

The Open Hymnal

Lent & Easter Edition 2026

14 February 2026



This file is a part of the Open Hymnal Project to create a freely distributable, downloadable database of Christian hymns, spiritual songs, and prelude/postlude music. I am doing my best to create a final product that is "Hymnal-quality", and could feasibly be used as the basis for a printed church hymnal. This music is to be distributed as complete scores (words and music), using all accompaniment parts, in formats that are easily accessible on most computer OS's and which can be freely modified by anyone.

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Open Hymnal Project, 2026 Edition

"Freely you received, so freely give." - Matthew 10:8 (WEB)

Lent/Easter Index by Common Title:

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Title	No.	Section	Complexity	Author/ Translator in italics	Tune	Composer/ Arranger in italics
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Title	No.	Section	Complexity	Author/ Translator in italics	Tune	Composer/ Arranger in italics
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Over Kedron Jesus Treadeth see Over Kidron Jesus Treadeth						
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A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth

LENT

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1648. Translation composite.
 Music: 'An Wasserflüssen Babylon' Wolfgang Dachstein, 1525. Setting: "Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book", 1931.
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♩ = 120

1. A Lamb goes un - com - plain - ing forth, The guilt of all men bear - ing;
 2. This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great Friend, The Lamb of God, our Sa - vior;
 3. "Yea, Fa - ther, yea, most will - ing - ly I'll bear what Thou com - man - dest;
 4. Thou lay'st Him, Love, u - - pon the cross, With nails and spear Him bruis - ing;
 5. Lord, all my life I'll cleave to Thee, Thy love for - e'er be - hold - ing,

And la - den with the sins of earth, None else the bur - den shar - - ing!
 Him God the Fa - ther chose to send To gain for us His fa - - vor.
 My will con - forms to Thy de - cree, I do what Thou de - - man - - dest."
 Thou slay'st Him as a lamb, His loss from soul and bod - y ooz - - ing;
 Thee ev - er, as Thou ev - er me, With lo - ving arms en - - fold - - ing.

Goes pa - tient on, grow weak and faint, To slaugh - ter led with -
 "Go forth, My Son," the Fa - ther saith, "And free men from the
 O won - drous Love, what hast Thou done! The Fa - ther o - - ffers
 From bo - dy 'tis the crim - son flood Of pre - cious sac - - ri -
 Yea, Thou shalt be my Bea - con - light, To guide me safe through

- out com -plaint, That spot - less life to o - - ffer; Bears shame and
 fear of death, From guilt and con - dem - na - - tion. The wrath and
 up His Son! The Son, con - tent, de - scand - eth! O Love, how
 - fi - cial blood From soul, the strength of an - guish: My gain it
 death's dark night. And cheer my heart in sor - - row; Hence - forth my -

6. From morn till eve my theme shall be
 Thy mercy's wondrous measure;
 To sacrifice myself for Thee
 Shall be my aim and pleasure.
 My stream of life shall ever be
 A current flowing ceaselessly,
 Thy constant praise outpouring.
 I'll treasure in my memory,
 O Lord, all Thou hast done for me,
 Thy gracious love adoring.

7. Enlarge, my heart's own shrine, and swell,
 To thee shall now be given
 A treasure that doth far excel
 The worth of earth and heaven.
 Away with the Arabian gold,
 With treasures of an earthly mold!
 I've found a better jewel.
 My priceless treasure, Lord my God,
 Is Thy most holy, precious blood,
 Which flowed from wounds so cruel.

8. This treasure ever I'll employ,
 This every aid shall yield me;
 In sorrow it shall be my joy,
 In conflict it shall shield me;
 In joy, the music of my feast,
 And when all else has lost its zest,
 This manna still shall feed me;
 In thirst my drink; in want my food;
 My company in solitude,
 To comfort and to lead me.

9. Of death I am no more afraid,
 New life from Thee is flowing;
 Thy cross affords me cooling shade
 When noonday's sun is glowing.
 When by my grief I am oppressed,
 On Thee my weary soul shall rest
 Serenely as on pillows.
 Thou art my Anchor when by woe
 My bark is driven to and fro
 On trouble's surging billows.

10. And when Thy glory I shall see
 And taste Thy kingdom's pleasure,
 Thy blood my royal robe shall be,
 My joy beyond all measure.
 When I appear before Thy throne,
 Thy righteousness shall be my crown-
 With these I need not hide me.
 And there, in garments richly wrought
 As Thine own bride, I shall be brought
 To stand in joy beside Thee.

I Walk In Danger All The Way

LENT

Words: Hans Adolf Brorson, 1734. Translated by Ditlef Georgson Ristad, 1909, alt.
 Music: 'Der Lieben Sonne Lich Und Pracht' or 'Ristad' from Freylinghausen's *Geistreiches Gesangbuch*, Halle, 1704.

Setting: The Lutheran Hymnary, 1913.

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 $\text{♩} = 100$

1. I walk in dan - ger all the way; The thought shall ne - ver leave me
 2. I pass through tri - als all the way, With sin and ills con - ten - ding;
 3. Death doth pur - sue me all the way, No - where I rest se - cure - ly,
 4. I walk 'mongst an - gels all the way They shield me and be - friend me;
 5. I walk with Je - sus all the way, His gui - dance ne - ver fails me,

That Sa - tan, who has marked his prey, Is plot - ting to de - ceive me.
 In pa - tience I must bear each day The cross of God's own sen - ding;
 He comes by night, he comes by day, He takes his prey most sure - ly;
 All Sa - tan's pow'r is held at bay When heav'n - ly hosts at - tend me;
 With - in His wounds I find a stay, When Sa - tan's pow'r as - sails me;

This foe with hid - den snares May seize me un - a - - wares
 Oft in ad - ver - si - ty I know not where to flee;
 A fai - ling breath and I In death's strong grasp may lie
 They are my sure de - - fense, All fear and sor - row, hence!
 And by His foot - - steps led, My path I safe - ly tread,

If e'er I fail to watch and pray: I walk in dan - ger all the way.
 When storms of woe my soul dis - may, I pass through tri - als all the way.
 To face e - ter - ni - ty for aye: Death doth pur - sue me all the way.
 Un - harmed by foes, do what they may, I walk 'mongst an - gels all the way.
 In spite of ills that threa - ten may, I walk with Je - sus all the way.

6. My walk is heav'nward all the way,
 Await, my soul, the morrow,
 When thou shalt find release for aye
 From all thy sin and sorrow;

All worldly pomp, begone,
 To heav'n I now press on;
 For all the world I would not stay,
 My walk is heav'nward all the way.

Jesus Grant That Balm and Healing

Words: Johann Heermann, 1644. Translation composite.
 Music: 'Der Am Kreuz' Johann Balthasar König, 1738. Setting: "Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book", 1931.
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J = 100

1. Je - - sus, grant that balm and heal - ing In Thy ho - ly wounds I find,
 2. Should some lust or sharp temp - ta - tion Prove too strong for flesh and blood,
 3. If the world my heart en - - ti - - ces On the broad and ea - - sy road
 4. Ev - ery wound that pains or grieves me, By Thy stripes, Lord, is made whole;
 5. O my God, my Rock and To - - wer, Grant that in Thy death I trust,

E - very hour that I am feel - ing, Pains of bo - dy and of mind.
 Let me think up - - on Thy Pas - sion, And the breach is soon made good.
 With its mirth and lur - - ing vic - - es, Let me think up - - on the load
 When I'm faint, Thy cross re - - vives me, Grant - ing new life to my soul.
 Know - ing death has lost his po - wer Since Thou trodd'st him in the dust.

Should some e - - vil thought with - in Tempt my treach - erous heart to sin,
 Or should Sa - - tan press me hard, Let me then be on my guard,
 Thou didst car - - ry and en - - dure That I flee all thoughts im - - pure,
 Yea, Thy com - - fort ren - - ders sweet Ev - ery bit - - ter cup I meet;
 Sa - - vior, let Thine a - - - gon - - y Ev - er help and com - - fort me;

Show the per - il, and from sin - ning Keep me ere its first be - - gin - - ning.
 Say - ing, "Christ for me was wound - ed," That the temp - ter flee con - - found - - ed.
 Ba - nish - ing each wild e - - mo - - tion, Calm and blest in my de - - vo - - tion.
 For Thy all a - - ton - ing Pas - sion Has pro - cured my soul's sal - - va - - tion.
 When I die, be my Pro - tec - tion, Light and Life and Re - sur - - rec - - tion.

6. Jesus, grant that balm and healing In Thy holy wounds I find,
 Every hour that I am feeling, Pains of body and of mind.
 And when I this world must leave, Grant that, Lord, to Thee I cleave,
 In Thy wounds find consolation And obtain my soul's salvation

Just As I Am Without One Plea

LENT

Words: Charlotte Elliott, 1835. Music: 'Woodworth' William B. Bradbury, 1849.

Setting: "The New Hymnal (Episcopal)", 1916.

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♩ = 100



1. Just as I am, wi - - thout one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wai - ting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With ma - ny'a con - flict, ma - ny'a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, poor, wre - tched, blind; Sight ri - ches hea - ling of the mind,
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve,



And that Thou bid -dest me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Figh - tings and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Be - cause Thy pro - - mise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.



6. Just as I am, Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Lord As To Thy Dear Cross

Words: John Hampden Gurney, 1838.

Music: 'St. Bernard (Richardson)' or 'St. Bernard (Tochter Sion)' from *Tochter Sion, Cologne, 1741.*

Setting: John Richardson, 1877.

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♩ = 100

1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for - giv'n,
 2. Help us, through good re - - port and ill, Our dai - ly cross to bear:
 3. Let grace our sel - fish - ness ex - pel, Our earth - li - ness re - fine;
 4. If joy shall at Thy bid - ding fly, And grief's dark day come on,
 5. Kept peace - ful in the midst of strife, For - giv - ing and for - giv'n,

So let Thy life our pat - tern be, And form our souls for heav'n.
 Like Thee, to do our Fa - ther's will, Our bre - thren's grief to share.
 And kind - ness in our bo - soms dwell, As free and true as Thine.
 We in our turn would meek - ly cry, "Fa - ther, Thy will be done."
 O may we lead the pil - grim's life And fol - low Thee to heav'n."

Lord Who Throughout These Forty Days

(also known as O Lord, Throughout These Forty Days)

Words: Claudia F. Hernaman, 1873. Music: 'St. Flavian' Day's Psalter, 1563.

Setting: "The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged" (Episcopal), 1905.
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$\text{♩} = 100$



1. Lord, who through - out these for - ty days For us didst fast and pray,
2. As Thou with Sa - tan didst con - tend, And didst the vic - t'ry win,
3. As Thou didst hun - ger bear, and thirst, So teach us, gra - cious Lord,
4. And through these days of pen - i - tence, And through Thy pa - ssion - tide,
5. A - - bide with us, that so, this life Of suf - f'ring o - ver past,



Teach us with Thee to mourn our sins And close by Thee to stay.
O give us strength in Thee to fight, In Thee to con - quer sin.
To die to self, and chief - ly live By Thy most ho - ly Word.
Yea, ev - er - more in life and death, Je - sus, with us a - bide.
An Eas - ter of un - - end - ing joy We may at - tain at last.



O Lord, When Condemnation

(also known as O Lord, When My Sins Grieve Me or When Guilt and Shame Are Raising
or When O'er My Sins and Sorrow or When Sorrow and Remorse)

Words: *Justus Gesenius, 1646. Translated by William Mercer, 1857.*
Music: 'Wenn Mein Sünd' Michael Praetorius, 1609. Setting: "Mehrstimmiges Choralbuch", 1906.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2026 Revision.

J = 110

1. O Lord, when con - dem - na - tion And guilt op - press my soul,
2. O won - der pas - sing mea - sure To faith's en - ligh - tened eye!
3. My sins rise up to hea - ven, And count - less is their lost;
4. Hence - - forth my heart shall bless Thee Whilst here its pul - ses move;
5. Lord, let Thy bit - ter pas - sion My soul with strength in - spire

Then let Thy bit - ter pas - sion The ri - - sing storm con - trol:
For slaves it was the plea - - sure Of their own Lord to die!
But Christ Him - self hath gi - - ven, And paid the migh - ty cost:
Its songs of praise add - ress Thee For all Thy dy - - ing love:
To flee with in - - dig - na - - tion All sin - ful, low de - sire:

Re - mind me that Thy blood was spilt For me, O most
The migh - ty God stoops from on high For me, lost, ruin - -
Since then on Him my sins were laid, Of hell and all
Thy wrongs and last deep a - - go - - ny Shall be my me - -
Ah! ne - - ver would I, Lord, for - - get The great - ness of

un - - wor - - - - thy! To take a - - way my guilt.
- ed cre - - - - ature, And deigns as man to die.
its tor - - - - ments, I am no more a - - afraid.
- di - - ta - - - - tion Till I am called to Thee.
that ran - - - - som Which paid my end - - less debt.

6. Should earthly griefs assail me,
If need be, shame and scorn,
Let patience never fail me
To bear as Thou hast borne;
Grant that the world I may forsake,
And Thee for my example,
Oh! may I daily take.

7. Still let me do to others
As Thou hast done to me,
And look on all as brothers,
Their willing servant be:
O may I never seek my own,
But help as Thou hast helped,
With purest love alone.

8. At length when I am bidden
With all things here to part,
The wounds in which I'm bidden
Speak peace into my heart;
Relying then upon Thy blood,
O give me full assurance
That I shall see my God.

Savior When In Dust To Thee

Words: Robert Grant, 1815, alt.
 Music: 'Aberystwyth (Parry)' Joseph Parry, 1879. Setting: "The English Hymnal", 1906.
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♩ = 100

1. Sa - vior, when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee,
 2. By Thy help - less in - fant years, By Thy life of want and tears,
 3. By the sac - red griefs that wept O'er the grave where La - z'rus slept,
 4. By Thine hour of dire de - spair, By Thine a - go - ny of prayer,
 5. By Thy deep ex - - pir - ing groan, By the sad sep - ul - chral stone,

When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes,
 By Thy days of sore dis - tress In the sa - vase wild - er - - ness,
 By the bod - ing tears that flowed O - ver Sa - lem's loved a - - bode,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn, Pier - cing spear, and tor - turing scorn,
 By the vault whose dark a - bode Held in vain the ri - sing God,

O by all the pains and woes Suff - ered once for man be - - low,
 By the dread mys - - ter - ious hour Of th'in - sult - ing temp - ter's pow'r,
 By the an - guished sigh that told Treach - er - y lurked with - in Thy fold,
 By the gloom that veiled the skies O'er the dread - ful sac - ri - - fice,
 O from earth to heaven re - stored, Might - y, re - as - - cend - ed Lord,

Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our pen - i - - ten - tial cry!
 Turn, O turn a fav'r - ing eye, Hear our pen - i - - ten - tial cry!
 From Thy seat a - - bove the sky, Hear our pen - i - - ten - tial cry!
 Lis - ten to our hum - ble cry, Hear our pen - i - - ten - tial cry!
 Lis - ten, lis - ten to the sigh Of our pen - i - - ten - tial cry!

Words: Thomas Hansen Kingo, 1689. Translated by Carl Døving, 1908.

Music: 'Au Meines Herzens Grunde' or 'I Døden Jesus Blunderd' or 'Jeg Vil Din Pris Udsunge', David Wolder, 1598.

Setting: "The Lutheran Hymnary", 1913.

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♩ = 100

1. The king - dom Sa - tan foun - - ded Shall now be o - ver - - thrown,
 2. Though he would bind fo - - re - - ver Our lips with bands of hell,
 3. O Je - sus! my dis - - tres - - ses To Thee are known full well,
 4. A - - non my tongue he bind - - eth That God it shall not praise;
 5. To God I raise my cry - - ing Be - fore the mer - cy seat,

For Christ its fall hath soun - - ded, And through His pow'r a - - lone
 Yet Christ, sent to de - - li - - ver, Can loose those bands full well,
 Thou seest how Sa - tan pres - - ses My soul's weak ci - ta - - del;
 A - - non my eyes he blin - - deth To hide the light of grace;
 And on His Word re - - ly - - ing I grace of Him en - - treat,

Shall Sa - tan meet his doom, And be for aye con - - foun - - ded;
 That e'en the dumb may raise His voice with joy and plea - - sure
 His aim is to con - - trol My mem - bers and my sen - - ses,
 Now he my ears doth close To hin - - der me from hea - - ring
 That He for Je - sus' sake Would cleanse my soul and spi - - rit

He from the souls he woun - - ded Shall flee in fear and gloom.
 And sing in swee - test mea - - sure To God his thanks and praise.
 With sin and with of - - fen - - ses He steals in - - to my soul.
 The Gos - pel's sound so chee - - ring And soo - - thing in my woes.
 Through Je - sus' blood and me - - rit, And Sa - tan's po - - wer break.

6. God, let not love of sinning Thy fear drive from my breast,
 Lest Satan, triumph winning, Be of my heart possessed;
 O let Thy chas'tning rod Each day give me direction,
 To seek Thy sure protection And tell Thy grace abroad.

7. My heart must Thou have solely, My Savior and my God!
 Come, Jesus, take it wholly, And make it Thine abode!
 Mold it to Thy control, That I, Thy Word receiving,
 May find, in Thee believing, Salvation for my soul.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

LENT

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.
 Music: 'Duke Street' John Hatton, 1793. Setting: "Finest of the Wheat No. 3" Hymnal, 1904.
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♩ = 130

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

On which the Prince of Glo - - - - ry died,
 Save in the death of Christ my God!
 Sor - - row and love flow min - - - - gled down!
 Spreads o'er His bo - - - dy on the tree;
 That were a pre - - - sent far too small;

My rich - est gain I count but loss,
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 Did e'er such love and sor - - - - row meet,
 Then I am dead to all the globe,
 Love so a - - ma - - - zing, so the di - - - - vine,

And pour con - - tempt on all my pride.
 I sac - - ri - - fice them to His blood.
 Or thorns com - - pose so rich a crown?
 And all the globe is dead to me.
 De - - - mands my soul, my life, to my all.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.
 Music: 'Hamburg', Lowell Mason, 1824. Setting: "Northfield Hymnal", 1904.
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2014 Revision.

♩ = 130

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

On which the Prince of Glo - - ry died,
 Save in the death of Christ my God! down!
 Sor - - row and love flow min - - gled down!
 Spreads o'er His bo - - dy on the tree;
 That were a pre - - sent far too small;

My rich - - est gain I count but loss,
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 Did e'er such love and sor - - row meet,
 Then I am dead to all the globe,
 Love so a - - ma - - zing, so the di - - - - vine,

And pour con - - tempt on all my pride.
 I sac - - ri - - fice them to His blood.
 Or thorns com - - pose so rich a crown?
 And all the globe is dead to me.
 De - - mands my soul, my life, to my all.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.
 Music: 'O Waly Waly' or 'The Water Is Wide', traditional English. Setting: Tobin Strong, 2013.
 copyright: public domain. All portions of the setting that were not already public domain were released to the public domain by the arranger on 08 January 2014.
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♩ = 130

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
 3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
 4. His dy - ing crim - son, like a robe, Spreads o'er His
 5. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but
 death of Christ my God! All the vain things that charm me
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and sor - row
 bo - - - dy on the tree; Then I am dead to all the
 pre - - - sent far too small; Love so a - - ma - - zing, so di -

loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 most, I sac - ri - - fice them to His blood.
 meet, Or thorns com - - pose so rich a crown?
 globe, And all the globe is dead to me.
 - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.

Music: 'Rockingham Old' Edward Miller, 1790.

Setting: "Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1869.

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Prince of glo - - - ry died, My rich - - est gain I
 death of Christ my God! All the vain things that
 love flow min - - - gled down! Did e'er such love and
 bo - - - dy on the tree; Then I am dead to
 pre - - - sent far too small; Love so a - - maz - - ing,

A musical staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The bass clef is on the fourth line. The first note is a dotted half note on the fifth line. The second note is a quarter note on the fourth line. The third note is a half note on the third line. The fourth note is a quarter note on the second line. The fifth note is a half note on the first line. The sixth note is a quarter note on the second line. The seventh note is a half note on the third line. The eighth note is a quarter note on the fourth line. The ninth note is a half note on the fifth line. The tenth note is a quarter note on the fourth line.

count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
sor - - - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
all the globe, And all the globe is dead to me.
so di - - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

A musical score for the first system of 'The Star-Spangled Banner'. The score is in common time and consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and the bottom staff is in C major (no sharps or flats). The vocal line starts with a half note, followed by a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords and sustained notes.

All Glory, Laud, and Honor

PALM SUNDAY

Words: Theodulf of Orleans, circa 820. Translated by John Mason Neale, 1851.
Music: 'Valet Will Ich Dir Geben' or 'St. Theodulph' Melchior Teschner, 1615.

Setting: Presbyterian Hymnal, 1911.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 140

Refrain

All glo - - ry, laud and hon - - or, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,

To Whom the lips of child - - ren Made sweet ho - - san - - nas ring.

Verse

1. Thou art the King of Is - - rael, Thou Da - vid's ro - - yal Son,
2. The com - pa - ny of an - - gels Are prais - ing Thee on High,
3. The peo - ple of the He - - brews With palms be - fore Thee went;
4. To Thee, be - fore Thy pa - - ssion, They sang their hymns of praise;
5. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - - es; Ac - cept the prayers we bring,

Who in the Lord's Name com - - est, The King and Bless - ed One.
And mor - tal men and all things Cre - at - ed make re - - ply.
Our prayer and praise and an - - them Be - fore Thee we pre - - sent.
To Thee, now high ex - - alt - - ed, Our me - lo - dy we raise.
Who in all good de - light - - est, Thou good and gra - cious King.

To Refrain

Who in the Lord's Name com - - est, The King and Bless - ed One.
And mor - tal men and all things Cre - at - ed make re - - ply.
Our prayer and praise and an - - them Be - fore Thee we pre - - sent.
To Thee, now high ex - - alt - - ed, Our me - lo - dy we raise.
Who in all good de - light - - est, Thou good and gra - cious King.

Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

Words: Jeanette Threlfall, 1873, alt.

Music: 'Ellacombe' from *Gesangbuch der Herzogl. Hofkapelle, Wurttemberg*, 1784.Setting: *Presbyterian Hymnal*, 1911.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 130

1. Ho - san - na, loud ho - san - - na, the lit - - tle child - ren sang;
 2. From O - li - - vet they fol - - lowed mid an ex - ul - tant crowd,
 3. "Ho - san - na in the high - - est!" that an - cient song we sing,

Through pil - lared court and tem - - ple the love - ly an - them rang.
 The vic - tor palm branch wa - - ving, and chant - ing clear and loud.
 For Christ is our Re - dee - - mer, the Lord of heav'n our King.

To Je - sus, Who had blessed - them close fold - ed to His breast,
 The Lord of men and an - - gels rode on in low - ly state,
 O may we ev - er praise Him with heart and life and voice,

The child - ren sang their prais - - es, the simp - - lest and the best.
 Nor scorned that lit - - tle child - - ren should on His bid - ding wait.
 And in His bliss - ful pre - - sence e - - ter - - nal - - ly re - - joice!

Go To Dark Gethsemane

GOOD THURSDAY

Words: James Montgomery, 1820. Music: 'Gethsemane' or 'Petra' Richard Redhead, 1853.
 Setting: "The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged" (Episcopal), 1896.
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

 $\text{♩} = 90$
\text{♩} = 90 and a key signature of B-flat major. The lyrics are in a mix of past and present tense, reflecting the historical context of the hymn."/>

1. Go to dark Geth - se - ma - ne, ye that feel the temp - ter'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 hast - en 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 has tak - en Him a - - way?

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

My Savior's Love

(also known as I Stand Amazed in the Presence)

Words: Charles H. Gabriel, 1905.

Music and Setting: 'My Savior's Love' or 'I Stand Amazed in the Presence' Charles H. Gabriel, 1905.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2014 Revision.

♩ = 100

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 pray'd "Not my will, but Thine;"
 3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
 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 - demn'd, un - clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.
 To com - fort Him in the sor - rows, He bore for my soul that night.
 '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:
 O how mar - vel - ous! O how won - der - ful! And my song shall ev - er be:

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

Over Kidron Jesus Treadeth

GOOD THURSDAY

(also known as Over Kedron Jesus Treadeth or Over Cedron Jesus Treadeth)

Words: Thomas Hansen Kingo, 1689. Translated by J. Jeffrey, before 1866.

Music: 'Over Kedron Jesus Traeder' Ludvig Mathias Lindeman. Setting: "The Lutheran Hymnary", 1913.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. O - ver Kid - ron Je - sus tread - eth To His pas - sion for us all;
 2. Da - vid once, with heart af - flic - ted, Crossed the Kid - ron's nar - row strand,
 3. See how, an - guish struck, He fall - eth Pro - strate, and with strug - gling breath,
 4. See how, in that hour of dark - ness, Batt - ling with the e - vil pow'r,
 5. But, O flow'rs, so sad - ly wa - tered By this pure and prec - ious dew,

Ev - ery hu - man eye be weep - ing, Tears of bit - ter grief let fall!
 Clouds of gloom and grief a - bout him When an ex - ile from his land.
 Three times on His God He call - eth, Pray - ing that the bit - ter death
 A - gon - ies un - told as - sail Him, On His soul the ar - rows show'r;
 In some bless - ed hour your blos - soms 'Neath the ol - ive sha - dows grew!

Round His Spi - rit flock the foes, Place their shafts and bend their bows, Aim - ing
 But, O Je - sus, black - er now Bends the cloud a - - bove Thy brow, Hast - ing
 And the cup of doom may go, Still He cries, in all His woe: "Not My
 All the gar - den flow'rs are wet With the drops of blood - y sweat, From His
 E - den's gar - den did not bear Aught that can with you com - pare, For the

at the Sav - ior sole - ly, While the world for - sakes Him whol - - - ly.
 to death's drea - ry por - tals For the shame and sin of mor - - - tals.
 will, but Thine, O Fa - ther!" And the an - gels round Him ga - - - ther.
 an - guished frame dis - till - ing- World's re - demp - tion thus ful - - fill - - ing!
 blood, thus free - ly giv - en, Makes my soul the heir of hea - - - ven.

6. When as flow'rs themselves I wither, When I droop and fade like grass,
 When the life-streams through my pulses Dull and ever duller pass,
 When at last they cease to roll, Then, to cheer my sinking soul,
 Grace of Jesus, be Thou given- Source of triumph! pledge of heaven!

'Tis Midnight and On Olive's Brow

Words: William Bingham Tappan, 1822.

Music: 'St. Cross' John Bacchus Dykes, 1861. Setting: "Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1869.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

$\text{♩} = 140$

1. 'Tis mid-night, and on Ol - - ive's - - brow The star is
 2. 'Tis mid-night, and from all re - - moved Im - man - uel
 3. 'Tis mid-night, from the heav'n - - ly plains Are borne the

dimmed that late - - ly shone; 'Tis mid - - night, in the
 wres - - tles, lone, with fears; E'en the dis - - ci - - ple
 songs that an - - gels know; Un - heard by mor - - tals

gar - - den now The suff - 'ring Sa - - vior prays a - - lone.
 whom He loved Heeds not his Mas - - ter's grief and tears.
 are the strains That sweet - ly soothe the Sa - - vior's woe.

'Twas On That Dark, That Doleful Night

GOOD THURSDAY

Words: Isaac Watts, 1709.
 Music: 'St. Cross' John Bacchus Dykes, 1861. Setting: "Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1869.
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

♩ = 140

1. 'Twas on that dark, that dole - ful night When pow'rs of
 2. Be - - fore the mourn - - ful scene be - - gan, He took the
 3. "This is My bo - - dy, broke for sin; Re - ceive and
 4. For us His flesh with nails was torn, He bore the
 5. For us His vi - - tal blood was spilt, To buy the

earth and hell a - - rose A - - against the Son of bread, and blessed, and a - - brake: What love through all His eat the liv - - ing food: Then took the cup, and scourge, He felt the thorn; And jus - - tice poured up - par - - don of our guilt, When, for black crimes of

God's de - - light, And friends be - - trayed Him to His foes: ac - - tions ran! What won - drous words of grace He spake! blessed the wine; "'Tis the new cov - - 'nant in My blood." - on His head Its hea - - vy ven - - geance in our big - - gest size, He gave His soul a sac - - ri - - fice.

6. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
 In memory of your dying friend;
 Meet at My table, and record
 The love of your departed Lord."

7. Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate,
 We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
 Till Thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

*Music: 'Words on the Cross - The Litany' William H. Monk, 1889. Setting: "A Hymnal" (Episcopal), 1916.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2010 Revision.*

Part 1: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." (Lk 23:34)

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Je - sus, in Thy dy - ing woes, E - ven while Thy life - blood flows,
 2. Sa - vior, for our par - don sue, When our sins Thy pangs re - new,
 3. O may we, who mer - cy need, Be like Thee in heart and deed,

Cra - ving par - don for Thy foes; Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.
 For we know not what we do: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.
 When with wrong our spir - its bleed: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.

Part 2: "To day shalt thou be with me in paradise." (Lk 23:43)

4. Jesus, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him paradise;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
5. May we, in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy Name:
Hear us, holy Jesus.
6. O remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

Part 5: "I thirst." (Jn 19:28)

13. Jesus, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy lifeblood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:
Hear us, holy Jesus.
14. Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfill;
Satisfy Thy loving will:
Hear us, holy Jesus.
15. May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

**Part 3: "Woman, behold thy son!
Behold thy mother!" (Jn 19:26-27)**

7. Jesus, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, holy Jesus.
8. May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care:
Hear us, holy Jesus.
9. May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee,
Hear us, holy Jesus.

Part 6: "It is finished" (Jn 19:30)

16. Jesus, all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed,
All Thy suff' rings perfect made:
Hear us, holy Jesus.
17. Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness:
Hear us, holy Jesus.
18. Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

Part 4: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Mt 27:46)

10. Jesus, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from Heav'n is shown:
Hear us, holy Jesus.
11. When we vainly seem to pray,
and our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay.
Hear us, holy Jesus.
12. Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:
Hear us, holy Jesus.
13. Jesus, all Thy labor vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past,
Yielding up Thy soul at last:
Hear us, holy Jesus.
20. When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the temper's power,
Keep us in that trial hour:
Hear us, holy Jesus.
21. May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

GOOD FRIDAY

Words: *Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153. Translated by James W. Alexander, 1830.*
 Music: 'Passion Chorale' or 'Herzlich Tut Mich Verlangen' Hans Leo Hassler, 1601. Adapted by J.S. Bach, 1729.
 Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729.
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2007 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. O sac - red 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. Men mock and taunt and jeer Thee, Thou no - ble coun - ten - - ance,
 4. Now from Thy cheeks has van - - ished their co - lor once so fair;
 5. My bur - den in Thy Pas - - sion, Lord, Thou hast borne for me,

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.
 Though migh - ty worlds shall fear Thee and flee be - fore Thy glance.
 From Thy red lips is ban - - ished the splen - dor that was there.
 For it was my trans - - gres - - sion which brought this woe on Thee.

O sac - red Head, what glo - - ry, what bliss till now was Thine!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sa - - vior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
 How art thou pale with an - - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn!
 Grim death, with cru - el ri - - gor, hath robbed Thee of Thy life;
 I cast me down be - fore Thee, wrath were my right - ful lot;

Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call Thee mine.
 Look on me with Thy favor, vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
 How doth Thy visage languish that once was bright as morn!
 Thus Thou hast lost Thy vigor, Thy strength in this sad strife.
 Have mercy, I implore Thee; Re-deem me not!

6. What language shall I borrow to thank Thee, dearest friend,
 For this Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?
 O make me Thine forever, and should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to Thee.
7. My Shepherd, now receive me; my Guardian, own me Thine.
 Great blessings Thou didst give me, O source of gifts divine.
 Thy lips have often fed me with words of truth and love;
 Thy Spirit oft hath led me to heavenly joys above.
8. Here I will stand beside Thee, from Thee I will not part;
 O Savior, do not chide me! When breaks Thy loving heart,
 When soul and body languish in death's cold, cruel grasp,
 Then, in Thy deepest anguish, Thee in mine arms I'll clasp.
9. The joy can never be spoken, above all joys beside,
 When in Thy body broken I thus with safety hide.
 O Lord of Life, desiring Thy glory now to see,
 Beside Thy cross expiring, I'd breathe my soul to Thee.
10. My Savior, be Thou near me when death is at my door;
 Then let Thy presence cheer me, forsake me nevermore!
 When soul and body languish, oh, leave me not alone,
 But take away mine anguish by virtue of Thine own!
11. Be Thou my consolation, my shield when I must die;
 Remind me of Thy passion when my last hour draws nigh.
 Mine eyes shall then behold Thee, upon Thy cross shall dwell,
 My heart by faith enfolds Thee. Who dieth thus dies well.

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

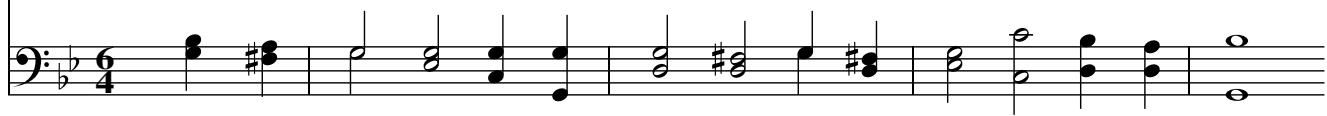
GOOD FRIDAY

Words: Thomas Kelly, 1804.
 Music: 'O Mein Jesu, Ich Muss Sterben' or 'Wo Ist Jesus, Mein Verlangen' from *Geistliches Volkslied*, 1850.
 Setting: "Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book", 1931.
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♩ = 180



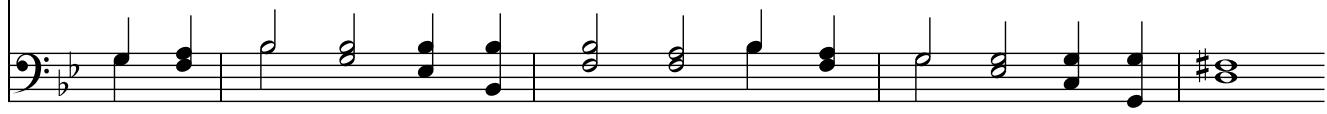
1. Strick - en, smitt - en, and a - fflic - ted, See Him dy - ing on the tree!
 2. Tell me, ye who hear Him groan - ing, Was there e - ver grief like His?
 3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly, Nor sup - pose the ev - il great,
 4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the re - fuge of the lost.



'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; Yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!
 Friends through fear His cause dis - own - ing, Foes in - sul - ting his dis - tress:
 Here may view its na - ture right - ly, Here its guilt may est - i - mate.
 Christ the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Christ the Name of which we boast.



'Tis the long ex - pec - ted pro - phet, Da - vid's Son, yet Da - vid's Lord;
 Man - y hands were raised to wound Him, None would in - ter - pose to save;
 Mark the Sac - ri - fice ap - point - ed! See Who bears the aw - ful load!
 Lamb of God for sin - ners wound - ed! Sac - ri - - fice to can - cel guilt!



Proofs I see su - ffic - ient of it: 'Tis a true and faith - ful Word.
 But the deep - est stroke that pierced Him Was the stroke that Jus - tice gave.
 'Tis the Word, the Lord's A - noint - ed, Son of Man, and Son of God.
 None shall ev - er be con - found - ed Who on Him their hope have built.



Upon The Cross Extended

(also known as See, World! Thy Life Assailed or Oh, World! Behold upon the Tree or
Extended on a Cursed Tree or Behold, O World, Thy Life, Thy Lord or See, World, upon the Bloody Tree)

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1648. Translation composite before 1941.

Music: 'Innsbruck' or 'Nun ruhen alle Wälder' or 'O Welt, Ich Muss Dich Lassen' Heinrich Isaac, 1490.

Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach, 1734.

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J = 84

1. U - - pon the cross ex - - ten - - ded, See, world, thy Lord su - - spen - - ded,
2. Come hi - ther now and pon - - der, 'Twill fill thy soul with won - - der,
3. Who is it that hath bruised Thee? Who hath so sore a - - bused Thee
4. I caused Thy grief and sigh - - ing By e - - vil mul - ti - - ply - - ing
5. 'Tis I who should be smit - - ten My doom should here be writ - - ten:

Thy Sa - vior yields His breath. The Prince of Life from hea - - - - ven
Blood streams from e - - very pore. Through grief whose depth none know - - - - eth,
And caused Thee all woe? While we must make con - - fes - - - sion
As count - less as the sands. I caused the woes un - - num - - - bered
Bound hand and foot in hell. The fet - - ters and the scour - - - ging,

Him - self hath free - - ly gi - - - ven To shame and blows and bit - - ter death.
From His great heart there flo - - - weth Sigh af - - - ter sigh of an - - guish o'er.
Of sin and dire trans - - gres - - sion, Thou deeds of e - - - vil dost not know.
With which Thy soul is cum - - bered, Thy sor - - rows raised by wi - - cked hands.
The floods a - - round Thee sur - - - ging, 'Tis I who have de - - served them well.

6. The load Thou takest on Thee,
That pressed so sorely on me,
it crushed me to the ground.
The cross for me enduring,
The crown for me securing,
My healing in Thy wounds is found.

7. A crown of thorns Thou weardest,
My shame and scorn Thou bearest,
That I might ransomed be.
My Bondsman, ever willing,
My place with patience filling,
From sin and guilt hast made me free.

8. Into death's jaws Thou springest,
Deliv'rance to me bringest
From such a monster dire.
My death away Thou takest,
Thy grave its grave Thou makest;
Of love, O unexampled fire!

9. Thy cords of love, my Savior,
Bind me to Thee forever,
I am no longer mine.
To Thee I gladly tender
All that my life can render
And all I have to Thee resign.

10. Not much can I be giving
In this poor life I'm living,
But one thing do I say:
Thy death and sorrows ever,
Till soul from body sever,
My heart remember shall for aye.

11. Thy cross I'll place before me,
Its saving power be o'er me,
Wherever I may be;
Thine innocence revealing,
Thy love and mercy sealing,
The pledge of truth and constancy.

12. How God at our transgression
To anger gives expression,
How loud His thunder rolls,
How fearfully He smiteth,
How sorely He requiteth,
All this Thy sufferings teach my soul.

13. From them shall I be learning,
How I may be adorning,
My heart with quietness,
And how I still should love them
Whose malice aye doth move them
To grieve me by their wickedness.

14. When evil men revile me,
With wicked tongues defile me,
I'll curb my vengeful heart.
The unjust wrong I'll suffer,
Unto my neighbor offer
Forgiveness for each bitter smart.

15. I'll on the cross unite me
To Thee, what doth delight me
I'll there renounce for aye,
Whate'er Thy Spirit's grieving,
There I'll for aye be leaving,
As much as in my strength doth lay.

16. Thy groaning and thy sighing,
Thy bitter tears and dying,
With which Thou wast opprest,-
They shall, when life is ending,
Be guiding and attending
My way to Thine eternal rest.

Were You There?

GOOD FRIDAY

Words: African-American Spiritual, before 1899.
 Music: 'Were You There' African-American Spiritual, before 1899. Setting: attr. Charles Winfred Douglas, 1940.
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2013 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
 2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
 3. Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
 4. Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
 5. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
 there when they crucified my Lord?
 there when they nailed Him to the tree?
 there when they pierced Him in the side?
 there when the sun refused to shine?
 there when they laid Him in the tomb?
 Oh!
 Some times it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
 Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
 Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
 Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
 Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
 Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

6. Were you there when God raised Him from the tomb?
 Were you there when God raised Him from the tomb?
 Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
 Were you there when God raised Him from the tomb?

Awake, My Heart, With Gladness

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1648. Translated by John Kelly, 1867, alt.

Music: 'Auf, Auf, Mein Herz mit Freuden' Johann Crüger, 1648. Setting: "Mehrstimmiges ChoralBuch", 1906.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

♩ = 140

1. A - wake, my heart, with glad - - ness, See what to - - day is done;
 2. They in the grave did sink Him, The foe held ju - - bi - - lee;
 3. Up - on the grave is stand - - - ing The He - - ro look - - ing round;
 4. A sight it is to glad - - - den; And fill the heart with glee;
 5. Hell and its prince, the de - - - vil, Of all their pow'rs are shorn;

How af - ter gloom and sad - - - ness, Comes forth the glo - - rious Sun.
 Be - fore he can be - think him, Lo! Christ a - - gain is free.
 The foe, no more with - stand - - - ing, His wea - - pons on the ground
 No more af - - - fright or sad - - - den Shall aught, or take from me
 Now I am safe from e - - - vil, And sin I laugh to scorn.

My Sa - - vior there was laid Where our bed must be made
 And "Vic - to - - ry" He cries, And wav - - ing tow'rds the skies
 Throws down, his hell - - - ish pow'r To Christ must he give o'er,
 My trust or for - - - ti - - tude, Or a - - - ny prec - - ious good
 Grim Death with all his might Can - - not my soul af - - - fright;

When to - - the realms of light Our spi - - - rit wings - - its flight.
 His ban - - - ner, while the field Is by the He - - ro held!
 And to - - the Vic - - - tor's bands Must yield his feet and hands.
 The Sa - - - vior bought for me In sov'r - - - eign love and free.
 He is a pow'r - - less form, How - - e'er he rage and storm.

6. The world against me rageth, Its fury I disdain;
 Though bitter war it wageth Its work is all in vain.
 My heart from care is free, Misfortune now is play,
 No trouble troubles me, And night is bright as day.
 7. I cleave now and forever To Christ, a member true,
 My Head will leave me never, Whate'er He passeth through.
 He treads the world beneath His feet, and conquers death
 And hell, and breaks sin's thrall; I'm with Him through it all.

8. To halls of heavenly splendor With Him I penetrate;
 And trouble ne'er may hinder Nor make me hesitate.
 No enemy I fear, Because my Head is near;
 My Savior is my Shield, By Him all rage is stilled.
 9. He brings me to the portal That opens into bliss,
 Where graved in words immortal This golden scripture is:
 "Who's there despised with me, Here with me crown'd shall be;
 Who there with Me shall die, Here's raised with me on high!"

Christ Arose

EASTER

Words: Robert Lowry, 1874. Music and Setting: 'Christ Arose' Robert Lowry, 1874.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2007 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. Low in the grave He lay Je - - sus my Sa - - vior!
 2. Vain - - ly they watch His bed- Je - - sus my Sa - - vior!
 3. Death can - not keep his prey Je - - sus my Sa - - vior!

Wait - - - ing the co - - ming 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!

Up from the grave He a - rose, With a might - y tri - umph o'er His
 He a - rose!

foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His
 He a - rose!

saints to reign. He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal -le - lu -jah! Christ a - rose!
 He a - rose! He a - rose!

Christ Jesus Lay In Death's Strong Bands

(also known as In Death's Strong Bands)

Words: Martin Luther, 1524. Translated by Richard Massie, 1854.
Music: 'Christ lag in Tobes Banden' or 'Torgau' from Walter's Geistliche Gesangbüchlein, 1524.

Setting: "Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book", 1931, alt.

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J = 110

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

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

Hea - - ven. Where - fore let us joy - ful be, And sing to God right
 brought us In - - to thrall - dom from of old And ev - er grew more
 end - - ed, Ru - ined all his right and claim And left him no - thing
 end - - ed. Stripped of power, no more it reigns, An emp - ty form a -
 save us. See, His blood doth mark our door; Faith points to it, Death

thank - ful - - ly Loud songs of Al - le - lu - - - ia! Al - le - - - lu - - - ia!
 strong and bold And kept us in his bon - - - dage. Al - le - - - lu - - - ia!
 but the name, His sting is lost for - ev - - - er. Al - le - - - lu - - - ia!
 - lone re - - mains Death's sting is lost for - ev - - - er! Al - le - - - lu - - - ia!
 pas - ses o'er, And Sa - tan can - not harm us. Al - le - - - lu - - - ia!

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

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

Christ The Lord Is Risen Today (Lyra)

EASTER

Words: *Stanzas 1-7, Charles Wesley, 1739. Stanzas 8-10, 14th Century; translated in Lyra Davidica.*
 Music: 'Llanfair' Robert Williams, 1817. Setting: John Roberts, 1837.
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - - day, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 4. Lives a - gain our glor - ious King, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 5. Soar we now where Christ hath led, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!

Sons of men and an - gels say, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Fought the fight, the ba - ttle won, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Follow - ing our ex - - al - - ted Head, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!

Raise your joys and tri - - umphs high, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Lo! the Sun's ec - - - lipse is o'er, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Death in vain for - - bids His rise, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Once He died our souls to save, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Made like Him, like Him we rise, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!

Sing, ye heavens, and earth, re - - - ply, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Lo! He sets in blood no more, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Christ hath o - - pened par - a - - - dise, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Where thy vic - to - - ry, O grave? Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!

6. Hail, the Lord of earth and Heaven, Alleluia!
 Praise to Thee by both be given, Alleluia!
 Thee we greet triumphant now, Alleluia!
 Hail, the resurrection, thou, Alleluia!
 7. King of glory, Soul of bliss, Alleluia!
 Everlasting life is this, Alleluia!
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove, Alleluia!
 Thus to sing and thus to love, Alleluia!

8. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!
 Who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia!
 Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!
 9. But the pains that He endured, Alleluia!
 Our salvation have procured, Alleluia!
 Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!
 Where the angels ever sing. Alleluia!

10. Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!
 Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
 Who did once upon the cross, Alleluia!
 Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

Christ The Lord Is Risen Today (Lyra)

Words: *Stanzas 1-7, Charles Wesley, 1739. Stanzas 8-10, 14th Century; translated in Lyra Davidica.*

Music: 'Orientis Partibus' or 'Redhead 45' traditional French.

Setting: "The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged" (Episcopal), 1893.
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♩ = 130

1. "Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day!" Sons of men and an - gels say,
 2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Fought the fight, the ba - ttle won,
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
 4. Lives a - gain our glor - ious King Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 5. Soar we now where Christ hath led Follow - ing our ex - - al - ted Head;

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Sing, ye heavens, and earth, re - ply!
 Lo! the Sun's ec - lipse is o'er, Lo! He sets in blood no more.
 Death in vain for - bids His rise, Christ hath o - pened par - a - dise!
 Once He died our souls to save, Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave?
 Made like Him, like Him we rise, Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6. Hail, the Lord of earth and Heaven:
 Praise to Thee by both be given.
 Thee we greet triumphant now;
 Hail, the resurrection, thou.

7. King of glory, Soul of bliss,
 Everlasting life is this,
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
 Thus to sing and thus to love.

8. Hymns of praise then let us sing
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King
 Who endured the cross and grave
 Sinners to redeem and save.

9. But the pains that He endured
 Our salvation have procured.
 Now above the sky He's King
 Where the angels ever sing.

10. Jesus Christ is risen today,
 Our triumphant holy day.
 Who did once upon the cross
 Suffer to redeem our loss.

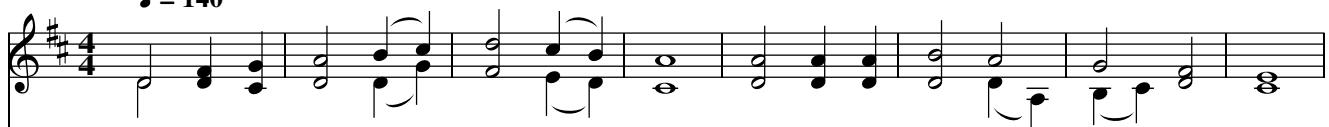
I Know That My Redeemer Lives

EASTER

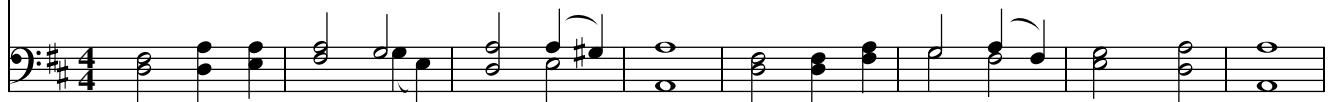
Words: Samuel Medley, 1775. Music: 'Duke Street' John Hatton, 1793.

Setting: "The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged" (Episcopal), 1905.
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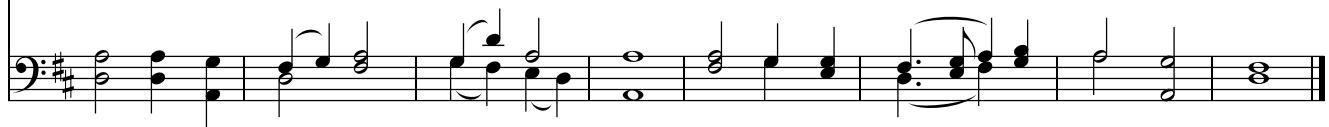
♩ = 140



1. I know that my Re - - deem - er lives; What com - fort this sweet sen - tence gives!
 2. He lives to bless me with His love, He lives to plead for me a - bove.
 3. He lives tri - um - phant from the grave, He lives e - ter - nal - ly to save,
 4. He lives to grant me rich sup - - ply, He lives to guide me with His eye,
 5. He lives to si - lence all my fears, He lives to wipe a - - way my tears



He lives, He lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ev - - er liv - ing Head.
 He lives my hun - gry soul to feed, He lives to help in time of need.
 He lives all glo - rious in the sky, He lives ex - alt - - ed there on high.
 He lives to com - fort me when faint, He lives to hear my soul's com - plaint.
 He lives to calm my trou - bled heart, He lives all bless - - ings to im - - part.



6. He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly Friend,
 He lives and loves me to the end;
 He lives, and while He lives, I'll sing;
 He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

7. He lives and grants me daily breath;
 He lives, and I shall conquer death:
 He lives my mansion to prepare;
 He lives to bring me safely there.

8. He lives, all glory to His Name!
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same.
 Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
 I know that my Redeemer lives!

Jesus Christ Is Risen Today

Words: 14th Century Bohemian Latin carol. Stanzas 1-3 translated in John Arnold's *Compleat Psalmist*, 1749.

Stanza 4 Charles Wesley, 1740, alt.

Music: 'Easter Hymn' from *Lyra Davidica*, 1708. Setting: composite found in "Church Praise: with tunes", 1885.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 3. But the pain which He en - dured, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 4. Δ Sing we to our God a - bove, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!

Our tri - um - phant ho - - ly day, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Un - to Christ, our heav'n - - ly King, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Our sal - va - tion hath pro - cured, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Praise e - ter - - nal as His love, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!

Who did once, up - - on the cross, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Who en - - dured the cross and grave, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Now a - - bove the sky He's king, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Praise Him, all you heav'n - ly host, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!

Suf - fer to re - - deem our loss, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Sin - ners to re - - deem and save, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Where the an - gels ev - er sing, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!
 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Al - - - - le - - lu - - ia!

Like The Golden Sun Ascending

EASTER

Words: Thomas Hansen Kingo, 1689. Translated by George Alfred Taylor Rygh, 1908.

Music: 'Werde Munter' Johann Schop, 1642.

Setting: "Hymnal for Church and Home" (Danish Evangelical Lutheran Synods), 1927.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2026 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. Like the gol - den sun a - scen - ding, Brea - king through the gloom of night,
 2. Thanks to Thee, O Christ vic - to - rious! Thanks to Thee, O Lord of life!
 3. For my heart finds con - so - la - tion, And my fain - ting soul grows brave,
 4. Though I be by sin o'er - ta - ken, Though I lie in help - less - ness,
 5. Thou hast died for my trans -gres - sion, All my sins on Thee were laid;

On the earth His glo - - ry spen - ding So that dark - ness takes to flight;
 Death has now no po - - wer o'er us, Thou hast con -quered in the strife;
 When I stand in con - tem - pla - tion, At Thy dark and dis - mal grave;
 Though I be by friends for - sa - ken, And must suf - fer sore dis - tress,
 Thou hast won for me sal - va - tion, On the cross my debt was paid;

Thus my Je - sus from the grave And death's dis - mal, dread - ful cave,
 Thanks be - cause Thou didst a - rise And hast o - pened pa - ra - dise!
 When I see where Thou didst sleep In death's dun - geon dark and deep,
 Though I be des - pised, con -temned, And by all the world con -demned,
 From the grave I shall a - rise, And shall meet Thee in the skies;

Rose tri - um -phant Eas - ter mor -ning, At the ear - ly pur - ple daw -ning.
 None can ful - ly sing the glo - ry Of the re - sur - - rec - tion sto - ry.
 Yet didst break all bands a - sun - der, Must I not re - - joice and won - der?
 Though the dark grave yawn be - fore me, Yet the light of hope shines o'er me.
 Death it - self is tran - si - to - ry, I shall lift my head in glo - ry.

6. Satan's arrows all lie broken,
Death and hell have met their doom;
Christ, Thy rising is the token:
Thou hast triumphed o'er the tomb;
Thou hast buried all my woe,
And my cup doth overflow;
By Thy resurrection glorious
I shall wave my palms victorious.

7. As the Son of God I know Thee,
For I see Thy sovereign pow'r;
Sin and death shall not o'erthrew me
Even in my dying hour;
For Thy resurrection is
Surety for my heav'nly bliss,
And my bapt'sm a reflection
Of Thy death and resurrection

8. Unto life Thou shalt arouse me
By Thy resurrection's pow'r;
Though the hideous grave shall house me,
And my flesh the worms devour;
Fire and water may destroy
My frail body, yet with joy
I shall rise as Thou hast risen
From the deep sepulchral prison.

9. Grant me grace, O blessed Savior,
And Thy Holy Spirit send,
That my walk and my behavior
May be pleasing in the end;
That I may not fall again
Into death's grim pit and pain
When by grace Thou hast received me,
And from which Thou hast relieved me.

10. For the joy Thy birth doth give me,
For Thy holy, precious Word;
For Thy baptism which doth save me,
For Thy gracious festal board;
For Thy death, the bitter scorn,
For Thy resurrection morn,
Lord I thank Thee and extol Thee,
And in heav'n I shall behold Thee.

Jesus Christ Who Came to Save

EASTER

(also known as Jesus Christ Today is Risen or Jesus Christ Our Savior True
or Jesus Christ, Our Blessed Savior)

Words: Martin Luther, 1524. Translated by Leonard Woolsey Bacon, 1883.

Music: 'Jesus Christus Unser Heiland, Der Den Tod (Klug)' from Klug's *Geistliche Lieder*, Wittenberg, 1533.

Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach.

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$\text{♩} = 120$

1. Je - sus Christ, who came to save, And o - ver - came the grave,
2. Who with - out - en sin was found, Bore our trans - gres - sion's wound.
3. Life and mer - cy, sin and death, All in His hands He hath;

Is now a - - ris - - en, And sin hath
He is our Sa - - vior, And brings us
Them He'll de - - li - - ver, Who trust in

bound in pri - - - - son. Ky - - ri' e - - - lei - - - - son.
to God's fa - - - - vor. Him for - - ev - - - er.

The Strife Is O'er, The Battle Done

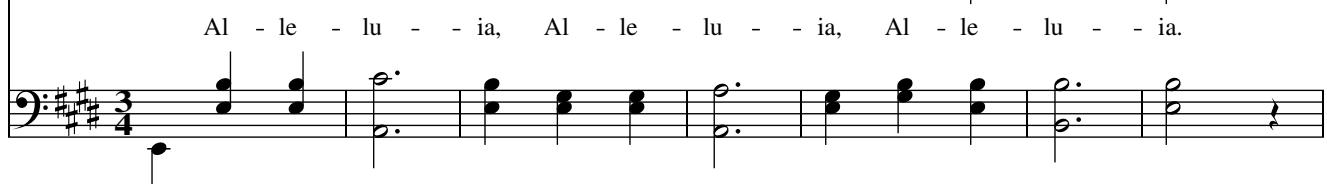
Words: from *Symphonia Sirenum Selectarum*, Köln, 1695; translated by Francis Pott, 1861.

Music: 'Victory' or 'Palestrina' Giovanni P. da Palestrina, 1591.

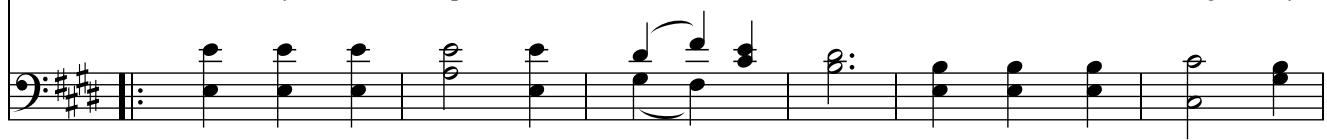
Setting: William Henry Monk, 1861.

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♩ = 140



1. The strife is o'er, the bat - - tle done; The tri - umph of the
 2. The pow'r's of death have done their worst; and Je - sus hath His
 3. On that third morn He rose a - - gain In glor - ious ma - jes -
 4. He closed the yawn - ing gates of hell; The bars from heav'n's high
 5. Lord, by the stripes which wound - ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy



Lord is won; O Let the song of praise be sung: Al - le - lu - - ia!
 foes dis - persed; Let shouts of praise and joy out - burst: Al - le - lu - - ia!
 - ty to reign; O let us swell the joy - ful strain. Al - le - lu - - ia!
 por - tals fell; Let songs of joy His tri - umphs tell. Al - le - lu - - ia!
 ser - vants free, That we may live, and sing to Thee. Al - le - lu - - ia!



Al - le - lu - - ia, Al - le - lu - - ia, Al - le - lu - - ia.



Have Mercy On Me, O My God

CONFSSION/ABSOLUTION

Words: Brian L. Penney, 2007.

Music: 'Third Mode Melody' Thomas Tallis, 1567. Setting: "The English Hymnal", 1906, alt. copyright: Words: Copyright 2007, Brian L. Penney. These lyrics may be freely reproduced or published for Christian worship, provided they are not altered, and this notice is on each copy. All other rights reserved.

Music and Setting: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. Have mer - cy on me, O my God, Ac - cor - ding to Your grace;
 2. O purge me now and I'll be clean, As clean and white as snow;

Ac - cor - ding to Your ten - der Love, Blot out trans - gres - sions great;
 O wash me in the Blood of Christ, Make me Your glad - ness know;

For I ac - know - ledge all my sin, Be - fore my face they stand;
 Cre - ate in me a clean heart, Lord, Re - new me tho - rough - ly;

A - gainst You on - ly have I sinned, There's e - vil on my hands.
 Re - store sal - - va - tion's joy a - - gain, Up - hold me ten - der - - ly.

Lord Jesus Think On Me

Words: *Synesius of Cyrene, circa 430. Translated by Allen W. Chatfield, 1876.*

Music: 'Southwell' William Daman's Psalter, 1579. Setting: "Common Service Book" (ULCA), 1917.

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♩ = 110

1. Lord Je - sus, think on me And purge a - way my sin;
 2. Lord Je - sus, think on me, With ma - ny'a care op - pressed;
 3. Lord Je - sus, think on me A - mid the bat - tle's strife;
 4. Lord Je - sus, think on me Nor let me go a - - stray;
 5. Lord Je - sus, think on me When floods the tem - pest high;

From earth - born pas - sions set me free And make me pure with - - in.
 Let me Thy lo - ving ser - vant be And taste Thy pro - mised rest.
 In all my pain and mi - se - ry Be Thou my Health and Life.
 Through dark - ness and per - plex - it - y Point Thou the heav'n - ly way.
 When on doth rush the e - ne - my, O Sa - vior, be Thou nigh!

6. Lord Jesus, think on me
 That, when the flood is past,
 I may th' eternal brightness see
 And share Thy joy at last.

7. Δ Lord Jesus, think on me
 That I may sing above
 To Father, Spirit, and to Thee
 The strains of praise and love.

O Lord My Soul Convicted

(also known as Here Lord My Soul Convicted)

CONFESS/ABSOLUTION

Words: James Maxwell, 1759.
 Music: 'Winchester New' from "Musikalisches Handbuch", Hamburg, 1690. Setting: Charles Lewis Hutchins, 1896.
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$\text{♩} = 100$

1. O Lord, my soul con - - - vic - - - ted stands Of
 2. But thanks to God, its loud a - - - larms Have
 3. I know my fig leaf right - - - eous - - - ness Can
 4. There, I be - - hold with won - - - der, Lord! That
 5. A - - maz - - ing wis - - dom, pow'r and love, Dis -

break - ing all Thy ten com - - mands: And on me just - - ly
 warn'd me of ap - - proach - ing harms; And now, O Lord, my
 ne'er Thy bro - - ken law re - - dress; Yet in the gos - - pel
 Christ hath to Thy law re - - stor'd Those ho - - nors on th'a -
 -play'd to re - - bels from a - - bove! Do Thou, O Lord, my

might'st Thou pour Thy wrath in one e - - - ter - - nal show'r.
 wants I see, Lost and un - - done, I come to Thee.
 plan I see, There's hope of par - - - don e'en for me.
 - ton - - - ing day, Which guil - - ty sin - - - ners took a - - - way.
 faith in - - - crease To love and trust Thy plan of grace.

Words: Martin Luther, 1524. Translated by Arthur Tozer Russell (1806-1874).
Music: 'Aus Tiefer Not (Luther)' or 'Af Dybsens Nød' Martin Luther from Erfurt Enchiridion, 1524.

Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach, 1725.

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♩ = 110

4

1. Out of the deep I cry to Thee; O Lord God, hear my cry - - ing;
 2. But love and grace with Thee pre - vail, O God, our sins for - - giv - - ing;
 3. For this, my hope in God shall rest, Naught build - ing on my mer - - it;
 4. And though I wait the live - long night And till the morn re - turn - - eth,
 5. What though our sins are man - i - fold? Su - - preme His mer - cy reign - - eth;

4

In - cline Thy gra - cious ear to me, With prayer to Thee ap - - ply - - ing.
 The ho - liest deeds can naught a - - vail Of all be - fore Thee liv - - ing.
 My heart con - fides, of Him pos - - sest, His good - ness stays my spi - - rit.
 My heart un - - doubt - ing trusts His might Nor in im - - pa - - tience mourn - - eth.
 No lim - it can His hand with - hold, Where ev - il most ob - - tain - - eth.

2

For if Thou fix Thy search - - ing eye On all sin and
 Be - - fore Thee none can boast him clear; There - - fore must each
 His prec - ious word as - - sur - - eth me; My sol - - ace, my
 Born of His Spi - - rit, Is - - ra - - el In the right Way
 He the good Shep - - herd is a - - lone, Who Is - - rael will

1

in - - iq - - ui - - ty, Who, Lord, can stand be - - fore Thee?
 Thy judg - - ment fear, And live on Thy com - - pas - - sion.
 sure Rock is he, Where - - on my soul a - - bid - - eth.
 thus far - - eth well, And on his God re - - pos - - eth
 re - - deem and own, For - - giv - - ing all trans - - gres - - sion.

While O'er Our Guilty Land, O Lord

CONFESS/ABSOLUTION

Words: verses 1-3, Samuel Davies, 1769. alt. verses 4-6, Brian J. Dumont, 15 Nov 2010.

Music: 'Federal Street' Henry K. Oliver, 1832.

Setting: "The Evangelical Lutheran Hymnal" (Ohio Synod), 1908.
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♩ = 130

1. While o'er our guilty land, O Lord, We view the terrors
 2. On You, our guardian God, we call; Be fore Your throne of
 3. See, we're - pent, we weep, we mourn; To our for - sa - - ken
 4. We are the old, the sick, the lame; We blind and deaf cry
 5. Christ is our only right - eous - ness, His death for us is

of Your sword, O where can all the help - - less
 grace we fall; But is there no de - - liv'r - - ance
 God we turn; O spare our guil - - ty coun - - try,
 Je - - sus' Name. We plead Your mer - - cy for His
 our re - - dress. Your pro - mise stron - - ger than our

fly? To whom but You di - - rect their cry?
 there? And must we per - - ish in des - - pair?
 spare The Church which You have plant - - ed there.
 sake, And trust that You will not for - - sake.
 sin; Blot out O Lord what we have been.

6. We are your children after all,
 Redeemed by Christ after the fall.
 Marked with Your Name in Baptism,
 Our home remains in Your Kingdom.

At The Lamb's High Feast

Words: Latin, circa 6th Century. Translated by Robert Campbell, 1849.

Music: 'Sonne der Gerechtigkeit' Czech, Kirchengeseng, 1566. Setting: Brian J. Dumont, 31 Dec 2009.

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$\text{♩} = 110$

1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing, Praise to our vic - tor - ious King,
 2. Praise we Him, whose love di - vine Gives His sac - red blood for wine,
 3. Where the Pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword;
 4. Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Pas - chal Vic - tim, Pas - chal Bread;
 5. Might - y Vic - tim from the sky, Hell's fierce pow'r be - neath Thee lie;

Who has washed us in the tide Flow - ing from his pierc - èd side; A - lle - lu - - ia!
 Gives His bo - dy for the feast, Christ the Vic - tim, Christ the Priest. A - lle - lu - - ia!
 Is - rael's hosts tri - um - phant go Through the wave that drowns the foe. A - lle - lu - - ia!
 With sin - cer - i - - ty and love Eat we Ma - nna from a - bove. A - lle - lu - - ia!
 Thou hast con - quered in the fight, Thou hast brought us life and light; A - lle - lu - - ia!

6. Now no more can death appall,
 Now no more the grave enthrall;
 Thou hast opened Paradise,
 And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

7. Paschal triumph, Easter joy,
 This alone can sin destroy;
 From sin's death do Thou set free
 Souls reborn, O Lord, in Thee.

8. Δ Hymns of glory and of praise,
 Father, to Thee we raise;
 Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,
 Ever with the Spirit be.

Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

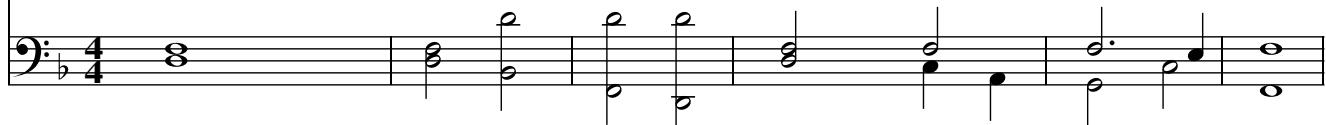
LORD'S SUPPER

Words: from *Liturgy of St. James*, 4th Century. Translated by Gerard Moultrie, 1864.Music: 'Picardy' traditional French. Setting: "The English Hymnal", 1906, alt.
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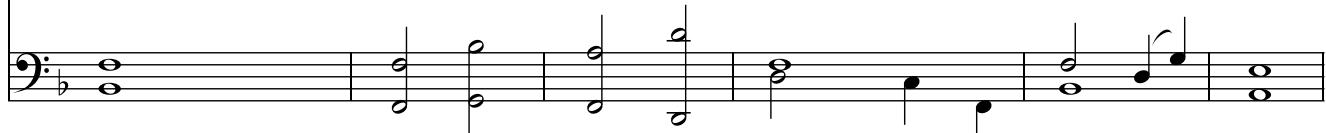
♩ = 120



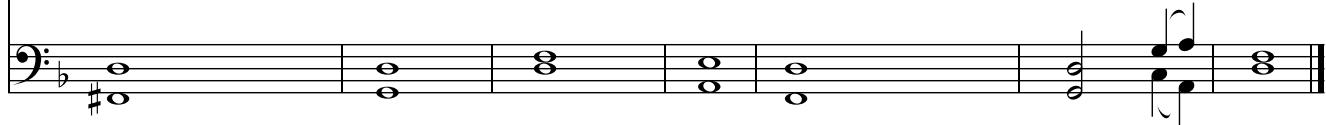
1. Let all mortal flesh keep silence, And with fear and trembling stand;
 2. King of kings, yet born of Mary, As of old on earth He stood,
 3. Rank on rank the host of heaven Spreads its van-guard on the way,
 4. At His feet the six wingèd seraph, Che-rubim with sleep-less eye,



Pon-der no-thing earth-ly mind-ed, For with bles-sing in His hand,
 Lord of lords, in hu-man ves-ture, In the bo-dy and the blood;
 As the Light of light de-scend-eth From the realms of end-less day,
 Veil their fa-ces to the pre-sence, As with cease-less voice they cry:



Christ our God to earth de-scend-eth, Our full hom-age to de-mand.
 He will give to all the fai-thful His own self for heav'n-ly food.
 That the pow'rs of hell may va-nish As the dark-ness clears a-way.
 Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Lord Most High!



Thou, Who at Thy First Eucharist

(also known as Lord, Who the Night You Were Betrayed or At That First Eucharist)

Words: William H. Turton, 1881.

Music: 'Unde Et Memores' William Henry Monk, 1875.

Setting: "The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged" (Episcopal), 1896.
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♩ = 120

1. Thou, who at Thy first Eu - cha - rist didst pray That all Thy Church might
 2. For all Thy Church, O Lord, we in - ter - cede; Make Thou our sad di -
 3. We pray Thee too for wan - d'ers from Thy fold; O bring them back, good
 4. So, Lord, at length when sac - ra - ments shall cease, May we be one with

be for - ev - er one, Grant us at ev - 'ry Eu - cha - rist to say
 - vi - sions soon to cease; Draw us the near - er each to each, we plead,
 Shep - herd of the sheep, Back to the faith which saints be - lieved of old,
 all Thy Church a - - bove, One with Thy saints in one un - bro - ken peace,

With long - ing heart and soul, "Thy will be done." O may we all one
 By draw - ing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace; Thus may we all one
 Back to the Church which still that faith doth keep; Soon may we all one
 One with Thy saints in one un - bound - ed love; More bless - ed still, in

bread, one bo - dy be, Through this blest sac - ra - - ment of un - i - - ty.
 bread, one bo - dy be, Through this blest sac - ra - - ment of un - i - - ty.
 bread, one bo - dy be, Through this blest sac - ra - - ment of un - i - - ty.
 peace and love to be One with the Trin - i - - ty in un - i - - ty.

All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name

REDEEMER

Words: Edward Perronet, 1780. Music: 'Coronation' Oliver Holden, 1793.

Setting: "The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged" (Episcopal), 1896, alt.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2007 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Let high - born ser - aphs tune the lyre, and as they tune it, fall
 3. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, who fixed this float - ing ball;
 4. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of your God, who from His al - tar call;
 5. Ye seed of Is - rael's cho - sen race, ye ran - somed from the fall,

Bring forth the ro - yal di - a - dem, and crown Him Lord of all.
 Be - fore His face Who tunes their choir, and crown Him Lord of all.
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, and crown Him Lord of all.
 Ex - tol the Stem of Je - sse's Rod, and crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him Who saves you by His grace, and crown Him Lord of all.

Bring forth the ro - yal di - a - dem, and crown Him Lord of all.
 Be - fore His face Who tunes their choir, and crown Him Lord of all.
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, and crown Him Lord of all.
 Ex - tol the Stem of Je - sse's Rod, and crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him Who saves you by His grace, and crown Him Lord of all.

6. Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line, whom David Lord did call,
 The God incarnate, Man divine, and crown Him Lord of all,
 The God incarnate, Man divine, and crown Him Lord of all.

7. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget the wormwood and the gall,
 Go spread your trophies at His feet, and crown Him Lord of all.
 Go spread your trophies at His feet, and crown Him Lord of all.

8. Let every tribe and every tongue before Him prostrate fall
 And shout in universal song the crownèd Lord of all.
 And shout in universal song the crownèd Lord of all.

Words: William Chatterton Dix, 1867.

Music: 'HyFrydol' Rowland H. Prichard, 1830. Setting: "The English Hymnal", 1906.
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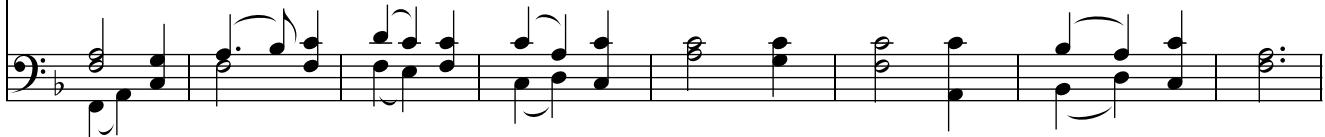
♩ = 130



1. Al - le - lu - - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - ter, His the throne.
 2. Al - le - lu - - ia! not as or - phans are we left in sor - row now;
 3. Al - le - lu - - ia! bread of an - gels, Thou on earth our food, our stay;
 4. Al - le - lu - - ia! King e - ter - nal, Thee the Lord of lords we own;



Al - le - lu - - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - - ry a - - lone.
 Al - le - lu - - ia! He is near us, faith be - - lieves, nor ques - - tions how;
 Al - le - lu - - ia! here the sin - ful flee to Thee from day to day:
 Al - le - lu - - ia! born of Mar - y, Earth Thy foot - stool, Hea - ven Thy throne:



Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on thun - der like a might - y flood.
 Though the cloud from sight re - ceived Him when the for - ty days were o'er
 Int - er - ces - sor, Friend of sin - ners, Earth's Re - deem - er, plead for me,
 Thou with - in the veil hast en - tered, robed in flesh our great High Priest;



Je - sus out of ev - ery na - - tion has re - deemed us by His blood.
 Shall our hearts for - get His pro - - mise, "I am with you ev - er - more"?
 Where the songs of all the sin - - less sweep ac -ross the crys - tal sea.
 Thou on earth both priest and vic - - tim in the Eu - char - - ist - ic feast.



Crown Him With Many Crowns

REDEEMER

Words: Verses 1, 4, 5, 6 & 9: Matthew Bridges, *The Passion of Jesus*, 1852.verses 2 & 3: Godfrey Thring, *Hymns and Sacred Lyrics*, 1874.Music: 'Diademata' George J. Elvey, 1868. Setting: "Appendix to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*", 1869.
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♩ = 110

6. Crown Him the Lord of love, behold His hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified.No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye at mysteries so bright.7. Crown Him the Lord of Heaven, enthroned in worlds above,
Crown Him the King to Whom is given the wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns, as thrones before Him fall;
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns, for He is King of all.8. Crown Him the Lord of lords, who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, the incarnate Word, for ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light, where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night, their God, Redeemer, King.9. Crown Him the Lord of years, the Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres, ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail! For Thou has died for me;
Thy praise and glory shall not fail throughout eternity.

Hallelujah, What a Savior!

(also known as Man of Sorrows)

*Words: Philip Paul Bliss, 1875. Music and Setting: 'Hallelujah What a Savior' Philip Paul Bliss, 1875.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.*

$\text{♩} = 110$

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 glor - ious King, All His ran - somed home to bring,

Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim. Hal - le - lu - - jah! What a Sa - - vior!
 Sealed my par - don with His blood.
 "Full a - tone - ment!" can it be?
 Now in Heav'n ex - - al - ted high.
 Then a - new His song we'll sing:

Praise My Soul The King Of Heaven

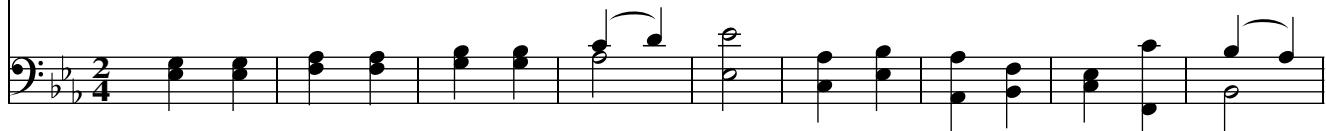
REDEEMER

Words: Henry F. Lyte, 1834.
 Music: 'Praise My Soul' or 'Lauda Anima' or 'St. Paul' John Goss, 1869. Setting: "The Choral Hymnal", 1888.
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♩ = 120



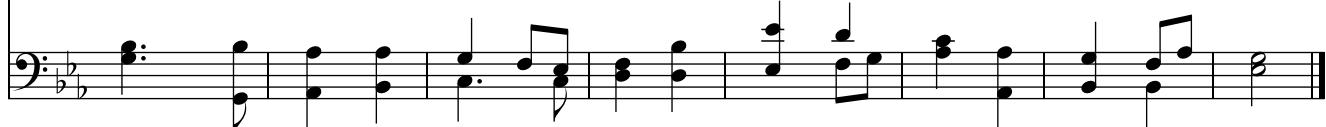
1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - - ven; To His feet thy tri - bute bring.
 2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress.
 3. Fa - ther like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows.
 4. Frail as sum -mer's flower we flour - - ish, Blows the wind and it is gone;
 5. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him face to face;



Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Ev - er - more His pra - ises sing:
 Praise Him still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
 In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes.
 But while mor - tals rise and per - ish Our God lives un - chang - ing on,
 Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him, Dwell - ers all in time and space.



A - lle - - lu - ia! A - lle - - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
 A - lle - - lu - ia! A - lle - - lu - ia! Glor - ious in His faith - ful - - ness.
 A - lle - - lu - ia! A - lle - - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows.
 Praise Him, Praise Him, Ha - lle - - lu - jah Praise the High E - ter - nal One!
 A - lle - - lu - ia! A - lle - - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.



Rock of Ages

Words: Augustus Montague Toplady, 1776. Music: 'Toplady' Thomas Hastings, 1830.

Setting: "Congregational Church Music with 150 Psalms and Hymns", 1854.
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♩ = 170

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
 3. No - thing in my hand I bring, Simp - ly to the cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help - less look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne,

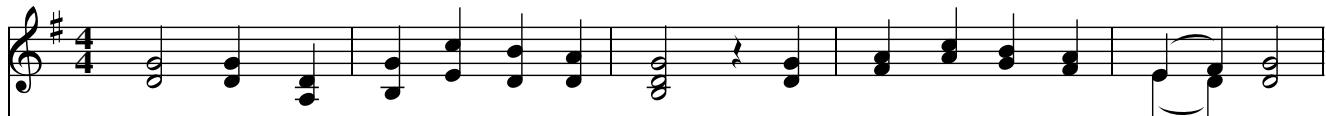
Be of sin the doub - le cure; Save from wrath and make me pure.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the foun - tain fly; Wash me, Sa - - vior, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Dear Christians, One and All Rejoice

JUSTIFICATION

Words: Martin Luther, 1523. Translated by Richard Massie, 1854, alt.
 Music: 'Nun Freut Euch' attr. Martin Luther from *Etlich Christlich Lider*, Wittenberg, 1524.
 Setting: Johann Hermann Schein, 1627.
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♩ = 140



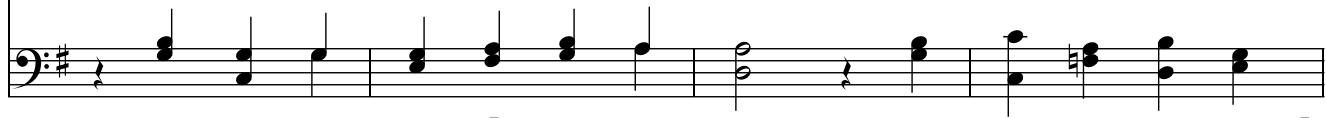
1. Dear Christ -ians, one and all re - joice, With ex - ul - ta - tion spring - ing,
 2. Fast bound in Sa - tan's chains I lay. Death brood -ed dark -ly o'er me;
 3. My good works could a - vail me naught, For they with sin were stain - - éd;
 4. God saw, in his e - ter - nal grace, My sor - row out of mea - - sure;
 5. He spake to his be - lov - ed Son: 'Tis time to take com - pass - - ion;



And with u - - ni - - ted heart and voice And ho - ly rap - ture sing - ing,
 Sin was my tor - ment night and day, There - in my mo - ther bore me.
 Free - will a - - against God's judg - ment fought, And dead to good re - main - éd.
 He thought u - - upon his ten - der - ness To save was his good pleas - ure.
 Then go, bright je - wel of my crown, And bring to man sal - va - tion;



Pro - claim the won - ders God hath done, How his right arm the
 Deep - er and deep - er still I fell, Life was be - come a
 Grief drove me to des - pair, and I Had no - thing left me
 He turn'd to me a Fa - ther's heart- Not small the cost to
 From sin and sor - row set him free, Slay bit - ter death for



vic - t'ry won; Right dear - ly it hath cost him.
 li - - ving hell, So firm - ly sin po - ssessed me.
 but to die, To hell I fast was sink - - - ing.
 heal my smart He gave his best and dear - - - est.
 him, that he May live with thee for - ev - - - er.



6. The Son delighted to obey, And born of Virgin mother,
Awhile on this low earth did stay That he might be my brother.
His mighty power he hidden bore,
A servant's form like mine he wore, To bind the devil captive.
7. To me he spake : cling fast to me, Thou'l win a triumph worthy:
I wholly give myself for thee, I strive and wrestle for thee;
For I am thine, thou mine also;
And where I am thou art. The foe Shall never more divide us.
8. For he shall shed my precious blood, Me of my life bereaving;
All this I suffer for thy good; Be steadfast and believing.
My life from death the day shall win,
My righteousness shall bear thy sin, So art thou blest forever.
9. Now to my Father I depart, From earth to heaven ascending;
Thence heavenly wisdom to impart, The Holy Spirit sending.
He shall in trouble comfort thee,
Teach thee to know and follow me, And to the truth conduct thee.
10. What I have done and taught, do thou To do and teach endeavor;
So shall my kingdom flourish now, And God be praised forever.
Take heed lest men with base alloy
The heavenly treasure should destroy. This counsel I bequeath thee.

Salvation Unto Us Has Come

(also known as To Us Salvation Now Is Come)

Words: Paul Speratus, 1523. Translation composite.
 Music: 'Es ist das Heil uns Kommen Her' traditional German circa 1400 from Etlich Christlich Lider, Wittenberg, 1524.
 Setting: "Mehrstimmiges ChoralBuch", 1906.
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J = 100

1. Sal - va - tion un - to us has come By God's free grace and fa - - - vor;
 2. What God did in His law de - mand And none to Him could ren - - - der
 3. It was a false, mis - lead - ing dream That God His Law had gi - - - ven
 4. From sin our flesh could not ab - stain Sin held its sway un - cea - - - sing;

Good works can - not a - - vert our doom, They help and save us ne - - - ver.
 Caused wrath and woe on ev - ery hand For man, the vile of - fend - - - er.
 So sin - ners could them - selves re - deem And by their works gain Hea - - - ven.
 The task was use - less and in vain, Our guilt was e'er in - crea - - - sing.

Faith looks to Je - - sus Christ a - - lone, Who did for all the
 Our flesh has not those pure de - - sires The spi - - - rit of the
 The Law is but a mir - - ror bright To bring the in - - - bred
 None can re - move sin's pois - - oned dart Or pur - - if - - y our

world a - - - tone; He is our one Re - - - deem - - - - er.
 Law re - - - quires, And lost is our con - - - di - - - - tion.
 sin to light That lurks with - - in our na - - - - ture.
 guile - - ful heart? So deep is our cor - - - ru - - - - ption.

5. Yet as the Law must be fulfilled
 Or we must die despairing,
 Christ came and hath God's anger stilled,
 Our human nature sharing.
 He hath for us the Law obeyed
 And thus the Father's vengeance stayed
 Which over us impended.

6. Since Christ hath full atonement made
 And brought to us salvation,
 Each Christian therefore may be glad
 And build on this foundation.
 Thy grace alone, dear Lord, I plead,
 Thy death is now my life indeed,
 For Thou hast paid my ransom.

7. Let me not doubt, but trust in Thee,
 Thy Word cannot be broken;
 Thy call rings out, "Come unto Me!"
 No falsehood hast Thou spoken.
 Baptized into Thy precious name,
 My faith cannot be put to shame,
 And I shall never perish.

8. The Law reveals the guilt of sin
 And makes men conscience-stricken;
 The Gospel then doth enter in
 The sinful soul to quicken.
 Come to the cross, trust Christ, and live;
 The Law no peace can ever give,
 No comfort and no blessing.

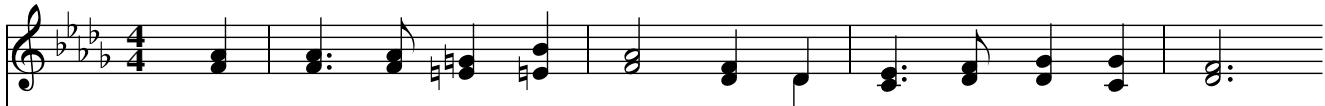
9. Faith clings to Jesus' cross alone
 And rests in Him unceasing;
 And by its fruits true faith is known,
 With love and hope increasing.
 Yet faith alone doth justify,
 Works serve thy neighbor and supply
 The proof that faith is living.

10. Δ All blessing, honor, thanks, and praise
 To Father, Son, and Spirit,
 The God that saved us by His grace,-
 All glory to His merit!
 O Triune God in heaven above,
 Who hast revealed Thy saving love,
 Thy blessed name be hallowed.

Beneath The Cross Of Jesus

Words: Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1868.
 Music: 'St. Christopher' Frederick C. Maker, 1881. Setting: "Bristol Tune-Book", 1891.
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♩ = 100



1. Be - -neath the cross of Je - -sus I fain would take my stand,
 2. O safe and happ - y shel - -ter, O re - fuge tried and sweet,
 3. There lies be - -neath its sha - -dow but on the fur - -ther side
 4. U - -pon that cross of Je - -sus mine eye at times can see
 5. I take, O cross, thy sha - -dow for my a - -bid - ing place;



The sha - -dow of a might - y rock with - in a wear - y land;
 O tryst - -ing place where Hea - ven's love and Hea - ven's jus - tice meet!
 The dark - ness of an aw - ful grave that gapes both deep and wide
 The ver - -y dy - -ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;
 I ask no o - -ther sun - -shine than the sun - -shine of His face;



A home with - in the wild - er - ness, a rest u - -pon the way,
 As to the ho - -ly pa - tri - arch that won - drous dream was giv'n,
 And there be - -tween us stands the cross two arms out - stretched to save
 And from my strick - en heart with tears two won - ders I con - fess;
 Con - tent to let the world go by to know no gain or loss,



From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, and the bur - den of the day.
 So seems my Sa - vior's cross to me, a lad - der up to heav'n.
 A watch - man set to guard the way from that e - ter - nal grave.
 The won - ders of re - -deem - ing love and my un - worth - i - -ness.
 My sin - -ful self my on - ly shame, my glor - y all the cross.



The Old Rugged Cross

CROSS AND COMFORT

Words: George Bennard, 1913. Music and Setting: 'The Old Rugged Cross' George Bennard, 1913.
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♩ = 140

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug - ged cross, The em - blem
 2. O that old rug - ged cross, so des - pised by the world, Has a won - drous
 3. In that old rug - ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A won - - -
 4. To the old rug - ged cross I will ev - er be true; Its shame and

of suff'r - ing and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear - est
 a - attrac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry
 - drous beau - ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf - fered
 re - proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far

and best For a world of lost sin - ners was slain. So I'll
 a - bove To bear it to dark Cal - va - - ry.
 and died, To par - don and sanc - ti - - fy me.
 a - way, Where His glo - - ry for - ev - - er I'll share.

cher - ish the old rug - ged cross, Till my tro - phies at last I lay down;

I will cling to the old rug - ged cross, And ex - change it some day for a crown.

Why Should Cross and Trial Grieve Me?

(also known as Why Should Sorrow Ever Grieve Me?)

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1653. Translated by John Kelly, 1867, alt.
Music: 'Ebeling' or 'Bonn' or 'Warum Sollt Ich' or 'All My Heart This Night' Johann Georg Ebeling, 1666.

Setting: Karl Brauer, 1906, alt.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2025 Revision.

$\text{♩} = 140$

1. Why should cross and tri - al grieve me? Christ is near With His cheer;
 2. Nought not e'en the life I'm li - - ving, Is mine own, God a - lone
 3. Though a hea - vy cross I'm bea - - ring, And my heart Feels the smart,
 4. God oft gives me days of glad - - ness, Shall I grieve If He give
 5. Though u - - ni - - ted world and de - - vil, All their pow'r Can no more

Ne - ver will He leave me. Who can rob me of the hea - - ven
 All to me is gi - - ving. Must I then His own re - store Him?
 Shall I be des - pai - - ring? God can help me, who doth send it,
 Sea - sons too of sad - - ness? God is good, and tem - pers e - - ver
 Do but mock and quib - - ble. Let them now em - ploy their jee - - ring,

That God's Son, For my own, To my faith hath gi - - - ven?
 Though be - reft Of my flesh Still shall I a - - dore Him.
 He doth know All my woe And how best to end it.
 All my ill, And He will Whol - ly leave me ne - - - ver.
 Christ will here Then ap - - pear Strike their hearts with fea - - - ring.

6. True believers shrinking never,
Where they dwell Should reveal
Their true colors ever.

When approaching death may scare them,
Still should they Patient stay
And with courage bear them.

7. Death can never kill us even,
But relief From all grief
To us then is given.
It doth close life's mournful story,
Make a way That we may
Pass to heav'nly glory.

8. There I'll reap enduring pleasure,
After woe Here below
Suffered in large measure.
Lasting good we find here never,
All that earth Deems as worth
Vanishes for ever.

9. What is all this life possesses?
But a hand Full of sand
That the heart distresses.
Noble gifts that pall me never,
Christ so free There gives me
To enjoy for ever.

10. Shepherd! Lord! joy's fountain ever,
Thou art mine, I am Thine,
No one can us sever.
I am Thine, because Thou bought me;
Lost I stood, But Thy blood
Free salvation brought me.

11. Thou art mine; I love and own Thee,
Light of joy, Ne'er shall I,
From my heart dethrone Thee.
Savior, let me soon behold Thee
Face to face, Thy embrace
May it soon enfold me!

Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior

CONSECRATION

Words: Fanny J. Crosby, 1868.
Music: 'Pass Me Not O Gentle Savior' William Howard Doane, 1870. Setting: "The Coronation", 1872.
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$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Pass me not, O gen - the Sa - vior, Hear my hum - ble cry;
 2. Let me at Thy throne of mer - - cy Find a sweet re - - lief,
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy me - - rit, Would I seek Thy face;
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me,

While on o - others Thou art call - - ing, Do not pass me by.
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - - tion; Help my un - be - - lief.
 Heal my wound - ed, bro - ken spi - - rit, Save me by Thy grace.
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

Sa - - vior, Sa - - vior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

While on o - others Thou art call - - ing, Do not pass me by.

On My Heart Imprint Thine Image

Words: Thomas Hansen Kingo, 1689. Translated by Peer Olsen Strømme, 1898, alt.
 Music: 'Der Am Kreuz' Johann Balthasar König, 1738. Setting: "Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book", 1931.
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2025 Revision.

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. On my heart im - print Thine i - mage, Bles - sed Je - sus, King of Grace

That life's ri - ches, cares, and plea - sures, Have no pow'r to Thee ef - face;

This the su - per - scrip - tion be: Je - sus cru - ci - fied for me,

Is my life, my hope's foun - da - tion, And my glo - ry and sal - va - - tion.

Savior, Like A Shepherd Lead Us

CONSECRATION

Words: attr. Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1836.

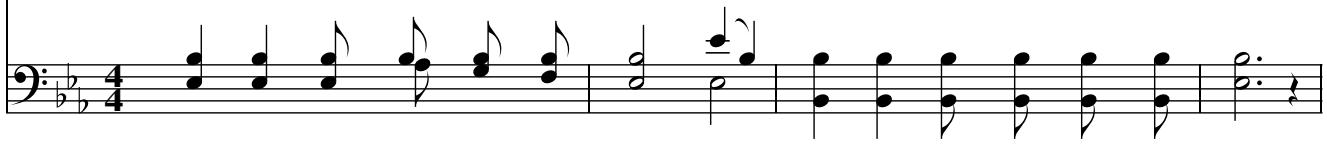
Music and Setting: 'Bradbury' William B. Bradbury, 1859.

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♩ = 100



1. Sa - vior, like a shep - herd lead us, much we need Thy ten - der care;
 2. We are Thine, Thou dost be - friend us, be the guard - ian of our way;
 3. Thou hast pro - mised to re - ceive us, poor and sin - ful though we be;
 4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, ear - ly let us do Thy will;



In Thy plea - sant pas - tures feed us, for our use Thy folds pre - pare.
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, seek us when we go a - stray.
 Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, grace to cleanse and pow'r to free.
 Bless - èd Lord and on - ly Sa - - vior, with Thy love our bo - soms fill.



Bless - èd Je - sus, bless - èd Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless - èd Je - sus, bless - èd Je - sus! Hear, O hear us when we pray.
 Bless - èd Je - sus, bless - èd Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee.
 Bless - èd Je - sus, bless - èd Je - sus! Thou hast loved us, love us still.



Bless - èd Je - sus, bless - èd Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless - èd Je - sus, bless - èd Je - sus! Hear, O hear us when we pray.
 Bless - èd Je - sus, bless - èd Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee.
 Bless - èd Je - sus, bless - èd Je - sus! Thou hast loved us, love us still.



Alleluia, Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven and Voices Raise

Words: Christopher Wordsworth, 1865.

Music: 'Ode to Joy' Ludwig van Beethoven; Adapted by Edward Hodges, 1824.

Setting: "The Methodist Hymnal", 1905.

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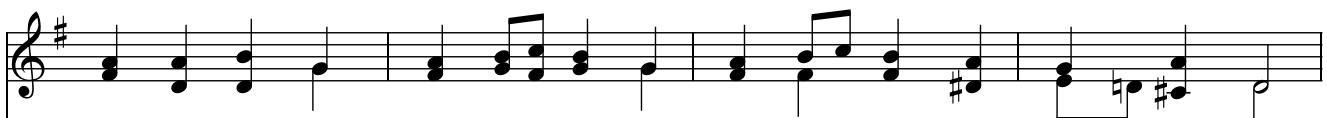
♩ = 115



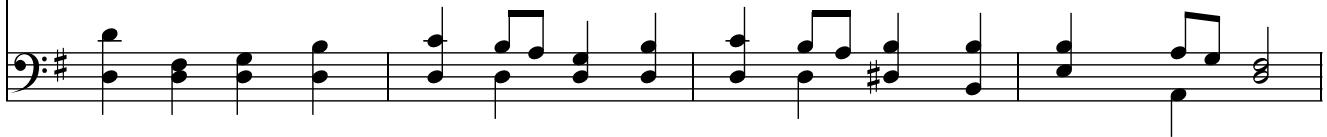
1. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to Heav'n and voi - ces raise:
 2. Now the i - ron bars are bro - ken, Christ from death to life is born,
 3. Christ is ri - sen, Christ, the first fruits of the ho - ly har - vest field,
 4. Christ is ri - sen, we are ri - sen! Shed up - on us heav'n - ly grace,
 5. Δ Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry be to God on high;



Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, sing to God a hymn of praise.
 Glor - ious life, and life im - mor - tal, on the ho - ly Ea - ster morn.
 Which will all its full a - bun - dance at His se - cond com - ing yield:
 Rain and dew and gleams of glo - ry from the bright - ness of Thy face;
 Al - le - lu - ia! to the Sa - vior who has gained the vic - to - ry;



He, who on the cross a Vic - tim, for the world's sal - va - - tion bled,
 Christ has tri - umphed, and we con - quer by His might - y en - - ter - prise:
 Then the gol - den ears of har - vest will their heads be - fore Him wave,
 That we, with our hearts in Hea - ven, here on earth may fruit - - ful be,
 Al - le - lu - ia!



Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, now is ri - sen from the dead.
 We with Him to life e - ter - nal by His res - ur - - rec - tion rise.
 Rip - ened by His glor - ious sun - shine from the fur - rows of the grave.
 And by an - gel hands be ga - thered, and be ev - er, Lord, with Thee.
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! to the Tri - une Ma - jes - ty.



Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

PRAISE

Words: Henry J. van Dyke, 1907.

Music: 'Ode to Joy' Ludwig van Beethoven; Adapted by Edward Hodges, 1824.

Setting: "The Methodist Hymnal", 1905.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 115

1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - - dore Thee, God of glor - y, Lord of love;
 2. All Thy works with joy sur - round Thee, earth and heaven re - flect Thy rays,
 3. Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blessed,
 4. Mor - tals, join the ha - ppy chor - us, which the morn - ing stars be - gan;

Hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore Thee, o - pening 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!
 Fa - ther love is reign - ing o'er us, bro - ther love binds man to man.

Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; drive the dark of doubt a - way;
 Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, flow - ery mea - dow, flash - - ing sea,
 Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our Bro - ther, all who live in love are Thine;
 E - ver sing - ing, march we on - ward, vic - tors in the midst of strife,

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 o - ther, lift us to the joy div - ine.
 Joy - ful mu - sic leads us Sun - ward in the tri - umph song of life.

Words: George W. Kitchin (1827-1912). Modified by Michael R. Newbolt, 1916.
 Music: 'Crucifier' Sydney H. Nicholson, 1916. Setting: "Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1922.
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Refrain

$\text{♩} = 120$

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ proclaim,
 Till all the world adore His sacred Name.

Verse

1. Come, brethren, follow where our Captain trod,
 2. Led on their way by this triumphant sign,
 3. Each new-born servant of the Crucified
 4. This is the sign which Satan's legions fear
 5. Saved by this Cross where on their Lord was slain,

our King victor in Christ the Son of God.
 The hosts of God in conquering ranks combine.
 Bears and the sons of the brow the seal of Him Who died.
 and the sons of the veil faces to revere.
 the sons of the A-dam their lost home regain.

To Refrain

6. From north and south, from east and west they raise
 9. Let every race and every language tell
 in growing unison their songs of praise. Refrain
 of him who saves our souls from death and hell. Refrain

7. O Lord, once lifted on the glorious tree,
 as thou hast promised, draw the world to thee. Refrain

8. So shall our song of triumph ever be:
 Praise to the Crucified for victory. Refrain

10. From farthest regions let their homage bring,
 and on his Cross adore their Savior King. Refrain

11. Set up thy throne, that earth's despair may cease
 beneath the shadow of its healing peace. Refrain

12. For thy blest Cross which doth for all atone
 creation's praises rise before thy throne. Refrain

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