner, every sinner  
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

Trees of life the banks adorning,  
Yield their fruit to all around.  
Those who eat are saved from mourning,  
Pleasure comes and hopes abound.

Fair their portion, Fair their portion  
Endless life with glory crowned.

Real Key:

A/C#      B/D#      E

See, from Zion's sacred mountain,  
Streams of living water flow  
God has opened there a fountain  
That supplies the plains below

F#m              E/G#      A

They are blessed, They are blessed  
Who its sovereign virtues know

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## Streams of Living Water Flow

from the Gadsby Hymnal # 932

words: Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855

music: Jeff Koonce and

Brian T. Murphy, 2004

A/C# B/D# E



See, from Zi - on's sa - cred moun - tain  
Through ten thou - sand chan - nels flow - ing  
Glad - dened by the flow - ing - trea - sure  
Trees of life the banks a - dorn - ing

3 A/C# B/D# E



Streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow,  
Streams of mer - cy find their way  
All en - rich - ing as it goes  
Yield their fruit to all a - round

5 A/C# B/D# E



God has o - pened there a foun - tain  
Life and health and joy be - stow - ing  
Lo the de - sert smiles with plea - sure  
Those who eat are saved from mourn - ing

7 A/C# B/D# E



That sup - plies the plains be - low. They are blessed  
Mak - ing all a - round un - stained  
Buds and blos - soms as the rose Ev - 'ry sin -  
Plea - sure comes and hopes a - bound Fair their por -

9 F#min E/G# A



ver O They are blessed Who its sov -  
ner Ev - - - be - lie - ver All thy sins  
tion fair their 'ry sin - ner Sings for joy  
Fair their por - tion End - less life

11 F#min E/G# A A



reign vir - tues flow They are blessed  
are washed a - way O be - lie -  
where - 'er it flows Ev - 'ry sin -  
with glo - ry crowned Fair their por

## Stricken, Smitten, Afflicted

Em D C D Em  
 Stricken, smitten, and afflicted, See Him dying on the tree!  
 Em D C D Em  
 'Tis the Christ by man rejected; Yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!  
 D/F# G D Em B  
 'Tis the long expected prophet, David's Son, yet David's Lord;  
 Em D C D Em  
 By His Son, God now has spoken: 'Tis the true and faithful Word.

Em D C D Em  
 Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning, Was there ever grief like His?  
 Em D C D Em  
 Friends through fear His cause disowning, Foes insulting His distress:  
 D/F# G D Em B  
 Many hands were raised to wound Him, None would interpose to save;  
 Em D C D Em  
 But the deepest stroke that pierced Him, Was the stroke that Justice gave.

Em D C D Em  
 Ye who think of sin but lightly, Nor suppose the evil great,  
 Em D C D Em  
 Here may view its nature rightly, Here its guilt may estimate.  
 D/F# G D Em B  
 Mark the Sacrifice appointed! See Who bears the awful load!  
 Em D C D Em  
 'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed, Son of Man, and Son of God.

Em D C D Em  
 Here we have a firm foundation, Here the refuge of the lost.  
 Em D C D Em  
 Christ, the Rock of our salvation, His the Name of which we boast.  
 D/F# G D Em B  
 Lamb of God for sinners wounded! Sacrifice to cancel guilt!  
 Em D C D Em  
 None shall ever be confounded Who on Him their hope have built.

D/F# G D Em B  
 Lamb of God for sinners wounded! Sacrifice to cancel guilt!  
 Em D C D Em  
 None shall ever be confounded Who on Him their hope have built.



# STRICKEN, SMITTEN, AND AFFLICTED

Words by Thomas Kelly

Music based on 17th century German tune

Arranged by Phillip Palmertree

Em B



1. Strick - en, smit - ten, and a - fflict - ed, see Him  
 2. Tell me, ye who hear Him groan - ing, Was there  
 3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly, Nor sup -  
 4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the

Am D Em



dy - ing on the tree, 'Tis the  
 ev - er grief like His? Friends through  
 pose the e - vil great Here may  
 re - fuge of the Lost Christ's the

Em B



Christ by man re - ject - ed, yes my  
 fear his cause dis - own - ing, Foes in -  
 view its na - ture right - ly, Here its  
 Rock of our sal - va - tion, His the

Am D Em D/F#



soul 'tis he 'tis he, 'Tis the  
 sult - ing His dis - tress Ma - ny  
 guilt may est - i - mate Mark the  
 name of which we boast Lamb of

G D



long ex - pect - ed proph - et, Da - vid's  
 hands were raised to wound Him, None would  
 sac - ri - fice ap - point - ed, See who  
 God, for sin - ners wound - ed, Sac - ri -

12 Em B

son in yet Da - vid's Lord, By his  
 in - ter - pose to save But the  
 bears the aw - ful load 'Tis the  
 fice to can - cel guilt! None shall

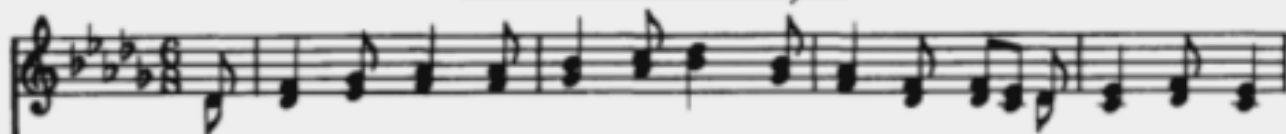
14 Em B

Son God now hath spo - ken 'tis the  
 deep - est stroke that pierced Him, Was the  
 'Word, the Lord's A - noint - ed, Son of  
 ev - er be con - found - ed, Who on

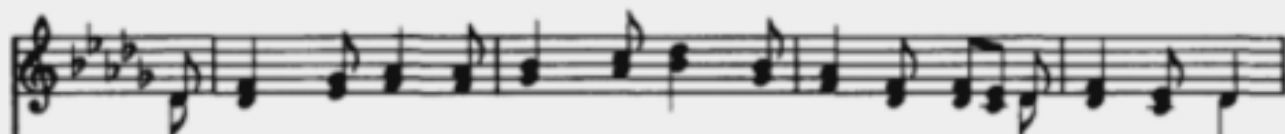
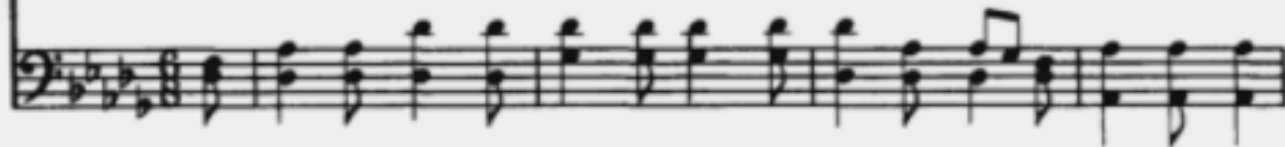
16 Am D Em

true stroke and faith - ful word  
 stroke that jus - tice gave.  
 Man and Son of God  
 Him their hope have built!

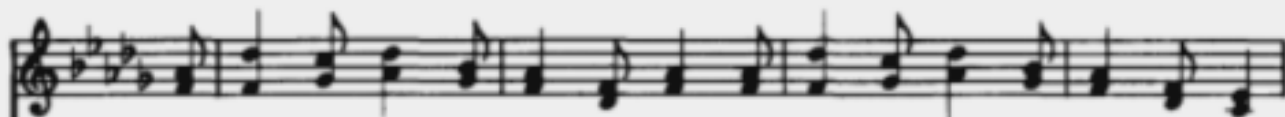
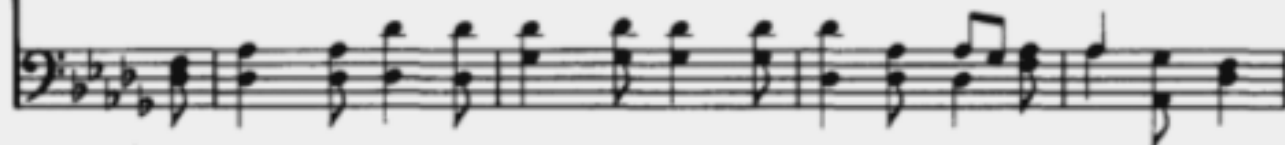
## Sweet Hour of Prayer



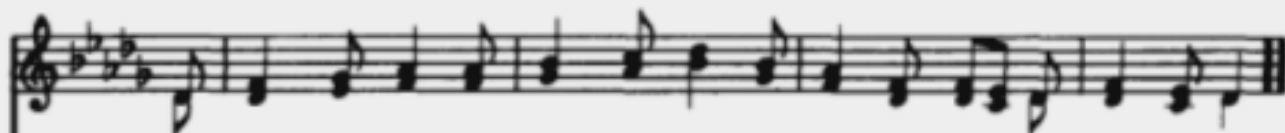
1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so - la - tion share,



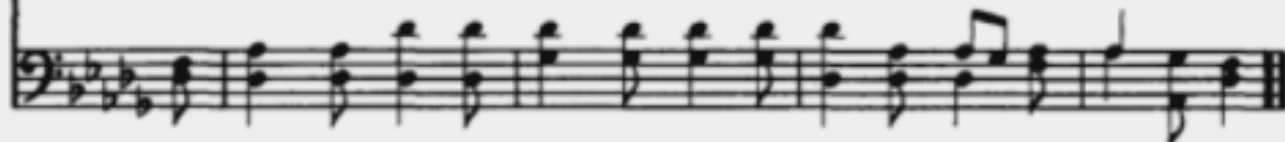
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;  
To Him whose truth and faith-ful - ness En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless;  
Till, from Mount Pis-gah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:



In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,  
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;



And oft es-caped the tempt - er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.  
I'll cast on Him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.  
And shout, while pass-ing through the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!



\*Note: Mount Pisgah is the site from which Moses viewed the Promised Land in Deut 34:1-4.

Words: William Walford (1772-1850); Music: William Bradbury (1816-1868), Public Domain

## Take My Life and Let It Be

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed,  
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti -  
 3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would  
 4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no

Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse  
 ful for Thee; Take my voice and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly,  
 I with - hold; Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in,  
 lon - ger mine; Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy

of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.  
 for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King,  
 cease - less praise, Let them flow in cease - less praise.  
 roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

Words: Frances R. Havergal (1836-1879)

Music: Henri A. C. Malan (1787-1864); harm. Lowell Mason (1792-1872), Public Domain

# TENDER MERCY (PSALM 28)

Words and Music by Scott Roley  
and Paige Overton Pitts

Capo III

C Am F G C Am Dm G

1. Hear my cry for mer - cy As I call to you  
2. In Your ten - der mer - cy Brought by grace through faith

5 F G Am Am/G F G C

As I lift my hands in Spir - it And Ho - in ly Truth  
I will lift my heart Toward Your most Ho - in ly place

9 F G Am Am/G F G Am Am/G

In the name of the Fa - ther most Ho - ly In the name of the Son who was slain

mer - cy We cry mer - cy Lord have  
mer - cy You are mer - cy Lord have

13 F G Am Am/G F G 1 C

In the name of the Spir - it in - dwell - ing mer - cy Lord

13 mer - cy Ten - der mer - cy Lord You are  
mer - cy Ten - der mer - cy

17  $2^C$  Am F G *D.C. al Coda*

17 2 *D.C. al Coda*

19 Am Am/G F G Am Am/G F G Am Am/G

19 Lord We cry mer - cy We cry mer - cy Lord have

24 F G Am Am/G F G

24 mer - cy Ten - der mer - cy

27 Am Am/G F G C Am

27 Lord Ten - der mer - cy Lord

30 F G C Am F G C

30 Lord

# TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND

Words by Henry Alford  
Music by Christopher Miner

Capo II

D Bm G D

1. Ten thou - sand times ten thous - and in spark - ling rai - ment bright, The  
 2. What rush of al - le - lu - ias fill, All the earth and sky! What  
 3. O then what rap - tured greet - ings on Can - aan's hap - py shore; What  
 4. Bring near thy great sal - va - tion, thou Lamb for sin - ners slain; Fill

6 D Bm G A

ar - mies of the ran - somed saints throng, Up the steep of light: 'Tis  
 ring - ing of a thou - sand harps be - speaks the tri - umph of night! O  
 knit - ting sev - ered friend - ship up where part - ings are not more! Then  
 up the roll of thine elect, then take thy pow - er, and reign: Ap -

10 Bm Em F# G A

fin - ished, all is fin - ished, their fight with death and sin; Fling  
 day, for which cre - a - tion, and all its tribes were made; O  
 eyes with joy shall spark - le, that brimmed with tears of late; Or -  
 pear, de - sire of na - tions, thine ex - iles long for home; Shoe

14 D Bm G D

o - pen wide the gol - den gates, and let the vic - tors in,  
 joy, for all its for - mer woes, A thou - sand - fold re - paid!  
 phans no long - er fa - ther - less, nor wi - dows de - so - late.  
 in the heaven thy prom - ised sign, Thou Prince and Sa - vior, come.

1. We be - lieve in God the Fa - ther, Ma - ker of all heav'n and earth;  
 2. Suf - fered un - der Pon - tius Pi - late, cru - ci - fied, for us He died;  
 3. At God's right hand He is seat - ed till His com - ing as He said;  
 4. We be - lieve the Church of Je - sus, u - ni - ver - sal, e'er re - mains;

And in Je - sus Christ our Sa - vior, God's own Son, of match - less worth;  
 Laid with - in the grave so si - lent, God's full wrath he sat - is - fied;  
 Fin - al judg - ment will be met - ed to the liv - ing and the dead;  
 We are one through all the a - ges in com - mun - ion of the saints.

By the Spi - rit was con - ceiv - ed, of the vir - gin Ma - ry born,  
 For the stone - sealed tomb was emp - ty; on the third day He a - rose;  
 We con - fess the Ho - ly Spi - rit who was sent through Christ the Son  
 We be - lieve sins are for - giv - en, that our bod - ies will be raised

He in whom we have be - liev - ed: God Al - might - y Three in One.  
 In - to heav - en made His en - try, might - y con qu'ror of His foes.  
 To ap - ply sal - va - tion's me - rit: God the Spi - rit, Three in One.  
 To e - ter - nal life in heav - en: ev - er let His name be praised.



**14. THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION**

text: Samuel Stone Music: Brian Moss

1. The Church's one Foundation, Is Jesus Christ her Lord  
 She is His new creation, By water and the Word  
 From Heav'n He came and sought her, To be His holy Bride  
 With His own blood He bought her And for her life He died.

2. Elect from every nation, Yet one over all the earth  
 Her charter of salvation, One Lord, one faith, one birth  
 One holy Name she blesses, Partakes one holy food  
 And to one hope she presses, With every grace endued

5. Mid toil and tribulation, And tumult of her war  
 She waits the consummation, Of peace for evermore  
 Till with the vision glorious, Her longing eyes are blest  
 And the great church victorious, Shall be the church at rest

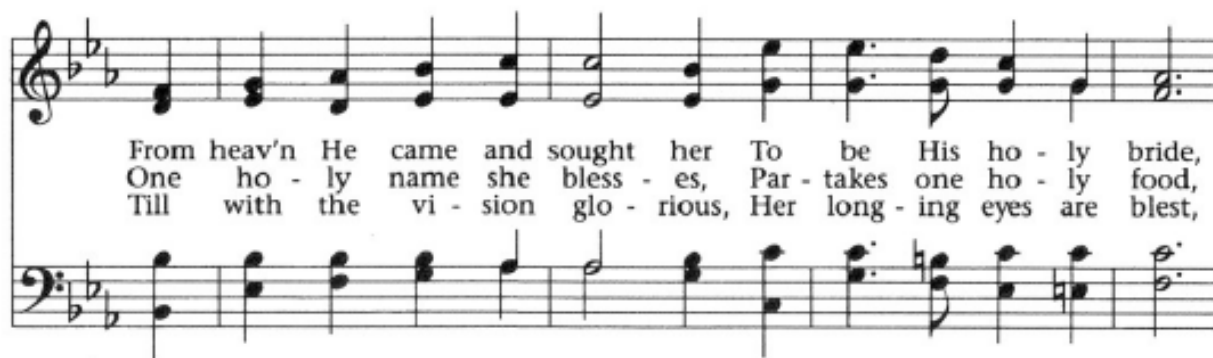
6. Yet she on earth hath union, With God the Three in One  
 And mystic sweet communion, With those whose rest is won  
 O happy ones and holy, Lord give us grace that we  
 Like them the meek and lowly, On high may dwell,  
 that they will dwell, That we may dwell with Thee.

The Church's One Foundation

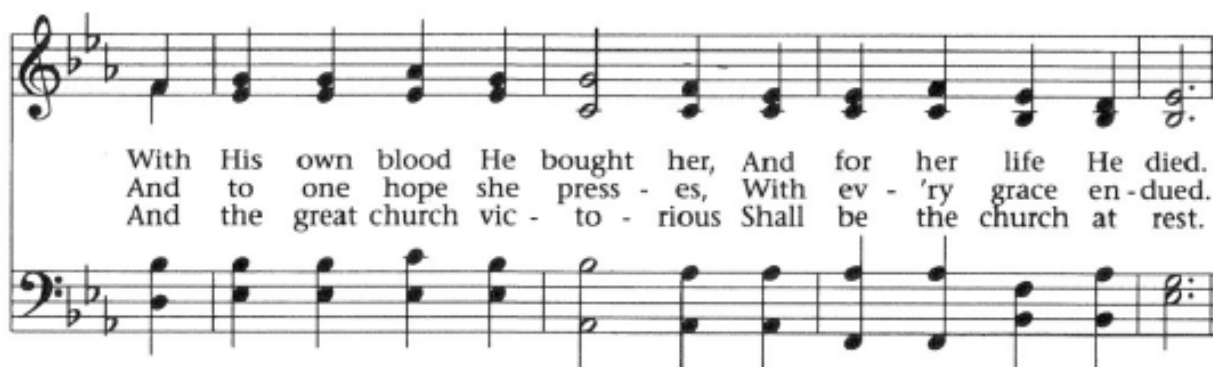

1. The church - 's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;  
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,



She is His new cre - a - tion, By Spir - it and the Word:  
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride,  
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,  
 Till with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest,



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.  
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.  
 And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.

## The Church's One Foundation

©1996 Parson John Publishing (ASCAP). Words: Samuel Stone. Music:  
Brian Moss.

Capo II

<p>D D/F# 1. The church's one foundation G Asus A Is Jesus Christ her Lord, D D/F# She is His new creation G Asus A By water and the Word. Em D/F# From heaven He came and sought her G Asus A To be His holy bride; D D/F# With His own blood He bought her, G A D And for her life He died.</p> <p>D D/F# 2. Elect from every nation, G Asus A Yet one over all the earth; D D/F# Her charter of salvation, G Asus A One Lord, one faith, one birth; Em D/F# One holy Name she blesses, G Asus A Partakes one holy food, D D/F# And to one hope she presses, G A D With every grace endued.</p>	<p>D D/F# 5. Mid toil and tribulation, G Asus A And tumult of her war, D D/F# She waits the consummation G Asus A Of peace forevermore; Em D/F# 'Til, with the vision glorious, G Asus A Her longing eyes are blessed, D D/F# And the great church victorious G A D Shall be the church at rest.</p> <p>D D/F# 6. Yet she on earth hath union G Asus A With God the Three in One, D D/F# And mystic sweet communion G Asus A With those whose rest is won. Em D/F# O happy ones and holy! G Asus A Lord, give us grace that we D D/F# Like them, the meek and lowly, G A D On high may dwell with Thee.</p>
---	---

3. Though with a scornful wonder  
 Men see her sore oppressed,  
 By schisms rent asunder,  
 By heresies distressed,  
 Yet saints their watch are keeping;  
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
 And soon the night of weeping  
 Shall be the morn of song.

4. The church shall never perish,  
 Her dear Lord to defend  
 To guide, sustain and cherish,  
 Is with her to the end  
 Though there be those that hate her,  
 And false sons in her pale  
 Against a foe or traitor,  
 She ever shall prevail

Real Key

E E/G#

1. The church's one foundation

A Bsus B

Is Jesus Christ her Lord,

E E/G#

She is His new creation

A Bsus B

By water and the Word.

F#m E/G#

From heaven He came and sought her

A Bsus B

To be His holy bride;

E E/G#

With His own blood He bought her,

A B E

And for her life He died.

1. The first Now - ell the an - gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor  
 2. For all to see there was a star Shin - ing in the  
 3. And by the light of that same star The wise men  
 4. Then let us all with one ac - cord Sing prais - es

shep - herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay  
 east, be - yond them far, And to the earth it  
 came from coun - try far; To seek for a king was  
 to our heav - en - ly Lord Who hath made heav'n and

keep - ing their sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep.  
 gave great light, And so it con - tin - ued both day and night.  
 their in - tent, And to fol - low the star wher - ev - er it went.  
 earth of naught, And with His blood man - kind hath bought.

Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

\* "Nowell" is an Anglicisation of the French "Noël," a term for Christmas from the Latin "natalis," or "birthday."  
 Words and Music: Anonymous, Traditional English Carol, Public Domain

## "The Gospel is True"

Words & Music: David B Hampton & Scott Wesley Brown,

**G** **C**  
[1] We have a hope that is living,

**G** **C**  
And love that never will end.

**Am** **D** **G** **C**  
We have a God who's forgiven us.

**C** **Dsus** **D**  
While we were yet in sin.

[2] We have a grace that's amazing,  
A free gift to know Him by faith,  
To live for His praise,  
And long for the day,  
When we see him face to face.

### CHORUS:

**G/B** **D/F#** **C** **D/F#** **G**  
Thank you Jesus.

**Am** **C/D** **D** **Em** **D**  
Oh, how we worship you.

**G/B** **D/F#** **C** **D/F#** **G**  
Thank you, Jesus.

**D** **C** **G/D** **D** **C** **G2** **G/D**  
Hallelujah, the gospel is true.

**G/D** **D** **D/C** **G/D** **D** **C/D** **G**  
Hallelujah, the gospel is true.

[3] We have been crucified with Him.  
Buried and risen to life.  
Now justified, soon glorified.  
We shall be made like Christ.

Ho - ly God, in love, be - came  
Per - fect Man to bear my blame.  
On the cross He took my sin;  
By His death I live a - gain. *(Repeat)*

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of six systems. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are: 'Ho - ly God, in love, be - came', 'Per - fect Man to bear my blame.', 'On the cross He took my sin;', and 'By His death I live a - gain. (Repeat)'. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords in the right hand.

## The King of Glory Standeth

1. The King of Glo - ry stand - eth be - side the heart of sin;  
 2. At times, with sud - den glo - ry, He speaks, and all is done;  
 3. O Christ, Thy love is might - y, long - suf - fring is Thy grace;

His might - y voice com - man - deth the rag - ing waves with - in;  
 With one swift stroke of bat - tle the vic - to - ry is won,  
 And glo - rious is the splen - dor that beam - eth from Thy face.

The floods of deep - est an - guish roll back - ward at his will,  
 While we, with joy be - hold - ing, can scarce be - lieve it true  
 Our hearts up - leap in glad - ness when we be - hold that love,

As o'er the storm a - ris - eth His man - date, "Peace, be still."  
 That ev - en our Lord Je - sus can form such hearts a - new.  
 As we go sing - ing on - ward, to dwell with Thee a - bove.



# The King of Love My Shepherd Is

*Words: Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877), 1868*  
*Tune: St. Columba (Traditional Irish Melody) Meter: 87 87*

**D A D Bm**  
 The King of love my shepherd is,  
**D Bm A**  
 whose goodness faileth never;  
**Bm D F#m Bm**  
 I nothing lack if I am his,  
**A G A G D**  
 and he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow,  
 my ransomed soul he leadeth,  
 and where the verdant pastures grow,  
 with food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
 but yet in love He sought me,  
 and on his shoulder gently laid,  
 and home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
 with thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
 thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
 thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
 thy unction grace bestoweth;  
 and O what transport of delight  
 from thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days  
 thy goodness faileth never:  
 Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise  
 within thy house for ever.

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*Words: Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877), 1868*  
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 and O what transport of delight  
 from thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days  
 thy goodness faileth never:  
 Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise  
 within thy house for ever.

1. The King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose  
 2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My  
 3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But  
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With  
 5. Thou spread'st a ta - ble in my sight; Thine  
 6. And so through all the length of days Thy

good - ness fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if  
 ran - somed soul He lead - eth, And where the ver - dant  
 yet in love He sought me, And on His shoul - der  
 Thee, dear Lord, be - side me; Thy rod and staff my  
 unc - tion grace be - stow - eth; And O what trans - port  
 good - ness fail - eth nev - er; Good Shep - herd, may I

I am His And He is mine for - ev - er.  
 pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.  
 gent - ly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.  
 com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.  
 of de - light From Thy pure chal - ice flow - eth!  
 sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er.

## The Law of God Is Good and Wise

1. The law of God is good and wise  
 2. Its light of ho - li - ness im - parts  
 3. To those who help in Christ have found  
 4. When men the of - fered help dis - dain  
 5. The law is good; but since the fall  
 6. To Je - sus we for ref - uge flee,

And sets his will be - fore our eyes,  
 The know - ledge of our sin - ful hearts  
 And would in works of love a - bound  
 And wil - ful - ly in sin re - main,  
 Its ho - li - ness con - demns us all;  
 Who from the curse has set us free,

Shows us the way of right - eous - ness,  
 That we may see our lost es - tate  
 It shows what deeds are his de - light  
 Its ter - ror in their ear re - sounds  
 It dooms us for our sin to die  
 And hum - bly wor - ship at his throne,

And dooms to death when we trans - gress.  
 And seek de - liv - rance ere too late.  
 And should be done as good and right.  
 And keeps their wick - ed - ness in bounds.  
 And has no pow'r to jus - ti - fy.  
 Saved by his grace through faith a - lone.

## The Lord Is King

1. The Lord is King! Lift up your voice  
 2. The Lord is King! Who then shall dare  
 3. The Lord is King! Child of the dust,  
 4. He reigns! O saints, ex - alt your strains;  
 5. Come, make your wants, your bur - dens known;  
 6. One Lord, one em - pire, all se - cures;

O earth, and all the heav'ns re - joice!  
 Re - sist his will, dis - trust his care,  
 The judge of all the earth is just;  
 Your God is King, your Fa - ther reigns;  
 Christ will pre - sent them at the throne;  
 He reigns and life and death are yours;

From world to world the joy shall ring:  
 Or mur - mur at his wise de - crees,  
 Hol - y and true are all his ways;  
 And he is at the Fa - ther's side,  
 This world of ours and worlds un - seen:  
 Through earth and heav'n one song shall ring:

"The Lord om - ni - po - tent is King!"  
 Or doubt his roy - al prom - is - es?  
 Let ev' - ry crea - ture speak his praise.  
 The Man of love, the Cru - ci - fied.  
 How thin the boun - dar - y be - tween!  
 "The Lord om - ni - po - tent is King!"

Words: Josiah Conder (1789-1855), Public Domain

Music: Robert Jackson (1840-1914), ©1993 United Reformed Church, Oxford University Press (CCLI# 262736)

## The Lord Will Provide

From the album **All I Owe**, available at [www.matthewsmith.us](http://www.matthewsmith.us)

Words by John Newton, Music by Matthew S. Smith

© 2006 Detuned Radio Music (ASCAP)

E
B  
 1. Though troubles assail and dangers affright,  
G#m
A2  
 Though friends should all fail and foes all unite;  
E
B  
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
G#m
A2  
 The scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

B
A  
 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,  
B
F#m  
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread:  
E
B  
 His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,  
G#m
A2  
 So long as it's written, the Lord will provide.

2. We may, like the ships, by tempest be tossed  
 On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost.  
 Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,  
 The promise engages, the Lord will provide.

His call we obey like Abram of old,  
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;  
 For though we are strangers we have a good Guide,  
 And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

3. When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
 And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;  
 He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,  
 This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

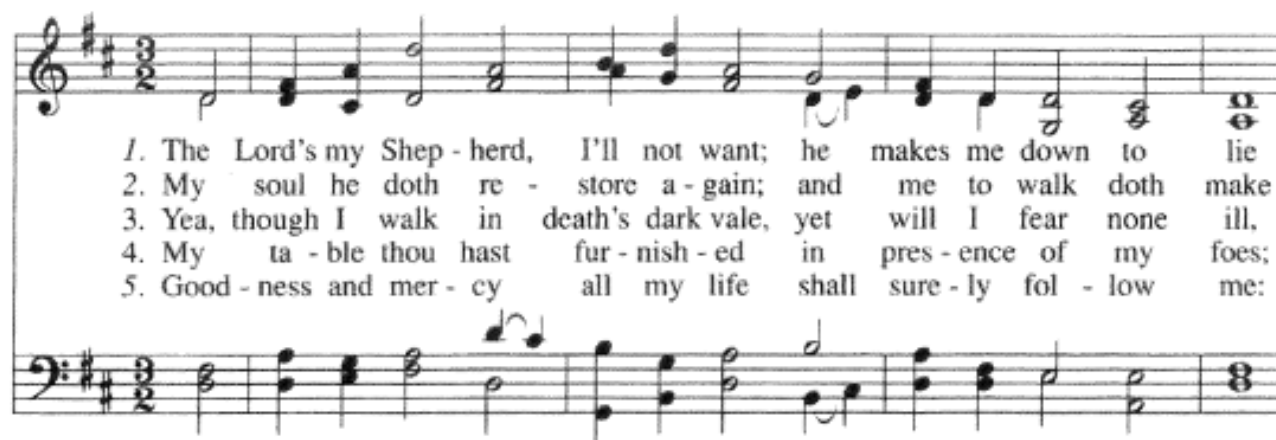
He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,  
 The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain,  
 But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,

This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

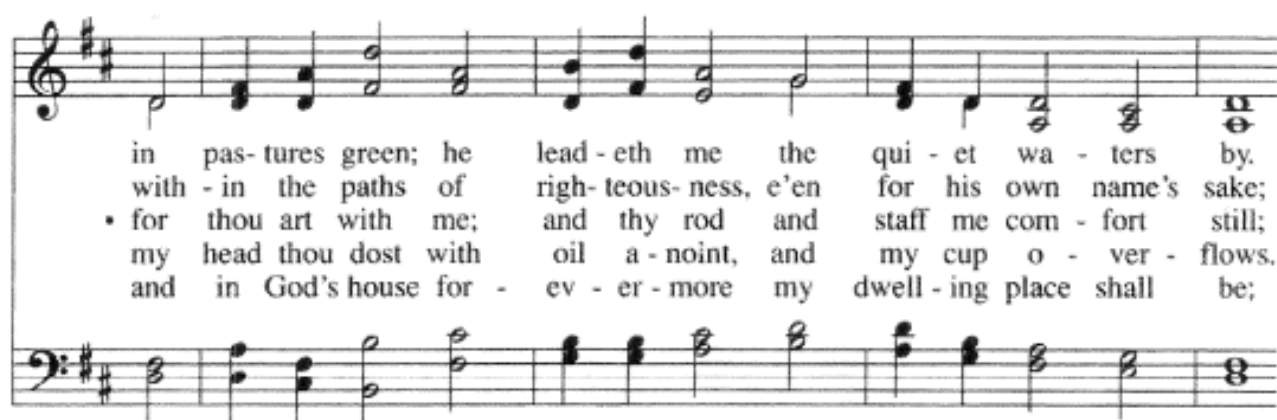
4. No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,  
Yet since we have known the Savior's great name;  
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,  
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

When life sinks apace and death is in view,  
This word of his grace shall comfort us through:  
No fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

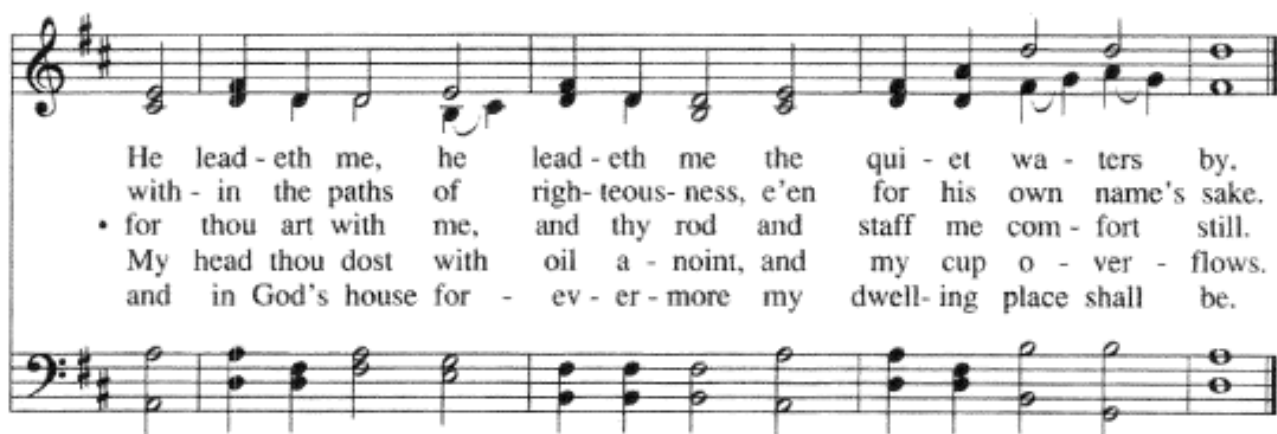
## The Lord's My Shepherd



1. The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want; he makes me down to lie  
 2. My soul he doth re - store a - gain; and me to walk doth make  
 3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, yet will I fear none ill,  
 4. My ta - ble thou hast fur - nish - ed in pres - ence of my foes;  
 5. Good - ness and mer - cy all my life shall sure - ly fol - low me:



in pas - tures green; he lead - eth me the qui - et wa - ters by.  
 with - in the paths of righ - teous - ness, e'en for his own name's sake;  
 • for thou art with me; and thy rod and staff me com - fort still;  
 my head thou dost with oil a - noint, and my cup o - ver - flows.  
 and in God's house for - ev - er - more my dwell - ing place shall be;



He lead - eth me, he lead - eth me the qui - et wa - ters by.  
 with - in the paths of righ - teous - ness, e'en for his own name's sake.  
 • for thou art with me, and thy rod and staff me com - fort still.  
 My head thou dost with oil a - noint, and my cup o - ver - flows.  
 and in God's house for - ev - er - more my dwell - ing place shall be.



## The Love of Christ Is Rich and Free (cont.)

2, 4.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of D major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The score consists of six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: (2.) end. Love can - not from its post with - draw; (4.) part. Love can - not from its post with - draw; Nor death, nor hell, nor sin, nor law, Nor death, nor hell, nor sin, nor law, Can turn the Sur - ety's heart a - way; Can turn the Sur - ety's heart a - way; He'll love His own to end - less day. He'll love His own to end - less day.

(2.) end. Love can - not from its post with - draw;

(4.) part. Love can - not from its post with - draw;

Nor death, nor hell, nor sin, nor law,  
Nor death, nor hell, nor sin, nor law,

Can turn the Sur - ety's heart a - way;  
Can turn the Sur - ety's heart a - way;

He'll love His own to end - less day.  
He'll love His own to end - less day.

Words: William Gadsby (1774-1844), Public Domain;  
Music: Sandra McCracken, © 2001 Same Old Dress Music (ASCAP) (CCLI #264766)

## The Love of Christ Is Rich and Free

1. The love of Christ is rich and free;  
 2. His lov - ing heart en - gaged to be  
 3. Love has re - deemed His sheep with blood;  
 4. He loves through ev - ery chang - ing scene,  
 5. At death, be - yond the grave, He'll love;

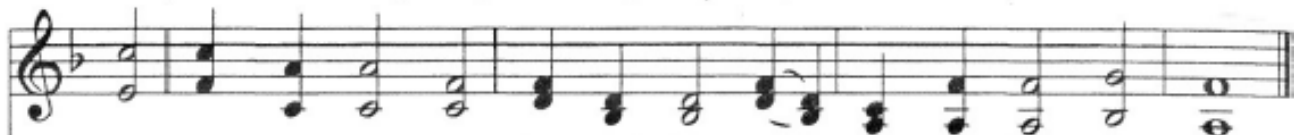
Fixed on his own e - ter - nal - ly;  
 Their ev - er - last - ing Sur - e - ty;  
 And love will bring them safe to God.  
 Nor caught from Him can Zi - on wean;  
 In end - less bliss, His own shall prove

Nor earth, nor hell, can it re - move;  
 'Twas love that took their cause in hand,  
 Love calls them all from death to life;  
 Not all the wan - derings of her heart  
 The blaz - ing glo - ry of that love

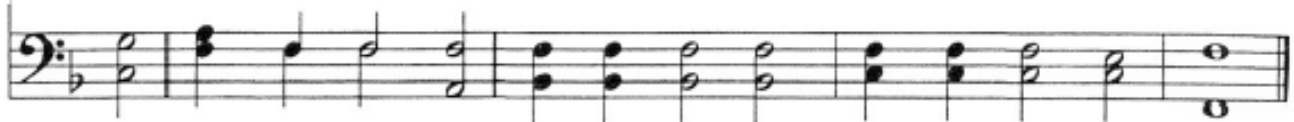
1, 3, 5.  
 Long as He lives, His own He'll love. *(repeat to verse 2)*  
 And love main - tains it to the end. *(continue to 2nd page)*  
 And love will fin - ish all their strife. *(repeat to verse 4)*  
 Can make His love for her de - part. *(continue to 2nd page)*  
 Which ne - ver could from them re - move.



1. The love of Christ who died for me Is more than mind can know;  
 2. He came my sin - ful cause to plead, He laid His glo - ries by,  
 3. My sins I on - ly see in part, My self - re - gard - ing ways;  
 4. O liv - ing Lord of life, for whom The heav - ens held their breath,  
 5. Pos - sess my heart that it may be Your king - dom with - out end;



His mer - cy mea - sure - less and free To meet the debt I owe.  
 For me a home - less life to lead, A shame - ful death to die.  
 The se - cret plac - es of my heart Lie bare be - fore His gaze.  
 To see, tri - um - phant from the tomb, A love that con - quers death,  
 O Christ, who died for love of me And lives to be my friend.



## The Power of the Cross

(Capo III)

### Verse 1

Oh, to see the dawn  
Of the darkest day:  
Christ on the road to Calvary.  
Tried by sinful men,  
Torn and beaten, then  
Nailed to a cross of wood.

### CHORUS:

A D E A  
*This, the pow'r of the cross:*  
A D E A  
*Christ became sin for us;*  
A D B E  
*Took the blame, bore the wrath—*  
E A D E A  
*We stand forgiven at the cross.*

### Verse 2

D E A  
Oh, to see the pain  
A E7 A  
Written on Your face,  
D A Bm7 D E  
Bearing the awesome weight of sin.  
D E A  
Ev'ry bitter thought,  
A E7 A  
Ev'ry evil deed  
D A D7 E  
Crowning Your bloodstained brow.

### Verse 3

D E A A E7 A  
Now the daylight flees; Now the ground beneath  
D A Bm7 D E  
Quakes as its Maker bows His head.  
D E A A E7 A  
Curtain torn in two, Dead are raised to life;  
D A D7 E  
"Finished!" the vict'ry cry.

### Verse (final) 4

D E A A E7 A  
Oh, to see my name Written in the wounds,  
D A Bm7 D E  
For through Your suffering I am free.  
D E A A E7 A  
Death is crushed to death; Life is mine to live,  
D A D7 E  
Won through Your selfless love.

### FINAL CHORUS:

A D E A  
This, the pow'r of the cross:  
A D E A  
Son of God—slain for us.  
A D B E  
What a love! What a cost!  
E A D E A  
We stand forgiven at the cross.

## The Power of the Cross

### Verse 1

Oh, to see the dawn  
Of the darkest day:  
Christ on the road to Calvary.  
Tried by sinful men,  
Torn and beaten, then  
Nailed to a cross of wood.

### *CHORUS:*

*This, the pow'r of the cross:  
Christ became sin for us;  
Took the blame, bore the wrath—  
We stand forgiven at the cross.*

### Verse 2

Oh, to see the pain  
Written on Your face,  
Bearing the awesome weight of sin.  
Ev'ry bitter thought,  
Ev'ry evil deed  
Crowning Your bloodstained brow.

### Verse 3

Now the daylight flees;  
Now the ground beneath  
Quakes as its Maker bows His head.  
Curtain torn in two,  
Dead are raised to life;  
"Finished!" the vict'ry cry.

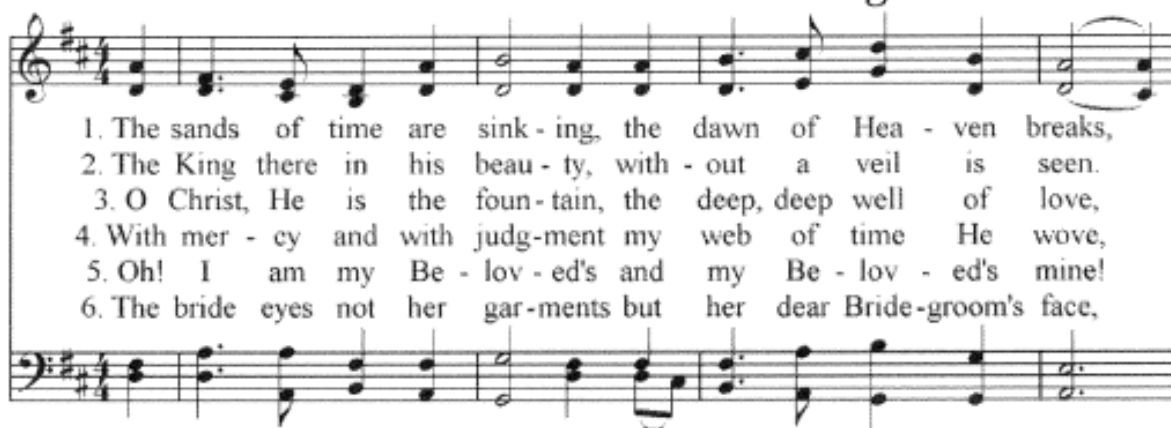
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For through Your suffering I am free.  
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Won through Your selfless love.

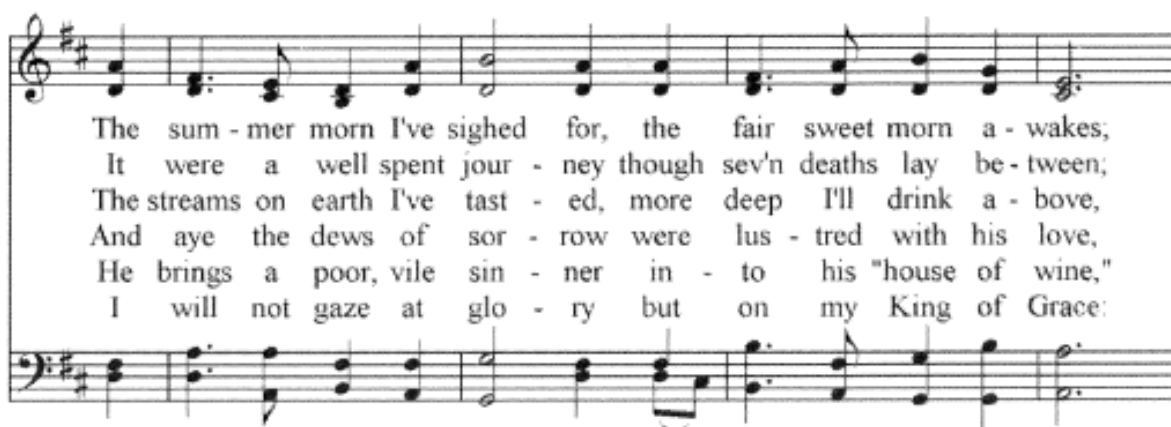
### FINAL CHORUS:

This, the pow'r of the cross:  
Son of God—slain for us.  
What a love! What a cost!  
We stand forgiven at the cross.

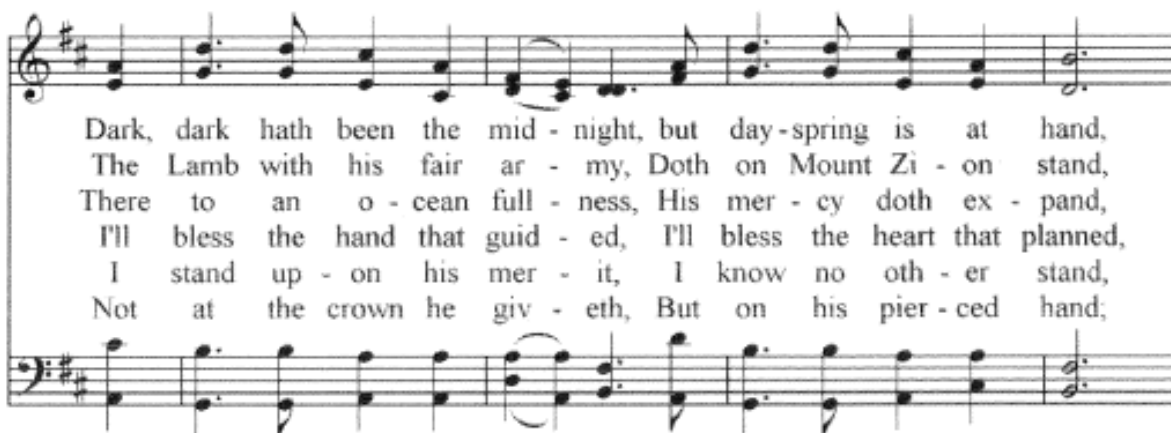
## The Sands of Time Are Sinking



1. The sands of time are sink - ing, the dawn of Hea - ven breaks,  
 2. The King there in his beau - ty, with - out a veil is seen.  
 3. O Christ, He is the foun - tain, the deep, deep well of love,  
 4. With mer - cy and with judg - ment my web of time He wove,  
 5. Oh! I am my Be - lov - ed's and my Be - lov - ed's mine!  
 6. The bride eyes not her gar - ments but her dear Bride - groom's face,



The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, the fair sweet morn a - wakes;  
 It were a well spent jour - ney though sev'n deaths lay be - tween;  
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed, more deep I'll drink a - bove,  
 And aye the dews of sor - row were lus - tred with his love,  
 He brings a poor, vile sin - ner in - to his "house of wine,"  
 I will not gaze at glo - ry but on my King of Grace:



Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, but day - spring is at hand,  
 The Lamb with his fair ar - my, Doth on Mount Zi - on stand,  
 There to an o - cean full - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,  
 I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned,  
 I stand up - on his mer - it, I know no oth - er stand,  
 Not at the crown he giv - eth, But on his pier - ced hand;



And glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.  
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.  
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.  
 When throned where glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.  
 Not e'en where glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.  
 The Lamb is all the glo - ry of Im - man - uel's land.

Words: Anne Ross Cousin (1857), based on the letters of Samuel Rutherford, Public Domain  
 Music: Connie Dever, 2009, used by permission

## The Solid Rock

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righ-teous-ness;  
 2. When dark-ness seems to hide His face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;  
 3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;  
 4. When He shall come with trum-pet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.  
 In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My an-chor holds with - in the veil.  
 When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.  
 Dressed in His righ-teous-ness a - lone, Fault-less to stand be - fore the throne.

On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

The Steadfast Love of the Lord Never Ceases

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases, His mercies never come to an end. They are new ev-'ry morn-ing, new ev-'ry morn-ing, great is Thy faith-ful-ness, O Lord, great is Thy faith-ful-ness, O Lord, great is Thy faith-ful-ness.' The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody.

The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases, His  
 mer - cies nev - er\_ come to an end. They are  
 new ev - 'ry morn - ing, new ev - 'ry morn - ing,  
 great is Thy faith - ful - ness, O Lord, great is Thy faith - ful -  
 ness, O Lord, great is Thy faith - ful - ness.





## The Christian's Hope Can Never Fail

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #245*

Words: Author unknown – words published in the Gadsby Hymnal, 1838 (Gospel Mag. 1799).

Music: Benj Pocta, 2004.

Capo 2

intro: D G D

D G D  
 We travel through a barren land,  
 D Bm A G  
 With dangers thick on every hand;  
 Em F#m G  
 But Jesus guides us through the vale;  
 D/F# G Asus D  
 O, The Christian's hope can never fail.

Huge sorrows meet us as we go,  
 And devils aim to overthrow;  
 But vile infernals can't prevail;  
 O, The Christian's hope shall never fail.

Sometimes we're tempted to despair,  
 But Jesus makes us then His care;  
 Though numerous foes our souls assail;  
 O, The Christian's hope can never fail.

We trust upon the sacred word,  
 The oath and promise of the Lord;  
 And safely through each tempest sail;  
 O, The Christian's hope can never fail.

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[www.redmountainmusic.com](http://www.redmountainmusic.com)

# The Christian's Hope Can Never Fail

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #245

Words: Unknown – (Gospel Mag. 1799)  
published in the Gadsby Hymnal, 1838 .  
Music: Benj Pocta, 2004.

E A E

We tra - vel through a bar - ren land, With dan - gers  
Huge sorr - ows meet us as we go, And de - vils  
Some - times we're tempt - ed to des - pair, But Je - sus  
We trust up - on the sa - cred word, The oath and

4 C#min B A

thick on ev - ery hand; But Je - sus  
aim to ov - er - throw; But vile in -  
makes us then His care; Though num - erous  
pro - mise of the Lord; And safe - ly

6 F#min E/G# A

guides us through the vale; O, The  
fer - - - - nals can't pre - vail; O, The  
foes our souls as - sail; O, The  
through each tem - pest sail; O, The

8 E/G# A B E

Christ - ian's hope can ne - ver fail.  
Christ - ian's hope shall ne - ver fail.  
Christ - ian's hope can ne - ver fail.  
Christ - ian's hope can ne - ver fail.

## The Gospel Brings Tidings

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #524*

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

Music: Brian T. Murphy & Clint Wells, 2005.

Capo 3

Dm            C            G  
 The gospel brings tidings, glad tidings indeed,  
 Dm            C            G  
 To mourners in Zion, who want to be freed,  
 F            C            G            Am  
 From sin and Satan, and Mount Sinai's flame,  
 F            C            G            Dm-C-G, Dm-C-G  
 Good news of salvation, through Jesus the Lamb.

What sweet invitations, the gospel contains,  
 To men heavy laden, with bondage and chains;  
 It welcomes the weary, to come and be blessed,  
 With ease from their burdens, in Jesus to rest.

For every poor mourner, who thirsts for the Lord,  
 A fountain is opened, in Jesus the Word;  
 Their poor parched conscience, to cool and to wash,  
 From guilt and pollution, from dead works and dross.

A robe is provided, their shame now to hide,  
 In which none are clothed, but Jesus is bride;  
 Though it be costly, yet is the robe free,  
 And all Zion's mourners, shall decked with it be.

# The Gospel Brings Tidings

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #524

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

Music: Brian T. Murphy &

Clint Wells, 2005.

Fmin Eb Bb

The gos - pel brings tid - ings, glad tid - ings in - deed, To

Fmin Eb Bb Ab Eb

mourn - ers in Zi - on, who want to be freed, From sin and Sa - tan, and

Bb Cmin Ab Eb Bb

Mount Si - nai's flame, The good news of sal - va - tion, through Je - sus the

Fmin Eb Bb Fmin Eb Bb

Lamb. What sweet in - vi - ta - tions, the gos - pel con - tains, To

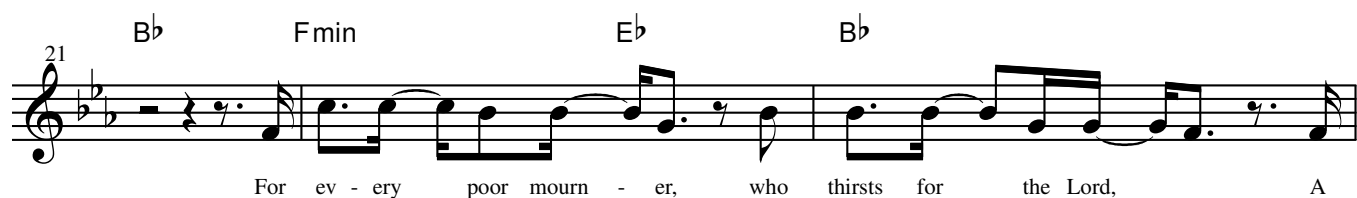
Fmin Eb Bb Ab Eb

men heav - y la - den, with bond - age and chains; It wel - comes the wear - y, to

Bb Cmin Ab Eb Bb Fmin Eb

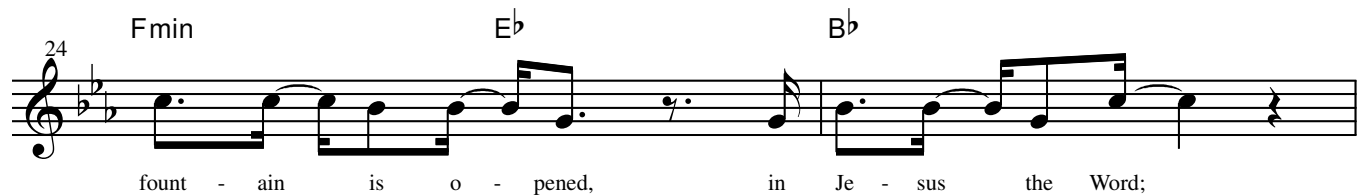
come and be blessed, With ease from their burd - ens, in Je - sus to rest.

21  $B\flat$   $F\text{min}$   $E\flat$   $B\flat$



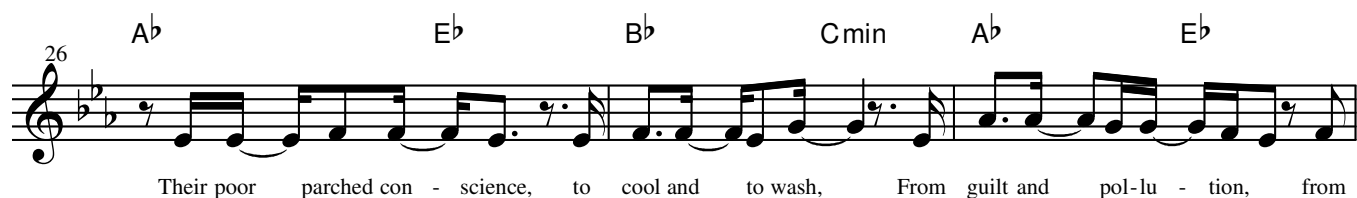
For ev - ery poor mourn - er, who thirsts for the Lord, A

24  $F\text{min}$   $E\flat$   $B\flat$



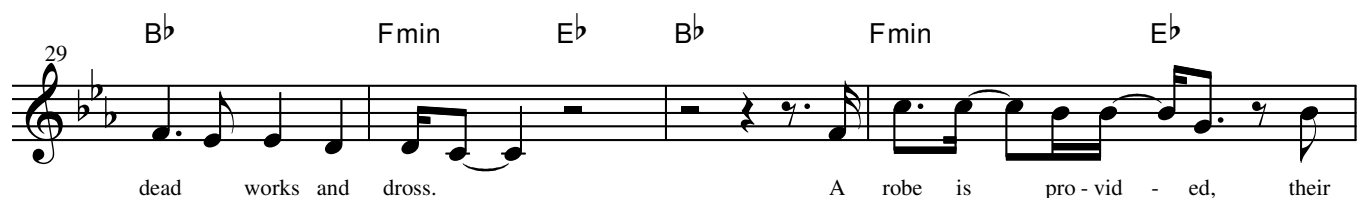
fount - ain is o - pened, in Je - sus the Word;

26  $A\flat$   $E\flat$   $B\flat$   $C\text{min}$   $A\flat$   $E\flat$



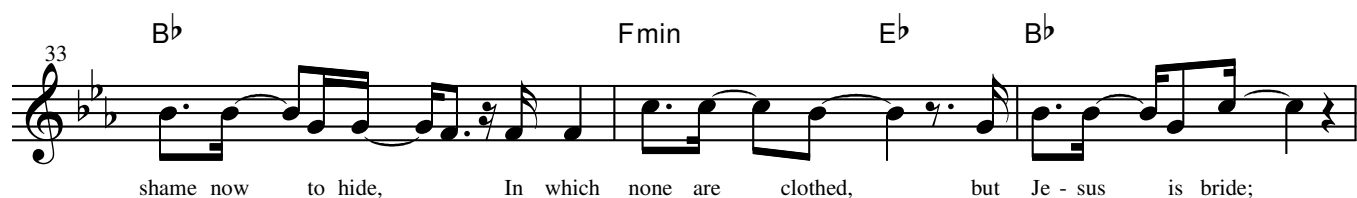
Their poor parched con - science, to cool and to wash, From guilt and pol - lu - tion, from

29  $B\flat$   $F\text{min}$   $E\flat$   $B\flat$   $F\text{min}$   $E\flat$



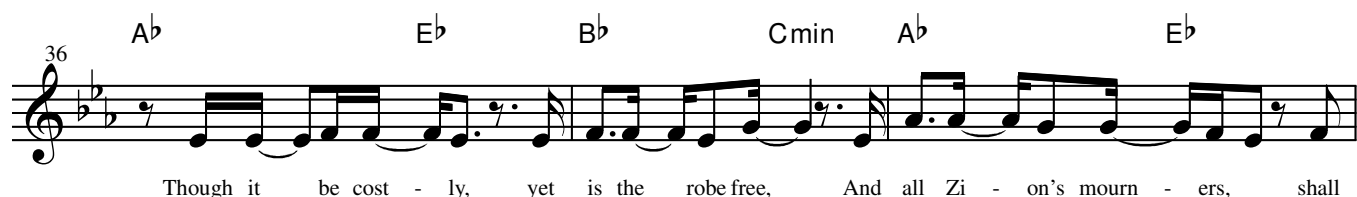
dead works and dross. A robe is pro - vid - ed, their

33  $B\flat$   $F\text{min}$   $E\flat$   $B\flat$



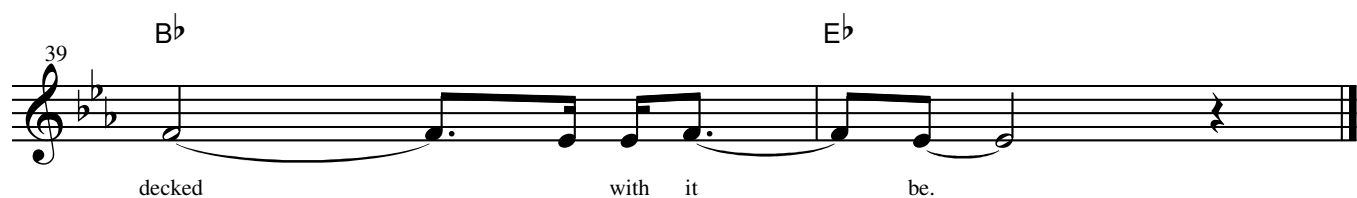
shame now to hide, In which none are clothed, but Je - sus is bride;

36  $A\flat$   $E\flat$   $B\flat$   $C\text{min}$   $A\flat$   $E\flat$



Though it be cost - ly, yet is the robe free, And all Zi - on's mourn - ers, shall

39  $B\flat$   $E\flat$



decked with it be.

## The Gospel is Good News Indeed

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #528*

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

Music: Benj Pocta, 2005.

C C/B F C  
 The gospel is good news indeed,  
 F C G  
 To sinners deep in debt;  
 C C?B F C  
 The man who has no works to plead,  
 F G C  
 Will thankful be for it.

Am F C  
 To know that when he's nought to pay,  
 F C G  
 His debts area all discharged,  
 C C/B F C  
 Will make him blooming look as May,  
 F G C  
 And set his soul at large.

No news can be compared with this,  
 To men oppressed with sin;  
 Who know what legal bondage is,  
 And labor but in vain.

Freedom from sin and Satan's chains,  
 And legal toil as well,  
 The gospel sweetly now proclaims;  
 Which tidings suit them well.

How gladly does the prisoner hear,  
 What gospel has to tell!  
 'Tis perfect love that casts out fear,  
 And brings him from his cell.

The man that feels his guilt abound,  
 And knows himself unclean,  
 Will find the gospel's joyful sound,  
 Is welcome news to him.

# The Gospel is Good News Indeed

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #528

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

Music: Benj Pocta, 2005.

The gos - pel is good news in - deed, To sin -  
 No news can be com - pared with this, To men  
 How glad - ly does the prison - er hear, What gos -

ners deep in debt; The man who has  
 op - pressed with sin; Who know what le -  
 pel has to tell! 'Tis per - - - - - fect love

no works to plead, Will thank - ful be for it.  
 gal bond - age is, And la - bor but in vain.  
 that casts out fear, And brings him from his cell.

Amin

To know that when he's nought to pay, His debts  
 Free - dom from sin and Sa - - - - - tan's chains, And le -  
 The man that feels his guilt a - bound, And knows

are all dis - charged, Will make him bloom -  
 gal toil as well, The gos - pel sweet -  
 him - self un - clean, Will find the gos -

ing look as May, And set his soul at large.  
 ly now pro - claims; Which tid - ings suit them well.  
 pel's joy - - - - - ful sound, Is wel - come news to him.



## THE KING OF LOVE

Words by Sir Henry W. Baker  
Traditional Irish Melody

## Capo II

G F C/E

1. The King of Love my Shep - herd is whose  
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow my  
3. Per - verse and fool - ish, oft I strayed, but  
4. In death's dark vale, I fear no ill with

4 Am7 D/F# G

good - ness fail - eth ne - ver. I  
ran - somed soul He lead - eth. And,  
yet in love He sought me; And  
Thee, dear Lord, be - side me; Thy

6 G C G/B Am G

no - thing lack if I am His and  
where the ver - dant pas - tures grow, with  
on the His should - er my gen - tly fort laid, and  
rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy

8 G D D/F# G

He is mine for e - ver  
food cel - es - tial feed - eth.  
home, re - joi - cing brought me.  
cross be - fore to guide me.

5. Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
Thine unction grace bestoweth;  
And O what transport of delight from  
Thy pure chalice floweth.

6. And so through all the length of days,  
Thy goodness faileth never;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house forever.



# THE LOVE OF CHRIST IS RICH AND FREE

Words by William Gadsby  
Music by Sandra McCracken

## Capo VI

1. The love of Christ is rich and free; Fixed on His will  
3. Love has re-deemed His sheep with blood; And love will

own bring e - ter safe - nal to - ly; Nor Love earth, nor them  
hell, all can from it death re - move; Long And as love He will  
lives, His own all He'll their love. strife.  
fin - ish

2. His lov - ing heart ev - ery - gaged to be scene, Their ev - er -  
4. He loves through ev - ery G chang - ing scene, Nor aught from

last Him - ing can Sur - e - ty; 'Twas love that  
Zi - on - wean; Not all the

took wan - derings cause of in her hand, And love main -  
Can make His

tains love it for to her the de - end. part. Love

19 C D G  
 can - not from its post with - draw; Nor

21 C D G  
 death, nor hell, nor sin, nor law, Can

23 C D G  
 turn the Sur - ety's heart a - way; He'll

25 C D 1 D  
 love His own to end - less day. 3. Love has re -

28 2 D G D G  
 5. At death, be - yond the grave, He'll love; In end - less

31 C D G  
 bliss, His own shall prove The blaz - ing

33 G D G  
 glo - ry of that love Which ne - ver

35 C D Em  
 could from them re - move. Which ne - ver

37 C D G  
 could from them re - move.

# The Power of the Cross

Words and Music by  
Keith Getty & Stuart Townend

With Strength (♩ = 58)

F/A G/B Cadd9 C G<sup>7</sup>sus/D G<sup>7</sup>/D Cadd9/E F

1.O, to see the dawn of the dark - est day; Christ on the  
 2.O, to see the pain writ - ten on Your face, bear - ing the  
 3.Now the day - light flees; Now the ground be - neath quakes as its  
 4.O, to see my name writ - ten in the wounds, for through Your

C/E Dm<sup>7</sup> Fma<sup>7</sup> Gsus G F/A G/B Cadd9

road to Cal - va - ry. Tried by sin - ful men,  
 awe - some weight of sin. Ev - 'ry bit - ter thought,  
 Ma - ker bows His head. Cur - tain torn in two,  
 suf - fering I am free. Death is crushed to death,

C G<sup>7</sup>sus/D G<sup>7</sup>/D Cadd9/E F C/E Fma<sup>7</sup> Gsus

torn and beat - en, then nailed to a cross of wood.  
 ev - ery ev - il deed crown - ing Your blood - stained brow.  
 dead are raised to life - "Fin - ished!" the vic - t'ry cry.  
 life is mine to live, won through Your self - less love!

Refrain

G C/E F G/B Cadd9 C C/E F

This the pow'r \_\_\_\_\_ of the cross: \_\_\_\_\_ 1.-3.Christ be- came \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ 4.Son of God- \_\_\_\_\_

G/B Cadd9 C C/E F D/F# G G/F

\_\_\_\_\_ sin for us. \_\_\_\_\_ Took the blame, \_\_\_\_\_ bore the wrath; We  
 \_\_\_\_\_ slain for us. \_\_\_\_\_ What a love, \_\_\_\_\_ what a cost!

C/E F Gsus G7 1.2.3. C Fma7

stand for - giv - en at the cross.

C/G Gsus G 4. C

cross.

O, to See the Dawn (The Power of the Cross)

## There Is a Fountain

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, drawn from Im-man - uel's  
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see that foun-tain in his  
 3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream your flow - ing wounds sup -  
 4. When this poor lisp - ing stam - m'ring tongue lies si - lent in the  
 5. Dear dy - ing Lamb, your pre - cious blood shall nev - er lose its

veins; And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, lose all their guilt - y  
 day; And there have I, as vile as he, washed all my sins a -  
 ply, Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, and shall be till I  
 grave, Then in a no - bler sweet - er song I'll sing your pow'r to  
 pow'r, Till all the ran - somed church of God be saved to sin no

stains: Lose all their guilt - y stains, lose all their guilt - y stains;  
 way: Washed all my sins a - way, washed all my sins a - way;  
 die: And shall be till I die, and shall be till I die;  
 save: I'll sing your pow'r to save, I'll sing your pow'r to save;  
 more: Be saved to sin no more, be saved to sin no more;

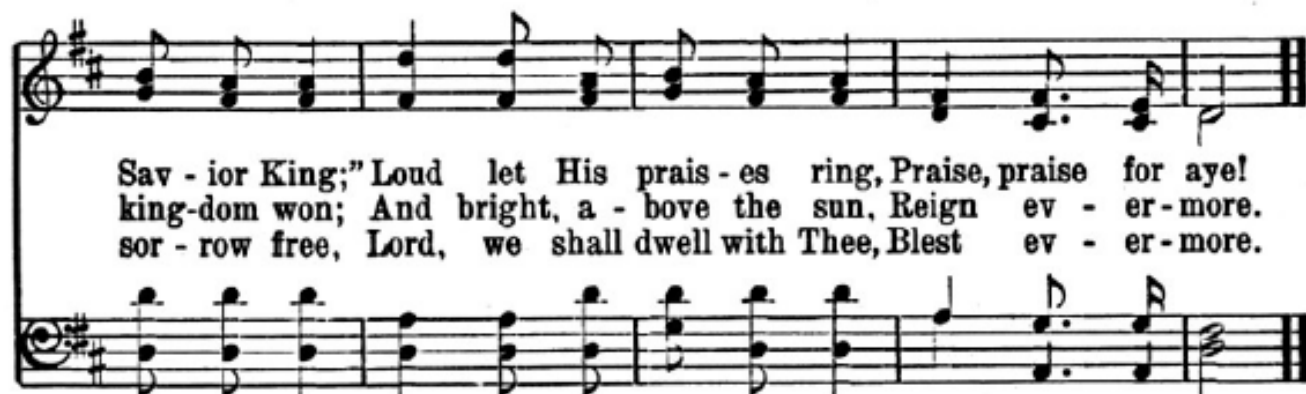
And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, lose all their guilt - y stains.  
 And there have I, as vile as he, washed all my sins a - way.  
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.  
 Then in a no - bler sweet - er song I'll sing your pow'r to save.  
 Till all the ran - somed church of God be saved to sin no more.



1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,  
 2. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,  
 3. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; Why will you doubting stand?



Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor-thy is our  
 Love can-not die. Oh, then, to glo-ry run; Be a crown and  
 Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and



Sav-ior King;" Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye!  
 king-dom won; And bright, a-bove the sun, Reign ev-er-more.  
 sor-row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev-er-more.



# There Is a Higher Throne

Words and Music by  
Keith & Kristyn Getty

**Maestoso** (♩ = 92)

E A/E E A/E E

*mf*

1. There is a  
2. And there we'll

A add9/E B/E Esus B/D# C#m C#m/B B/A A A/G#

high - er throne than all this world has known, where faith - ful ones from ev - 'ry tongue  
find our home; Our life be - fore the throne. We'll hon - or Him in per - fect song

F#m7 Bsus B E A add9/E B/E

will one day come. Be - fore the Son we'll stand, made fault - less  
where we be - long. He'll wipe each tear - stained eye as thirst and

Esus B/D# C#m C#m/B B/A A A/G# F#m7

through the Lamb; Be - liev - ing hearts find prom - ised grace; Sal - va - tion  
hun - ger die. The Lamb be - comes our Shep - herd King; We'll reign with



## There Forever Stay

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 483*

Words - Gospel Mag, 1804

Music - Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Dm C F  
I soon shall be landed  
Dm C G  
On yonder shores of bliss  
Dm C F  
There, with my powers expanded  
Dm C G  
Shall dwell where Jesus is.

Bb F  
I soon shall be seated  
C  
With Jesus on his throne,  
G  
Jesus on his Throne  
Bb F  
My foes all defeated  
C  
And sacred peace made known,  
G  
sacred peace made known

With Father, Son and Spirit  
I shall forever reign,  
Sweet joy and peace inherit  
And every good obtain

I soon shall reach the harbor  
To which I speed my way  
To which I speed my way  
Shall cease from all my labor  
And there forever stay  
And there forever stay

Sweet spirit guide me over  
This life's tempestuous sea  
Keep me, O holy Lover,  
For I confide in Thee

O that in Jordan's swelling  
I may be helped to sing  
May be helped to sing  
And pass the river telling  
The triumphs of my King  
The triumphs of my King.

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# There Forever Stay

from the Gadsby Hymnal #483

words: Gospel Mag, 1804  
music: Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Dmin C F

I soon shall be land - ed  
With Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it  
Sweet Spir - it guide me ov - er

3 Dmin C G Dmin C F

On yon - der shores of bliss There, with my pow'rs ex - pand - ed  
I shall for - ev - er reign, Sweet joy and peace in - her - it  
This life's tem - pet - ous sea, Keep me, O Ho - ly Lov - er

7 Dmin C G Bb

Shall dwell where Je - sus is. I soon shall be seat -  
And ev - 'ry good ob - tain. I soon shall reach the harb -  
For I con - fide in Thee. O that in Jor - dan's swell -

10 F C G

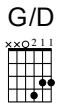
ed With Je - sus on His throne, With Je - sus on His throne.  
or To which I speed my way, To which I speed my way.  
ing I may be help to sing, I may be help to sing.

13 Bb F

My foes all - de - feat - ed And sa - cred peace made known,  
Shall cease from all my lab - or And there for - ev - er stay  
And pass the riv - er tell - ing The tri - umphs of my King

15 C G

Sa - cred peace made known.  
There for - ev - er stay.  
Tri - umphs of my King.



# THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

Words by William Cowper  
 Music by Darwin Jordan  
 Arranged by Belmont RUF

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

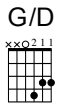
4. from Emanuel's veins, And  
 fountain in his day; And  
 never lose its power 'Til

6. sinners plunged beneath the flood Lose  
 there may I, though he, Wash  
 all the ran - somed church as of God Be

8. all their guilt - ty stains.  
 all my sins a - way.  
 saved to sin no more.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be 'til I die.

5. When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave,  
 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.



# THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

Words by William Cowper  
Music by Darwin Jordan

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  
 from Em - man - uel's veins, And  
 foun - tain in his day; And  
 nev - er lose its power 'Til

6  
 sin - ners plunged be - neath the flood Lose  
 there may I, though vile he, Wash  
 all the ran - somed church as of God Be

8  
 all their guilt - ty stains.  
 all my sins a - way.  
 saved to sin no more.

D G/D C/D D  
 C G D  
 D Cadd9 G  
 D C G D Dsus D

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be 'til I die.

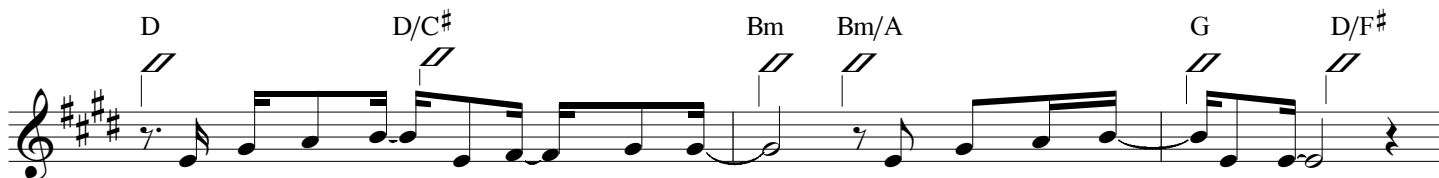
5. When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave,  
 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

# There is a Fountain

Guitar - capo 2

William Cowper, 1772

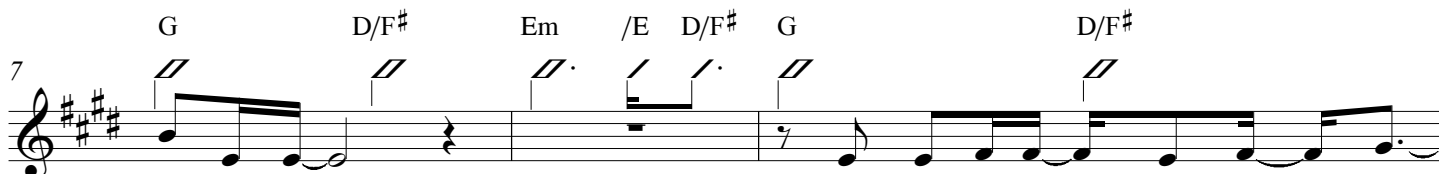
Karl Digerness, 1997



1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood\_\_\_ drawn from Im - man\_\_\_ uel's veins.
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see\_\_\_ that foun - tain in\_\_\_ his day.
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb thy pre - ious blood\_\_\_ shall ne - ver loose\_\_\_ its power
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream\_\_\_ thy flow - ing wounds\_\_\_sup - ply



and sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood\_\_\_ loose all their  
 and there may I though vile as he\_\_\_ wash all my  
 'till all the ran - somed church of God\_\_\_ be saved to  
 re - deem - ing love has been my theme\_\_\_ and shall be



guil - ty stains; and sin - ners plunged be - neath that\_\_\_  
 sins a - way; and there may I though vile as\_\_\_  
 sin no more; 'till all the ran - somed church of\_\_\_  
 'till I die; re - deem ing love has been my\_\_\_



\_\_\_ flood.. loose all their guil - ty stains.\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_ he, wash all my sins a - way.\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_ God\_\_\_ be saved to sin no more.\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_ theme and shall be 'till I die.\_\_\_

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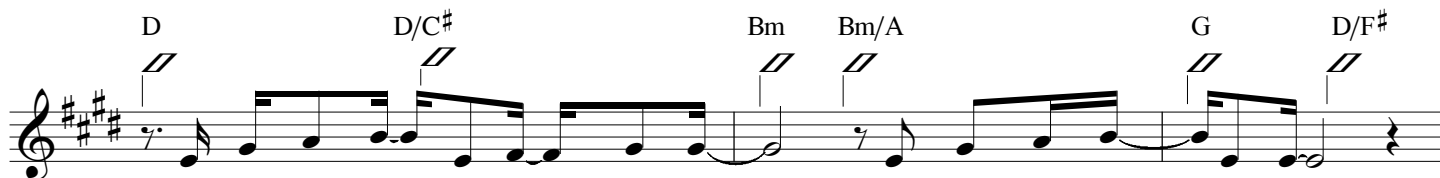


# There is a Fountain

Guitar - capo 2

William Cowper, 1772

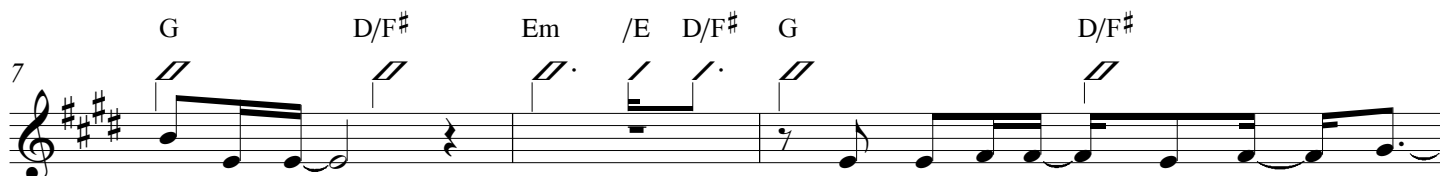
Karl Digeress, 1997



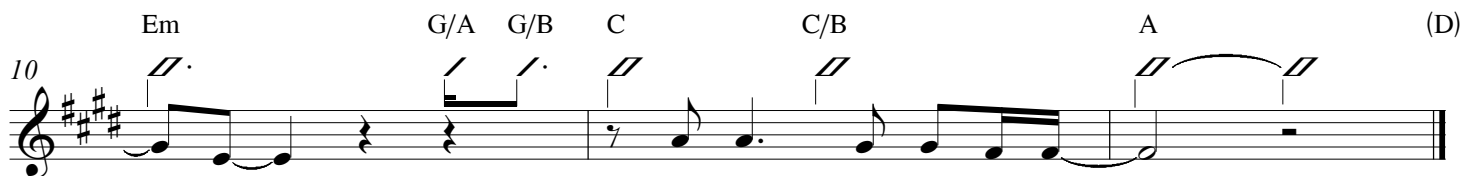
1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood\_\_\_ drawn from Im - man\_\_\_ uel's veins.
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see\_\_\_ that foun - tain in\_\_\_ his day.
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb thy pre - ious blood\_\_\_ shall ne - ver loose\_\_\_ its power
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream\_\_\_ thy flow - ing wounds\_\_\_sup - ply



and sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood\_\_\_ loose all their  
 and there may I though vile as he\_\_\_ wash all my  
 'till all the ran - somed church of God\_\_\_ be saved to  
 re - deem - ing love has been my theme\_\_\_ and shall be



guil - ty stains; and sin - ners plunged be - neath that\_\_\_  
 sins a - way; and there may I though vile as\_\_\_  
 sin no more; 'till all the ran - somed church of\_\_\_  
 'till I die; re - deem ing love has been my\_\_\_



\_\_\_ flood.. loose all their guil - ty stains.\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_ he, wash all my sins a - way.\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_ God\_\_\_ be saved to sin no more.\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_ theme and shall be 'till I die.\_\_\_

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# There Is a Higher Throne

Words and Music by  
Keith & Kristyn Getty

**Maestoso** (♩ = 92)

E A/E E A/E E

*mf*

1. There is a  
2. And there we'll

A add9/E B/E Esus B/D# C#m C#m/B B/A A A/G#

high - er throne than all this world has known, where faith - ful ones from ev - 'ry tongue  
find our home; Our life be - fore the throne. We'll hon - or Him in per - fect song

F#m7 Bsus B E A add9/E B/E

will one day come. Be - fore the Son we'll stand, made fault - less  
where we be - long. He'll wipe each tear - stained eye as thirst and

Esus B/D# C#m C#m/B B/A A A/G# F#m7

through the Lamb; Be - liev - ing hearts find prom - ised grace; Sal - va - tion  
hun - ger die. The Lamb be - comes our Shep - herd King; We'll reign with



**There is A Higher Throne**  
**Words and Music by Keith and Kristyn Getty**

**Intro:** E A2 E A2

E A2  
 1. There is a higher throne  
 B E  
 That all the world has known  
 C#m A  
 Where faithful ones from every tongue  
 F#m B  
 Will one day come

E A2  
 2. Before the Son we'll stand  
 B E  
 Made faultless through the Lamb  
 C#m A  
 Believing hearts find promised grace  
 F#m B  
 Salvation comes

**CHORUS:**

E/G# A  
 Hear heaven's voices sing  
 B E E/D#  
 Their thunderous anthem rings  
 C#m A  
 Through emerald courts and sapphire skies  
 F#m B  
 Their praises rise  
 E/G# A  
 All glory wisdom power  
 B E E/D#  
 Strength thanks and honor are  
 C#m C#m/B A  
 To God our King who reigns on high  
 F#m B E  
 For-ever more

(E) A2 E A2

E A2/E  
 3. And there we'll find our home  
 B/D# E E/D#  
 Our life be-fore the throne  
 C#m C#m/B A A/G#  
 We'll honor Him in perfect song  
 F#m B  
 Where we be-long

E A2/E  
 4. He'll wipe each tear-stained eye  
 B/D# E E/D#  
 As thirst and hunger die  
 C#m C#m/B A A/G#  
 The Lamb becomes our Shepherd King  
 F#m B  
 We'll reign with Him

## There Is A Land of Pure Delight

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 1022*

Words – Issac Watts, 1707

Music – Brian T. Murphy and Benj Pocta, 2006.

Am  
 There is a land of pure delight,  
           C  
 Where saints, immortal reign.  
 F      C      G      Dm  
 Infinite day excludes the night  
           F      G      Am  
 And pleasures banish pain.

### Chorus:

          C                          G  
 Could we but climb where Moses stood  
           Dm      F  
 And view the landscape o'er.  
           C                          G  
 Not Jordan's streams north death's cold flood  
                           Dm      F  
 Should fright us from this shore.

There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never withering flowers:  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heav'nly land from ours.

O could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy thoughts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love  
 With unbeckoned eyes!

# There is a Land of Pure Delight

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #1022

words by Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.  
music by Benj Pocta and  
Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

Am C

There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;

4 F C G Dm F G

In - finite day ex - cludes the night, And plea - sures ba - nish pain.

8 Am Am

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And ne -  
O could we make our doubts re - move, These gloom -

12 C F C G

- ver - with - er - ing flow'rs; Death like a nar - row sea di - vides,  
- y doubts that rise, And see the Ca - naan that we love,

15 Dm F G Am

This hea - v'nly land from ours. Could we but climb,  
With un - be - cloud - ed eyes.

19 C G Dm

where Mo - ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er,

25 F C G

Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should

30 Dm F

fright us from the shore. O could

# THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING

Words by Anne Cousin  
Based on Samuel Rutherford's Letters  
Traditional Folk Tune  
Arranged by Philip Palmertree

1. The sands of there time are sink - ing The  
2. The king in His beaut - y With -  
3. O Christ, He is the Foun - tain The

dawn out of a hea - ven is breaks, The  
deep deep a sweet veil well of seen love It  
The

13 sum - mer a morn I've sighed for The  
were a on well earth - spent jour - ney Though  
streams on earth I've tast - ed More

17 fair, sev'n sweet morn a-wakes Dark,  
deep deep I'll lay drink between The  
a - bove There

21 dark had been the mid - night But  
Lamb with an His o - cean ar - my Doth  
to D an o - cean full - ness His

25 day - spring is at hand And  
on Mount Zi - on ex - stand And  
mer - cy doth ex - pand And  
D C D G C

29 glor - y, glor - y dwell - eth In Emman - uel's land  
glor - y, glor - y dwell - eth In Emman - uel's land  
glor - y, glor - y dwell - eth In Emman - uel's land

4. The bride eyes not her garment  
But her dear bride-groom's face  
I will not gaze at glory  
But on my King of grace  
Not at the crown He giveth  
But on His pierced hand  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Emmanuel's land

5. Oh! I am my beloved's  
And my beloved is mine!  
He brings a poor vile sinner  
Into His house of wine  
I stand upon His merit  
I know no other stand  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land

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# THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING

Words by Anne Cousin  
Based on Samuel Rutherford's Letter  
Traditional Folk Tune  
Arranged by Philip Palmertree  
and Belmont RUF

1. The sands of time are sink - ing The With-  
2. The king there in His beaut - y / 3. O Christ, He is the Foun - tain The

dawn out of a hea - ven is breaks, seen love The  
It The

sum - mer a morn I've sighed for The  
were a on well earth - spent jour - ney Though  
streams on earth I've tast - ed More

fair, sev'n deep I'll drink a - wakes Dark,  
The There

dark Lamb had with an been His o - the fair mid - night But  
to D an o - cean full - ness Doth  
His

day on - spring Mount is Zi - at on hand And  
mer - cy doth ex - pand stand And  
And  
And

glor - y, glor - y dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land  
glor - y, glor - y dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land  
glor - y, glor - y dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land

4. The bride eyes not her garment  
But her dear bride-groom's face  
I will not gaze at glory  
But on my King of grace  
Not at the crown He giveth  
But on His pierced hand  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Emmanuel's land

5. Oh! I am my beloved's  
And my beloved is mine!  
He brings a poor vile sinner  
Into His house of wine  
I stand upon His merit  
I know no other stand  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land

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## THE SHELTER OF YOUR WINGS

Words and Music by Scott Roley

C C/B C/A C/G F G  
 1. I am but a beg - gar Laid up - on Your door - step My  
 2. Let me draw deep wa - ter From the well of Your true Spir - it I  
 3. I will sing Your prais - es, For You have cast Your sha - dow The

5 C C/B C/A C/G F G  
 heart is like a stone, A bell that can - not ring  
 will leave be - hind me The shal - lows of my springs  
 cov - er - ing that ov - er - comes The sick - ness and the sting

9 C C/B C/A C/G F G  
 Stand me in the burn - ing light Of Your e - ter - nal pres - ence  
 Fill me up with ev - ery word That You a - lone have spok - en **Men:** And  
 Hold me in for - give - ness through The dark - ness and the dan - ger

13 F **Women:** Hide me G In the shel - ter  
 hide me In the shel - ter Oh and

17 F Hide me G In the shel - ter Of Your  
 hide me In the shel - ter Of Your

21 wings  
 C C/B C/A C/G F G  
 wings

## THE SOLID ROCK

Words by Edward Mote  
 Music by William Bradbury

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than I Sup -  
 2. When dark - ness veils His love - ly face, I  
 3. His oath, His cov - en - ant, His blood sound, O -  
 4. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, O -

Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness; I  
 rest on His in - chang - ing grace; In  
 port me the un - whelm - ing flood; When  
 may I then in Him be found, Dressed

dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But  
 ev - er high and the storm - y gale, My  
 all in a - round my eous - ness gives ways, He  
 in His right - eous - ness a - lone, Fault

whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name. Chorus: On  
 an - chor holds with in the veil.  
 then is all my be - hope and stay.  
 less to stand be - fore the throne.

Christ, the sol - id Rock I stand All  
 o - ther ground is sink - ing sand, All  
 o - ther ground is sink - ing sand.

## The Sweet Well of Bethlehem

*The Gadsby Hymnal #1091*

Words: Kent, printed in the Gadsby Hymnal, 1838.

Music: Matthew S. Welch, 2004.

Capo 4

intro:

1-4

verse:

1, 4, 5, 1, 4, 1/3, 5

1, 1/7, 4,1, 4, 5, 1

ch:

4, 5, 4, 5, 1

4, 5, 4, 5 1

G D/F# C G  
 How welcome to the soul oppressed,  
 C C/B D  
 In sorrow's vale, by raging thirst,  
 G D/F# C G  
 Scorched by the sun's meridian beam,  
 C D G  
 Is the sweet well of Bethlehem!

C D C  
 D G  
*The Sweet Well, the sweet well, the sweet well  
 of Bethlehem,*  
 C D C  
 D G  
*The Sweet Well, the sweet well, the sweet well  
 of Bethlehem.*

Prophets of old and saints the same,  
 In every age, of every name,  
 Drank of this soul-reviving stream,  
 The water sweet of Bethlehem.

*Water sweet, water sweet, water sweet of  
 Bethlehem,*  
*Water sweet, water sweet, water sweet of  
 Bethlehem.*

Wide as the stretch of human woe,  
 Those death consuming waters flow,  
 Spring up o well! be this my theme,  
 Thou water sweet of Bethlehem

To cheer when faint, when sick to heal,  
 Its wondrous virtues must prevail.  
 My sins to crush, my fears to quell,  
 Spring up, o stream from Bethlehem.

*The Sweet Well, the sweet well, the sweet well  
 of Bethlehem,*  
*The Sweet Well, the sweet well, the sweet well  
 of Bethlehem.*

# The Sweet Well of Bethlehem

taken from The Gadsby Hymnal #1091

Words: Kent,  
Music: Matthew S. Welch, 2004.

B F#/A# E B

How wel - come to the soul op - pressed, In

E B/D# F# B F#/A#

sor - row's vale, by rag - ing thirst, Scorched by the sun's me -

E B E F# B E

ri-di-an beam, Is the sweet well of Beth - le - hem! The Sweet Well, the sweet well,

F# E F# B

the sweet well of Beth - le - hem, The Sweet Well,

E F# E F#

the sweet well, oh the sweet well of Beth - le - hem.

B B F#/A# E B

Pro - phets of old and saints the same, In

E B/D# F# B F#/A#

ev - ery age, of ev - ery name, Drank of this soul - re -

23 E B E F# B  
 viv - ing stream, The wat - er sweet of Beth - le - hem. Wat - er sweet,

26 E F# E F# B  
 wat - er sweet, wat - er sweet of Beth - le - hem, Wat - er sweet,

30 E F# E F# B  
 wat - er sweet, wat - er sweet of Beth - le - hem. Wide

34 B F#/A# E B E B/D#  
 as the stretch of hu - man woe, Those death con - sum - ing wat -  
 cheer when faint, when sick to heal, Its won - drous vir - tues must

37 F# B F#/A# E B  
 ers flow, Spring up o well! be this my theme, Thou  
 pre - vail. My sins to crush, my fears to quell, Spring

40 E F# B B  
 1. 2.  
 wat - er sweet of Beth - le - hem To The Sweet Well,  
 up, o stream from Beth - le - hem.

43 E F# E F# B  
 the sweet well, the sweet well of Beth - le - hem, The Sweet Well,

47 E F# E F# B  
 the sweet well, oh the sweet well of Beth - le - hem.

## Thine Be the Glory

1. Thine be the glo - ry, ris - en, con - qu'ring Son; end - less is the  
 2. Lo! Je - sus meets us, ris - en from the tomb; lov - ing - ly he  
 3. No more we doubt thee, glo - rious Prince of life; life is naught with -

vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won; an - gels in bright rai - ment  
 greets us, scat - ters fear and gloom; let the church with glad - ness,  
 out thee: aid us in our strife; make us more than con - qu'rors,

rolled the stone a - way, kept the fold - ed grave - clothes,  
 hymns of tri - umph sing, for her Lord now liv - eth,  
 thro' thy death - less love: bring us safe thro' Jor - dan

where thy bod - y lay.  
 death hath lost its sting. Thine be the glo - ry, ris - en, con - qu'ring Son;  
 to thy home a - bove.

end - less is the vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won.

Words: Edmond Budry (1884), Trans. Richard B. Hoyle (1928); Music: G. F. Handel (1747), Public Domain

# Thou Who Wast Rich beyond All Splendor

230  
799

*Our Lord Jesus Christ ... was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, so that you through his poverty might become rich. 2 Cor. 8:9*

1. Thou who wast rich be - yond all splen - dor, all for love's sake be -  
2. Thou who art God be - yond all prais - ing, all for love's sake be -  
3. Thou who art love be - yond all tell - ing, Sav - ior and King, we

cam - est poor; thrones for a man - ger didst sur - ren - der,  
cam - est man; stoop - ing so low, but sin - ners rais - ing,  
wor - ship thee. Em - man - u - el, with - in us dwell - ing,

sap - phire - paved courts for sta - ble floor. Thou who wast rich be -  
heav'n - ward by thine e - ter - nal plan. Thou who art God be -  
make us what thou wouldst have us be. Thou who art love be -

yond all splen - dor, all for love's sake be - cam - est poor.  
yond all prais - ing, all for love's sake be - cam - est man.  
yond all tell - ing, Sav - ior and King, we wor - ship thee.

1. Thou Who wast rich be-yond all splen-dor, all for love's sake  
 2. Thou Who art God be-yond all prais-ing, all for love's sake  
 3. Thou Who art love be-yond all tel-ling, Sa-vior and King,

be - cam - est poor; Thrones for a man - ger didst sur - ren - der,  
 be - cam - est Man; Stoop - ing so low, but sin - ners rais - ing  
 we wor-ship Thee. Im - man - u - el, with - in us dwel - ling,

sap - phire - paved courts for stab - le floor. Thou Who wast rich  
 heav'n - wards by Thine e - ter - nal plan. Thou Who art God  
 make us what Thou wouldst have us be. Thou Who art love,

be - yond all splen - dor, all for love's sake be - cam - est poor.  
 be - yond all prais - ing, all for love's sake be - cam - est Man.  
 be - yond all tel - ling, Sa - vior and King, we wor-ship Thee.



## Though Troubles Assail Us

1. Though trou - bles as - sail us and dan - gers af - fright,  
 2. The birds, with - out gar - ner or store - house, are fed;  
 3. When Sa - tan as - sails us to stop up our path,  
 4. No strength of our own and no good - ness we claim;

though friends should all fail us and foes all u - nite,  
 from them let us learn to trust God for our bread.  
 and cour - age all fails us, we tri - umph by faith.  
 yet, since we have known of the Sav - ior's great name,

yet one thing se - cures us, what - ev - er be - tide,  
 His saints what is fit - ting shall ne'er be de - nied  
 He can - not take from us, though oft he has tried,  
 in this our strong tow - er for safe - ty we hide:

the prom - ise as - sures us, "The Lord will pro - vide."  
 so long as 'tis writ - ten, "The Lord will pro - vide."  
 this heart - cheer - ing prom - ise, "The Lord will pro - vide."  
 the Lord is our pow - er, "The Lord will pro - vide."

# THOU LOVELY SOURCE OF TRUE DELIGHT

Words by Anne Steele  
Music by Kevin Twit

Musical notation for the first system, measures 1-4. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is written for piano in a grand staff.

Musical notation for the second system, measures 5-8. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is written for piano in a grand staff.

Musical notation for the third system, measures 9-10. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is written for piano in a grand staff.

Musical notation for the fourth system, measures 11-14. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is written for piano in a grand staff. The lyrics are as follows:

		E			Bm/E			
11								
	1. Thou	love	-	ly	source	of	true	de -
	2. Thy	glor	-	y	o'er	cre -	a -	tion -
	3. 'Tis	here,		when -	e'er	my	com -	forts
	4. But	ah!		Too	soon	the	pleas -	ing
								light
								shines
								droop
								scene
								whom
								but
								and
								is

Musical notation for the fourth system, measures 11-14. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is written for piano in a grand staff. A repeat sign is present at the beginning of measure 11.

14 A E Dadd9

I un - seen a - dore — Un - veil thy beau - ties to  
 in Thy sa - cred Word — I - veil read in fair - er, bright -  
 sin and sor - row rise — Thy read, love in fair - er, beams  
 cloud - ed o'er with pain — My gloom - y fears rise dark

17 A/C# E Bm

my sight lines that I might love Thee more, — Oh that  
 er of hope between and I - ing, dy - ing Lord, — See my  
 be - tween and I - ing heart's sup - plies, — Oh, my  
 and I a - gain com - plain, — Oh, and

20 Dadd9 A E

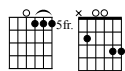
I might love Thee more — 1. Thou  
 bleed - ing, dy - ing Lord, — 2. Thy  
 faint - ing heart's sup - plied plain — 3. 'Tis  
 I a - gain com - plain — 4. But

Last Time

5. Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light  
 Oh come with blissful ray  
 Break radiant through the shades of night  
 And chase my fears away,  
 Won't You chase my fears away

6. Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
 The wonders of thy love  
 But the full glories of thy face  
 Are only known above,  
 They are only known above

Am/D G/B



# THOU LOVELY SOURCE OF TRUE DELIGHT

Words by Anne Steele  
Music by Kevin Twit

CAPO II

Low E Open



1. Thou love - ly source of true de - light whom  
2. Thy glor - y o'er cre - a - tion shines but  
3. 'Tis here, when - e'er my com - forts droop and  
4. But ah! Too soon the pleas - ing scene is



I un - seen a - dore Un - veil thy beau - ties to my sight that  
in Thy sa - cred Word I read, in fair - er, bright - er lines that  
sin and sor - row rise Thy love with cheer - ing beams of hope my  
cloud-ed o'er with pain My gloomy fears rise dark be - tween and



I might love Thee more, Oh that I might love Thee more  
bleed - ing, dy - ing Lord, See my bleed - ing, dy - ing Lord  
faint - ing heart sup - plies, Oh, my faint - ing heart's sup - plied  
I a - gain com - plain, Oh, and I a - gain com - plain

5. Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light  
Oh come with blissful ray  
Break radiant through the shades of night  
And chase my fears away,  
Won't You chase my fears away

6. Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
The wonders of thy love  
But the full glories of thy face  
Are only known above,  
They are only known above

## Thou Poor, Afflicted, Tempted Soul

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #705*

Words: John Berridge, 1716-1793.

Music: Brian T. Murphy & Ashley Spurling, 2006.

C                      F  
 Thou poor, afflicted, tempted soul,  
 C                                      G  
 With fears, and doubts, and tempests tossed.  
 C                      F  
 What if the billows rise and roll,  
           C                                      G  
 And dash thy ship, it is not lost;  
 Am    F  
 The winds and waves and fiends may roar,  
           C    G  
 But Christ will bring thee safe on shore.  
 Am    F  
 The winds and waves and fiends may roar,  
           C    G  
 But Christ will bring thee safe on shore.

What ails those eyes bedewed with tears?  
 Those laboring sighs that heave thy breast?  
 Those oft repeated, broken prayers?  
 Dost thou not long for Jesus' rest?  
 And can the Lord pass heedless by,  
 And see a mourning sinner die?  
 And can the Lord pass heedless by,  
 And see a sad and mourning sinner die?

# Thou Poor, Afflicted, Tempted Soul

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #705

Words: John Berridge, 1716-1793.

Music: Brian T. Murphy &  
Ashley Spurling, 2006.

C F

Thou poor, af - flict - ed, tempt - ed with soul, With fears,  
What ails those eyes be - dewed with tears? Those labor -

3 C G C

and doubts, and tem - pests tossed... What if the bil - lows rise  
ing sighs that heave thy breast? Those oft re - peat - ed, bro -

6 F C G

and roll, And dash thy ship, it is not lost;  
ken prayers? Dost thou not long for Je - sus' rest?

9 Amin F C

The winds and waves and fiends may roar, But Christ will bring thee safe on shore  
And can the Lord pass heed - less by, And see a mourn - ing sin - ner die?

12 G Amin F

The winds and waves and pass fiends may roar, But Christ  
And can the Lord and pass heed - less by, And see

15 C G C

will bring thee safe on shore.  
a sad and mourn - ing sin - ner die?



## Thy Blood Was Shed For Me (Part 2)

Words by Charles Wesley, 1869

Music by Robert Turner, 2009

**D** **G**  
**[1]** Without money, without price  
**A** **D**  
 I come Thy love to buy  
**G** **D**  
 From myself, I turn my eyes,  
**Em** **A7**  
 The chief of sinners, I :  
**G** **D**  
 Take, O take me as I am,  
**A** **G** **A7** **D**  
 Let me loose my sins in Thee :  
**G** **Bm**  
 Friend of sinners spotless Lamb  
**Em** **A7** **D** **Bm**  
 Thy blood was shed for me  
**Em** **A7** **D**  
 Thy blood was shed for me

**D** **G**  
**[3]** Jesus, unto thee my sin  
**A** **D**  
 I quietly confess  
**G** **D**  
 Till Thy blood shall wash me clean  
**Em** **A7**  
 From all unrighteousness  
**G** **D**  
 From the slightest touch of blame  
**A** **G** **A7** **D**  
 My spirit, soul and body free  
**G** **Bm**  
 Friend of sinners spotless Lamb  
**Em** **A7** **D** **Bm**  
 Thy blood was shed for me  
**Em** **A7** **D**  
 Thy blood was shed for me

**D** **G**  
**[2]** No good work or word or thought  
**A** **D**  
 Bring I to gain thy grace ;  
**G** **D**  
 Pardon I accept unbought,  
**Em** **A7**  
 Thy proffer to embrace  
**G** **D**  
 Coming as at first I came  
**A** **G** **A7** **D**  
 To take and not bestow on thee  
**G** **Bm**  
 Friend of sinners spotless Lamb  
**Em** **A** **D** **Bm**  
 Thy blood was shed for me  
**Em** **A** **D**  
 Thy blood was shed for me

**D** **G**  
**[4]** Saviour from thy wounded side  
**A** **D**  
 I never will depart;  
**G** **D**  
 Here will I my spirit hide  
**Em** **A7**  
 When I am pure at heart  
**G** **D**  
 Till above my place I claim,  
**A** **G** **A7** **D**  
 This only shall be all my plea,  
**G** **Bm**  
 Friend of sinners spotless Lamb  
**Em** **A7** **D** **Bm**  
 Thy blood was shed for me  
**Em** **A7** **D**  
 Thy blood was shed for me



## I, The Chief of Sinners Am Thy Blood Was Shed For Me (Part 3)

Words by Charles Wesley, 1869

Music by Robert Turner, 2009

**D** **G**  
**[1]** Let the world their virtue boast,  
**A** **D**  
 Their works of righteousness,  
**G** **D**  
 I, a wretch undone and lost,  
**Em** **A7**  
 Am freely saved by grace;  
**G** **D**  
 Other title I disclaim;  
**A** **G** **A7** **D**  
 This, only this, is all my plea:  
**G** **Bm**  
 I the chief of sinners am,  
**Em** **A7** **D** **Bm**  
 But Jesus died for me.  
**Em** **A7** **D**  
 But Jesus died for me.

**D** **G**  
**[2]** I, like Gideon's fleece, am found  
**A** **D**  
 Un-watered still, and dry,  
**G** **D**  
 While the dew on all around,  
**Em** **A7**  
 Falls plenteous from the sky;  
**G** **D**  
 Yet my Lord I cannot blame,  
**A** **G** **A7** **D**  
 The Savior's grace for all is free:  
**G** **Bm**  
 I the chief of sinners am,  
**Em** **A7** **D** **Bm**  
 But Jesus died for me.  
**Em** **A7** **D**  
 But Jesus died for me.

**D** **G**  
**[3]** Surely He will lift me up,  
**A** **D**  
 For I of Him have need;  
**G** **D**  
 I cannot give up my hope,  
**Em** **A7**  
 Though I am cold and dead;  
**G** **D**  
 To bring fire on earth He came;  
**A** **G** **A7** **D**  
 O that it now might kindled be!  
**G** **Bm**  
 I the chief of sinners am,  
**Em** **A7** **D** **Bm**  
 But Jesus died for me.  
**Em** **A7** **D**  
 But Jesus died for me.

**D** **G**  
**[4]** Jesus, Thou for me hast died,  
**A** **D**  
 And Thou in me wilt live;  
**G** **D**  
 I shall feel Thy death applied,  
**Em** **A7**  
 I shall Thy life receive;  
**G** **D**  
 Yet, when melted in the flame  
**A** **G** **A7** **D**  
 Of love, this shall be all my plea  
**G** **Bm**  
 I the chief of sinners am,  
**Em** **A7** **D** **Bm**  
 But Jesus died for me.  
**Em** **A7** **D**  
 But Jesus died for me.

A9/C#



# THY MERCY MY GOD IS THE THEME OF MY SONG

Words by John Stoker  
Music by Sandra McCracken

1. Thy mer - cy, my God, is the theme of my song, the  
out thy sweet mer - cy I could not live here; the  
mer - cy is more than a match for my heart; heart which  
fath - er of mer - cies thy good - ness I own and the

4 joy of my heart and the boast of my tongue. Thy  
Sin would re - duce me to ut - ter des - pair; but  
won - ders to feel its own hard - ness de - part; dis -  
cov - e - rant love of thy cruci - fied son; all

6 free grace a - lone from the first to the last hath  
through thy free good - ness my spir - its re - vive and  
solved by thy good - ness I fall to the ground and  
praise to the spi - rit whose whis - per di - vine seals

8 won he my that af - fec - tions and still bound my soul  
he weep mer - cy for cy and the praise of don the and right - eous - ness  
mer - cy and par - don and right - eous - ness mine!

10 fast. live. found. 2. With 3. Thy

14 mine. All praise to the spir - it whose whis - per di - vine seals

18 mer - cy and par - don and right - eous - ness mine!

21

## 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him  
 2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His  
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and  
 4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Him, Pre - cious Je - sus,

at His word; Just to rest up - on His prom - ise,  
 cleans - ing blood; Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me  
 self to cease; Just from Je - sus that sim - ply tak - ing  
 Sav - ior, Friend; And I know that He is with me,

Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."  
 'Neath the heal - ing, cleans - ing flood! Je - sus, Je - sus,  
 Life and rest, and joy and peace.  
 Will be with me to the end.

how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

Words: Louisa M. R. Stead (c. 1850-1917); Music: William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921), Public Domain

## 'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS

Words by Louisa Stead

Music by William Kirkpatrick

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus  
 2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus,  
 3. Yes 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus  
 4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee,

3 just to take Him at His word  
 just to trust sin - and sus, self - vior, blood  
 just from Je - sus, Sa - vior, cease  
 Prec - ious Je - sus, Friend

5 Just to rest up - on His prom - ise  
 Just in sim - ple faith - to plunge - me,  
 Just from I know Je - sus that Thou ly art tak - ing,  
 And I know Je - sus that Thou ly art tak - ing,  
 me,

7 just 'neath to the know heal - "Thus saith cleans - the ing and the Lord"  
 life wilt and be rest with and me joy to the ing and the flood  
 peace  
 end!

9 D G Asus A D D/C# Bm G A  
**Chorus:** Je - sus, Je - sus, How I trust Him How I've proved Him o'er and o'er

13 D D/C# Bm G D D D/F# G Asus A D  
 Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre - cious Je - sus Oh for grace, to trust Him more!

## To Calvary, Lord, in Spirit Now

1. To Cal - vary, Lord, in spir - it now,  
 2. Sweet rest - ing place of ev - ery heart  
 3. There through Thine hour of deep - est woe,  
 4. Dear suff - ering Lamb, Thy bleed - ing wounds  
 5. Our long - ing eyes would fain be - hold

Our wear - y souls re - pair,  
 That feels the plague of sin,  
 Thy suff - ering spir - it passed;  
 With cords of love di - vine,  
 That bright and bless - ed brow,

To dwell up - on Thy dy - ing love,  
 Yet knows that deep my - ster - ious joy,  
 Grace there its won - drous vic - tory gained,  
 Have drawn our will - ing hearts to Thee,  
 Once rung with bitt - erest ang - uish, wear

And taste its sweet - ness there.  
 That peace of God with - in.  
 And love en - dured its last.  
 And linked our life with Thine.  
 Its crown of glo - ry now.

## To God the Only Wise

1. To God the on - ly wise, Our Sav - ior, and our King.  
 2. 'T is His al - migh - ty love, His coun - sel and His care,  
 3. He will pre - sent our souls Un - blem - ished and com - plete  
 4. Then all the cho - sen seed Shall meet a - round the throne;  
 5. To our Re - deem - er God, Wis - dom and Pow'r be - longs;

Let all the saints be - low the skies Their hum - ble prais - es bring.  
 Pre - serves us safe from sin and death, And ev - 'ry hurt - ful snare.  
 Be - fore the glo - ry of His face With joys di - vine - ly great.  
 Shall bless the con - duct of His grace, And make His won - ders known.  
 Im - mor - tal crowns of maj - es - ty And ev - er - last - ing songs.

## To the Praise of His Grace (cont.)

gi - ven us life from a - bove, Sent Je - sus to save the un -  
 ni - ted with Je - sus our King; God's kind - ness in all com - ing  
 fi - nal - ly take us home, To gaze on the beau - ty of

wor - thy: The great - est ex - pres - sion of love,  
 a - ges Will cause us to wor - ship and sing,  
 Je - sus: To God be the glo - ry a - lone,

The great - est ex - pres - sion of love!  
 Will cause us to wor - ship and sing!  
 To God be the glo - ry a - lone!

## To the Praise of His Grace

1. From birth we were sin - ners and re - bels, Born  
 2. The Lord has pro - vid - ed a - tone - ment, Through  
 3. The gos - pel of grace we pro - claim it, We

dead on a dan - ger - ous path; We fol - lowed the ways of the  
 faith in the Lamb we re - ceive; And we can - not boast for one  
 now live to spread Je - sus' fame; We la - bor, for God has or -

de - vil, By na - ture were child - ren of wrath;  
 mo - ment; It's on - ly by grace we be - lieve.  
 dained it, Good works for the sake of his name.

But God, be - ing rich in his mer - cy Has  
 We're seat - ed in heav - en - ly plac - es, U -  
 The same grace that saved us will keep us And



# TO CHRIST THE LORD

Words by Samuel Stennett  
and Laura Taylor  
Music by Laura Taylor

E B A B

1. To Christ the Lord let ev - ery tongue, Its nob - lest tri - bute bring when  
2. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned, Up - on His aw - ful brow His  
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, He fled to my re - lief For  
4. To Him I owe my life and breath And all the joys I have He  
5. Since from His boun - ty I re - ceive Suchproofs of love di - vine, Had

6 E B A B

He's the sub - ject of the song, Who can re - fuse to sing? — Sur -  
head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow; — No  
me He bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried all my grief; — His  
makes me tri - umph o - ver death And saves me from the grave; — To  
I a thou - sand hearts to give, Lord, they would all be Thine; — A

10 C#m B A E C#m B A

vey the beau - ties of His face, And on His glor - ies dwell, — think  
mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of me, — And  
hand a thou - sand blessings pours, Up - on my guilt - y head, — His  
Heaven the place of His a - bode, He brings my wea - ry feet, — Shows  
Thou - sand men could not com - pose A wor - thy song to bring, — Yet

14 A B A B E 1-4 B

of the won - der of His grace, And all his tri - umphs — tell.  
fair - er He than all the fair, That fills the Heaven - ly — train.  
pre - sence gilds my darkest hours, And guards my sleep - ing — bed.  
me the glor - ies of my God And makes my joy com - plete.  
Your love is a mel - o - dy Our hearts can't help but —

19 A B E 5 C#m B A E C#m B

sing! A thou - sand men could not com - pose A wor - thy song to

25 A A B A B E

bring, — Yet Your love is a mel - o - dy Our hearts can't help but — sing!

276

## Up from the Grave He Arose

An angel of the Lord came down from heaven and, going to the tomb, rolled back the stone and sat on it. Matt. 28:2

Capo 1: (A) (D/A) (A) (E) (E<sup>7</sup>) (D/A) (A)

1. Low in the grave he lay— Je - sus, my Sav - ior,  
 2. Vain - ly they watch his bed— Je - sus, my Sav - ior;  
 3. Death can - not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - ior;

(D) (A) (F#m) (E/B) (B<sup>7</sup>) (E)

wait - ing the com - ing day— Je - sus, my Lord.  
 vain - ly they seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord.  
 he tore the bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord.

## REFRAIN

(A) *Faster*

Up from the grave he a - rose, He a - rose!

(D) (A)

with a might - y tri - umph o'er his foes. He a - rose!

He a - rose a vic - tor from the 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! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!

Hubert Lowry, 1874

© 1914 by Hubert Lowry, 1874

## Praise &amp; Prayer Music – April 29, 2012

Victory in Jesus

1. I heard an old, old sto - ry, how a Sav - ior came from glo - ry,  
 2. I heard a - bout His heal - ing, of His cleans - ing pow'r re - veal - ing,  
 3. I heard a - bout a man - sion He has built for me in glo - ry,

How He gave His life on Cal - va - ry to save a wretch like me:  
 How He made the lame to walk a - gain and caused the blind to see;  
 And I heard a - bout the streets of gold be - yond the crys - tal sea;

I heard a - bout His groan - ing, of His pre - cious blood's a - ton - ing,  
 And then I cried, "Dear Je - sus, come and heal my bro - ken spir - it,"  
 A - bout the an - gels sing - ing, and the old re - demp - tion sto - ry,

Then I re - pent - ed of my sins and won the vic - to - ry.  
 And some - how Je - sus came and bro't to me the vic - to - ry.  
 And some sweet day I'll sing up there the song of vic - to - ry.

O vic - to - ry in Je - sus, my Sav - ior, for - ev - er, He sought me and

bo't me with His re - deem - ing blood; He loved me ere I knew Him, and all my

love is due Him, He plunged me to vic - to - ry, be - neath the cleans - ing flood.

Words and Music E. M. Bartlett (1885-1941)  
 © 1967 Mrs. E. M. Bartlett, Used by permission (CCLI# 264766)

let the de-vil lose all do-min-ion; For the

Lamb of God, he came! And the Lamb of God was

slain! And the Lamb of God was raised!

Victory in the Lamb

1. He will clothe the poor with crowns in the king - dom He calls  
 2. And the hard times they will come; and the black clouds they will  
 3. We will fix our wan - d'ring eyes on the won - ders of our  
 4. Now the strong ones and the weak are the same un - der His

theirs. He will raise them to the halls of hea ven  
 break. But His rich - es come with the morn - ing sun,  
 Lord. By his sac - red stripes we have been healed,  
 blood. For emp - ty - hand - ed all must come

and re - lease their earth - ly cares.  
 and they grow green fields of grace. So let all  
 through his wounds our joys sup - plied.  
 to re - ceive His end - less love.

con - dem-na - tion cease, let guilt have no more claim,

## Wait, O My Soul

1. Wait, O my soul, thy Mak - er's will; Tu -  
 2. He in the thick - est dark - ness dwells, Per -  
 3. In heav'n and earth and air and seas, He  
 4. Wait then, my soul, sub - mis - sive wait; Fall

mul - tuous pas - sions, all be still! Nor  
 forms His work, the cause con - ceals; But  
 ex - e - cutes His firm de - crees; And  
 down be - fore His awe - ful seat; And

let a mur - m'ring thought a - rise;  
 though His meth - ods are un - known,  
 by His saints it stands con - fess'd,  
 'midst the ter - rors of His rod,

His ways are just, His coun - sels wise.  
 Judg - ment and truth sup - port His throne.  
 That what he does is ev - er best.  
 Trust in a wise and gra - cious God.

Words: Benjamin Beddome (1717-1795), v. 4 alt.;

Melody: "Orientis Partibus" (12<sup>th</sup> c.), Arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1985), Public Domain

## We Come, O Christ, to Thee

1. We come, O Christ, to Thee, True Son of God and man, By Whom all things con-  
 2. Thou art the Way to God, Thy blood our ran-som paid; In Thee we face our  
 3. Thou art the liv - ing Truth! All wis-dom dwells in Thee, Thou Source of ev - ery  
 4. Thou on - ly art true Life, To know Thee is to live The more a - bund-ant  
 5. We wor-ship Thee, Lord Christ, Our Sav - ior and our King, To Thee our youth and

sist, In Whom all life be - gan: In Thee a - lone we  
 Judge And Mak - er un - a - fraid. Be - fore the throne ab -  
 skill, E - ter - nal Ver - i - ty! Thou great I Am! In  
 life That earth can nev - er give: O ris - en Lord! We  
 strength A - dor - ing - ly we bring: So fill our hearts, that

live and move, And have our be - ing in Thy love.  
 solved we stand, Thy love has met Thy law's de - mand.  
 Thee we rest, True an - swer to our ev - ery quest.  
 live in Thee, And Thou in us e - ter - nal - ly.  
 men may see Thy life in us, and turn to Thee.



## We Gather Together

1. We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless - ing,  
 2. Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing,  
 3. We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou lead - er in bat - tle,

He chas - tens and has - tens His will to make known;  
 Or - dain - ing, main - tain - ing His king - dom di - vine;  
 And pray that Thou still our de - fend - er wilt be.

The wick - ed op - press - ing now cease from dis - tress - ing,  
 So from the be - gin - ning the fight we were win - ning,  
 Let Thy con - gre - ga - tion es - cape trib - u - la - tion;

Sing prais - es to His name, He for - gets not His own.  
 Thou, Lord, wast at our side: the glo - ry be Thine!  
 Thy name be ev - er praised: O Lord, make us free!

*Words: Anonymous Dutch Hymn, 16<sup>th</sup> c., trans. Theodore Baker (1851-1934)*  
*Music: Dutch Folk Song, harm. Edward Kremser (1838-1914), Public Domain*

We Give Thee But Thine Own

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be;  
 2. May we Thy boun - ties thus As stew - ards true re - ceive,  
 3. The cap - tive to re - lease, To God the lost to bring,  
 4. And we be - lieve Thy Word, Though dim our faith may be;

All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.  
 And glad - ly as Thou bless - est us, To Thee our first-fruits give.  
 To teach the way of life and peace, It is a Christ-like thing.  
 What - e'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it un - to Thee.

## We Give Thee But Thine Own

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "We Give Thee But Thine Own". It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains the lyrics: "We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be;". The second system contains the lyrics: "All that we have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee." The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody.

We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be;

All that we have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

# We Rest on Thee

828

1. We rest on Thee, our Shield and our De - fen - der! We go not  
 2. Yea, in Thy Name, O Cap - tain of sal - va - tion! In Thy dear  
 3. We go in faith, our own great weak - ness feel ing, And need ing  
 4. We rest on Thee, our Shield and our De - fen - der! Thine is the

forth a - lone a - gainst the foe; Strong in Thy strength, safe  
 Name, all oth - er names a - bove; Je - sus our Right - eous -  
 more each day Thy grace to know; Yet from our hearts a  
 bat - tle, Thine shall be the praise. When pas - sing through the

in Thy keep - ing ten - der, We rest on Thee, and in Thy name we  
 ness, our sure foun - da - tion, Our Prince of glo - ry and our King of  
 song of tri - umph peal - ing; We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we  
 gates of pear - ly splen - dor, Vic - tors, we rest with Thee, through end - less

go. Strong in Thy strength, safe in Thy keep - ing ten - der,  
 love, Je - sus our Right - eous - ness, our sure foun - da - tion,  
 go. Yet from our hearts a song of tri - umph peal - ing,  
 days, When pas - sing through the gates of pear - ly splen - dor,

We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go.  
 Our Prince of glo - ry and our King of love.  
 We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go.  
 Vic - tors, we rest with Thee through end - less days.

828

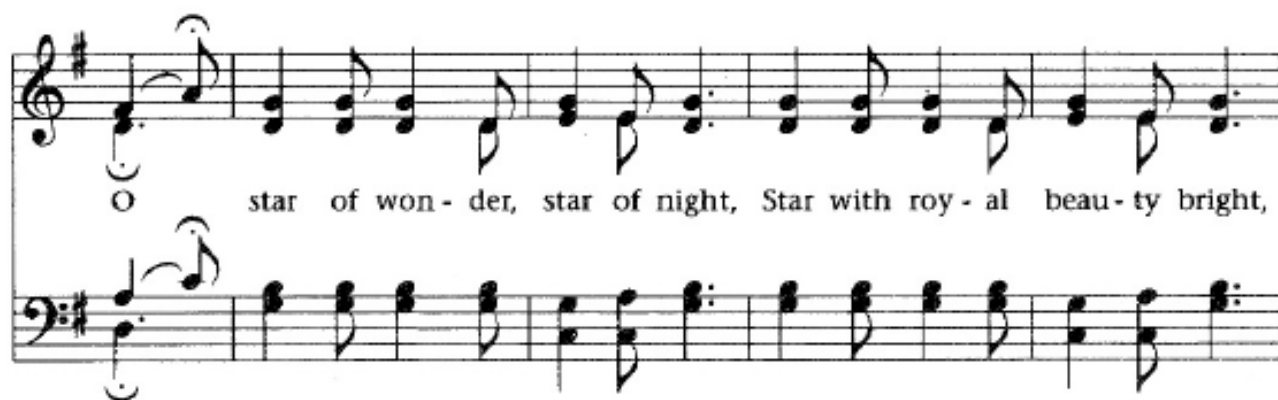
## We Three Kings



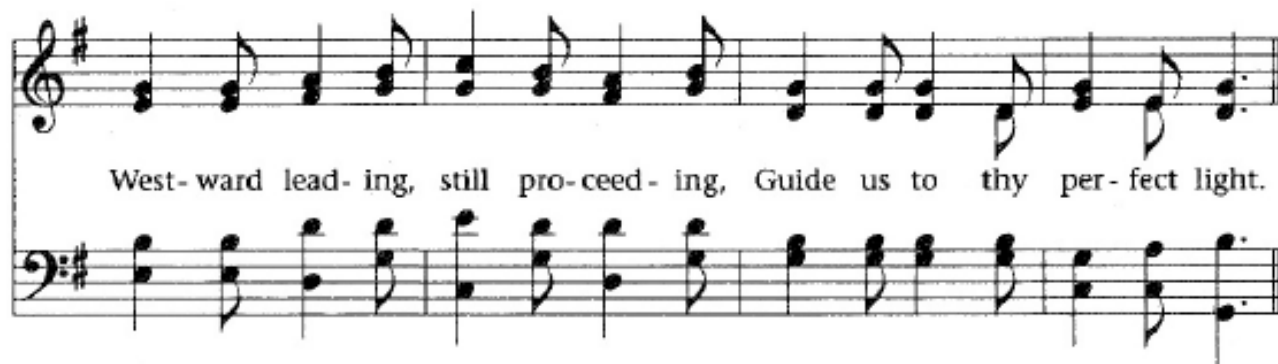
1. We three kings of Or - i - ent are: Bear - ing gifts we trav - erse a - far—  
 2. Born a King on Beth - le - hem's plain: Gold I bring to crown Him a - gain,  
 3. Frank - in - cense to of - fer have I, In - cense owns a De - i - ty nigh;  
 4. Myrrh is mine, its bit - ter per - fume Breathes a life of gath - er - ing gloom—  
 5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise: King and God and Sac - ri - fice;



Field and foun - tain, moor and moun - tain—Fol - low - ing yon - der star.  
 King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to reign.  
 Prayer and prais - ing, all men rais - ing, Wor - ship Him, God on high.  
 Sor - r'wing, sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone - cold tomb.  
 Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Earth to heav'n re - plies.



O star of won - der, star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,



West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light.

## We Will Glorify

(Chorus)

D/F# G A A/D D  
 We will glorify the King of Kings  
 D/F# G A D  
 We will glorify the Lamb  
 D/F# G A A/B Bm7  
 We will glorify the Lord of Lords  
 D/F# G D/A A D  
 Who is the great I Am

D/F# G A A/D D  
 Lord Jehovah reigns in majesty  
 D/F# G A D  
 We will bow before His throne  
 D/F# G A A/B Bm7  
 We will worship Him in righteousness  
 D/F# G D/A A D  
 We will worship Him alone

D/F# G A A/D D  
 He is Lord of heaven, Lord of earth  
 D/F# G A D  
 He is Lord of all who live  
 D/F# G A A/B Bm7  
 He is Lord of all the universe  
 D/F# G D/A A D  
 All praise to Him we give

D/F# G A A/D D  
 Hallelujah to the King of Kings  
 D/F# G A D  
 Hallelujah to the Lamb  
 D/F# G A A/B Bm7  
 Hallelujah to the Lord of Lords  
 D/F# G D/A A D  
 Who is the great I Am

## We Will Glorify

*Words and Music by Twila Paris, 2003*

D/F# G A A/D D D/F# G A D  
 We will glorify the King of kings We will glorify the Lamb  
 D/F# G A A/B Bm7 D/F# G D/A A D  
 We will glorify the Lord of lords Who is the great I AM

D/F# G A A/D D D/F# G A D  
 Lord Jehovah reigns in majesty We will bow before His throne  
 D/F# G A A/B Bm7 D/F# G D/A A D  
 We will worship Him in righteousness We will worship Him alone

D/F# G A A/D D D/F# G A D  
 He is Lord of heaven, Lord of earth He is Lord of all who live  
 D/F# G A A/B Bm7 D/F# G D/A A D (D/C# Bsus B)  
 He is Lord of all the universe All praise to Him we give

E/G# A B B/E E E A B E  
 Hallelujah to the King of kings Hallelujah to the Lamb  
 E/G# A B B/C# C#m7 E/G# A E/B B E  
 Hallelujah to the Lord of Lords Who is the great I AM

E/G# A B B/E E E A B E  
 We will glorify the King of kings We will glorify the Lamb  
 E/G# A B B/C# C#m7 E/G# A E/B B E  
 We will glorify the Lord of lords Who is the great I AM

## We Will Glorify

1. We will glo - ri - fy the King of kings, We will glo - ri - fy the Lamb;  
 2. Lord Je - ho - vah reigns in maj - es - ty, We will bow be - fore His throne;  
 3. He is Lord of heav - en, Lord of earth, He is Lord of all who live;  
 4. Hal - le - lu - jah to the King of kings, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb;

We will glo - ri - fy the Lord of lords, Who is the great I Am.  
 We will wor - ship Him in righ - teous - ness, We will wor - ship Him a - lone.  
 He is Lord a - bove the u - ni - verse, All praise to Him we give.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lord of lords, Who is the great I Am.

*Words: Twila Paris, (1958-)*

*Music: Twila Paris, (1958-); arr. David Allen, Public Domain*

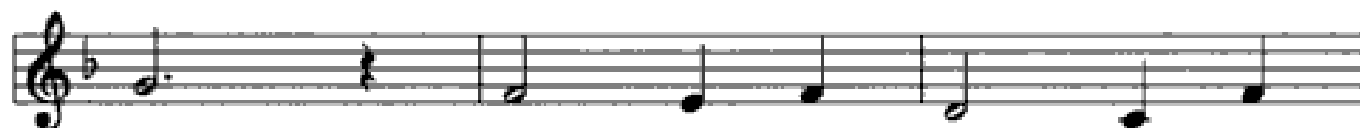


# We Are God's People

2220  
833



1. We are God's peo - ple, the cho - sen of the  
2. We are God's loved ones, the Bride of Christ, our  
3. We are the bod - y of which the Lord is  
4. We are a tem - ple, the Spir - it's dwell - ing



Lord, born of the Spir - it, es -  
Lord, for we have known it, the  
Head, called to o - bey Christ, now  
place, formed in great weak - ness, a



tab - lished by the Word. Our cor - ner - stone is  
love of God out - poured. Now let us learn how  
ris - en from the dead. God wills us be a  
cup to hold God's grace. We die a - lone, for



Christ a - lone, and strong in Christ we stand; O  
to re - turn the gift of love once given; O  
fam - i - ly di - verse, yet tru - ly one; O  
on its own each em - ber los - es fire; yet



let us live trans - par - ent - ly and  
let us share each joy and care and  
let us give our gifts to God and  
joined in one the flame burns on to

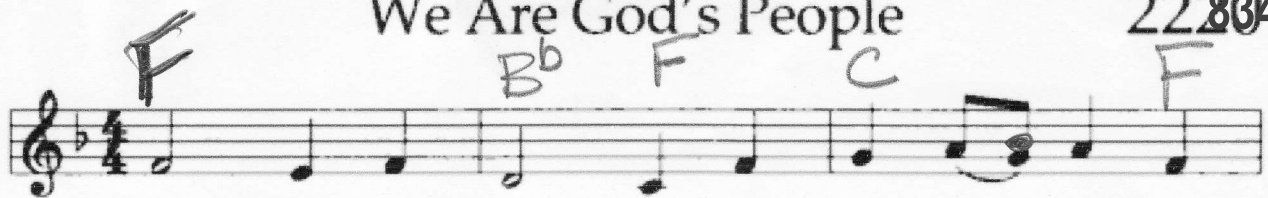


walk heart to heart and hand in hand.  
live with a zeal that pleas - es heaven.  
so shall God's work on earth be done.  
give warmth and light and to in - spire.

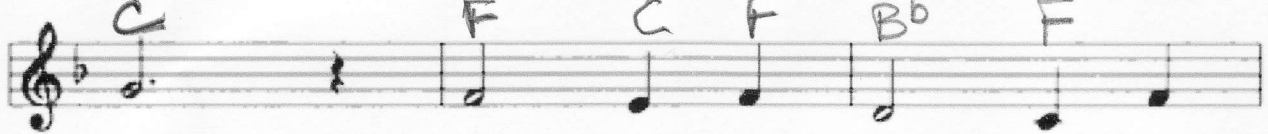
833

# We Are God's People

22804



1. We are God's peo - ple, the cho - sen of the  
 2. We are God's loved ones, the Bride of Christ, our  
 3. We are the bod - y of which the Lord is  
 4. We are a tem - ple, the Spir - it's dwell - ing



Lord, born of the Spir - it, es -  
 Lord, for we have known it, the  
 Head, called to o - bey Christ, now  
 place, formed in great weak - ness, a



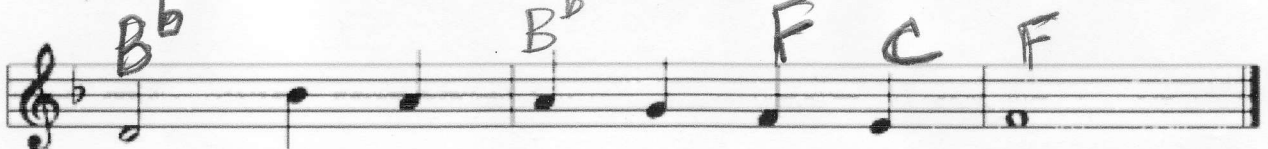
tab - lished by the Word. Our cor - ner - stone is  
 love of God out - poured. Now let us learn how  
 ris - en from the dead. God wills us be a  
 cup to hold God's grace. We die a - lone, for



Christ a - lone, and strong in Christ we stand; O  
 to re - turn the gift of love once given; O  
 fam - i - ly di - verse, yet tru - ly one; O  
 on its own each em - ber los - es fire; yet



let us live trans - par - ent - ly and  
 let us share each joy and care and  
 let us give our gifts to God and  
 joined in one the flame burns on to



walk heart to heart and hand in hand.  
 live with a zeal that pleas - es heaven.  
 so shall God's work on earth be done.  
 give warmth and light and to in - spire.

## We Are the Body of Christ

by Scott Wesley Brown & David Hampton

**G D**  
 One heart, one spirit  
**C G**  
 One voice to praise You  
**C D D2 G D**  
 We are the body of Christ

**G D**  
 One goal, one vision  
**C G**  
 To see You exalted  
**C D D2 G**  
 We are the body of Christ

**C**  
 And to this  
**G C**  
 We give our lives  
**Am Em D**  
 To see You glorified  
**G D**  
 One heart, one spirit  
**C G**  
 One voice to praise You  
**C D D2 G**  
 We are the body of Christ

Ending:

**C D D2 Em G**  
 We are the body of Christ  
**C D D2 G**  
 We are the body of Christ

**Weary of Earth, Myself and Sin***Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #386*

Words: Samuel Medley, 1738-1799.

Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2005.

Bm            G  
 Weary of earth, myself and sin,  
 D            A  
 Dear Jesus set me free,  
 Bm            G  
 And to Thy glory take me in,  
 D            A  
 For there I long to be.

*Chorus:*

D            G  
 Let a poor laborer here below,  
 D            \    A  
 When from his toil set free;  
 D            G  
 To rest and peace eternal go;  
 D            A  
 For there I long to be.

Burdened, dejected and oppressed,  
 Ah! Whither shall I flee,  
 But to Thy arms for peace and rest?  
 For there I long to be.

Empty, polluted, dark and vain,  
 Is all this world to me;  
 May I the better world obtain;  
 For there I long to be.

# Weary of Earth, Myself, and Sin

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #386

Words: Samuel Medley, 1738-1799.

Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2005.

Bmin G

Wear - y of earth, my - self and sin, Dear  
Bur - dened, de - ject - ed and op - pressed, Ah!  
Emp - ty, pol - lut - ed, dark and vain, Is

D A Bmin

Je - sus set me free, And to Thy glor - y take  
Whi - ther shall I flee, But to Thy arms for peace  
all this world to me; May I the bet - ter world

G D A

me in, For there I long to be.  
and rest? For there I long to be.  
ob - tain; For there I long to be.

D G D A

Let a poor labor - er here be - low, When from his toil set free;

D G D A

To rest and peace e - ter - nal go; For there I long to be.

## WEDDING DRESS

Words and Music - derek webb, 2002

If you could love me as a wife  
and for my wedding gift, your life.  
Should that be all I'd ever need,  
or is there more I'm looking for?

And should I read between the lines,  
and look for blessings in disguise?  
To make me handsome, rich, and wise  
Is that really what you want?

Chorus

I am a whore I do confess.  
I put you on just like a wedding dress  
and I run down the aisle,  
and I run down the aisle.  
I'm a prodigal with no way home.  
I put you on just like a ring of gold  
and I run down the aisle to you.

So could you love this bastard child?  
Though I don't trust you to provide.  
With one hand in a pot of gold  
and with the other in your side.

I am so easily satisfied  
by the call of lovers so less wild  
that I would take a little cash  
Over your very flesh and blood.

chorus

Because money can not buy  
a husband's jealous eye,  
When you have knowingly deceived his wife.

chorus

## We'll Work Till Jesus Comes

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come When I shall  
 2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for  
 3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps to roam: With Him I'll

lay my ar - mor by And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till  
 com - fort on His breast Till He con - ducts me home. We'll work  
 brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n - ly home. We'll work

Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.  
 We'll work

Words: Elizabeth Mills (1805-1829); Music: "O Land of Rest," William Miller, Public Domain

**Silence for Reflection and Preparation:** After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together this morning. When the piano resumes to mark the conclusion of the service, we invite all to stay around for conversation; refreshments are provided throughout the building.

## We Love Thy Holy Name

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #854*

Words - Joseph Hart, 1712-1768

Music - Wendell Kimbrough, Brian T. Murphy and Clint Wells, 2004

Capo 1

F

Jesus, Lord of life and peace,

G

To thee we lift our voice;

F

Teach us at thy holiness

G

To tremble and rejoice.

Dm C G

Sweet and terrible's thy word;

Dm C G

Thou and thy word are both the same

Am C

Holy, holy, holy Lord

F G

We love thy holy name

Am C

Holy, holy, holy Lord

F G

We love thy holy name.

Saints in whom thy Spirit dwells,

Pour out their souls to thee;

Each his tale in secret tells,

And sighs to be set free.

Christ admired, themselves abhorred,

They cry with awe, delight and shame,

Holy, holy, holy Lord

We love thy holy name.

Just and righteous is our king;

Glorious holiness;

Though we tremble while we sing,

We would not wish it less.

Souls by whom the truth's explored

Wonders of mercy best proclaim.

Holy, holy, holy Lord

We love thy holy name.

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# We Love Thy Holy Name

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #854

Words - Joseph Hart, 1712-1768

Music - Wendell Kimbrough,

Brian T. Murphy and Clint Wells, 2004

**G $\flat$**  **A $\flat$**

Je - sus, Lord of life and peace, To thee we lift our voice;  
 Saints in whom thy Spir - it dwells, Pour out their souls to thee;  
 Just and right - eous is our king; Glo - ri - ous hol - i - ness;

**G $\flat$**

4 Teach us at thy hol - i - ness To trem -  
 Each his tale in se - cret tells, And sighs  
 Though we tremb - le while we sing, We would

**A $\flat$**  **E $\flat$ min** **D $\flat$**

7 ble and re-joice. Sweet and ter - ri - ble's thy word;  
 to be set free. Christ ad - mired, them - selves ab - horred,  
 not wish it less. Souls by whom the truth's ex - plored

**A $\flat$**  **E $\flat$ min** **D $\flat$**  **A $\flat$**

11 Thou and thy word are both the same  
 They cry with awe, de - light and shame,  
 Won - ders of mer - cy best pro - claim.

**B $\flat$ min** **D $\flat$**  **G $\flat$**  **A $\flat$**

15 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord We love thy ho - ly name

**B $\flat$ min** **D $\flat$**  **G $\flat$**  **A $\flat$**

19 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord We love thy ho - ly name.

## Were the Whole Realm of Nature Mine

Were the whole realm of nature mine,

That were a present far too small;

Love so amazing, so divine,

De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

*Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748); Music: Lowell Mason (1792-1872), Public Domain*

## WE REST ON THEE

Words by Edith G. Cherry  
 Music by Patrick Bush  
 and Brian T. Murphy

## Capo II

Em D G Em D G

1. We rest on Thee, our Shield and our De - fend - er.  
 2. We go in faith, our own great weak - ness feel - ing,  
 3. We Rest on Thee, our Shield and our De - fend - er!

5 Em D G Em D G

We go not forth, a - lone a - gainst the foe;  
 And need - ing more each day Thy grace to know:  
 Thine is the bat - tle, Thine shall be the praise.

9 Em D G Em D G

Strong in Thy might, safe in Thy keep - ing ten - der,  
 Yet from our hearts, a song of tri - umph plead - ing,  
 When pass - ing through the gates of pear - ly splen - dor,

13 Em D G Em D G

We rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go!  
 We rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go.  
 Vict - ors we rest with Thee, through end - less days.

17 Am Em F G

Yea, in Thy name, O Cap - tain of sal - va - tion! \_\_\_\_\_

21 Am Em F G

In Thy dear name, all o - ther names a - bove: \_\_\_\_\_

25 Am Em F G

Je-sus our right - eous-ness, our sure found - a - tion, \_\_\_\_\_

29 Am Em F

Our prince of glo - ry and our King \_\_\_\_\_ our King \_\_\_\_\_

32 G C F C

\_\_\_\_\_ of love.

## What a Friend We Have in Jesus

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!  
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?  
 3. Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, Cum - bered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!  
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer:  
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge; Take it to the Lord in prayer:

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear,  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?  
 Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!  
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

Where is the one who has been born king of the Jews? Matt. 2:2

1. What child is this, who, laid to rest, on Mar - y's lap is sleep - ing?  
 2. Why lies he in such mean es - tate, where ox and ass are feed - ing?  
 3. So bring him in - cense, gold, and myrrh; come, peas - ant, king, to own him;

Whom an - gels greet with an - thems sweet, while shep - herds watch are keep - ing?  
 Good Chris - tian, fear; for sin - ners here the si - lent Word is plead - ing.  
 the King of kings sal - va - tion brings, let lov - ing hearts en - throne him.

This, this is Christ the King, whom shep - herds guard and an - gels sing:  
 Nails, spear, shall pierce him through; the cross be borne for me, for you:  
 Raise, raise the song on high, the vir - gin sings her lul - la - by:

haste, haste to bring him laud, the babe, the son of Mar - y.  
 hail, hail the Word made flesh, the babe, the son of Mar - y.  
 joy, joy for Christ is born, the babe, the son of Mar - y.

*Where is the one who has been born king of the Jews? Matt. 2:2*

1. What child is this, who, laid to rest, on Mar - y's lap is sleep - ing?  
 2. Why lies he in such mean es - tate, where ox and ass are feed - ing?  
 3. So bring him in - cense, gold, and myrrh; come, peas - ant, king, to own him;

Whom an - gels greet with an - thems sweet, while shep - herds watch are keep - ing?  
 Good Chris - tian, fear; for sin - ners here the si - lent Word is plead - ing.  
 the King of kings sal - va - tion brings, let lov - ing hearts en - throne him.

This, this is Christ the King, whom shep - herds guard and an - gels sing:  
 Nails, spear, shall pierce him through; the cross be borne for me, for you:  
 Raise, raise the song on high, the vir - gin sings her lul - la - by:

haste, haste to bring him laud, the babe, the son of Mar - y.  
 hail, hail the Word made flesh, the babe, the son of Mar - y.  
 joy, joy for Christ is born, the babe, the son of Mar - y.

What Though I Cannot Break My Chain

1. What though I can - not break my chain,  
 2. Who, who shall in Thy pre - sence stand,  
 3. Faith to be healed I fain would have,  
 4. Bound down with twice ten thou - sand ties,  
 5. Thou canst o'er - come this heart of mine,

Or e'er throw off my load,  
 Or match Om - ni - po - tence;  
 O might it now be giv'n;  
 Yet let me hear Thy call;  
 Thou wilt vic - tor - ious prove;

The things im - pos - si - ble for men  
 Un - fold the grasp of Thy right hand  
 Thou canst, Thou canst the sin - ner save,  
 My soul in con - fi - dence shall rise,  
 For ev - er - last - ing strength is Thine,

Are pos - si - ble to God.  
 And pluck the sin - ner thence?  
 And make me meet for heav'n.  
 Shall rise and break through all.  
 And ev - er - last - ing love.



## What Wondrous Love Is This

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 righ - teous 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.

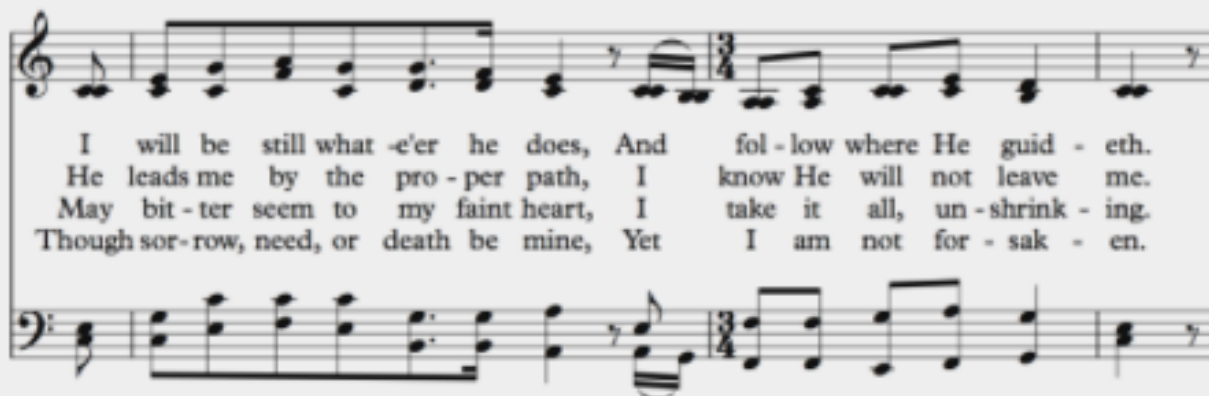
Words: American Folk Hymn

Music: Walker's Southern Harmony (1835), arr. William J. Reynolds (1920-2009), Public Domain

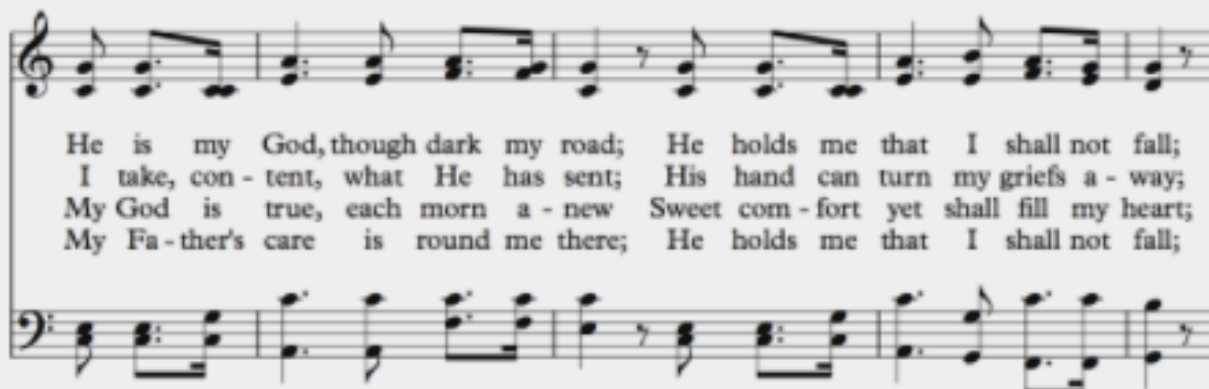
## Whate'er My God Ordains Is Right



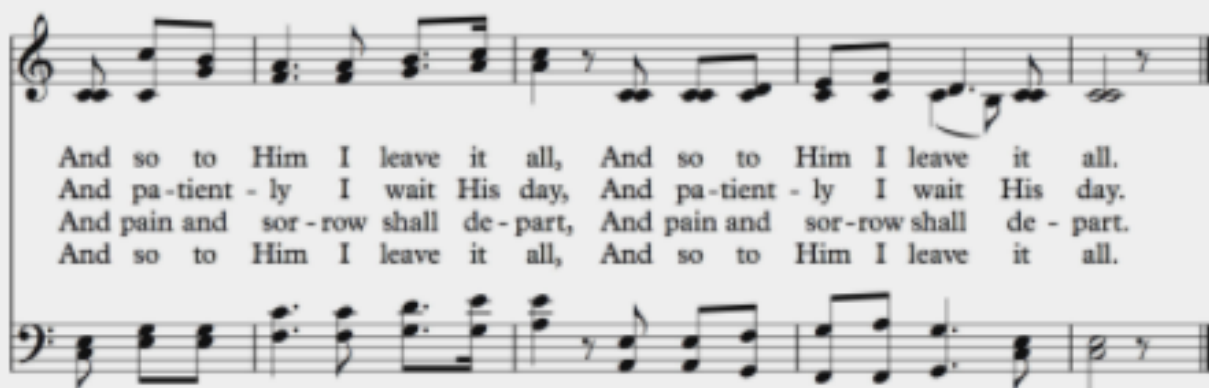
1. What - e'er my God or-dains is right, His ho - ly will a - bid - eth;  
 2. What - e'er my God or-dains is right, He nev - er will de - ceive me;  
 3. What - e'er my God or-dains is right, Though now this cup in drink - ing  
 4. What - e'er my God or-dains is right, Here shall my stand be tak - en;



I will be still what -e'er he does, And fol - low where He guid - eth.  
 He leads me by the pro - per path, I know He will not leave me.  
 May bit - ter seem to my faint heart, I take it all, un - shrink - ing.  
 Though sor - row, need, or death be mine, Yet I am not for - sak - en.



He is my God, though dark my road; He holds me that I shall not fall;  
 I take, con - tent, what He has sent; His hand can turn my griefs a - way;  
 My God is true, each morn a - new Sweet com - fort yet shall fill my heart;  
 My Fa - ther's care is round me there; He holds me that I shall not fall;



And so to Him I leave it all, And so to Him I leave it all.  
 And pa - tient - ly I wait His day, And pa - tient - ly I wait His day.  
 And pain and sor - row shall de - part, And pain and sor - row shall de - part.  
 And so to Him I leave it all, And so to Him I leave it all.

Words: Samuel Rodigast, 1675; tr. Catherine Winkworth, (1829-1878), Public Domain;  
 Music: Matt Merker & Keith Getty, © 2018 Getty Music Publishing & Matthew Merker Music (BMI)

*Silence for Reflection and Preparation:* After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together. The piano will resume to mark the conclusion of the service.

# WHATE'ER MY GOD ORDAINS IS RIGHT

Words by Samuel Rodigast  
Music by David Braud

C C/B Am F

1. What - e'er my God or - dains is right,  
2. What - e'er my God or - dains is right,  
3. What - e'er my God or - dains is right,

5 F G F C /G /A /B

Ho - ly His will a - bid - eth  
He nev - er will de - ceive me  
Though now this cup in drink - ing

9 C C/B Am F

I will be still what - e'er He does,  
He leads me by the prom - ise per -  
May bit - ter seem to my faint heart,

13 F G F C C C/B

And fol - low where He guid - eth  
I know He will all He not leave me  
I take it all un - shrink - ing

17 Am D G

He is my God,  
I take, con - tent,  
My God is true,

21 Am F E E /F# /G#

Though dark my road  
what each He morn hath a - sent,  
each what He morn hath a - sent,  
new

25 C C/B Am F

He holds me that I shall not fall,  
His hand can turn yet my shall a - my way,  
Sweet com - fort yet shall fill my heart,

29 F G C /G /A /B

Where - fore to Him I leave it all  
And pa - tient - ly sor - row I wait His day  
And pain and sor - row shall de - part

3rd Time To Coda

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33 A D D/C# Bm G

4. What-e'er my God or - dains is right,

38 G A G D /A /B /C#

Here shall my stand be ta - ken

42 D D/C# Bm G

Though sor - row, need, or death be mine,

46 G A G D D D/C#

Yet I am not for - sak - en

50 Bm E A

My Fa - ther's care

54 Bm G F# F# /G# /A#

is round me there

58 D D/C#

He holds me that I shall

60 Bm G G A D

not fall, And so to Him I leave it all

# WHATE'ER MY GOD ORDAINS IS RIGHT

Words by Samuel Rodigast  
Music by David Braud

C C/B Am F

1. What - e'er my God or - dains is right,  
2. What - e'er my God or - dains is right,  
3. What - e'er my God or - dains is right,

5 F G F C /G /A /B

Ho - ly His will a - bid - eth  
He nev - er will de - ceive me  
Though now this cup in drink - ing

9 C C/B Am F

I will be still what - e'er He does,  
He leads me by the prom - ise per -  
May bit - ter seem to my faint heart,

13 F G F C C C/B

And fol - low where He guid - eth  
I know He will all He not leave me  
I take it all un - shrink - ing

17 Am D G

He is my God,  
I take, con - tent,  
My God is true,

21 Am F E E /F# /G#

Though dark my road  
what each He morn hath a - road  
each what He morn hath a - road  
sent, new

25 C C/B Am F

He holds me that I shall not fall,  
His hand can turn yet my shall a - my way,  
Sweet com - fort yet shall fill my heart,

29 F G C /G /A /B

Where - fore to Him I leave it all  
And pa - tient - ly sor - row I wait His day  
And pain and sor - row shall de - part

3rd Time To Coda

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33 A D D/C# Bm G

4. What-e'er my God or - dains is right,

38 G A G D /A /B /C#

Here shall my stand be ta - ken

42 D D/C# Bm G

Though sor - row, need, or death be mine,

46 G A G D D D/C#

Yet I am not for - sak - en

50 Bm E A

My Fa - ther's care

54 Bm G F# F# /G# /A#

is round me there

58 D D/C#

He holds me that I shall

60 Bm G G A D

not fall, And so to Him I leave it all

# Whate'er My God Ordains Is Right

Words by Samuel Rodigast  
 Music by David Braud

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

**System 1:** The vocal line begins with a whole rest for six measures. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

**System 2:** The vocal line begins at measure 7 with the lyrics: "1. What - e'er my God or - dains is right, 2. What - e'er my God or - dains is right, 3. What - e'er my God or - dains is right,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords labeled C, C/B, and Am.

**System 3:** The vocal line begins at measure 12 with the lyrics: "Ho - ly His will a - bid - eth He nev - er will de - ceive me Though now this cup in drink - ing". The piano accompaniment continues with chords labeled F, F, G, F, C, /G /A /B.

17 C C/B Am F F

I will be still what - e'er He does, And fol - low  
 He leads me by the to - pro - my - He per faint path, heart, I know He  
 May bit - ter seem to my faint heart, I take it

22 G F C C C/B Am D

where He guid eth He is my  
 will not un - leave shrink - me ing I My take, God con -  
 all un - shrink - ing My God is -

27 G Am F E

God, tent, true, Though what each dark my hath a road  
 tent, true, each each morn a - sent, new

32 E /F# /G# C C/B Am F

He holds me that I shall not a - fall,  
 His hand can turn yet my shall griefs not a - fall,  
 Sweet com - fort yet shall fill a my - way, heart,



37 F G C *3rd Time To Coda* /G /A /B

Where - fore to Him I leave it all  
 And pa - tient - ly I wait His day  
 And pain and sor - row shall de - part *3rd Time To Coda*

41 A D D/C# Bm G

4. What-e'er my God or - dains is right,

46 G A G D /A /B /C# D

Here shall my stand be ta - ken Though sor - row,

51 D/C# Bm G G A

need, or death be mine, Yet I am not for -

51

56 G D D D/C# Bm E

sak - en My Fa - ther's

56

60 A Bm G

care is round me

60

64 F# F# /G# /A# D D/C# Bm

there He holds me that I shall not fall,

69 G G A D

And so to Him I leave it all

74

**Whate'er My God Ordains Is Right**

©1998 David Braud Music. Words: Samuel Rodigast. Music: David Braud.

C C/B Am F  
 1. Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
 F G F C /G /A /B  
 Holy His will abideth.  
 C C/B Am F  
 I will be still whate'er He does,  
 F G F C C C/B  
 And follow where He guideth.  
 Am D G  
 He is my God,  
 Am F E E /F# /G#  
 Though dark my road.  
 C C/B Am F  
 He holds me that I shall not fall  
 F G C /G /A /B  
 Wherefore to Him I leave it all

2. Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
 He never will deceive me  
 He leads me by the proper path,  
 I know He will not leave me  
 I take, content,  
 What He hath sent  
 His hand can turn my griefs away  
 And patiently I wait His day

3. Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
 Though now this cup in drinking  
 May bitter seem to my faint heart,  
 I take it all unshrinking  
 My God is true,  
 Each morn anew  
 Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart  
 And pain and sorrow shall depart

D D/C# Bm G  
 4. Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
 G A G D /A /B /C#  
 Here shall my stand be taken  
 D D/C# Bm G  
 Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,  
 G A G D D D/C#  
 Yet I am not forsaken  
 Bm E A  
 My Father's care  
 Bm G F# F# /G# /A#  
 Is round me there  
 D D/C# Bm G  
 He holds me that I shall not fall  
 G A D  
 And so to Him I leave it all

## What Solemn Tidings

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 664*

Words - Gadsby Hymnal, 1838

Music - Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

D G

What solemn tidings reach our ears!

D G

How awful how grand!

D G

A brother landed safe from fears,

D G

On Canaan's happy land.

D A/E G

No clouds shall now obstruct his sun,

D A/E G

But all be life and peace;

D A/E G

With him 'tis ever, ever noon,

D A/E G

Nor can his joy decrease.

### *Refrain*

Bm G

*He's gone in endless bliss to dwell,*

Bm G

*And I am left below,*

Bm G

*To struggle with the powers of hell,*

Bm G

*Till Jesus bids me go.*

Though he's more happy I'm secure.

God's promise cannot fail;

O may I patiently endure,

My heavenly Father's will.

The counsel of the Lord shall stand,

And all his will be done;

I'll therefore wait in Meshech's land,

Until he fetch me home.

### *Refrain*

There the weary be at rest.

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# What Solemn Tidings

from the Gadsby Hymnal #664

words: Gadsby Hymnal 1838  
music: Jeff Koonce and  
Brian T. Murphy, 2004

D G D G

What Sol - emn tid - ings reach our ears! How aw - ful how grand!  
Though he's more hap - py I'm se - cure. God's prom - ise can - not fail;

5 D G D G

A bro - ther land - ed safe from fears, A Can - aan's happ - y land.  
O may I pat - ient - ly en - dure, My heav'n - ly Fa - ther's will.

9 D A/E G D A/E G

No clouds shall now ob - struct his sun, But all be life and peace;  
The coun - sel of the Lord shall stand, And all his will be done;

13 D A/E G D A/E G

With him 'tis ev - er, ev - er noon, Nor can his joy de - crease.  
I there - fore wait in Me - shech's land, Un - til He fetch me home.

17 Bmin G Bmin G

He's gone in end - less bliss to dwell, And I am left be - low,

21 Bmin G Bmin G

To strug - gle with the pow'rs of hell, Till Je - sus bids me go.

Tag ending

25 D A/E G D A/E G

And there the wear - y be at rest. And there the wear - y be at rest.

## WHAT WONDROUS LOVE IS THIS

Words &amp; Music American Folk Hymn

Dm Am Em F C Dm

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

5 C Am F Am Em Dm

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

9 G F Dm G Am

What won - drous love is this, That - caused the Lord of  
 When I was sink - ing down, Be - neath is God's right - eous  
 To God and to the Lamb, I'll sing the and great "I  
 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joy - ful

13 Dm Am Em F C Dm

bliss To bear the dread - ful curse for my soul, for my  
 frown, Christ laid a - side His crown for my soul, for my  
 Am, While mill - ions join the theme, I will sing, I will  
 be, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing on, I'll sing

17 C Am F Am Em Dm

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



1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,  
 2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled,  
 3. Let cares, like a wild de-luge come, And storms of sor-row fall!



I'll bid fare - well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.  
 Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.  
 May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.



And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes,  
 And face a frown - ing world, And face a frown - ing world,  
 My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all,



I'll bid fare - well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.  
 Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.  
 May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.





## When I Survey the Wondrous Cross



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the cross of Christ my God:
3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, sor-row and love flow min-gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were an of-fering far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, and pour con-tempt on all my pride.  
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sa - cri-fice them to His blood.  
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?  
 Love so a - ma- zing, so di - vine, de-mands my soul, my life, my all!



D        A D A D G    D A D  
 When I survey the wondrous cross  
 D                G            D A D A  
 On which the Prince of glory died  
 D        A D A D G    D A D  
 My richest gain I count but loss  
 D                Em D Em A D  
 And pour contempt on all my pride

Forbid it Lord, that I should boast  
 Save in the death of Christ my God  
 All the vain things that charm me most  
 I sacrifice them to His blood

See, from His head, His hands, His feet  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,  
 Spreads o'er his body on the tree;  
 Then am I dead to all the globe,  
 And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine  
 That were a present far too small  
 Love so amazing, so divine  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all

# When the Morning Comes

867

1. Tri - als dark on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un - der - stand  
 2. Oft our cher - ished plans have failed, dis - ap - point - ments have pre - vailed,  
 3. Temp - ta - tions, hid - den snares of - ten take us un - a - wares,

All the ways that God would lead us to that bless - ed prom - ised land;  
 And we've wan - dered in the dark - ness, heav - y - heart - ed and a - lone;  
 And our hearts are made to bleed for some tho't - less word or deed,

But He'll guide us with His eye, and we'll fol - low till we die; We will  
 But we're trust - ing in the Lord, and, ac - cord - ing to His Word, We will  
 And we won - der why the test when we try to do our best, But we'll

un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by. By and by, when the morn - ing

comes, When the saints of God are gath - ered home, We will tell the sto - ry

how we've o - ver - come; We will un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.

867

## When Trials Come

1. When tri - als come, no long - er fear, for in the pain, our  
 2. With - in the night, I know Your peace; the breath of God brings  
 3. I turn to wis - dom not my own, for ev - 'ry bat - tle  
 4. When I am wea - ry with the cost, I see the tri - umph  
 5. One day all things will be made new; I'll see the hope you've

God draws near to fire a faith worth more than gold  
 strength to me and new each morn - ing mer - cies flow,  
 You have known, My con - fi - dence will rest in You;  
 of the cross, So in its sha - dow I shall run,  
 called me to, And in your King - dom paved with gold,

And there his faith - ful - ness is told;  
 As trea - sures of the dark - ness grow;  
 Your love en - dures, Your ways are good;  
 'Til He com - pletes the work be - gun;  
 I'll praise your faith - ful - ness of old;

And there his faith - ful - ness is told.  
 As trea - sures of the dark - ness grow.  
 Your love en - dures, Your ways are good.  
 'Til He com - pletes the work be - gun.  
 I'll praise your faith - ful - ness of old.

# WHEN ALL THY MERCIES

Words by Joseph Addison

Music by Stephen Barnes

## Capo IV

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of seven systems of music, each with a treble clef and a capo at the fourth fret. The lyrics are arranged in two columns per system, with the first column starting on the first line of the system and the second column starting on the second line. Chords are indicated above the staff lines.

**System 1:** Chords: C, G, Am, G, F. Lyrics: 1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, 2. When worn with sick - ness, oft hast Thou

**System 2:** Chords: C, G, Am. Lyrics: My ris - ing soul sur - veys, With health re - newed my face

**System 3:** Chords: F, G, Am, G, F. Lyrics: Trans - por - ted in with sins the and view, I'm lost And when in sins and sor - row sunk

**System 4:** Chords: C, G, F, C. Lyrics: In won - der, love, and praise Re - newed my soul with grace

**System 5:** Chords: C, G, Am, G, F. Lyrics: Un - num - bered com - forts to my soul Ten thou - sand thou - sand pre - cious gifts 3. Through ev - ery per - iod of my life

**System 6:** Chords: C, G, Am. Lyrics: Thy ten - der care be - stowed, My dai - ly thanks em - ploy; Thy good - ness I'll pur - sue,

**System 7:** Chords: F, G, Am, G, F. Lyrics: Be - fore my in - fant heart con - ceived Nor is the least a cheer - ful heart And af - ter death, in dis - tant worlds,

15 C G F C

From That The, Whom tastes glor, those those ious, com gifts theme, - ferts with re, flowed. joy. new.

17 Am Em F C

**Chorus:** Through all e - ter - ni - ty to Thee

19 Am G C

A joy - ful song I'll raise

21 Am Em F C *To Coda*

For oh, e - ter - ni - ty's too short

23 Am G F *C Last Time D.S. al Coda*

To ut - ter all Thy praise!

25 Am G F C C

To ut - ter all Thy praise! \_\_\_\_\_

# WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

Words by Isaac Watts  
Traditional American Folk Tune

E A E Esus E B/D#

Women

Men

1. When I sur-vey  
2. For-bid it, Lord,

the won-drous cross  
that I should boast

1. When I sur - vey  
2. For-bid it, Lord,

the won-drous cross  
that I should boast

On which the  
Save in the

On which the Prince  
Save in the death

of glo - ry  
of Christ, my God

died  
God

My rich-est gain  
All the vain things

Prince  
death

of glo - ry  
of Christ, my

died  
God

My rich-est gain  
All the vain things

I count but  
thatcharm me

4 C#m F#m B B/A G#m A

4

7 G#m A E B E Esus

7

I count but loss  
thatcharm me most

And pour con-tempt  
I sac - ri - fice

on all my pride  
them to His blood

loss  
most

And pour con-tempt  
I sac - ri - fice

on all my pride  
them to His blood

3. See from His head,  
His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love  
flow mingled down  
Did e'er such love  
and sorrow meet  
Or thorns compose  
so rich a crown

4. Were the whole realm  
of nature mine,  
That were a present  
far too small  
Love so amazing, so divine  
Demands my soul,  
my life, my all

# WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

Words by Isaac Watts  
Music by Lowell Mason

D Em D/F# G D

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

5 D G D/F# Em A

On which the Prince of glo - ry died  
Save in the death of Christ, my God  
Sor - row and a pres - ent flow - ing far - ther down  
That were a pre - sent flow - ing far - ther down  
small

9 D Em D/F# G D

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

13 D G D/F# Em A D

And pour con - tempt on all my pride  
I sac - ri - fice them so rich His blood  
Or thorns com - pose my soul, my life, a crown  
De - mands my soul, my life, a crown  
all



## Where Shall I Be? (cont.)

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems, each with a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "O where shall I be when the first trumpet sounds, O where shall I be when it sounds so loud? When it sounds so loud as to wake up the dead? O where shall I be when it sounds?"

O where shall I be when the first trum - pet sounds,

O where shall I be when it sounds so loud?

When it sounds so loud as to wake up the dead?

O where shall I be when it sounds?

## Where Shall I Be?

1. When judg - ment day is draw - ing nigh, Where shall I be?  
 2. When wick - ed men His wrath shall see, Where shall I be?  
 3. When heav'n and earth as some great scroll, Where shall I be?  
 4. All trou - ble done, all con - flict past, Where shall I be?

When God the works of men shall try, Where shall I be?  
 And to the rocks and moun-tains flee, Where shall I be?  
 Shall from God's ho - ly pres - ence roll, Where shall I be?  
 Our en - e - my o'er - come at last, Where shall I be?

When east and west the fire shall roll, Where shall I be?  
 When hills and moun-tains flee a - way, Where shall I be?  
 When all the saints re - deemed shall stand, Where shall I be?  
 When Christ shall reign from shore to shore, Where shall I be?

How will it be with my poor soul; Where shall I be?  
 When all the works of man de - cay, Where shall I be?  
 For - ev - er blest at God's right hand, Where shall I be?  
 And peace a - bide for - ev - er - more, Where shall I be?

With joy you will draw water from the wells of salvation. Is. 12:3

1. While by the sheep we watched at night, glad tid - ings brought an  
 2. There shall be born, so he did say, in Beth - le - hem a  
 3. There shall the child lie in a stall, this child who shall re -  
 4. This gift of God we'll cher - ish well, that ev - er joy our

*f* REFRAIN *p* echo  
 an - gel bright.  
 child to - day. How great our joy! Great our joy!  
 deem us all.  
 hearts shall fill.

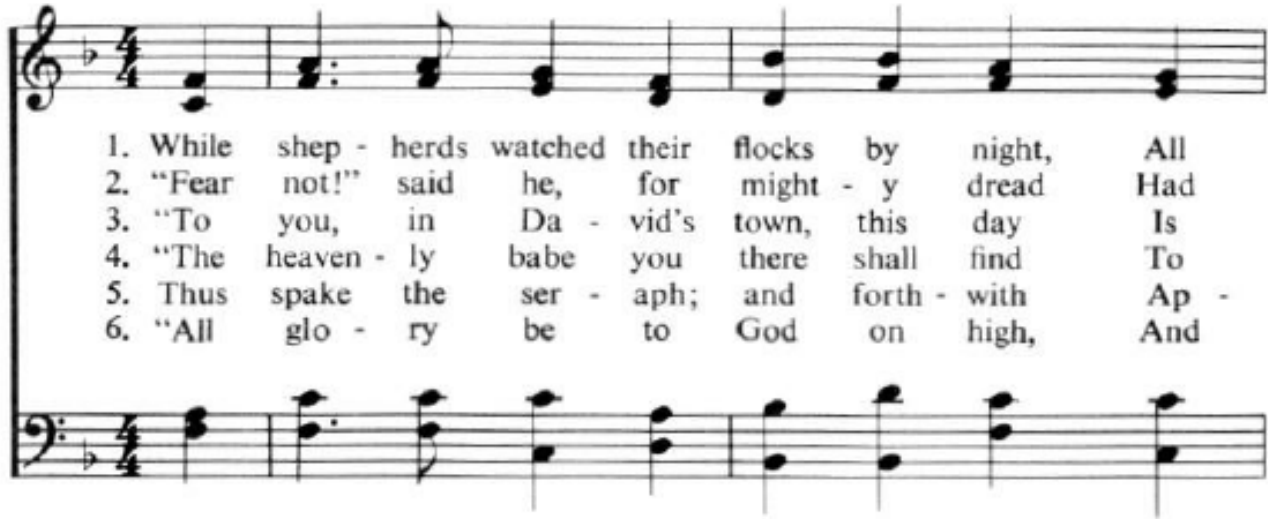
*f* *p* echo *f*  
 Joy, joy, joy! Joy, joy, joy! Praise we the Lord in

*echo* *p*  
 heav'n on high! Praise we the Lord in heav'n on high!

German carol  
 Trans. anon.

JUNGST Irreg.  
 Traditional German melody  
 Arr. by Hugo Jungst, ca. 1890

## While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night



1. While shep - herds watched their flocks by night, All  
 2. "Fear not!" said he, for might - y dread Had  
 3. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day Is  
 4. "The heaven - ly babe you there shall find To  
 5. Thus spake the ser - aph; and forth - with Ap -  
 6. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And



seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the  
 seized their trou - bled mind, "Glad tid - ings of great  
 born of Da - vid's line The Sav - ior, who is  
 hu - man view dis - played, All mean - ly wrapped in  
 peared a shin - ing throng Of an - gels prais - ing  
 to the earth be peace; Good will hence - forth from



Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.  
 joy I bring To you and all man - kind.  
 Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign:  
 swath - ing bands, And in a man - ger laid."  
 God on high, Who thus ad - dressed their song:  
 heaven to men Be - gin and nev - er cease!"

Words: Nahum Tate (1652-1715);

Music: From Est's *The Whole Book of Psalms* (1592), arr. George Kirbye (c. 1560-1634), Public Domain

## Who Is He

1. Who is He in yon - der stall, At whose feet the shep - herds fall?  
 2. Who is He the peo - ple bless For His words of gen - tle - ness?  
 3. Who is He that stands and weeps At the grave where Laz - 'rus sleeps?  
 4. Lo! at mid - night, who is He Prays in dark Geth - sem - a - ne?  
 5. Who is He that from the grave Comes to heal and help and save?

Who is He in deep dis - tress, Fast - ing in the wil - der - ness?  
 Who is He to whom they bring All the sick and sor - row - ing?  
 Who is He the gath - 'ring throng Greet with loud tri - um - phant song?  
 Who is He on yon - der tree, Dies in grief and ag - o - ny?  
 Who is He that from His throne Rules thro' all the world a - lone?

'Tis the Lord! O won - drous sto - ry! 'Tis the Lord! the King of  
 glo - ry! At His feet we hum - bly fall, Crown Him! crown Him, Lord of all!

## Who Shall Condemn the Lord's Elect?

1. Who shall con - demn the Lord's e - lect?  
 2. Who shall ad - judge the saints to hell?  
 3. He lives! He lives! and sits a - bove,  
 4. Shall per - se - cu - tion, or dis - tress,  
 5. Faith has an o - ver - com - ing pow'r;  
 6. Not all that men on earth can do,

'Tis God who jus - ti - fies their souls.  
 'Tis Christ who suf - fered in their stead;  
 For - e - ver in - ter - ced - ing there:  
 Shall fam - ine, sword, or na - ked - ness?  
 It tri - umphs in the dy - ing hour.  
 Nor pow'rs on high nor pow'rs be - low,

And mer - cy, like a might - y stream,  
 And their sal - va - tion to ful - fill,  
 Who shall di - vide us from His love,  
 He, who hath loved us, bears us through,  
 Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;  
 Shall cause his mer - cy to re - move,

O'er all their sins di - vine - ly rolls.  
 Be - hold Him ri - sing from the dead.  
 Or what should tempt us to de - spair?  
 And makes us more than con - querors too.  
 Nor can we sink with such a prop.  
 Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748); alt., 1994

Music: Thomas Williams' *Psalmodia Evangelica* (1789), Public Domain

# WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

Words by Frances R. Havergal  
and Mo Leverett (vs. 5)  
Music by Mo Leverett

D

1. Who is on the Lord's side, who will serve the King,  
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm,  
3. Je - sus, thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem,

Em G A

Who will be His help - ers, oth - er lives to bring,  
En - ter we the ar - my, Raise the war - rior psalm;  
But with thine own life blood, for thy di - a - dem;

D

Who will leave the world's side, who will face the foe,  
But for Love that claim - eth Lives for whom he died;  
With thy bless - ing fill - ing each who comes to thee,

Em G A

Who is on the Lord's side, who for Him will go?  
He whom Je - sus nam - eth must be on his side.  
Thou hast made us will - ing, thou hast made us free,

D A/C# Bm D A/C# Bm

By Thy call of mer - cy, by thy grace di - vine  
By thy call of mer - cy, By thy grace di - vine,  
By thy grand re - dempt - ion, by thy grace di - vine,

G D A D

We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour we are thine.  
We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour we are thine.  
We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour we are thine.

4. Fierce may be the conflict, strong may be the foe,  
But the king's own army none can over throw;  
Round his standard ranging, victory is secure;  
For his truth unchanging makes the triumph sure.  
Joyfully enlisting by thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are thine.

5. Who will stand for justice in a time of need,  
Who will hear the poor man and his children plead;  
Who will heal the rich man of his poverty,  
Who will tell the homeless of eternity.  
By Your love and mercy and Your grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side, Saviour we are Thine.

# WHO IS THIS?

Capo II  
(To play with CD, No Capo)

Words by William Walsham How  
Music by Chris Miner

Am Em F G



1. Who is \_\_\_ this so weak and \_\_\_ help - less child of low - ly \_\_\_ He - brew  
2. Who is \_\_\_ this, a Man of \_\_\_ Sor - rows, walk - ing sad - ly \_\_\_ life's \_\_\_ hard  
3. Who is \_\_\_ this? Be - hold him \_\_\_ shed - ding drops of blood up - on \_\_\_ the  
4. Who is \_\_\_ this that hangs there dy - ing while the rude \_\_\_ world scoffs and

5 Am Am Em



— maid Rude - ly \_\_\_ in a sta - ble \_\_\_ shel - ter cold - ly  
— way, Home - less, \_\_\_ wea - ry, sigh - ing, \_\_\_ weep - ing o - ver  
— ground! Who is \_\_\_ this, des - pised, re - ject - ed, mocked, in -  
— scorns, Num - bered \_\_\_ with the mal - e - fac - tors, torn with

8 F G Am C



in \_\_\_ a \_\_\_ man - ger \_\_\_ laid? Tis the Lord \_\_\_ of all cre -  
sin \_\_\_ and \_\_\_ Sa - tan's \_\_\_ sway? Tis our God, \_\_\_ our glor - ious  
- sult - ed, \_\_\_ beat - en, \_\_\_ bound? Tis our God, \_\_\_ who gifts and  
nails, \_\_\_ and \_\_\_ crowned with \_\_\_ thorns? Tis our God \_\_\_ who lives for -

11 G Am G 3 F C



a - tion \_\_\_ who this wond - drous path has trod; He is Lord from ev - er  
Sa - vior, \_\_\_ who a - bove \_\_\_ the star - ry sky Is for us \_\_\_ a place pre -  
grac - es \_\_\_ on his church \_\_\_ is pour - ing down; Who shall smite in ho - ly  
ev - er \_\_\_ mid the shin - ing ones on high, In the glor - ious gold - en

15 G F G C C



last - ing and to ev - er - last - ing God  
par - ing, where no tear can dim the eye.  
ven - geance all his foes be - neath his throne.  
ci - ty, reign - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly.



## Why Should I Fear?

Words - William Williams, 1717-1791

Music - Brian T. Murphy and Benj Pocta, 2006

Capo II

Am            D            G  
 My soul thou art immerged in sin,  
       D/F#        C            C/B  
 So deep that none can trace;  
 Am            D            G  
 Look to the ransom God decreed  
       D/F#        C  
 To clear the guilty race

### Chorus:

G            D/F#            Em  
 Had I the guilt of all the world  
               C        D  
 He's able to forgive;  
 G            D/F#            Em  
 Why should I fear? The debt is paid,  
               C        D  
 If only I'd believe.

The atonement once made on the tree,  
 Can balance many more  
 Than all the sins of Adam's race,  
 If number'd o'er and o'er.

He paid the mighty sum and died  
 For sinners yet unborn;  
 From men, the works of his own hands,  
 He suffer'd shame and scorn.



# Why Should I Fear

words by William Williams, 1717-1791.

music by Benj Pocta and  
Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

B m E

The a-tone-ment once He paid the might - y sum and died, My soul, thou art im - merg'd in sin, on the tree, and died,

3 A E/G# D B m

— So deep — that none — can trace; — Look to the ran-  
— Can ba - lance man - y more, — Than all the sins —  
— For sin - ners yet un - born; — From men, the works —

6 E A E/G# D

— som God de - creed To clear the guilt - y race. —  
— of A - dam's race, — If num - bered o'er and o'er. —  
— of his own hands, — He suf - fered shame and scorn. —

9 A E/G# F#m D E

Had I the guilt, — of all the world, — He's a-ble to — for-give. —

13 A E/G# F#m D E

Whysould I fear? — The debt is paid. — If on ly I — be-lieve. —

## Will The Lord Indeed Appear?

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 722*

Words - William Gadsby, 1773-1844

Music - Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

C/F                    G  
 What am I, and where am I?  
 C/F                    G  
 Strange myself and paths appear;  
 C/F                    G  
 Scarce can lift a thought on high,  
 C/F                    G  
 Or drop one heart feeling tear.

Am                    C  
 Yet I feel I'm not at home,  
 F                      G  
 But know not which way to move:  
 Am                    C  
 Lest I farther yet should roam  
 F                      G  
 From *my blessed* love.

Some small glimmering light I have,  
 Yet too dark to see my way;  
 Jesus' presence still I crave;  
 When, O when will it be day?

Is the evening time at hand?  
 Will it then indeed be light?  
 Will the sun its beams extend,  
*To chase away the night ?*

Will the Lord indeed appear,  
 Give me light and joy and rest,  
 Drive away my gloomy fear,  
 Draw me to his lovely breast?

Then his love is rich and free;  
 Jesus, let me feel its power,  
 And my soul will cling to thee,  
 Love and praise thee and adore.

# Will the Lord Indeed Appear?

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 722

Words - William Gadsby, 1773-1844

Music - Jeff Koonce and

Brian T. Murphy, 2004

FMaj7 G FMaj7

What am I, and where am I? Strange my - self and paths  
Some small glim - mering light I have, Yet too dark to see  
Will the Lord in - deed ap - pear, Give me light and joy

4 G FMaj7 G

ap - pear; Scarce can lift a thought on high, Or  
my way; Je - sus' pre - sence still I crave; When, O  
and rest, Drive a - way my gloom - y fear, Draw me

7 FMaj7 3rd time To Coda ◊ G Amin

drop one heart feel - ing tear. Yet I feel I'm not  
when will it be day? Is the eve - ning time  
to his love - ly breast?

10 C F G Amin

at home, But know not which way to move: Lest I far - ther yet  
at hand? Will it then in - deed be light? Will the sun its beams

14 C F G

should roam From my bless - ed love.  
ex - tend, To chase a - way the night?

17 G Amin C

Then his love is - rich and free;  
Will the Lord in - deed ap - pear,

20 F G Amin

Je - sus, let me feel its power, And my soul will cling  
Give me light and joy and rest, Drive a - way my gloom -

23 C F G

to thee, Love and praise thee and a - dore.  
y fear, Draw me to his love - ly breast?

26 FMaj7 G FMaj7 G

Will the Lord in - deed ap - pear, Give me light and joy and rest?



# Windows of Thy Grace

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #478

words by Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

music by Benj Pocta and

Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

D m F F/A

I love the win - dows of thy grace, Through which my  
O that the hap - py ho - ur come, To change my  
Haste my Be - lov - ed and re - move, These in - ter -

3 F sus4/G F C B $\flat$

Lord is seen, which my Lord is seen,  
faith to sight, change my faith to sight.  
pos - ing days, in - ter - pos - ing days;

5 D m F F/A

And long to meet my Sav - iour's face, With - out a  
I shall be - hold my lord at home, In a di -  
Then shall my pas - sions all be love, And all my

7 F sus4/G F C B $\flat$  3rd time To Coda  $\oplus$

glass be - tween, with - out a glass be - tween.  
vin - er light, a di - vin - er light.  
pow'rs be praise, all my pow'rs be praise.

9 D m F F/A

I love the win - dows of thy grace, Through which my

11 F sus4/G F C B $\flat$

Lord is seen, which my Lord is seen,



With Glory Clad

1. With glo - ry clad, with strength ar - rayed, The Lord, that  
 2. How sure - ly stab - lished is Thy throne, Which shall no  
 3. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, And toss the  
 4. Thy prom - ise, Lord, is ev - er sure, And they that

o'er all na - ture reigns, The world's foun - da - tions  
 change or per - iod see! For Thou, O Lord, and  
 trou - bled waves on high; But God, a - bove can  
 in Thy house would dwell, That hap - py sta - tion

strong - ly laid, And the vast fab - ric still sus - tains.  
 Thou a - lone Art God from all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 still their noise, And make the an - gry sea com - ply.  
 to se - cure, Must still in ho - li - ness ex - cel.

Words: Tate and Brady's "New Version" (1698);  
 Music: German Melody, arr. Samuel Dyer (1828), Public Domain





# With Melting Heart and Weeping Eyes

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #238

Words: John Fawcett, 1740-1817.

Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

A E



With melt - ing heart and weep - ing eyes,  
Till late I saw no dan - ger nigh,  
But when great God thy light div - ine,  
Should ven - geance still my soul pur - sue,  
Does not Thy sa - cred word pro - claim,

3 A E



My guilt - y soul for mer - cy cries;  
I lived at ease nor feared to die;  
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,  
Death and de - struct - ion are my due;  
Sal - va - tion free in Je - sus' name?

5 D E F#min



What shall I do, or whi - ther flee,  
Wrapped up in self - con - ceit and pride,  
Then I be - held with tremb - ling awe,  
Yet mer - cy can my guilt for - give,  
To him I look and humb - ly cry,

7 D E F#min



To rid the ven - geance due of me?  
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.  
The ter - rors of Thy hol - y law.  
And bid this dy - ing sin - ner live.  
"Lord, save a wretch con - demned to die!"

9 D E F#min



To rid the ven - geance due of me?  
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.  
The ter - rors of Thy hol - y law.  
And bid this dy - ing sin - ner live.  
"Lord, save this wretch con - demned to die!"



Wonderful Cross  
Chris Tomlin

Verse 1           D5  
When I survey the wondrous cross  
D5  
On which the prince of glory died,  
D5  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
D5  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Verse 2           D5  
See from his head, His hands, His feet,  
D5  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down.  
D5  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
D5  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Chorus           D       G           D/F#       G           D/F#  
O the wonderful cross, O the wonderful cross  
                  G                           D/F#           A  
Bids me come and die and find that I may truly live.  
                  G                           D/F#       G           D/F#  
O the wonderful cross, O the wonderful cross  
                  G                           D/F#           A  
All who gather here by grace draw near and bless your name.

Verse 3           D5  
Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
D5  
That were an offering far to small.  
D5  
Love so amazing so divine,  
D5  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Chorus 4x

1. Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim, And pub - lish a - broad  
 2. God rul - eth on high, al - might - y to save; And still He is nigh,  
 3. Sal - va - tion to God who sits on the throne, Let all cry a - loud  
 4. Then let us a - dore and give Him His right, All glo - ry and pow'r,

His won - der - ful name; The name all - vic - to - rious of Je - sus  
 His pres - ence we have; The great con - gre - ga - tion His tri - umph  
 and hon - or the Son: The prais - es of Je - sus the an - gels  
 - all wis - dom and might; All hon - or and bless - ing, with an - gels

ex - tol; His king - dom is glo - rious and rules o - ver all.  
 shall sing, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus our King.  
 pro - claim, Fall down on their fac - es and wor - ship the Lamb.  
 a - bove, And thanks nev - er - ceas - ing, and in - fi - nite love.

# YE WRETCHED HUNGRY STARVING POOR

Words by Anne Steele  
Music by Katy Bowser

1. Ye wretch - ed, hun - gry, star - ving poor, Be -  
 2. See, Je - sus stands with o - pen arms He  
 3. Room in the Sa - vior's bleed - ing heart There  
 4. In Him, the Fa - ther re - con - ciled In -

4 hold calls, love vites a He and your roy bids pi souls - al you ty to feast, come meet come Where Guilt Nor The

6 mer - cy holds will re - bel spreads her back bid shall her and the be boun - teous fear a soul de - a - store larms part child for But That And

8 ev - ery there bles ly hum still at wel - ble is His comed guest room! feet home! Ye See, Room In

10 wretch - ed, Je - sus in the Him, the hun - gry, stands with Sa - vior's Fa - ther starv - ing o - pen bleed - ing re - con - ciled poor, arms heart ciled Be - He There In -



12 G A E A

hold calls, a roy al feast, Where  
 love, He bids you come Guilt  
 vites and your souls ty to meet Nor  
 The

14 E G E A

mer - cy holds you for  
 holds you will He But  
 re - bel shall be called a - part That  
 And

16 G A E A

ev - ery hum - ble guest  
 see, there still is room!  
 trem - bles at His feet  
 kind - ly wel - comed

18 E A G A E A E

home; And kind - ly wel - comed home!

## You Alone Are Holy

The Song of Moses and the Song of the Lamb

*Text: Revelation 15.3b-4,*

*Music: Robert Turner, October 2009*

**D G D A**  
Great and amazing are your deeds

**Bm Em A7**  
O Lord God, the Almighty

**D G D A**  
Just and true are your ways

**Bm Em A**  
O King of the ages!

**G A G D**  
Who will not fear, thee O Lord

**G D A**  
And glorify your name?

**G A G D**  
All nations will come and worship you

**Em Bm A**  
For your righteous acts have been revealed

**G D A**  
For you alone are holy (repeat 3x)

**G A7 D**  
Holy are you Lord

**Em Bm A**  
Holy are you Lord (repeat 2x)

**G A7 D**  
Holy are you Lord

## YOU ARE MY KING

by Chris Tomlin

Capo 2

D/F# G Asus A  
I'm forgiven because You were forsaken  
D/F# G2 Asus A  
I'm accepted, You were condemned  
D/F# G2 Asus A  
I'm alive and well, Your Spirit is within me  
G2 A D  
Because You died and rose again.

D/F# G Asus A  
I'm forgiven because You were forsaken  
D/F# G2 Asus A  
I'm accepted, You were condemned  
D/F# G2 Asus A  
I'm alive and well, Your Spirit is within me  
G2 A D  
Because You died and rose again.

CHORUS:	D	G	
	Amazing love, how can it be,		
	D		Asus A
	That You my King would die for me?		
	D	G	
	Amazing love, I know it's true,		
	D		Asus A
	And It's my joy to honor You,		
		G A D	
	In all I do, I honor You.		

D/F# G Asus A  
I'm forgiven because You were forsaken  
D/F# G2 Asus A  
I'm accepted, You were condemned  
D/F# G2 Asus A  
I'm alive and well, Your Spirit is within me  
G2 A D  
Because You died and rose again.

D (G) D (G)  
You are my King, You are my King  
D (G) D G  
Jesus, You are my King; Jesus, You are my King

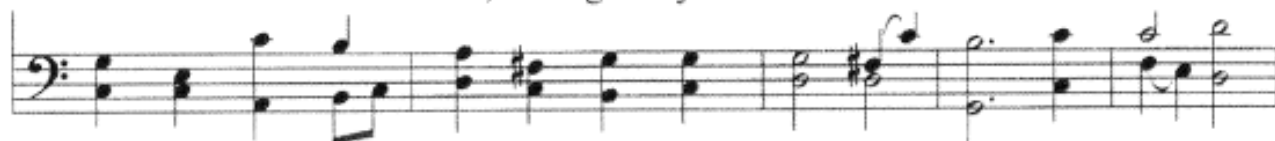
## You Holy Angels Bright



1. You ho - ly an - gels bright, who wait at God's right hand, or
2. You bless - ed souls at rest, who ran this earth - ly race, and
3. All na - tions of the earth, ex - tol the world's great King; with
4. Sing forth Je - ho - vah's praise, you saints, that on Him call! Him
5. My soul, bear now your part, tri - umph in God a - bove; with
6. A - way dis - trust - ful care! I have your prom - ise, Lord; to
7. With your tri - um - phant flock then I shall num - bered be; built



through the realms of light fly at your Lord's com - mand, as - sist our  
 now, from sin re - leased, be - hold the Sav - ior's face; God's prais - es  
 mel - o - dy and mirth his glo - rious prais - es sing; for he still  
 mag - ni - fy al - ways, his ho - ly church - es all! In him re -  
 a well tun - ed heart sing now the songs of love; you are his  
 ban - ish all des - pair, I have your oath and word; and there - fore  
 on th' eter - nal Rock, his glo - ry we shall see. The heav' ns so



song, for else the theme too high does seem for mor - tal tongue.  
 sound, as in his sight with sweet de - light you do a - bound.  
 reigns, and will bring low the proud - est foe that him dis - dains.  
 joice, and there pro - claim his ho - ly name with sound - ing voice.  
 own, whose pre - cious blood shed for your good his love made known.  
 I shall see your face and there your grace shall mag - ni - fy.  
 high with praise shall ring and all shall sing in har - mo - ny.



Words: Based on Psalm 148, Richard Baxter (1672);

Music: John Darwall (1770), Public Domain