

SAVIOR'S SACRIFICE

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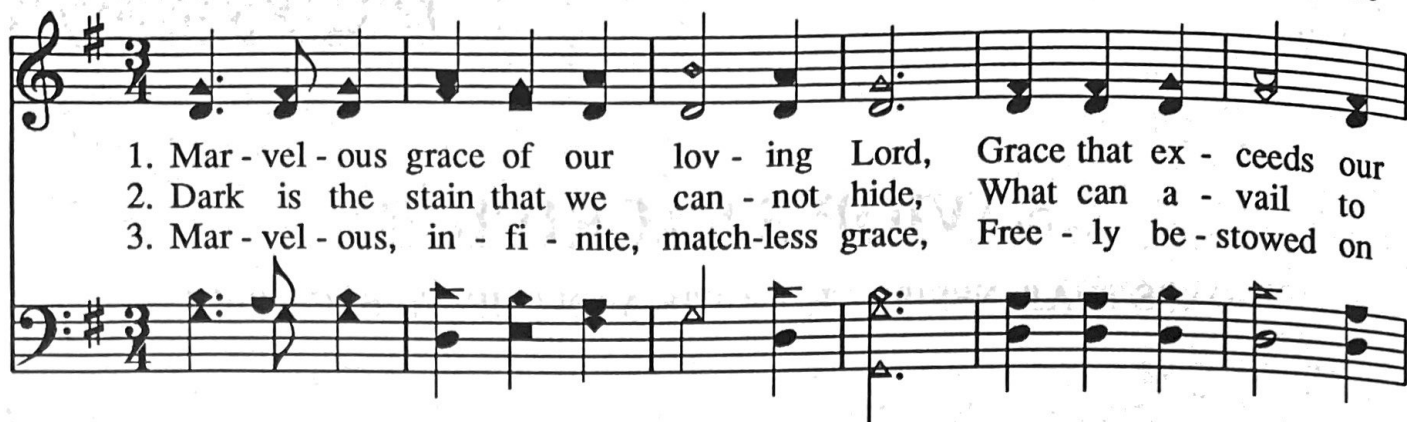
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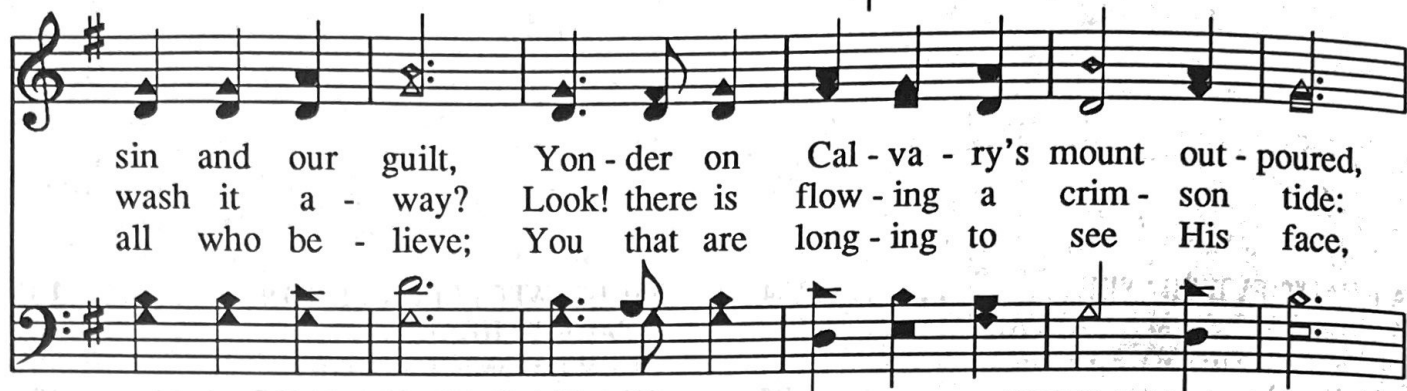
131 Grace Greater Than Our Sin

Daniel B. Towner
Rom. 3: 14-16

Julia H. Johnston

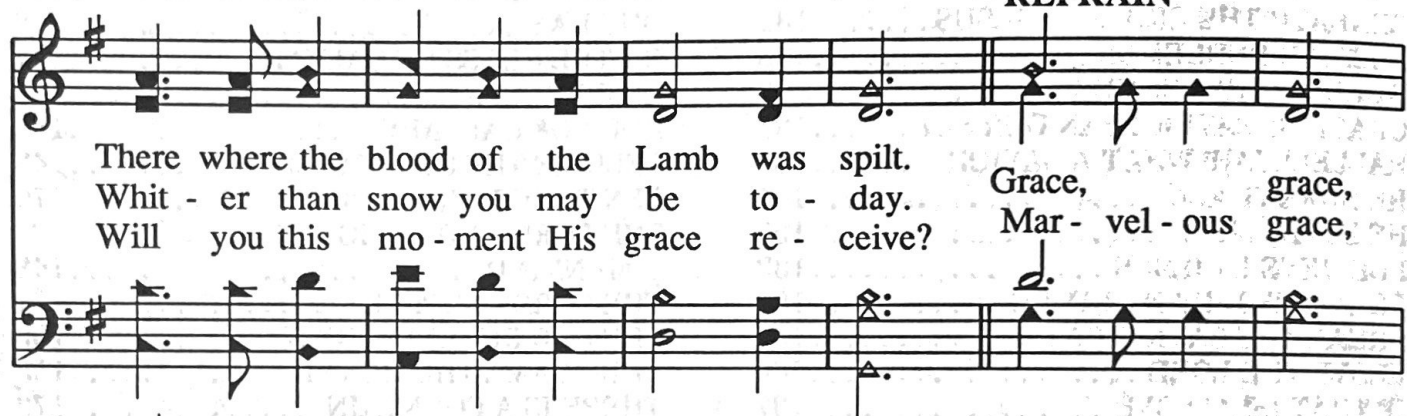


1. Mar - vel - ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our
2. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - vail to
3. Mar - vel - ous, in - fi - nite, match-less grace, Free - ly be - stowed on

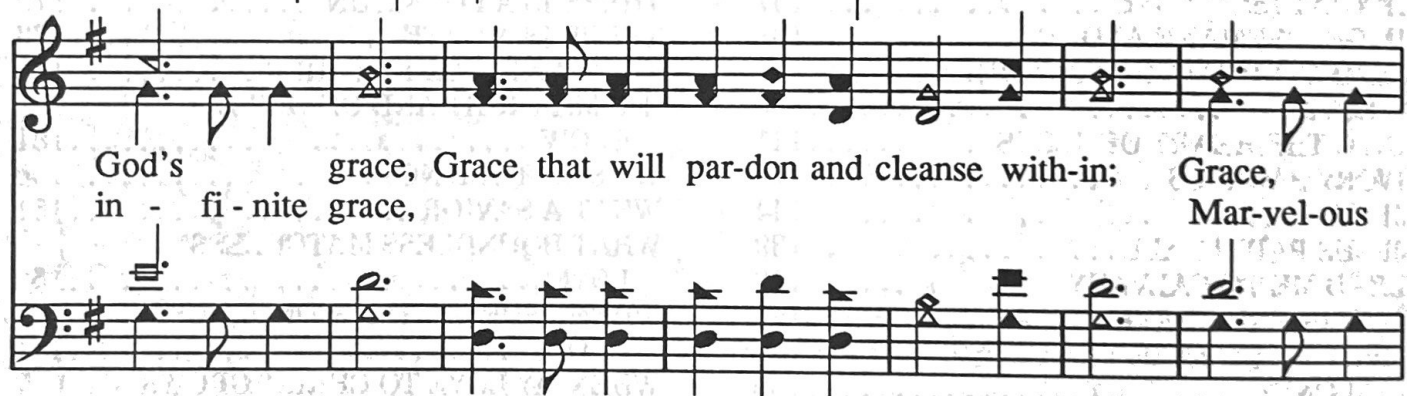


sin and our guilt, Yon - der on Cal - va - ry's mount out - poured,
wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide:
all who be - lieve; You that are long - ing to see His face,

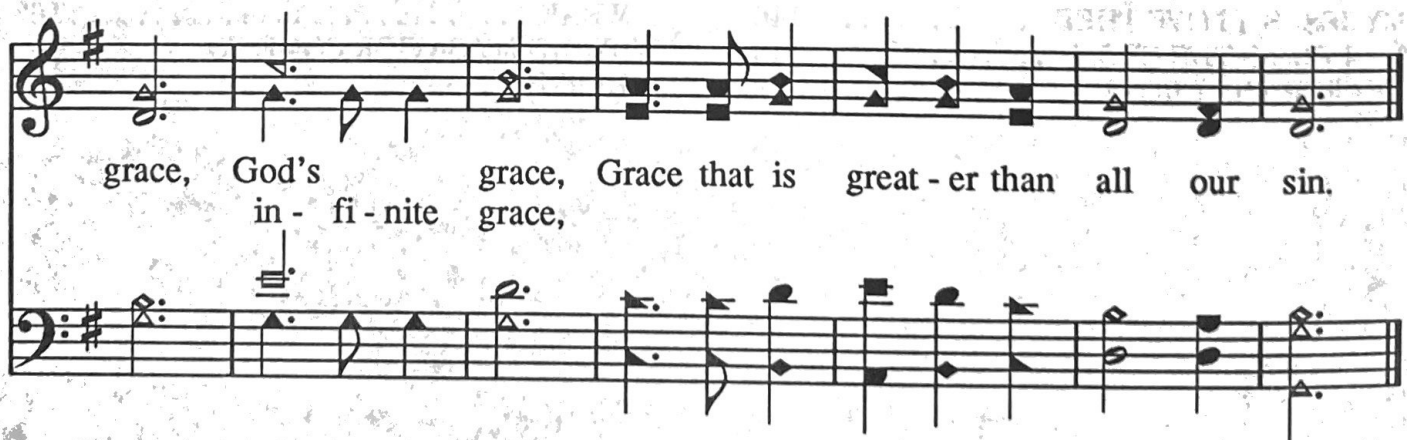
REFRAIN



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



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



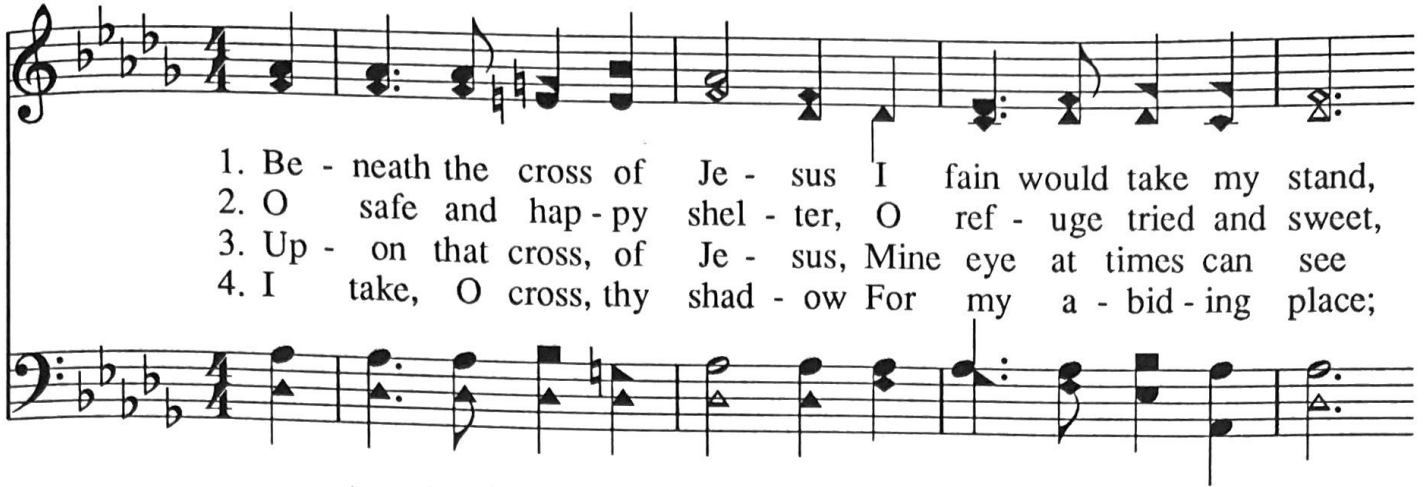
grace, God's grace, Grace that is great - er than all our sin.
in - fi - nite grace,

Beneath the Cross of Jesus

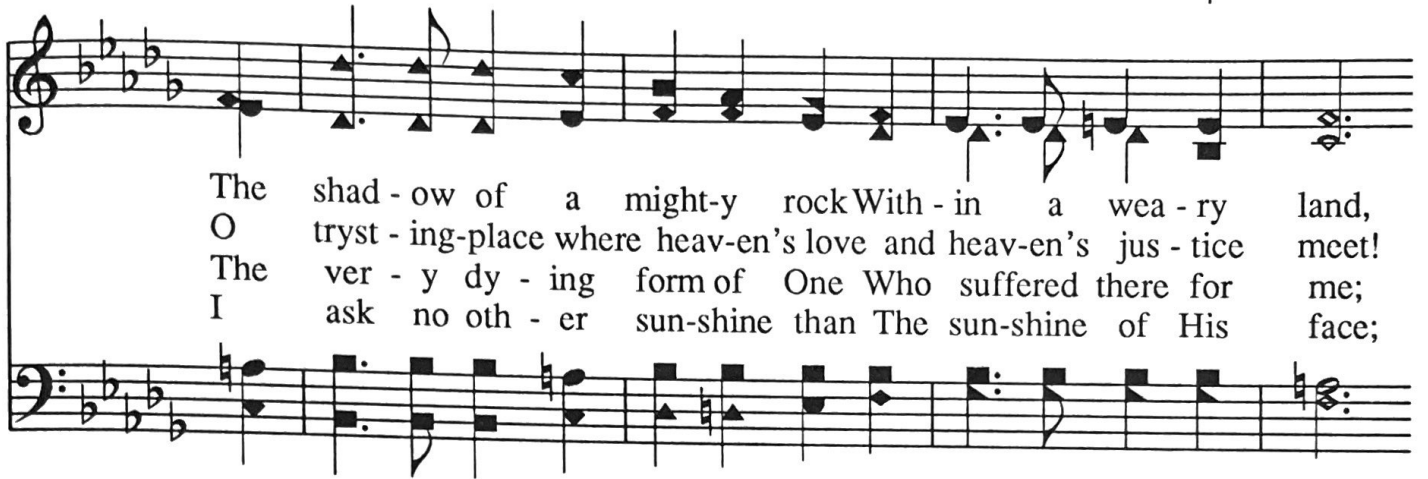
132

Elizabeth Clephane

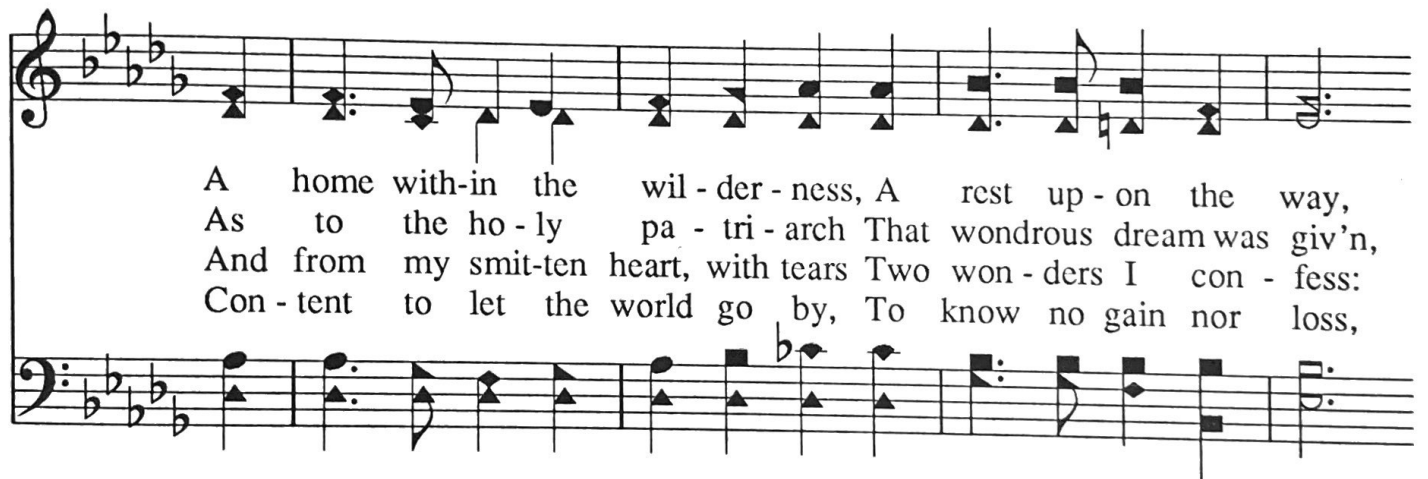
Frederick C. Maker
Gal. 6: 14



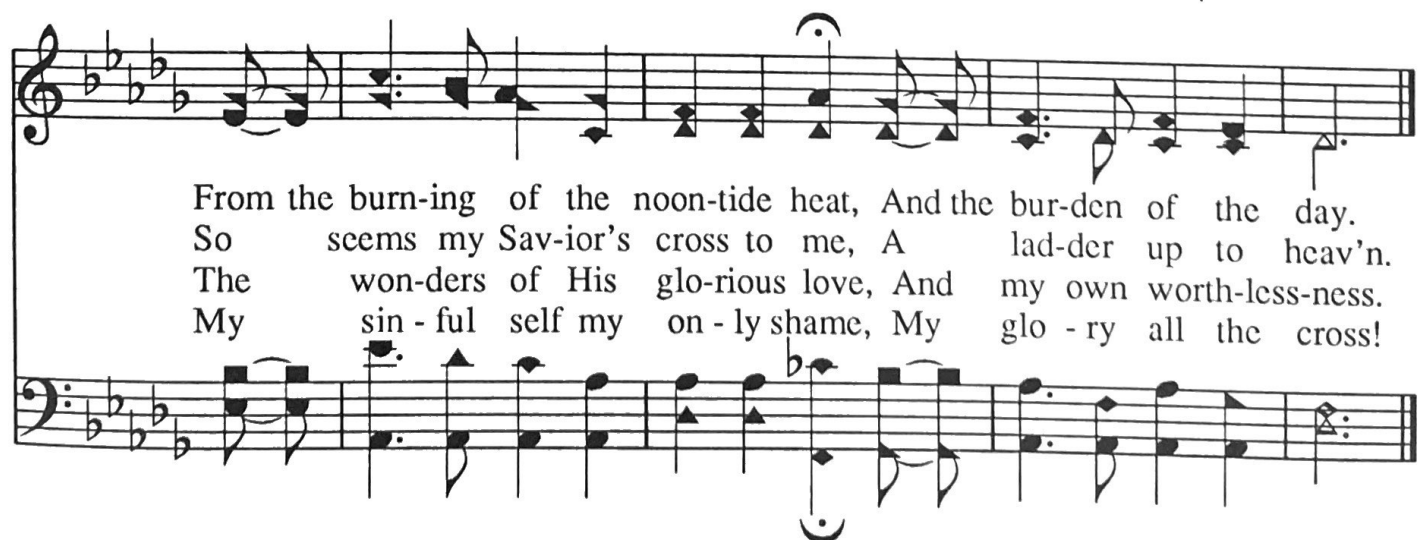
1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. O safe and hap - py shel - ter, O ref - uge tried and sweet,
3. Up - on that cross, of Je - sus, Mine eye at times can see
4. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;



The shad - ow of a might-y rock With - in a wea - ry land,
O tryst - ing-place where heav-en's love and heav-en's jus - tice meet!
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suffered there for me;
I ask no oth - er sun-shine than The sun-shine of His face;



A home with-in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
As to the ho - ly pa - tri - arch That wondrous dream was giv'n,
And from my smit - ten heart, with tears Two won - ders I con - fess:
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

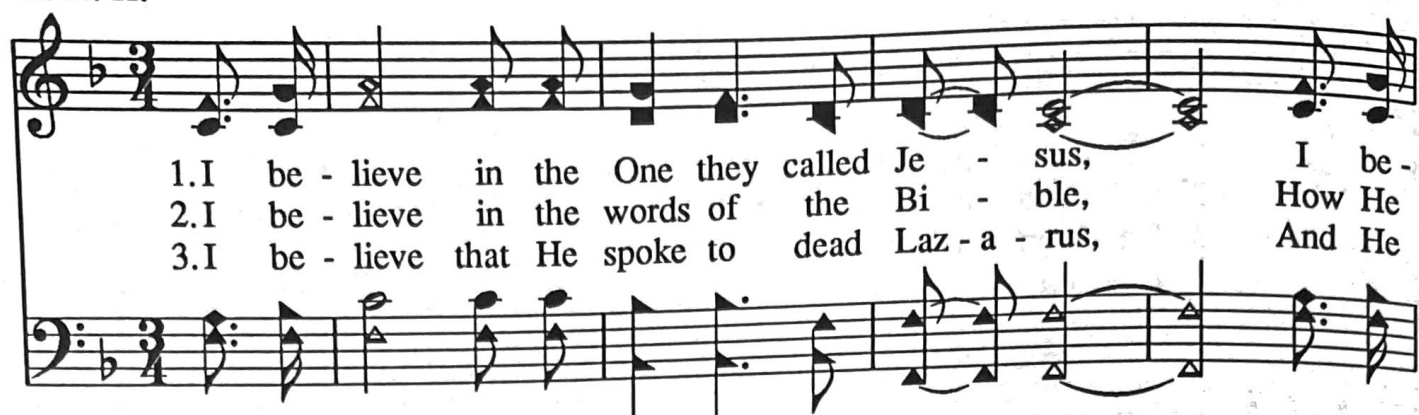


From the burn - ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
So seems my Sav - ior's cross to me, A lad - der up to heav'n.
The won - ders of His glo - rious love, And my own worth - less - ness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross!

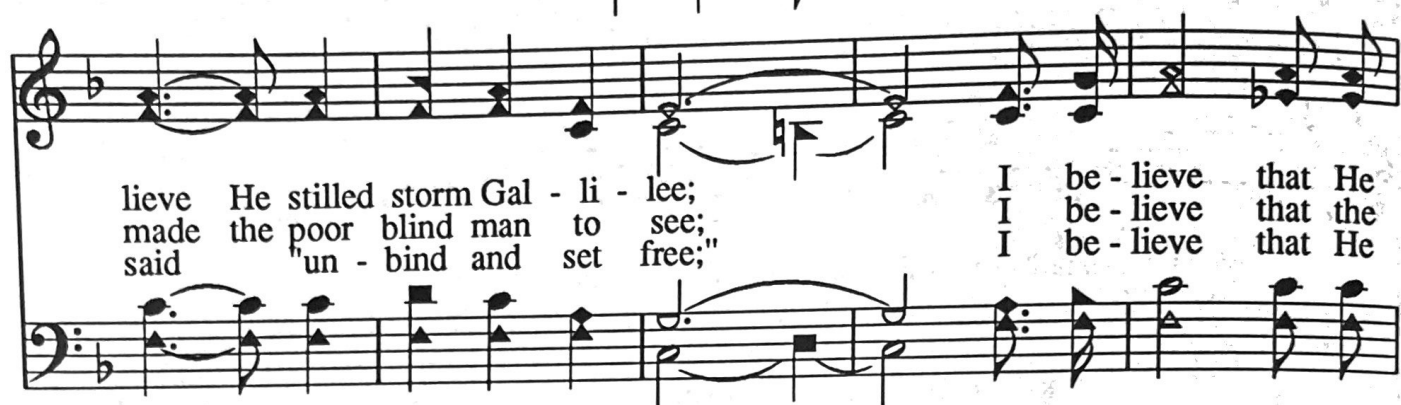
I Believe in Jesus

Alton H. Howard
Rom. 10: 8, 9

A. H. H.



1. I be - lieve in the One they called Je - sus, I be -
 2. I be - lieve in the words of the Bi - ble, How He
 3. I be - lieve that He spoke to dead Laz - a - rus, And He

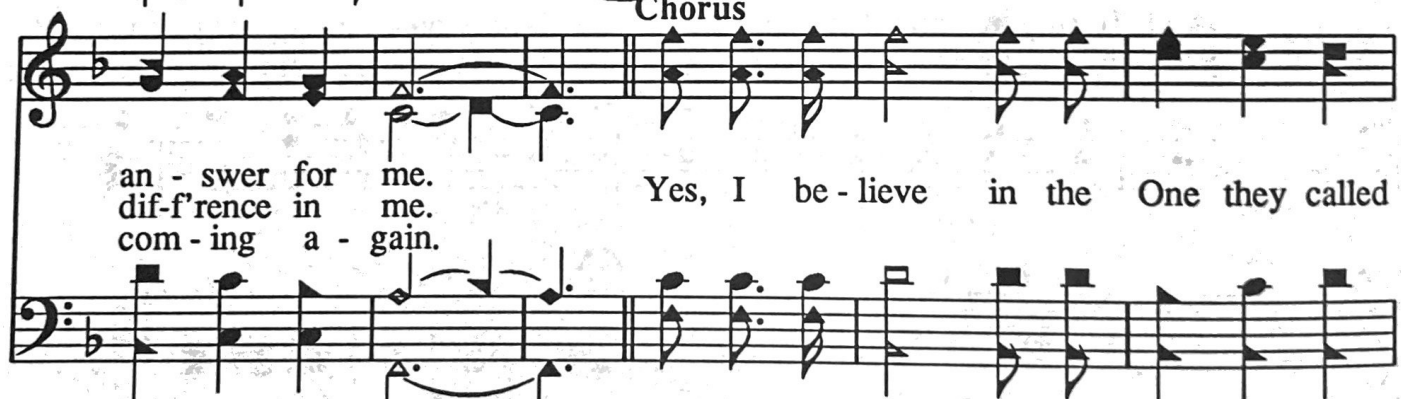


lieve He stilled storm Gal - li - lee;
 made the poor blind man to see;
 said "un - bind and set free;" I be - lieve that He
 I be - lieve that the
 I be - lieve that He

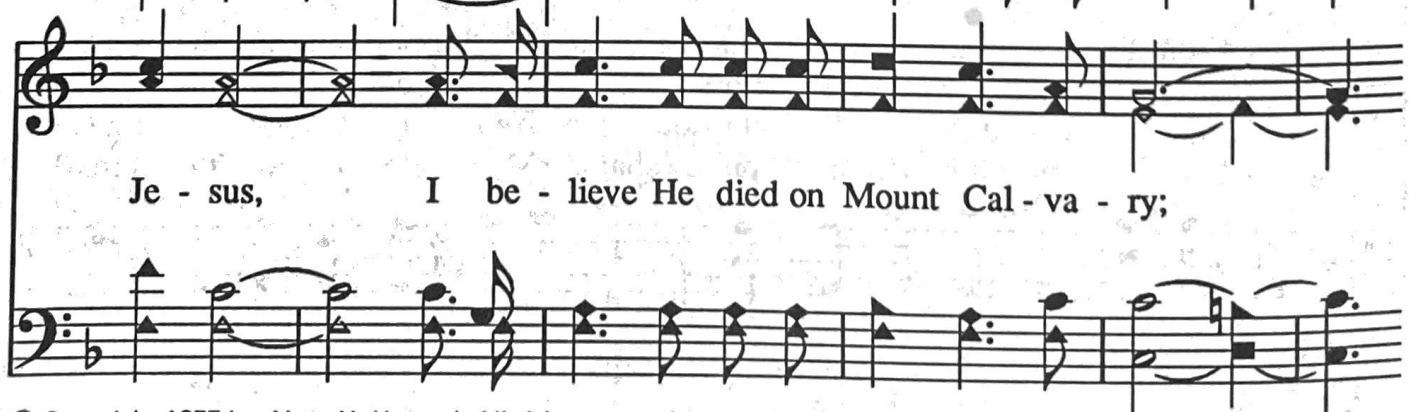


walked on the wa - ter,
 deaf ears were o - pened,
 reigns up in heav - en, And I be - lieve that He's the
 And I be - lieve He's made a
 And I be - lieve that He is

Chorus



an - swer for me.
 dif - f' - rence in me.
 com - ing a - gain. Yes, I be - lieve in the One they called



Je - sus, I be - lieve He died on Mount Cal - va - ry;

A. H. H.

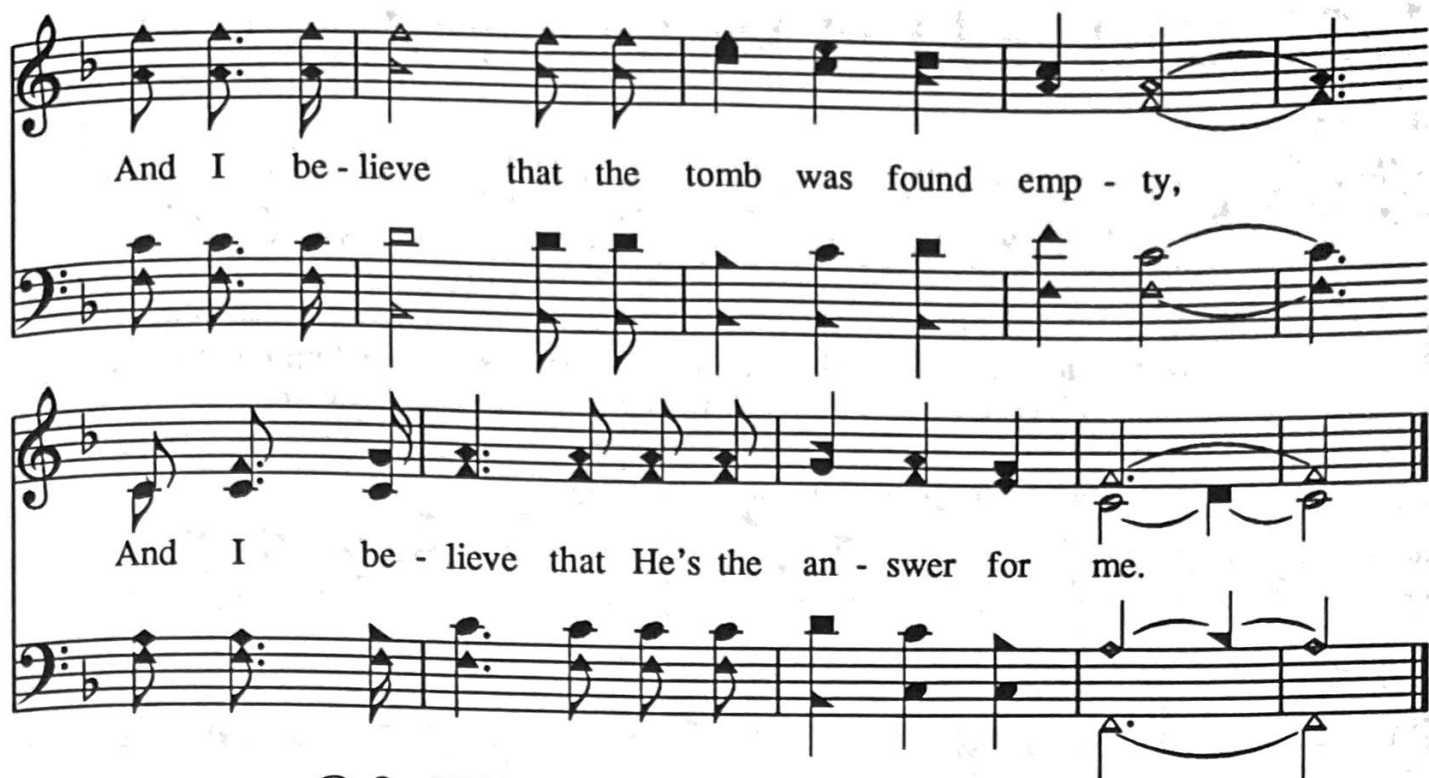
1. I be - lieve in the One they called Je - sus, I be -
 2. I be - lieve in the words of the Bi - ble, How He
 3. I be - lieve that He spoke to dead Laz - a - rus, And He

lieve He stilled storm Gal - li - lee; I be - lieve that He
 made the poor blind man to see; I be - lieve that the
 said "un - bind and set free;" I be - lieve that He

walked on the wa - ter, And I be - lieve that He's the
 deaf ears were o - pened, And I be - lieve He's made a
 reigns up in heav - en, And I be - lieve that He is

an - swer for me. Yes, I be - lieve in the One they called
 dif - ference in me.
 com - ing a - gain.

Je - sus, I be - lieve He died on Mount Cal - va - ry;



And I be - lieve that the tomb was found emp - ty,

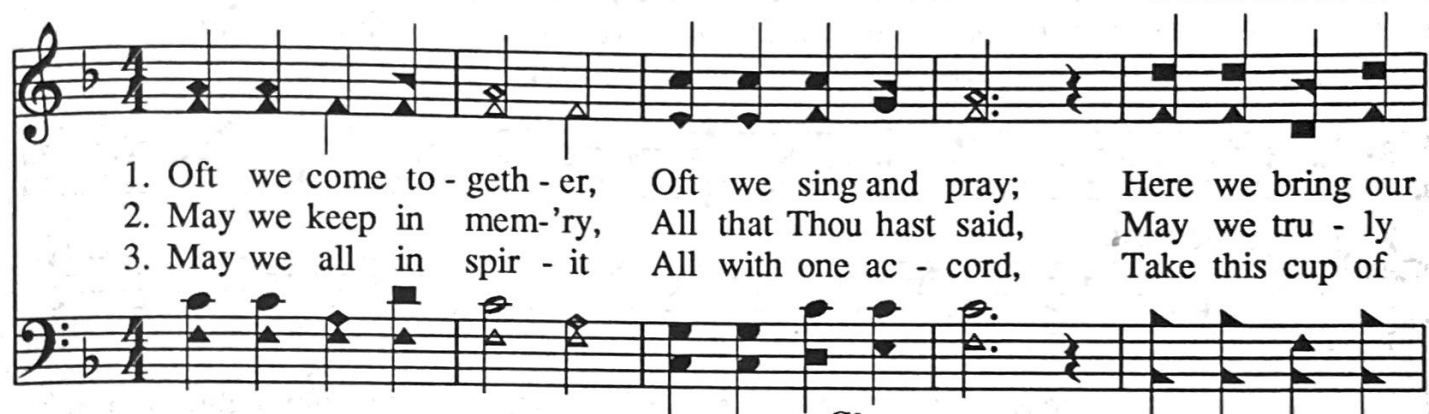
And I be - lieve that He's the an - swer for me.

Oft We Come Together

134

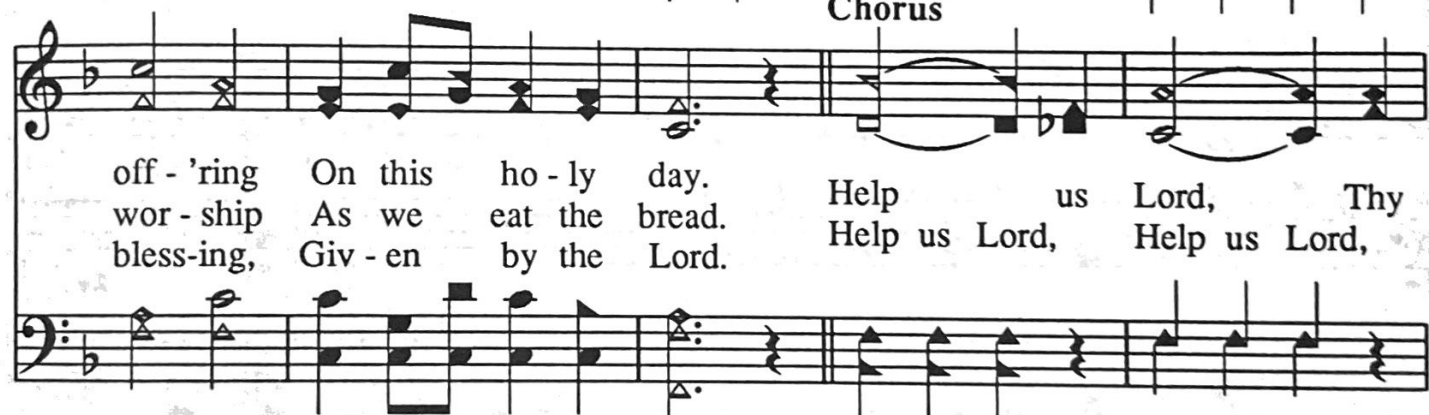
T. S. T.

Tillit S. Teddlie
I Cor. 11: 24-29

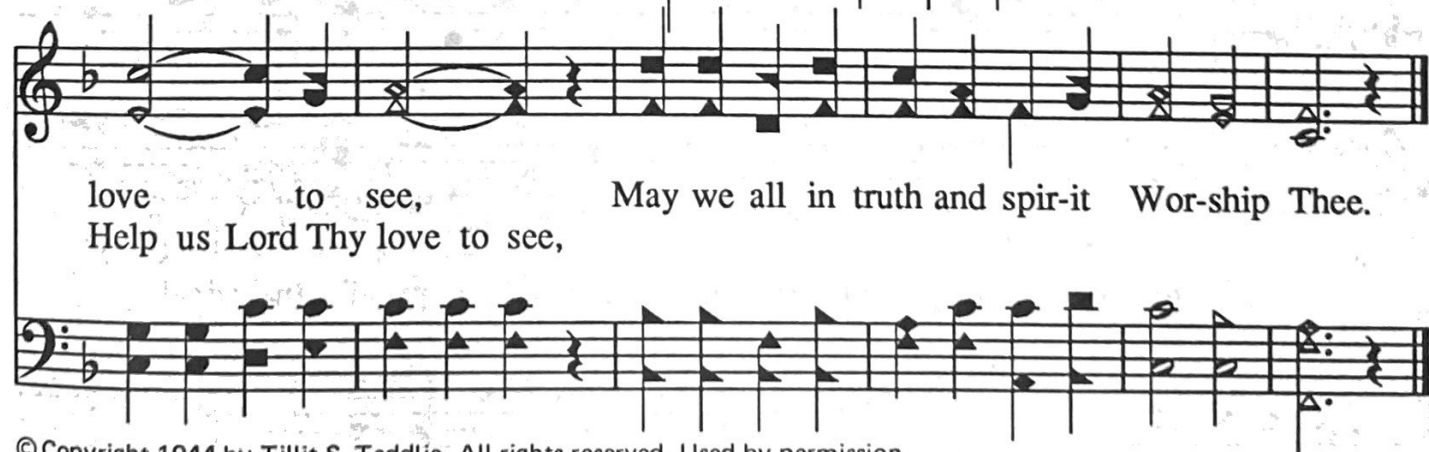


1. Oft we come to - geth - er, Oft we sing and pray; Here we bring our
2. May we keep in mem - ry, All that Thou hast said, May we tru - ly
3. May we all in spir - it All with one ac - cord, Take this cup of

Chorus



off - 'ring On this ho - ly day.
wor - ship As we eat the bread.
bless - ing, Giv - en by the Lord.
Help us Lord, Thy
Help us Lord, Help us Lord,

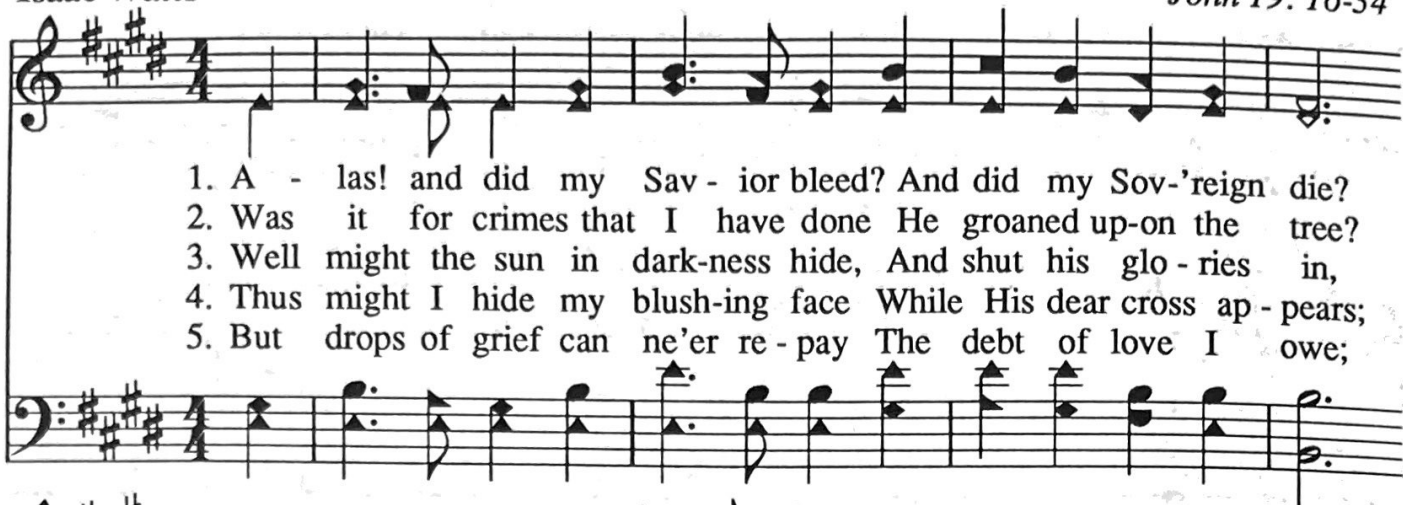


love to see, May we all in truth and spir - it Wor - ship Thee.
Help us Lord Thy love to see,

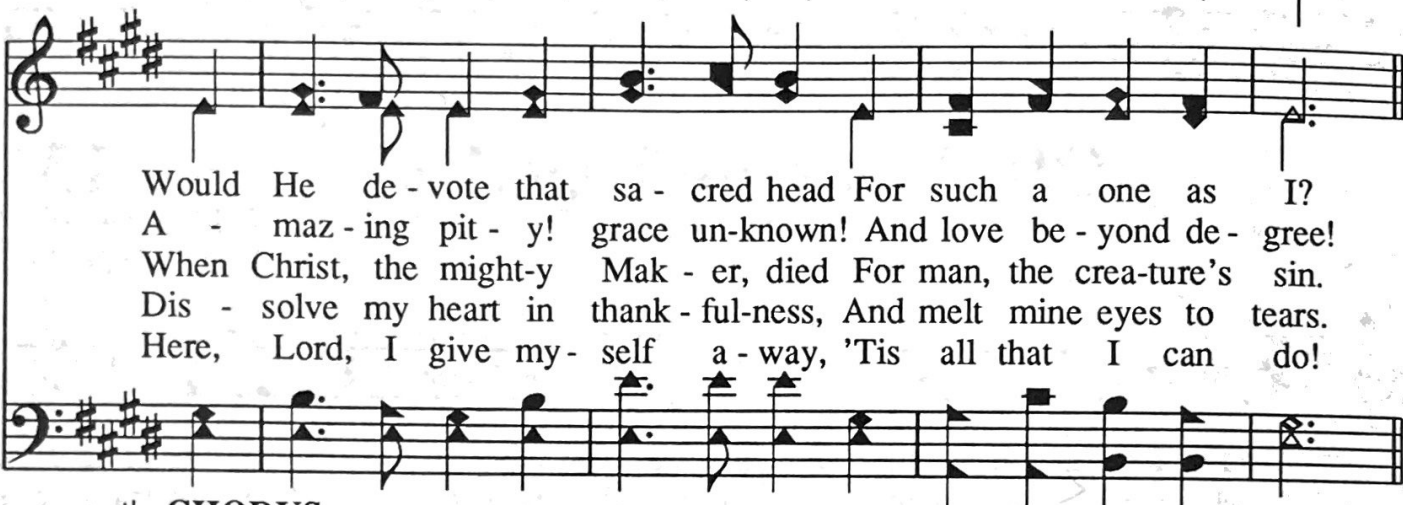
135 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts

R. E. Hudson
John 19: 16-34

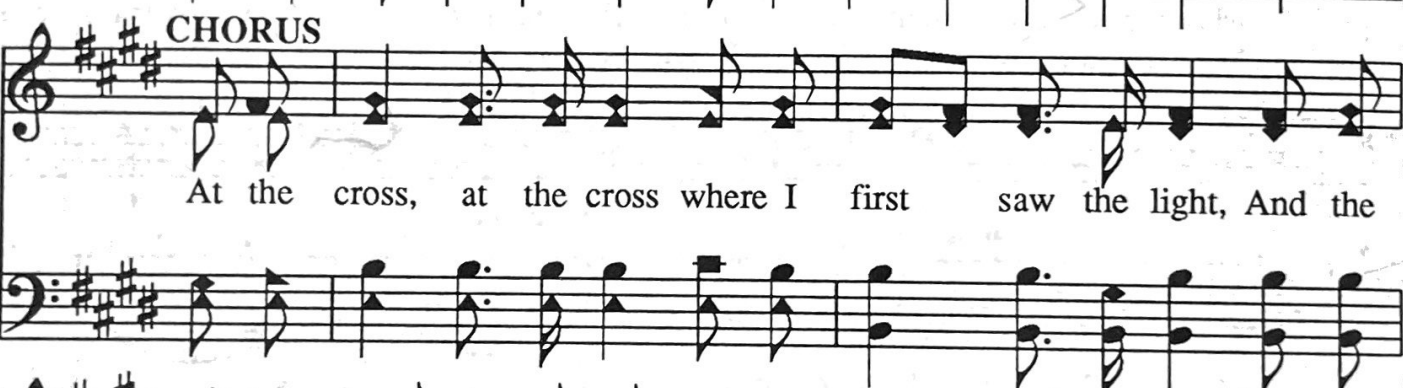


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er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

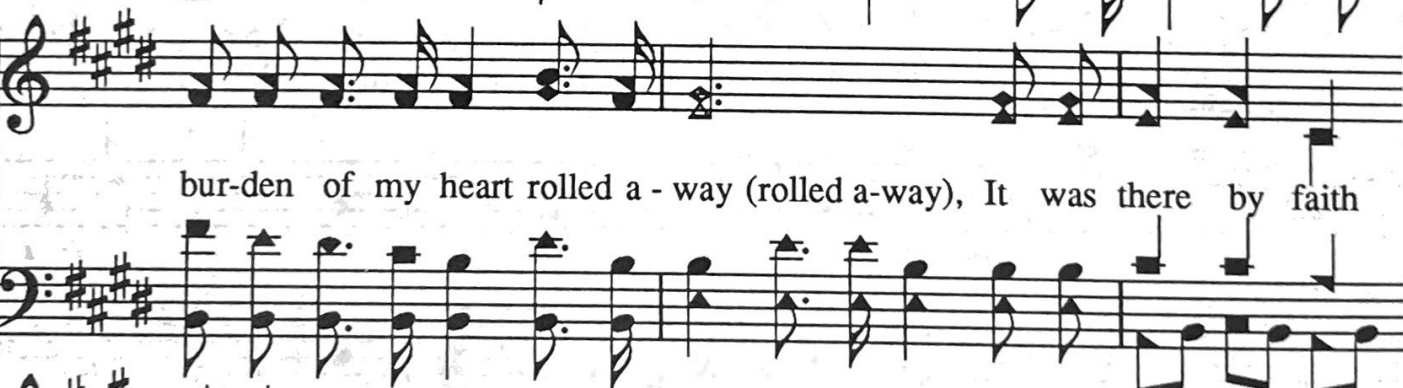


Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a one as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

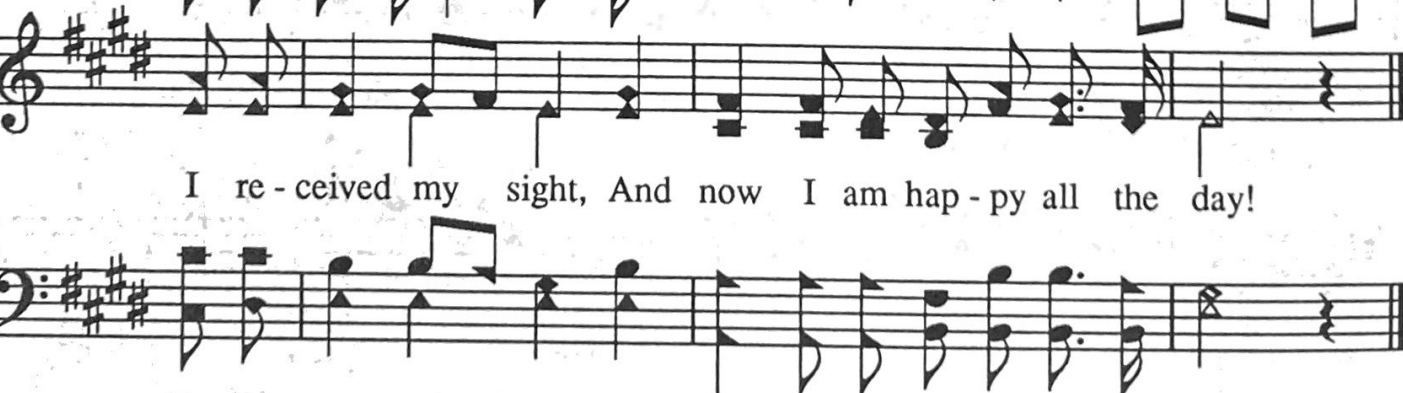
CHORUS



At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the



bur-den of my heart rolled a - way (rolled a-way), It was there by faith



I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day!

Blessed Redeemer

136

Harry Dixon Loes

Lk. 23: 33-34

Avis Burgeson Christiansen



1. Up Cal-v'ry's moun-tain one dread-ful morn Walked Christ, my Sav - ior,
2. "Fa-ther, for - give them." Thus did He pray, E'en while His life - blood
3. Oh, how I love Him, Sav - ior and Friend! How can my prais - es



wea - ry and worn; Fac - ing for sin - ners death on the Cross,
flowed fast a - way. Pray - ing for sin - ners while in such woe
ev - er find end! Thru years un - num - bered on heav-en's shore,



Chorus

That He might save them from end-less loss.
No one but Je - sus ev - er loved so! Bless - ed Re - deem - er!
My tongue shall praise Him for - ev - er - more.



Pre-cious Re-deem - er! Seems now I see Him on Cal - va - ry's tree,



Wound-ed and bleeding, for sinners pleading Blind and unheeding dy-ing for me!



* "Mercy there was great and grace was free."

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If That Isn't Love

Dottie Rambo

1 Jno. 4: 9-12

D. R.

1. He left the splen-dor of heav - en, - Know-ing His des - ti-
2. E - ven in death He re-mem-bered The thief hang - ing by His

ny side; Was the lone - ly hill of Gol-goth - a, There to lay down His
- He spoke with love and compas-sion Then He took him to

Chorus

life for me. Par - a - dise. If that is - n't love the o - cean is

dry, There's no stars in the sky, and the spar-row can't

fly! If that is - n't love then heav-en's a myth,

There's no feel-ing like this If that is - n't love.

In Gethsemane Alone

138

S. E. Reed

Mt. 26: 36-39

S. E. R.



1. Oh, what wondrous love I see, Free - ly shown for you and me,
2. "Tar - ry here," He told the three, "Tar - ry here and watch for Me;"
3. Long in an-guish deep was He, Weep-ing there for you and me,



By the One who did a - lone! Just to show His matchless grace, Je - sus
But they heard no bit - ter moan; For the three dis-ci-ples slept While my
For our sin to Him was known; We should love Him ev - er - more For the



suffered for the race, In Geth-sem - a - ne, a - lone. Oh, what love, Oh, what love,
lov - ing Sav-ior wept an-guish that He bore



match-less love, Oh, what love for me was shown His for -
match-less love, Oh, what love



ev - er I will be, For the love He gave to me, When He suffered all a - lone.



Samuel W. Beazley
Rom. 5: 6-11

M. S. Shaffer

1. Gone is all my debt of sin, A great change is bro't within, And to live I
2. O I hope to please Him now, Light of joy is on my brow, As at His dear
3. Sin - ner, not for me a - lone Did the Son of God a - tone; Your debt, too, He
now be - gin, Ris - en from the fall; Yet the debt I did not pay Some one
feet I bow, Safe with-in His love. Mak-ing His the debt I owed, Freedom
made His own, On the cru - el tree. Come to Him with all your sin; Be as
died for me one day, Sweeping all the debt a - way, Je - sus paid it all.
true He has bestowed; So I'm sing-ing on the road To my home a - bove.
white as snow with-in; Full sal - va - tion you may win And re-joice with me.

Chorus

Je - sus died and paid it all, yes, On the cross of Cal - va - ry, O
Je - sus died and paid it On the cross of Cal - va - ry,
And my ston - y heart was melt - ed At His dy - ing, dy-ing call;
And my heart was melt - ed At His dy - ing call;

O His heart in shame was bro - ken On the tree for you and me, yes,
 O His heart was bro - ken On the tree for you and me,

And the debt, the debt is can - celled, Je - sus paid it, paid it all.
 And the debt is can - celled, Je - sus paid it all.

I Hear the Savior Say

(Jesus Paid It All)

140

John T. Grape

I Jno. 3: 16

Elvina M. Hall

1. I hear the Sav-ior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine alone, Can change the
 3. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my

Chorus

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
 lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
 tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

Into the Heart of Jesus

(Deeper and Deeper)

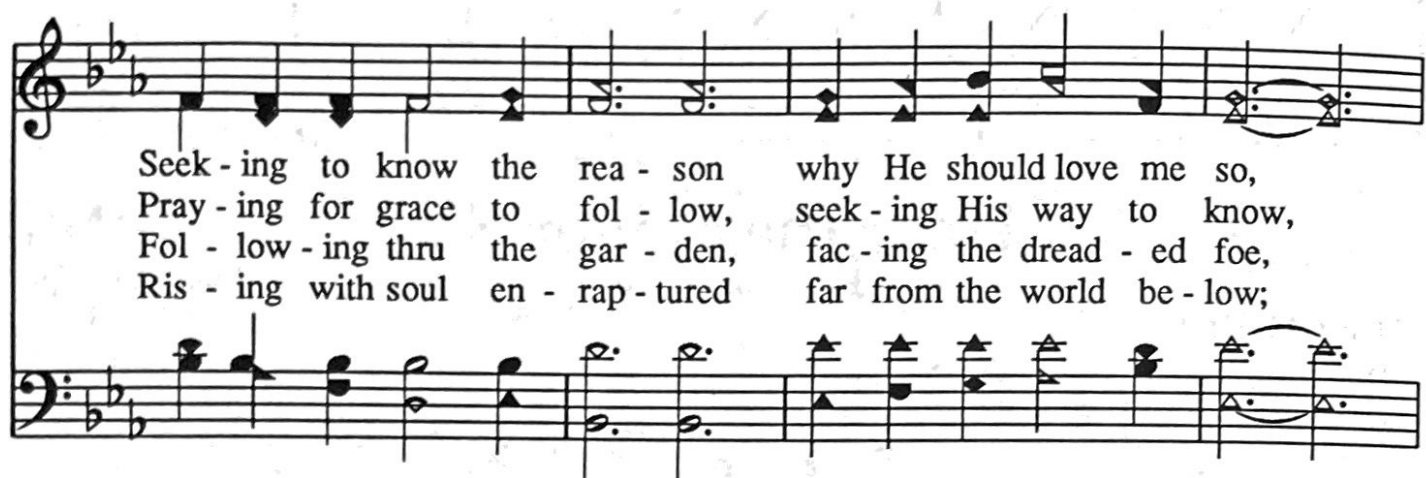
Oswald J Smith

1 Cor. 15: 10

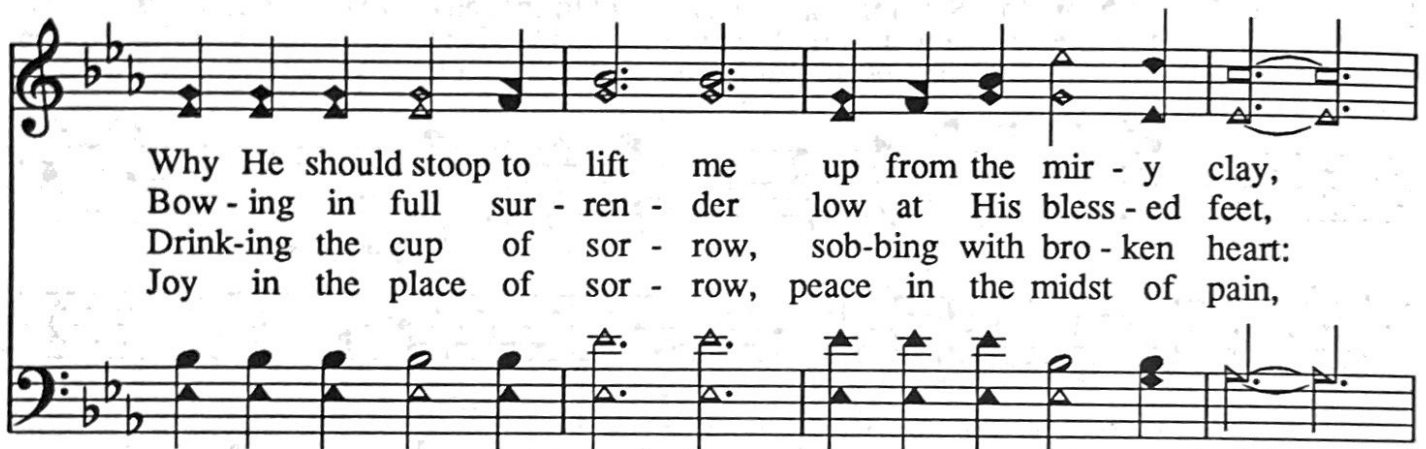
O. J. S.



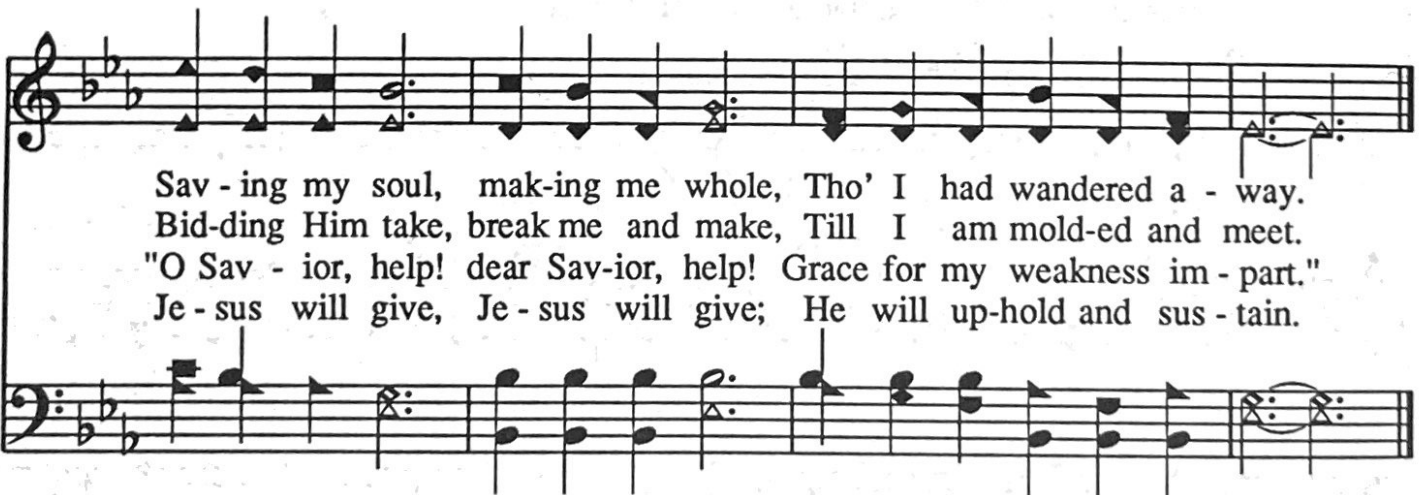
1. In - to the heart of Je - sus, deep - er and deep - er I go,
 2. In - to the will of Je - sus, deep - er and deep - er I go,
 3. In - to the cross of Je - sus, deep - er and deep - er I go,
 4. In - to the joy of Je - sus, deep - er and deep - er I go,



Seek - ing to know the rea - son why He should love me so,
 Pray - ing for grace to fol - low, seek - ing His way to know,
 Fol - low - ing thru the gar - den, fac - ing the dread - ed foe,
 Ris - ing with soul en - rap - tured far from the world be - low;



Why He should stoop to lift me up from the mir - y clay,
 Bow - ing in full sur - ren - der low at His bless - ed feet,
 Drink - ing the cup of sor - row, sob - bing with bro - ken heart:
 Joy in the place of sor - row, peace in the midst of pain,



Sav - ing my soul, mak - ing me whole, Tho' I had wandered a - way.
 Bid - ding Him take, break me and make, Till I am mold - ed and meet.
 "O Sav - ior, help! dear Sav - ior, help! Grace for my weakness im - part."
 Je - sus will give, Je - sus will give; He will up - hold and sus - tain.

Tell Me the Story of Jesus

142

John R. Sweney
Acts 10: 36-38

Fanny J. Crosby



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



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



D.S. - Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.



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



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



Refrain

D.S.



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



Low in the Grave He Lay

Robert Lowry
Matt. 28: 1-7R. L. *Slowly*

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

Chorus Quickly

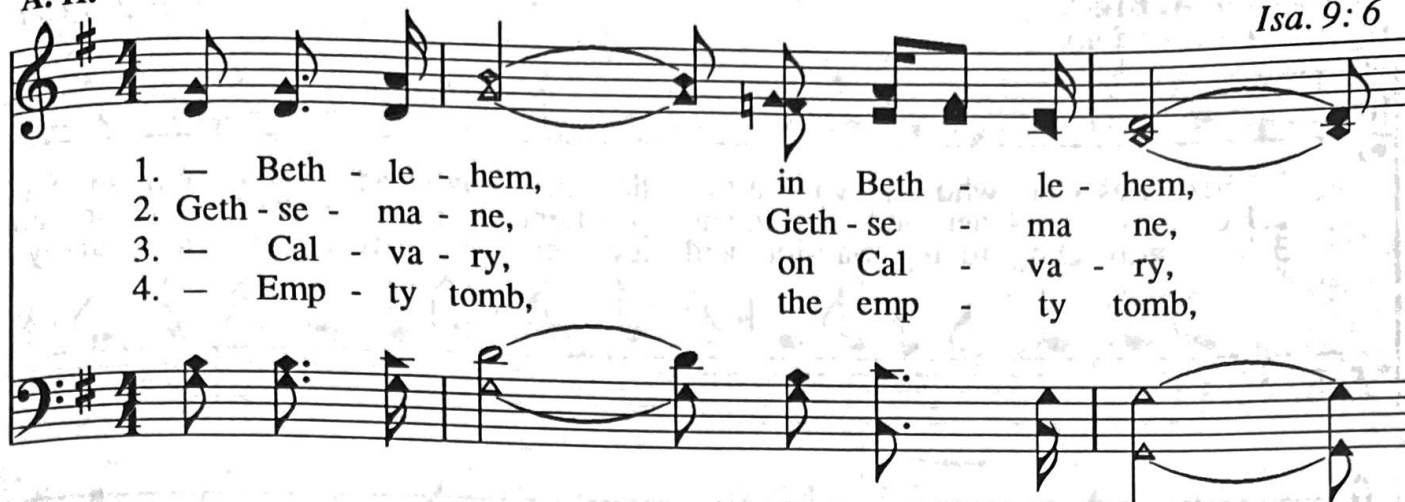
Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose He a-rose With a
 might - y tri-umph o'er His foes; He a-rose, He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
 dark do - main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign:
 He a - rose! He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu-jah! Christ a - rose!

Jesus

144

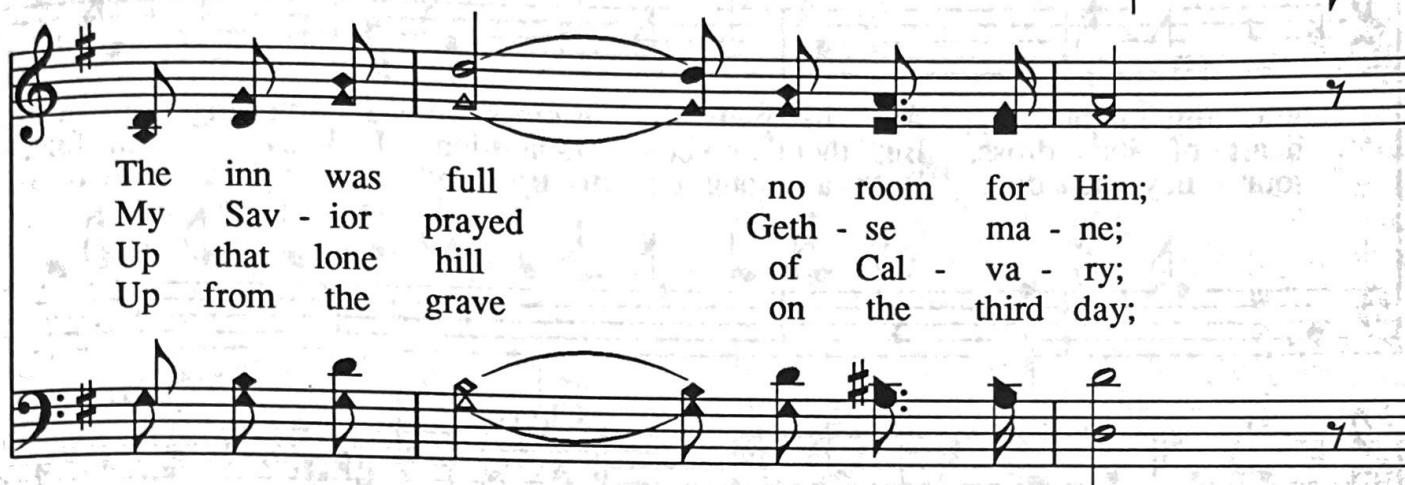
Alton Howard
Isa. 9: 6

A. H.



1. — Beth - le - hem,
2. Geth - se - ma - ne,
3. — Cal - va - ry,
4. — Emp - ty tomb,

in Beth - le - hem,
Geth - se - ma - ne,
on Cal - va - ry,
the emp - ty tomb,



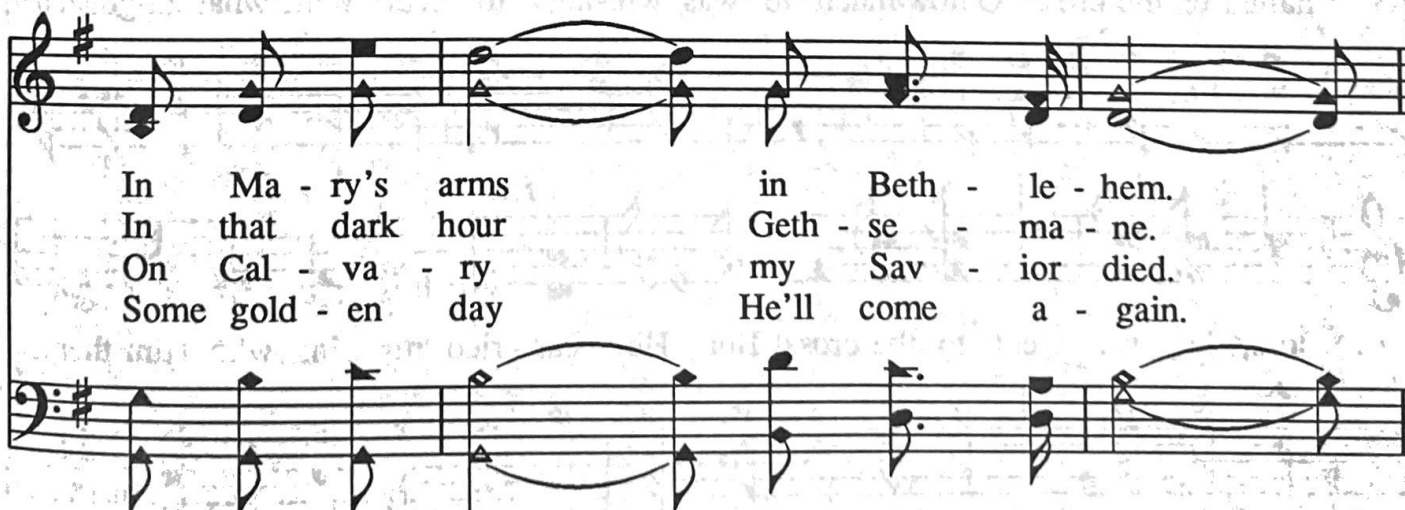
The inn was full
My Sav - ior prayed
Up that lone hill
Up from the grave

no room for Him;
Geth - se ma - ne;
of Cal - va - ry;
on the third day;



'Twas born that night;
"Not my will,
They striped Him there;
He lives a - gain

He lay so still,
but Thine be done,"
they cru - ci - fied,
in heav'n to reign,



In Ma - ry's arms
In that dark hour
On Cal - va - ry
Some gold - en day

in Beth - le - hem.
Geth - se - ma - ne.
my Sav - ior died.
He'll come a - gain.

Nailed to the Cross

Mrs. Frank A. Breck
Duet - ad lib.

Grant Colfax Tullar
Col. 2: 13-14

1. There was One who was willing to die in my stead, That a soul so un-
2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While He cleanses my
3. I will cling to my Sav - ior and nev - er de - part, I will joy - ful - ly

wor - thy might live; And the path to the cross He was will - ing to tread,
heart of its dross, But "there's no con-dem-na - tion" I know I am free,
jour - ney each day, With a song on my lips and a song in my heart,

Chorus *p*
All the sins of my life to for - give.
For my sins are all nailed to the cross. They are nailed to the cross! They are
That my sins have been tak-en a - way.

nailed to the cross! O how much He was will - ing to bear! With what an-guish and

rit.
loss, Je - sus went to the cross! But He car - ried my sins with Him there.

My Jesus, I Love Thee

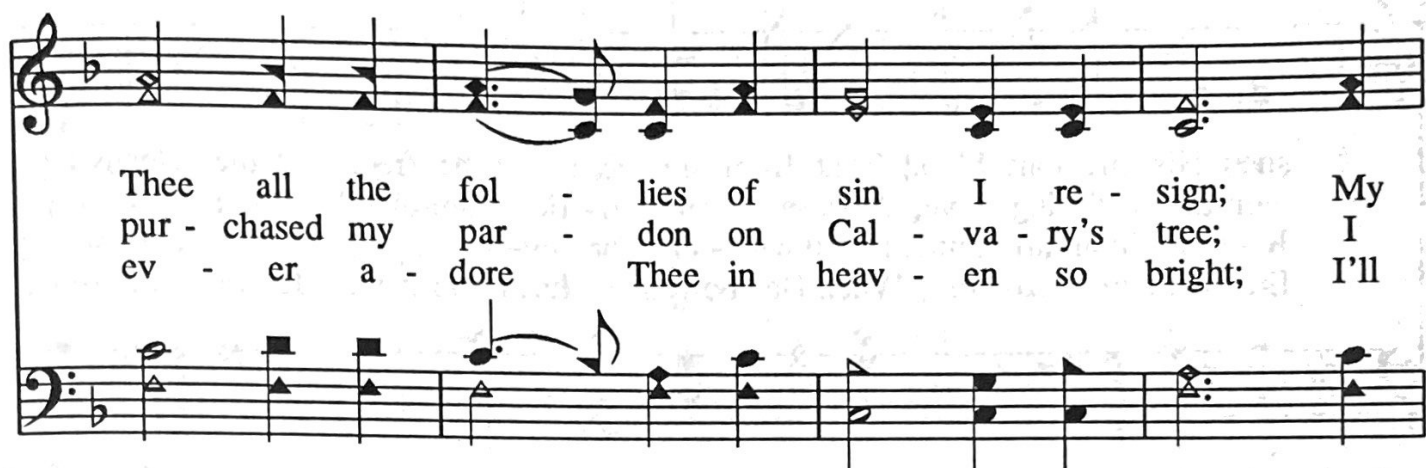
146

A. J. Gordon
I Jno. 4: 19

W. R. Featherston



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And
 3. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll



Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My
 pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I
 ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll



gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou:
 love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow:
 sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow:

REFRAIN



If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

On the Cross of Calvary

C. F. G.

Arr. by W. J. K.
Titus 3: 3-7

1. On the cross of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus died for thee and me; There He
2. O what wondrous, wondrous love, Bro't me down at Je - sus' feet! O such
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am Thine, Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more; Bless - ed
4. Clouds and dark - ness veiled the sky, When the Lord was cru - ci - fied; "It is



shed His precious blood, That from sin we might be free. O the cleans - ing
won - drous, dy - ing love, Asks a sac - ri - fice com - plete! Lord, I give my -
Je - sus, Thou art mine, Dwell with - in for ev - er - more. Cleanse, O cleanse my
fin - ished!" was His cry, When He bowed His head and died. It was fin - ished



stream doth flow, And it wash - es white as snow: It was for me that Je - sus died
self to Thee, Soul and bod - y Thine to be: It was for me Thy blood was shed
heart from sin, Make and keep me pure within: It was for this Thy blood was shed
there for me; All the world may now go free: It was for me that Je - sus died



Chorus

On the cross of Cal - va - ry.

On Cal - va - ry,

On Cal - va - ry,

on Cal - va -

ry,
on Cal - va - ry,

It was for me that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.



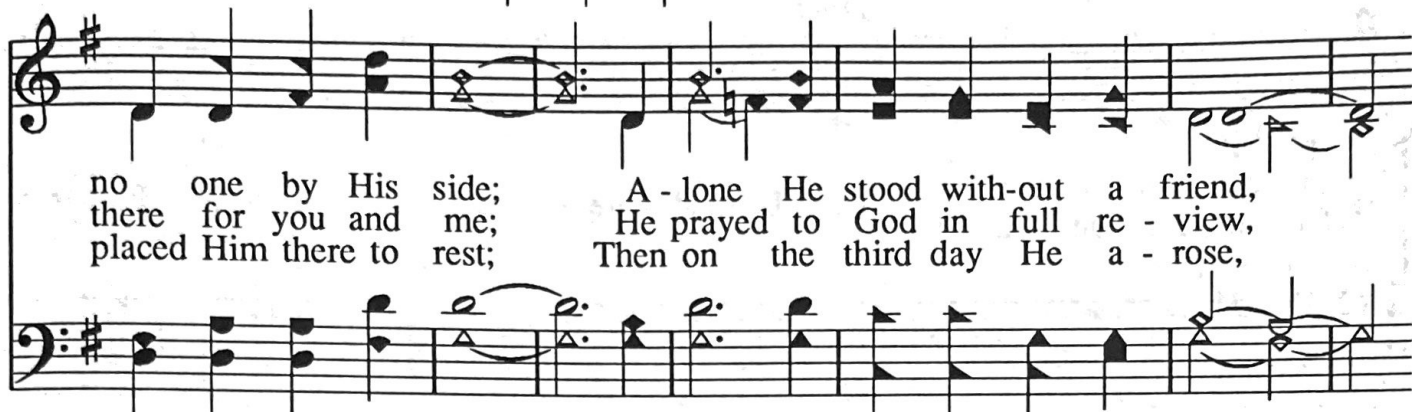
The Lord and Savior of Mankind 148

Tommy Wheeler
Luke 23: 34-43

T. W.

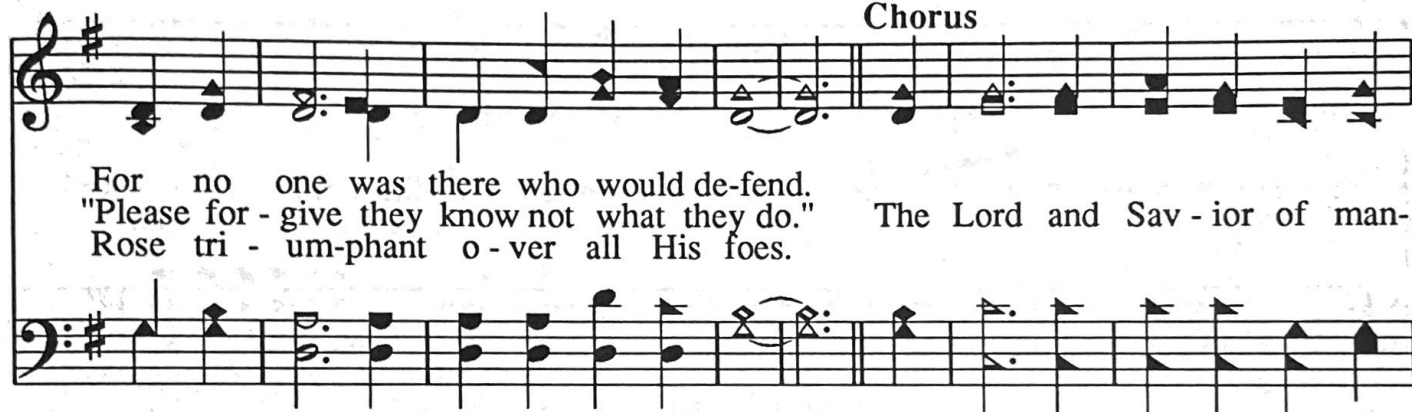


1. They led my Sav - ior to be tried, There to stand with
2. They nailed my Sav - ior to the tree, Where He suf - fered
3. The tomb then claimed my Sav - ior blest, Lov - ing - ly they

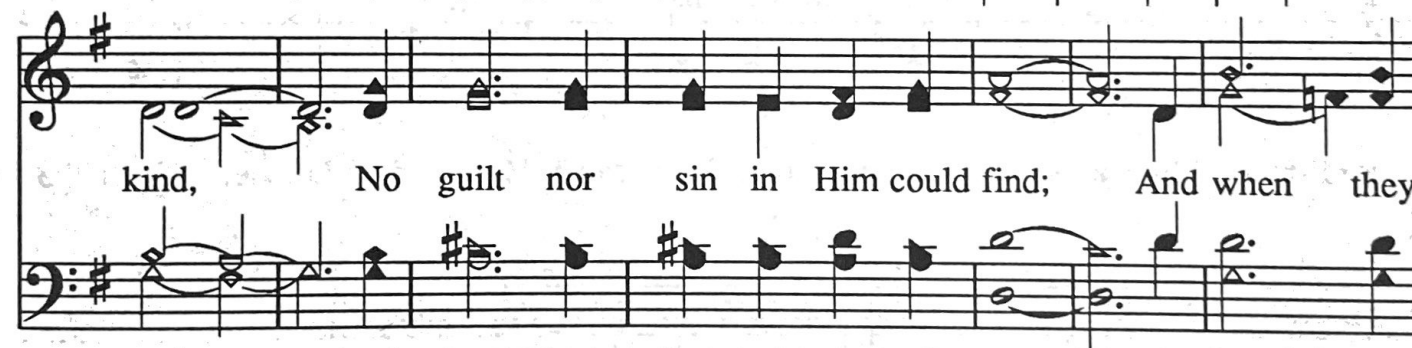


no one by His side; A - lone He stood with - out a friend,
there for you and me; He prayed to God in full re - view,
placed Him there to rest; Then on the third day He a - rose,

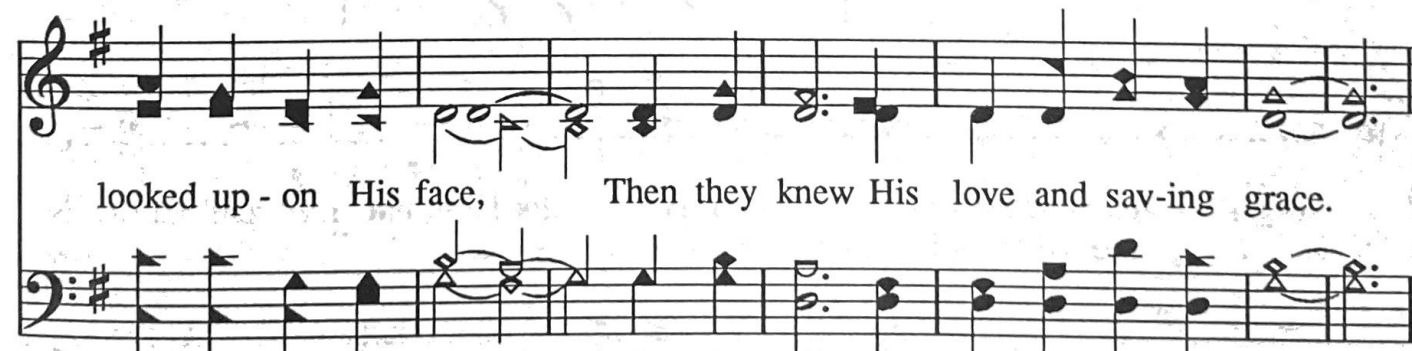
Chorus



For no one was there who would de - fend.
"Please for - give they know not what they do." The Lord and Sav - ior of man -
Rose tri - um - phant o - ver all His foes.



kind, No guilt nor sin in Him could find; And when they



looked up - on His face, Then they knew His love and sav - ing grace.

Theme taken from sermon preached by I. C. Pullius, March 22, 1970 at DeSoto, Texas

H. F. Morris

T. B. Mosley
Matt. 28: 1, 7*p*

They cru - ci - fied my Lord, Laid Him in the tomb, Now lies the Son of God
The Man of grief and toil There in si - lence lies; Death has with-in its coil

Duet

In death's sa-ble gloom, God of earth and skies. But be-hold there was an earth - quake, For from

heav'n there came an an - gel, With a coun-te-nance like light - ning, And a

Semi-Chorus

rai-ment white as snow. When at dawn came Mary Mag - da-lene, 'Twas the

an-gel's voice which said: "Lo He is not here, but ris - en!" Christ is
the voice which said:

Suggested Alternate Arrangement: Repeat Chorus beginning with bass solo.

Bass Solo

ris-en from the dead. He who for the world's salvation bled, Now is ris-en, ris-en

from the dead; Glory, honor we will ever sing, Praise to our ris - en, ris - en King.

Full Chorus (Final Repeat)
Accel.

Hal - le - lu - jah, sing, with hearts to heav'n and voi-ces raise,
Hal - le - lu - jah, sing with hearts to heav'n and voi-ces, voices raise, And

Ev - er shout, ye ran - somed ones for you His blood was shed.
ev - er shout, ye ransomed ones, for you His blood was shed.

Sing a hymn of glad - ness, sing to God a hymn of praise,
Sing a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise,

Christ the Lord is ris'n in-deed, is ris - en from the dead.
Christ the Lord is ris'n in-deed, is ris - en from the dead.

We Saw Thee Not

Anne Richter

Knowles Shaw

I Jno. 5: 9-13; I Cor. 15: 20

1. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death;
2. We saw Thee not when lift - ed high, A-mid that wild and sav-age crew;
3. We gazed not in the o - pen tomb, Where once Thy mangled bod-y lay;
4. We walked not with the chos-en few, Who saw Thee from the earth as-cend;



Nor yet be - held Thy cot-tage home, In that de - spis - ed Naz - a - reth;
 Nor heard we that im - plor-ing cry, "For-give, they know not what they do!"
 Nor saw Thee in that "up-per room," Nor met Thee on the o - pen way;
 Who raised to heav'n their wond'ring view, Then low to earth all prostrate bend;



Refrain



But we be - lieve Thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God:
 But we be - lieve the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun;
 But we be - lieve that an-gels said, "Why seek the liv - ing with the dead?"
 But we be - lieve that hu-man eyes Be-held that jour - ney to the skies;



But we be - lieve Thy foot-steps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
 But we be - lieve the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun.
 But we be - lieve that an-gels said, "Why seek the liv - ing with the dead?"
 But we be - lieve that hu-man eyes Be-held that jour - ney to the skies.



What A Savior

151

M. P. D.

Marvin P. Dalton

legato

1. Once I was stray-ing in sin's dark val - ley, No hope with - in could
2. He left the Fa - ther, with all His rich - es, With calmness sweet and
3. Death's chill-y wa - ters I'll soon be cross - ing, His hand will lead me

I see; They searched thru heav - en and found a Sav - ior
se - rene, Came down from heav - en and gave His life - blood,
safe o'er, I'll join the cho - rus in that great cit - y,

Chorus

To save a poor lost soul like me.
To make the vil - est sin - ner clean. O what a Sav - ior, O hal - le -
And sing up there for - ev - er more.

lu - jah, His heart was bro - ken on Cal - va - ry; His hands were

rit.
nail-scarred, His side was riv - en, He gave His life-blood for e - ven me.

What A Savior

151

M. P. D.

Marvin P. Dalton

legato

1. Once I was stray-ing in sin's dark val - ley, No hope with - in could
 2. He left the Fa-ther, with all His rich - es, With calmness sweet and
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I see; They searched thru heav - en and found a Sav - ior
 se - rene, Came down from heav - en and gave His life - blood,
 safe o'er, I'll join the cho - rus in that great cit - y,

Chorus

To save a poor lost soul like me.
 To make the vil - est sin - ner clean. O what a Sav - ior, O hal - le -
 And sing up there for - ev - er more.

lu - jah, His heart was bro - ken on Cal - va - ry; His hands were

rit.

nail-scarred, His side was riv - en, He gave His life-blood for e - ven me.

152 What Boundless Matchless Love!

James Rowe
Alt. by Alton H. Howard

DeLoss Smith
Arr. Alton H. Howard
Jno. 13: 1, 12-17

1. When I hear the grand old sto - ry Of (yes, of) the King a -
2. Grand-est mes - sage ev - er giv - en It (yes, it) will ev - er
3. When no more I hear the sto - ry In (yes, in) this earth-ly

bove (the King a-bove), Who for - sook His home in glo - ry,
be (will ev - er be), Like a ten - der song from heav - en
fold (this earth-ly fold), In the soul's bright home in glo - ry

Just to show His pre-cious love (His pre - cious love); What a
Is each line to me (each line to me); Ev 'ry
I shall hear it told (shall hear it told); There my

wave of joy sweeps o - ver me, And what peace there comes with - in,
sen-tence is a price - less gem, Bright with light of death - less love;
lov - ing Sav-ior I shall meet, Hold His in - jured hand in mine;

And my love for Him grows deep - er Who res - cued me from
 Oh, my heart goes out to know Him, This Friend of friends a -
 And with saints, while a-ges roll on, Ex - tol His love di -

CHORUS

sin!
 above.
 vine. O grace di - vine! How can it ev - er be That

He could leave His Fa - ther's home for me, Bear

all my sin on Cal - va - ry? What bound-less, match-less love!

Then Came the Morning

Matt. 28: 1-7
Gloria Gaither

William J. Gaither
and Chris Christian

1. They all walked a - way — noth - in' to say, They just lost their
2. The an - gel, the star, the kings from a - far, The wed - ding, the

dear - est friend. All that He said, — Now He was dead,
wa - ter, the wine. Now it was done, They'd tak - en her Son

So this was the way it would end. The dreams they had dreamed were
— wast - ed be - fore His time. She knew it was true, she'd

not what they seemed, Now that He was dead and gone. The
watched Him die, too, She'd heard them call Him just a man. But

gar - den, the jail, the ham - mer, the nail, How could a
deep in her heart she knew from the start Some - how her



night be so long?
Son would live a - gain.

Then came the morn - ing!



Night turned in - to day,

The stone was rolled a - way,



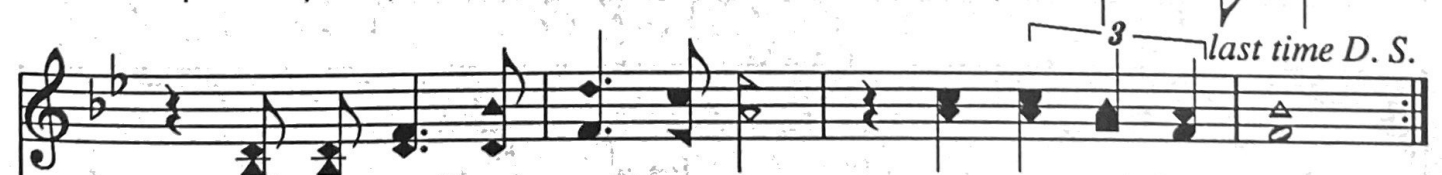
Hope rose with the dawn.

Then came the



morn - ing!

Shad - ows van - ished be - fore the sun,



last time D. S.

Death had lost and life had won

for morn - ing had come.



A Beautiful Prayer

L. G. P.

Luther G. Presley
John 17

1. In the Bi - ble we read of a beau - ti - ful pray'r, A
 2. You can catch the sad tone of His voice as He said, "Thy
 3. As He prayed there a - lone in such deep ag - o - ny, It



pray'r (fer - vent pray'r) sent to heav - en a - bove; It was prayed by a
 will (bless - ed will) not my own must be done;" As a lamb to the
 was (yes, it was) a most beau - ti - ful pray'r; Just to think His great



heart that was la - den with care And filled (it was filled) with such
 slaugh - ter He soon must be led To die (yes, to die) as the
 heart was all brok - en for me, That He (yes, that He) my great



won - der - ful love.
 Cru - ci - fied One. When He was pray - ing Je - sus was pray - ing,
 sor - row must share. When the Sav - ior was pray - ing,

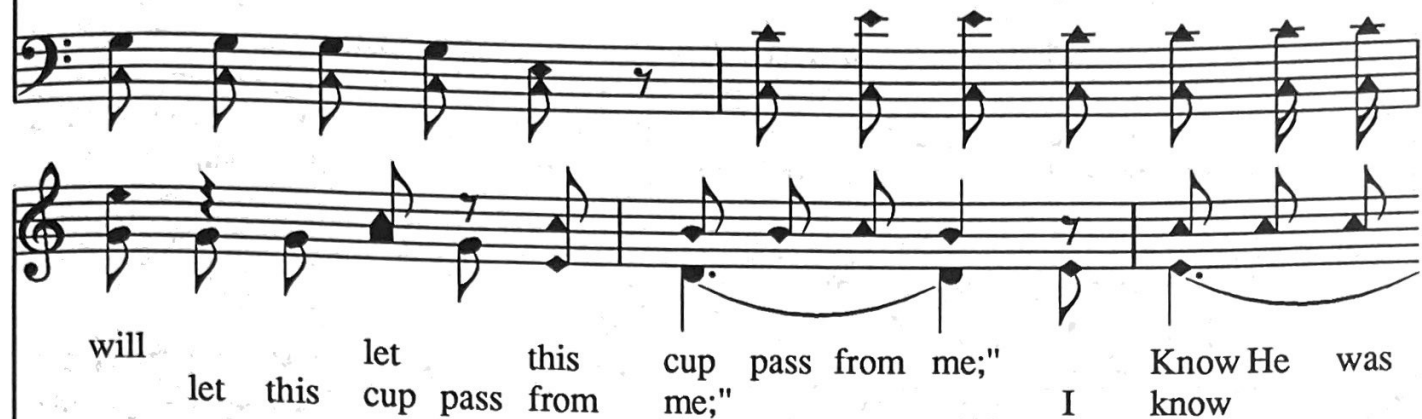


There in Geth - sem - a - ne,
 In the gar - den of Geth - sem - a - ne, He

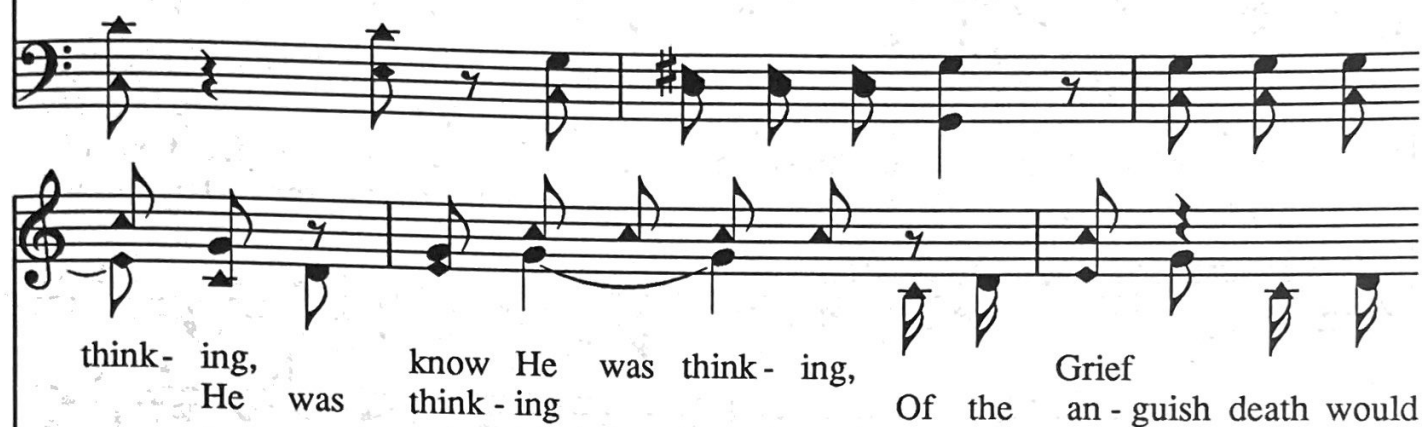




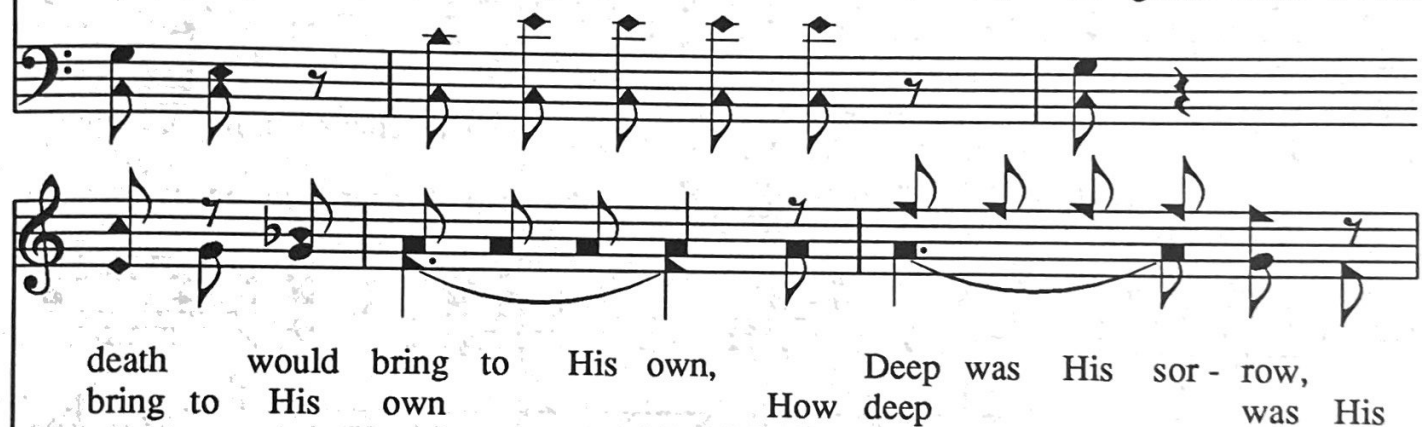
Said, "lov - ing Fa - ther," said, "lov - ing Fa - ther, If you
said, "lov - ing Fa - ther,



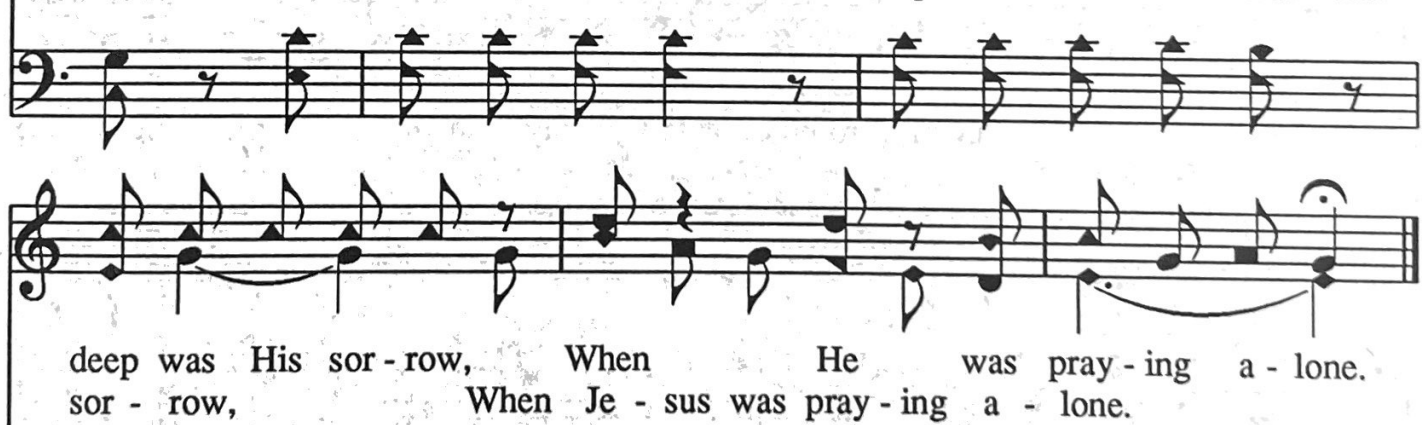
will let this let cup pass from cup pass from me;" I Know He was
let this cup pass from me;" I know



think - ing, know He was think - ing, Grief
He was think - ing Of the an - guish death would



death would bring to His own, Deep was His sor - row,
bring to His own How deep was His



deep was His sor - row, When He was pray - ing a - lone.
sor - row, When Je - sus was pray - ing a - lone.

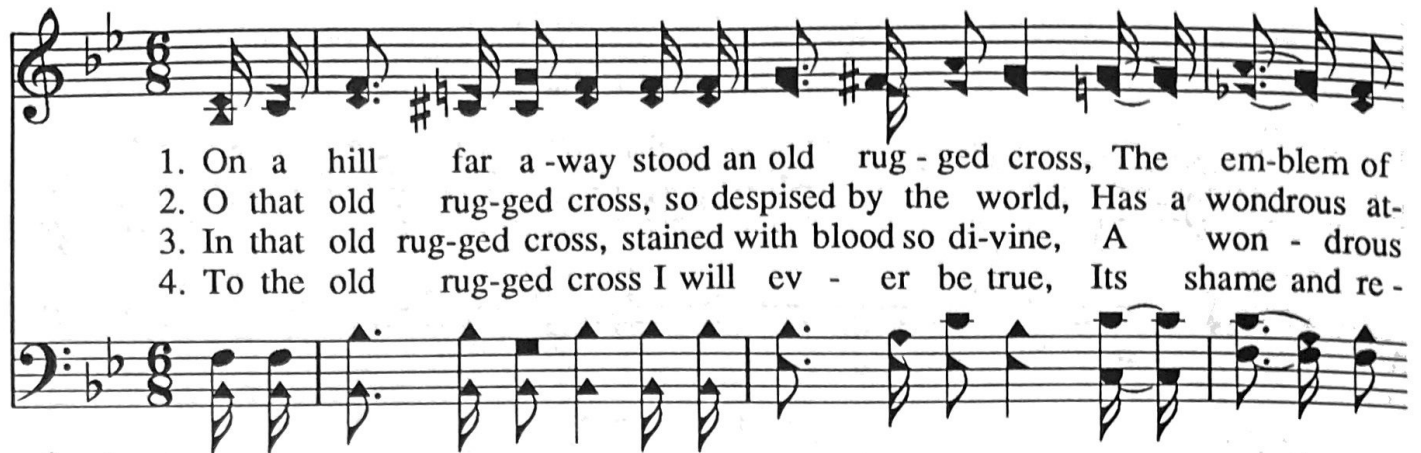


The Old Rugged Cross

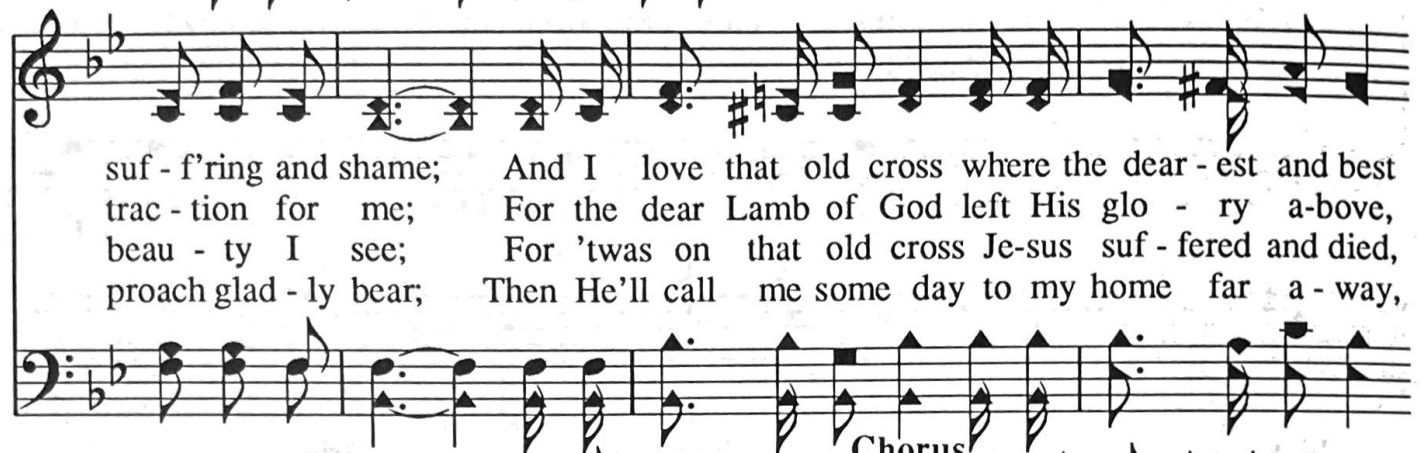
Geo. Bennard

G. B.

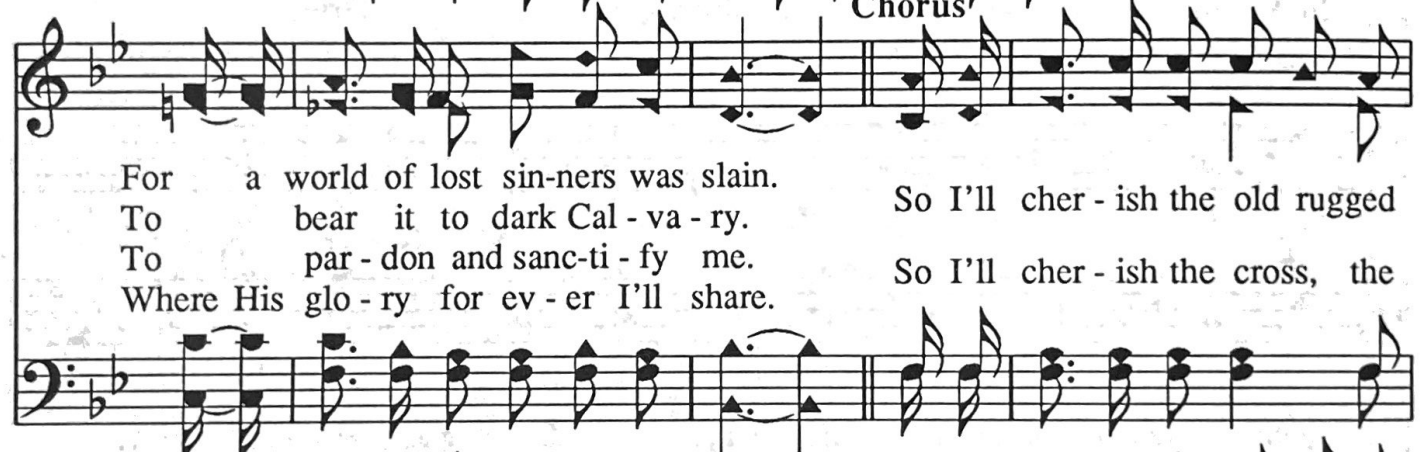
Acts 2: 22-24; Lk. 23: 33-34



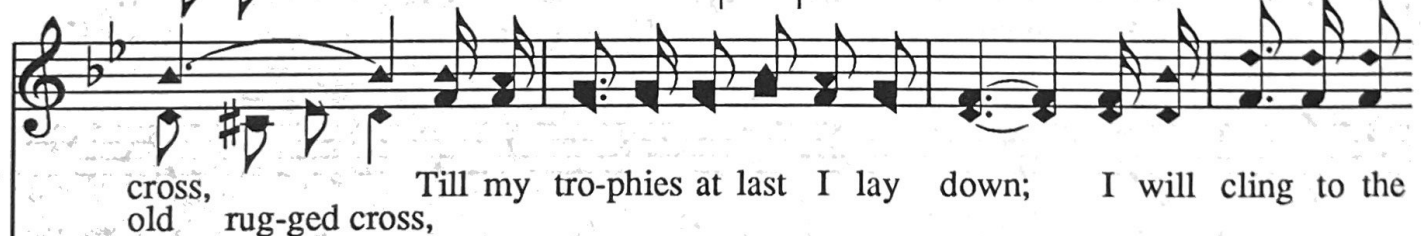
1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
 2. O that old rug-ged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
 3. In that old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-



suf-f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
 beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
 proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,



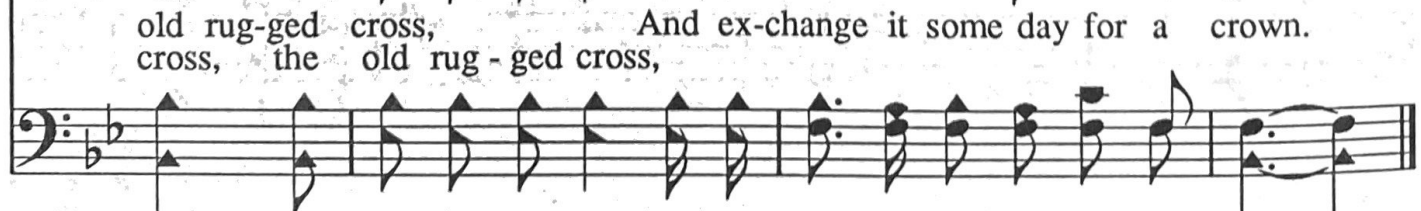
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rugged
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the cross, the
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
 Where His glo-ry for ev-er I'll share.



cross, Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug-ged cross,



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

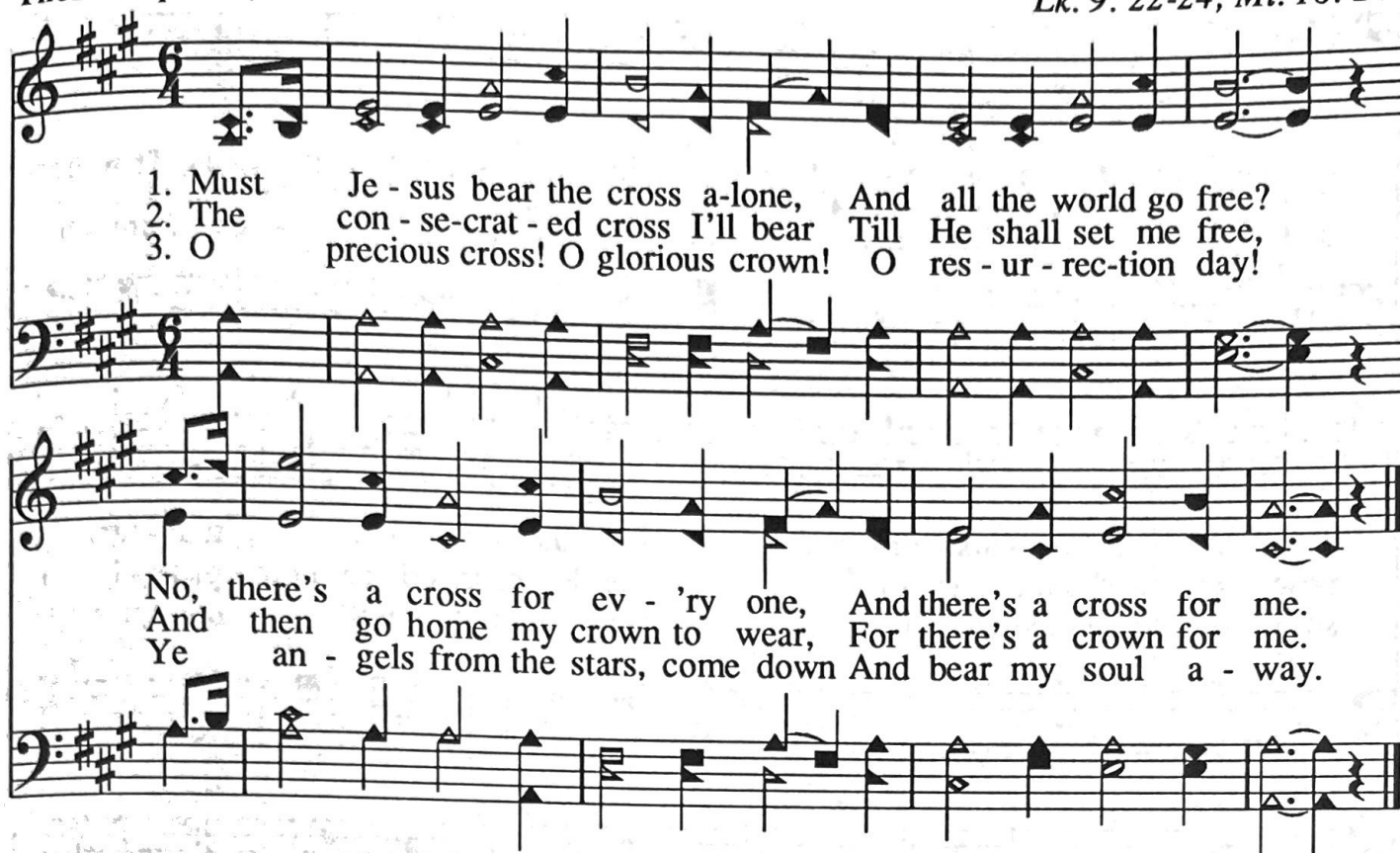


Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone? 156

Geo. N. Allen

Thos. Shepherd, et al.

Lk. 9: 22-24; Mt. 16: 24



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se-crast - ed cross I'll bear Till He shall set me free,
 3. O precious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur - rec-tion day!

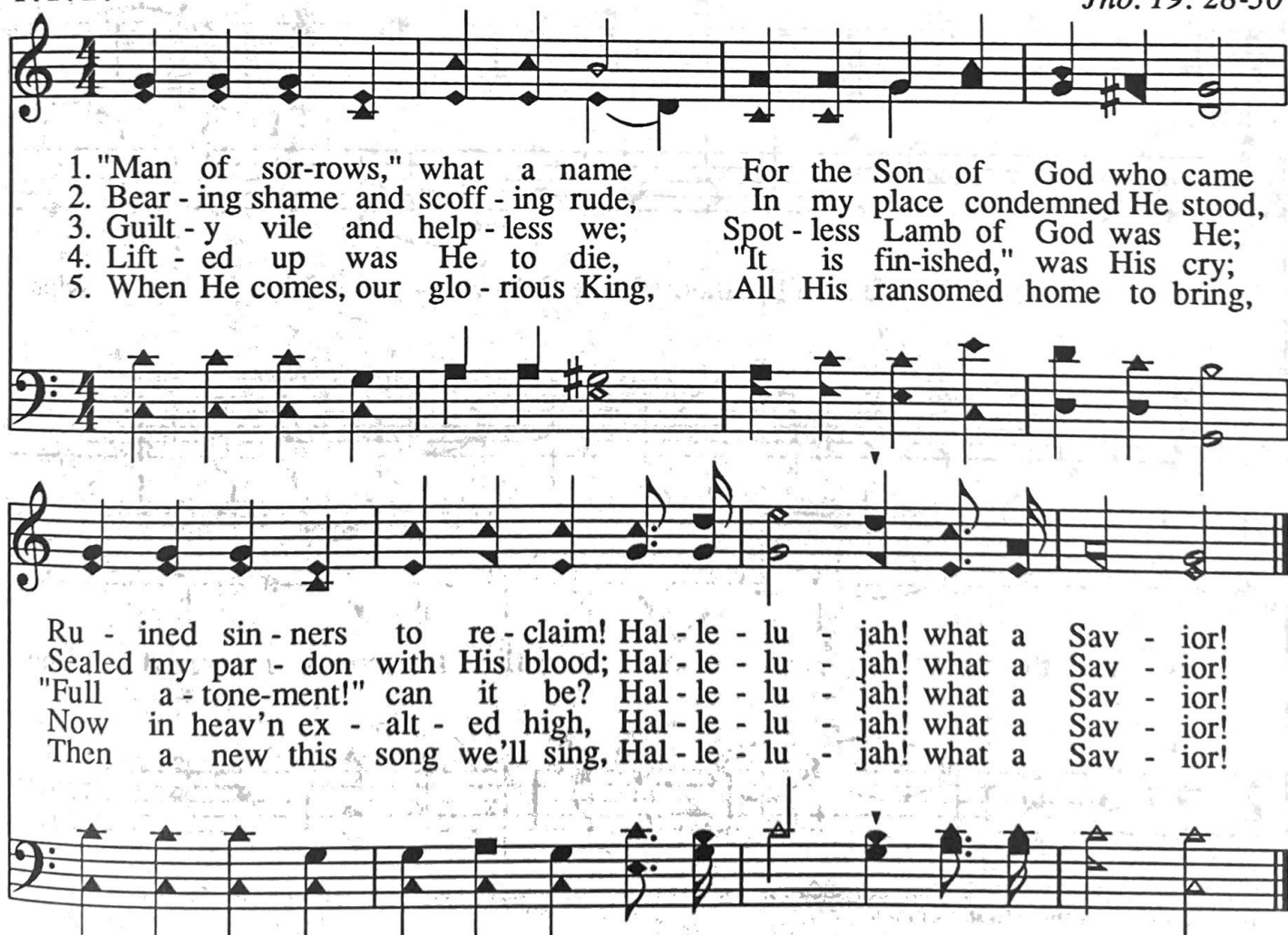
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 Ye an - gels from the stars, come down And bear my soul a - way.

Hallelujah! What A Savior! 157

Phillip P. Bliss

P. P. B.

Jno. 19: 28-30



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 condemned He stood,
 3. Guilt - y vile and help - less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
 4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
 5. When He comes, our glo - rious King, All His ransomed home to bring,

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

A Hill Called Mt. Calvary

Dale Oldham, Gloria Gaither, W. J. G.

William J. Gaither

1. There are things as we trav - el this earth's shift - ing sands, That tran-
 2. I be - lieve that the Christ who was slain on the cross, Has the
 3. I be - lieve that this life with its great mys - ter - ies, Sure - ly

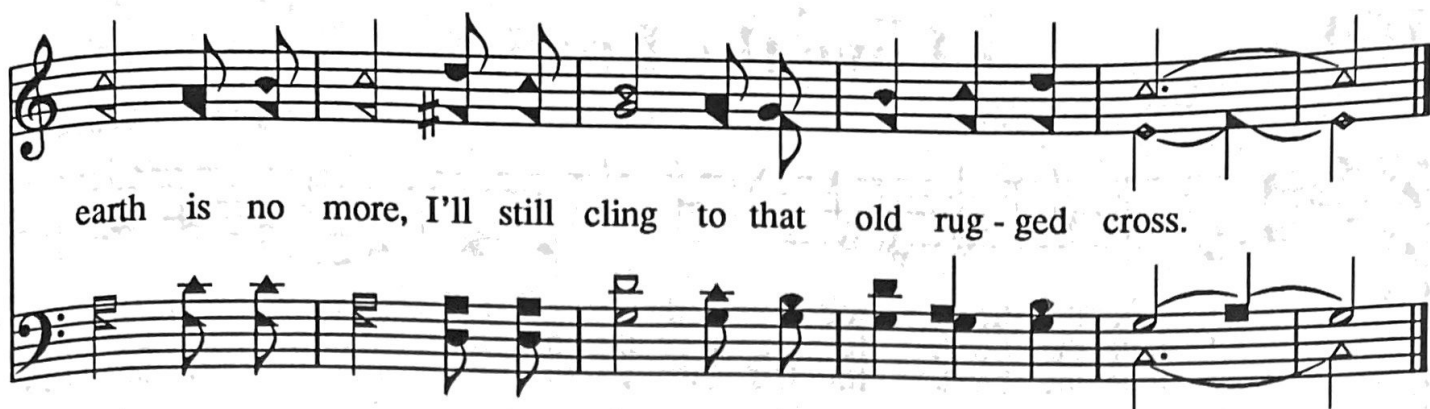
scend all the rea - son of man; But the things that mat - ter the
 pow - er to change lives to - day; For He changed me com - plete - ly, a
 some - day will come to an end; But faith will con - quer the

most in this world, They can nev - er be held in our hand.
 new life is mine; That is why by the cross I will stay.
 dark - ness and death and will lead me at last to my Friend.

Chorus

I be - lieve in a hill called Mount Cal - v'ry— I'll be - lieve what-

ev - er the cost; And when time has sur - ren - dered and



earth is no more, I'll still cling to that old rug - ged cross.

I Gave My Life for Thee

159

Frances R. Havergal

Philip P. Bliss

Phil. 2: 5-8; Matt. 20: 27-28



1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed, That
 2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne, I
 3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than Thy tongue can tell, Of
 4. And I have bro't to thee, Down from My home a - bove, Sal -

thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick-ened from the dead; I
 left for earth - ly night, For wan-d'rings sad and lone; I
 bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell; I've
 va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love; I

gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
 left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
 borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou bro't for Me?

I Love the Lord

T. W.

Tommy Wheeler

1. I love the Lord, for He died my soul to save, On Cal - va -
 2. I love the Lord, for He saved the lost from sin, He gave them
 3. I love the Lord, for His love so full and free, He taught us

ry His dear life He free - ly gave; From realms a - bove, Je - sus
 life to be whole and free a - gain; To live on high, with Him
 why that our love like His should be; To be like Him, and com-

free - ly came to die, That I might live some - day with Him on
 nev - er - more to die, Oh, praise His name, we'll see Him by and
 pas - sion free - ly give, Oh, bless His name, we then with Him could

Chorus
 high.
 by.
 live. I love the Lord, He has been so good to

me, He gave His life, from sin to set me free;

No great - er love than His could ev - er be,

I love the Lord, be - cause He first loved me.

O Sacred Head

161

Bernard of Clairvaux
Tr. J. W. Alexander

(From Bach's "Passion
According to Matthew")

Hans Hassler, 16th Cent.
Harmonized by Bach
Matt. 27: 28-31


1. *mp* { O sa-cred head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down; }
2. *mf* { Now scorn-ful-ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown; }
{ What language shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend, }
{ For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end? }

How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn;
O make me Thine for ev - er; And, should I faint - ing be,

How does that vis - age lan - guish, Which once was bright as morn!
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.


They Watched Him There

Cecil Douthitt


Slowly
*Alto:*Marion Davis
Arr. A. H. Howard
Mt. 27: 35-36


1. A - lone Christ stood in Pi - late's hall, A crown of
2. Up - on the cross He bore the pain, That they, and
3. "My God, my God", the Sav - ior cried, He paid the

Tenor:



thorns He wore for all; The cross was borne by heav-en's
we, might heav-en gain; His home and love He'd glad-ly
price for them He died; Who made His shame so hard to



heir, share, And yet they sat and watched Him there.
bear,

CHORUS




S.A.

They watched Him there, they watched Him there, The pain and ag -

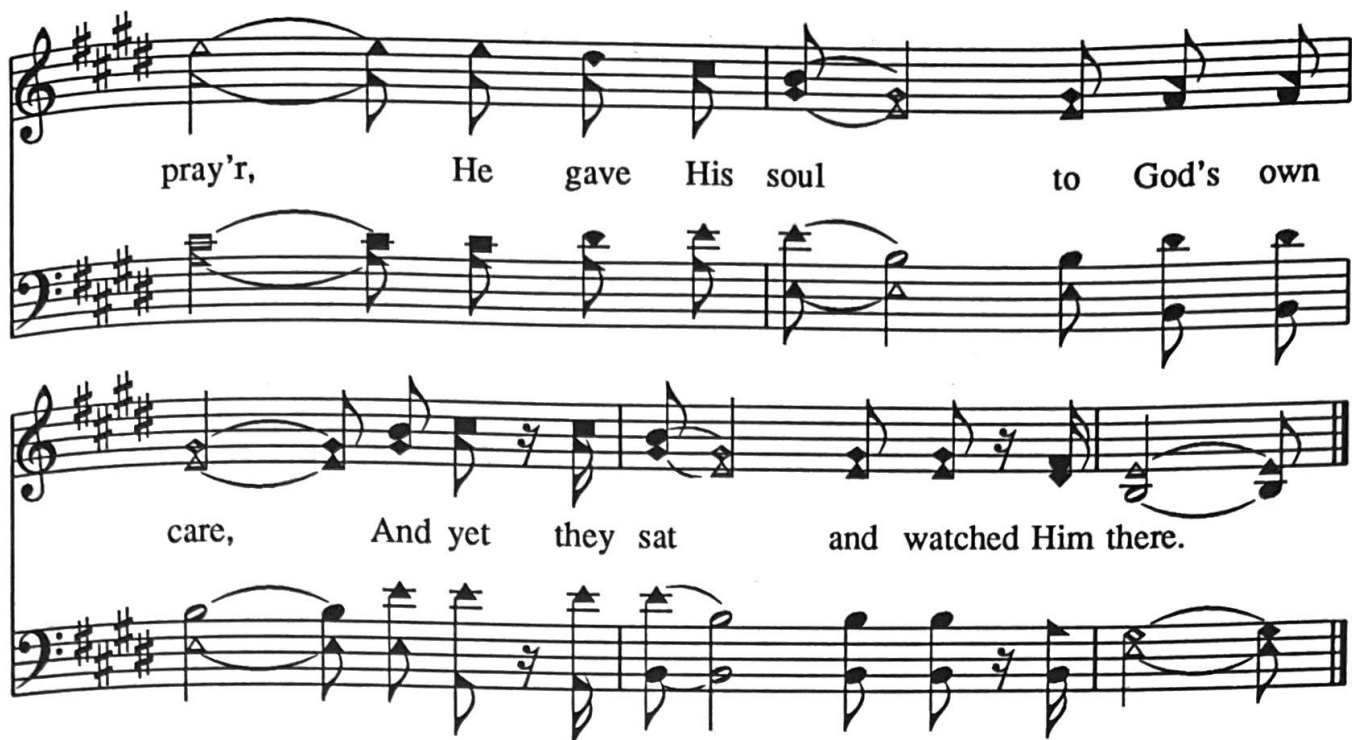


T.B.



o - ny to bear; While on the cross in sa - cred





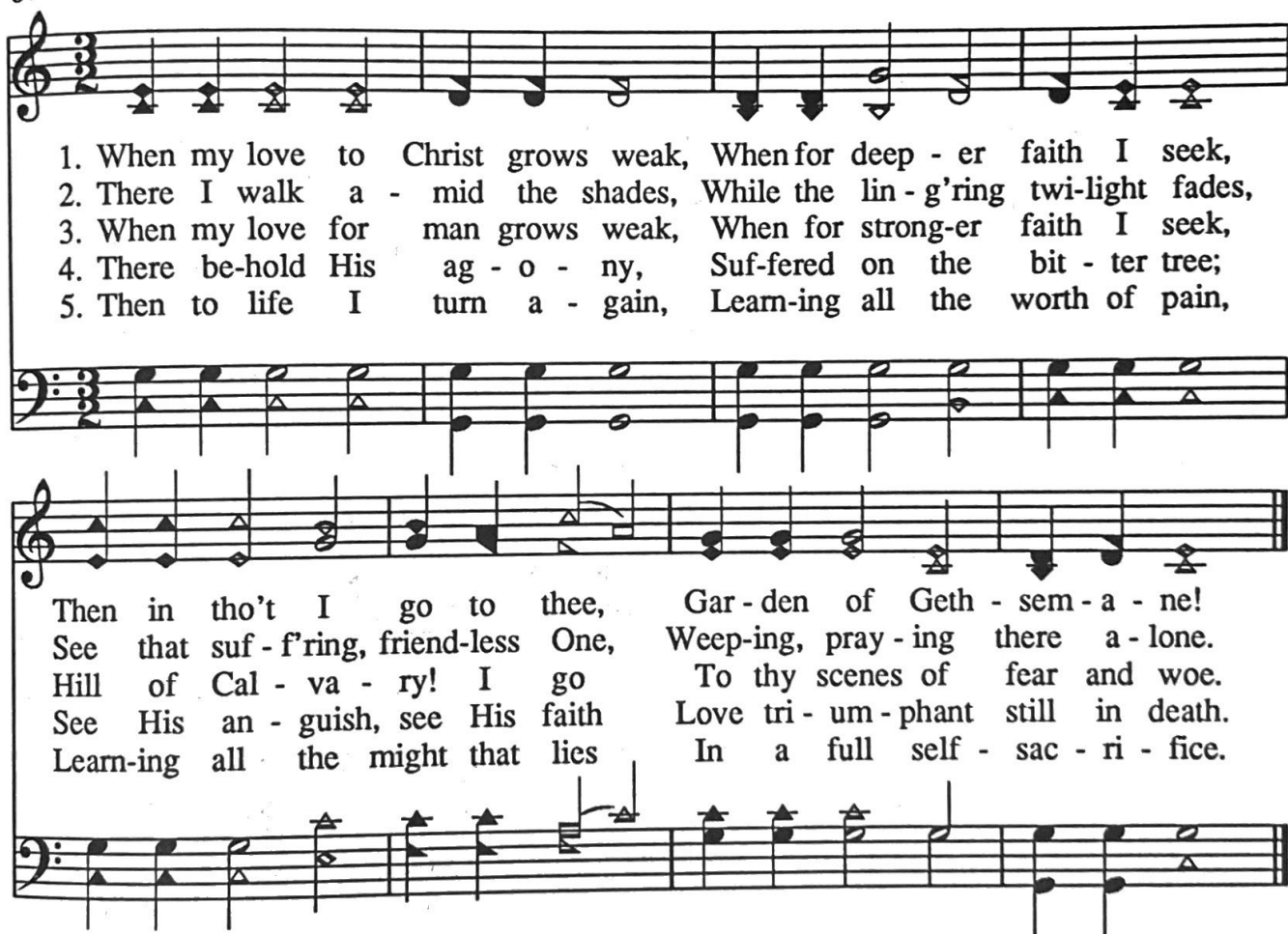
pray'r, He gave His soul to God's own
care, And yet they sat and watched Him there.

When My Love to Christ Grows Weak

163

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp
1 Jno. 4: 19

J. R. Wreford



1. When my love to Christ grows weak, When for deep - er faith I seek,
2. There I walk a - mid the shades, While the lin - g'ring twi-light fades,
3. When my love for man grows weak, When for strong-er faith I seek,
4. There be-hold His ag - o - ny, Suf-fered on the bit - ter tree;
5. Then to life I turn a - gain, Learn-ing all the worth of pain,

Then in tho't I go to thee, Gar - den of Geth - sem - a - ne!
See that suf - f'ring, friend-less One, Weep-ing, pray - ing there a - lone.
Hill of Cal - va - ry! I go To thy scenes of fear and woe.
See His an - guish, see His faith Love tri - um - phant still in death.
Learn-ing all the might that lies In a full self - sac - ri - fice.

J. R. Baxter, Jr.

Virgil O. Stamps
Mt. 27: 27-37

1. My pre-cious Sav - ior suf - fered pain and ag - o - ny,
 2. They placed a crown of thorns up - on my Sav-ior's head, He bore it
 3. Up Cal-v'ry's hill in shame the bless-ed Sav-ior trod,

all that I might live; He broke the
 Free-ly bore it all I with Him might live; By cru - el
 Be-tween two

bonds of sin and set the cap - tive free,
 man with spear His side was pierced and bled, He bore it all that
 thieves they cru - ci - fied the Son of God

Fine CHORUS
 I I might might live. in His pres - ence live. He bore it

all Je - sus that bore it I might see His shin - ing face,
 Je - sus bore it all, see His shin - ing face, He bore it

Free - ly bore it all, I with Him might live; I stood con -
all that I might live;
demned to die but Je - sus took my place,
stood con-demned to die free - ly took my place,

D. S.

Night, With Ebon Pinion

165

L. H. Jameson

J. P. Powell
Lk. 22: 40-46

1. Night, with eb - on pin - ion, Brood-ed o'er the vale; All a-round was
2. Smit - ten for of - fens - es Which were not His own, He, for our trans-
3. "Ab - ba, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, If in-deed it may, Let this cup of

si - lent, Save the nightwind's wail, When Christ, the Man of Sor-rows, In
gres-sions, Had to weep a - lone; No friend with words to com-fort, Nor
an - guish Pass from Me, I pray; Yet, if it must be suf-fered, By

tears and sweat and blood, Pros-trate in the gar-den, Raised His voice to God.
hand to help was there, When the Meek and Low-ly Hum-bly bowed in prayer.
Me, Thine on - ly Son, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, Let Thy will be done."

One Day!

J. Wilbur Chapman

Charles H. March

Rev. 22: 20; Col. 2: 10-15; Rom. 3: 24

1. One day when heav - en was filled with His prais - es, One day when
 2. One day they led Him up Cal - va-ry's moun-tain, One day they
 3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den, One day He
 4. One day the grave could con-ceal Him no long - er, One day the
 5. One day the trum - pet will sound for His com - ing, One day the

sin was as black as could be, Je - sus came forth to be
 nailed Him to die on the tree, Suf - fer - ing an - guish, de -
 rest - ed, from suf - fer - ing free; An - gels came down o'er His
 stone rolled a - way from the door; Then He a - rose, o - ver
 skies with His glo - ry will shine; Won - der - ful day, my be -

born of a vir - gin Dwelt a-mong men, my ex - am-ple is He!
 spised and re-ject - ed; Bear-ing our sins, my Re - deem-er is He!
 tomb to keep vig - il; Hope of the hope-less my Sav - ior is He!
 death He had conquered; Now is as-cend - ed, my Lord ev - er-more!
 lov - ed ones bring-ing; Glo - ri-ous Sav - ior, this Je - sus is mine!

Chorus

Liv-ing, He loved me; dy - ing; He saved me; Bur-ied, He car - ried my

sins far a - way; Ris - ing, He jus - ti - fied free - ly for -

cresc. *rit.*

ev - er: One day He's com - ing oh, glo - ri - ous day!

He Loves Me

167

Arranged
Mt. 18: 11

Vana R. Raye

1. Why did the Sav - ior heav - en leave And come to earth be - low
2. Why did the Sav - ior mark the way, And why temp - ta - tion know?
3. Why feel the gar - den's dreadful dross? Why thru His tri - als go?

Where men His grace would not re - ceive? Be - cause He loves me so!
Why teach and toil and plead and pray? Be - cause He loves me so!
Why suf - fer death up - on the cross? Be - cause He loves me so!

CHORUS

He loves me! He loves me! He loves me this I know! He

gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loves me so!

Robe of Calvary

K. T., F. W., R. St. C., & E. R.

Kathleen Twomey, Fred White
Robert St. Clair and Elaine Rivers*Slowly*

1. Kings wear robes of gold and vel - vet, soon their glo - ry fades a - way;
2. Those who saw His robe knew tor - ment, if they lived by sin and fraud;



But the King of kings in heav - en wore a home-spun robe that day.
But if they re - nounced their e - vil, they were wel - come by the Lord.



Sol - diers gam - bled for His gar - ment while the sun turned dark a - bove;
Tho' it seemed so plain and hum - ble, there was faith in ev - 'ry thread;



But the men who cru - ci - fied Him were for - giv - en by His love.
He who wore it lives for - ev - er; He has ris - en from the dead.

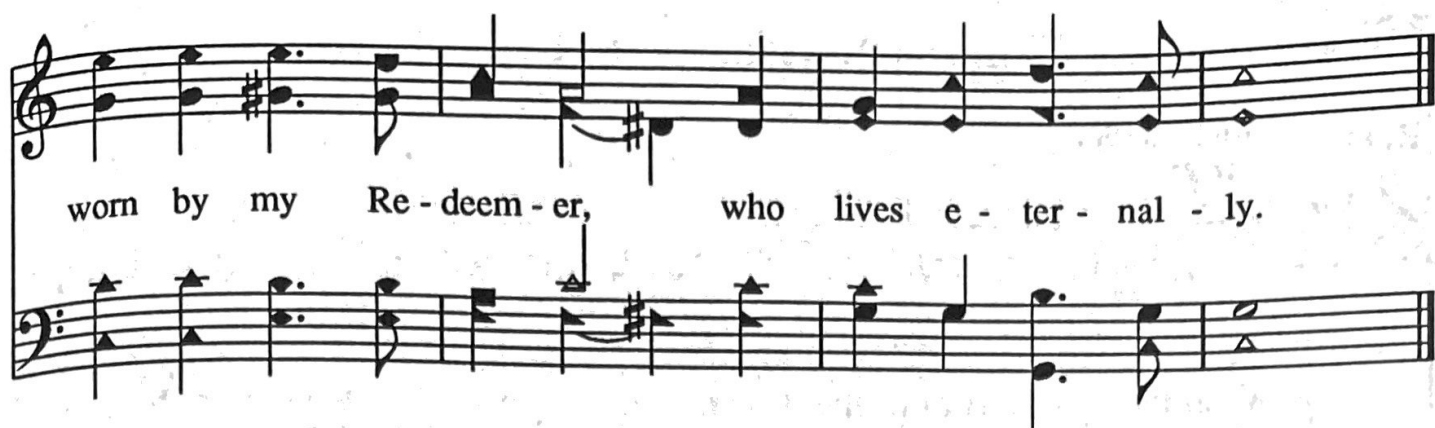


CHORUS



His robe, His robe, The robe of Cal - va - ry. 'Twas





worn by my Re-deem-er, who lives e-ter-nal-ly.

Nearer the Cross

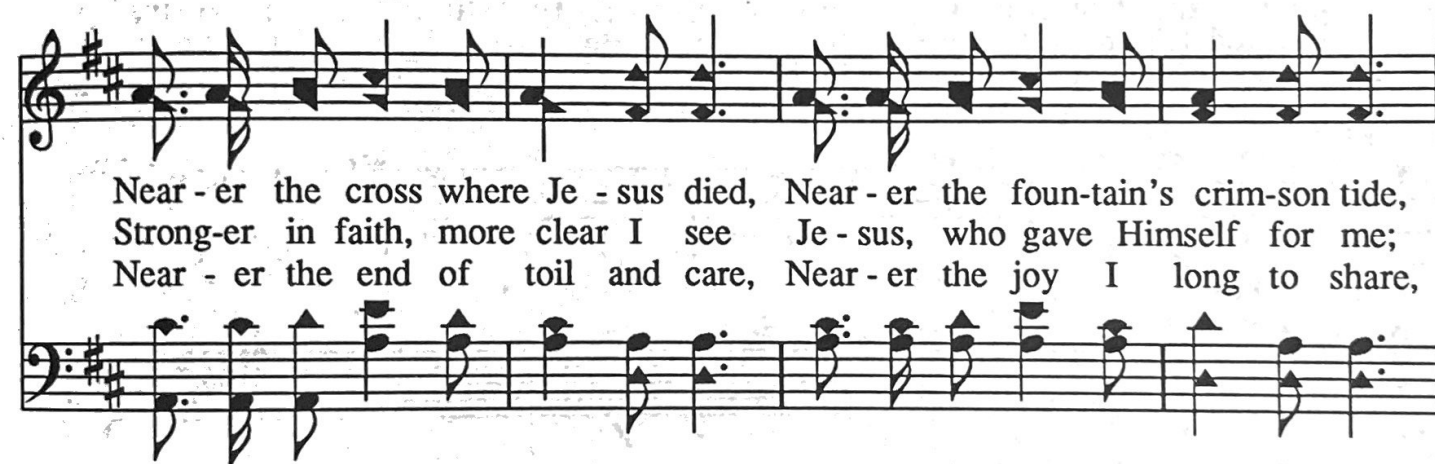
169

Fanny J. Crosby

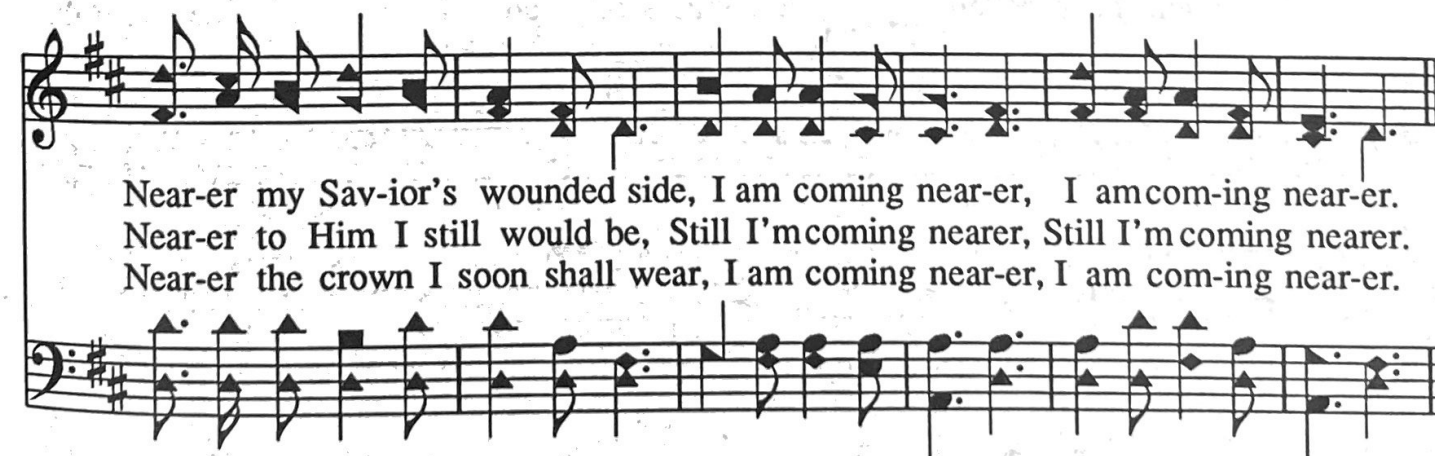
Mrs. J. F. Knapp



1. { Near-er the cross, my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; }
 { Near-er the cross from day to day, I am com-ing } near-er;
 2. { Near-er the Chris-tian's mer-cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er; }
 { Feast-ing my soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing } near-er;
 3. { Near-er in prayer my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er; }
 { Deep-er the love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing } near-er;



Near-er the cross where Je-sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crim-son tide,
 Strong-er in faith, more clear I see Je-sus, who gave Himself for me;
 Near-er the end of toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share,

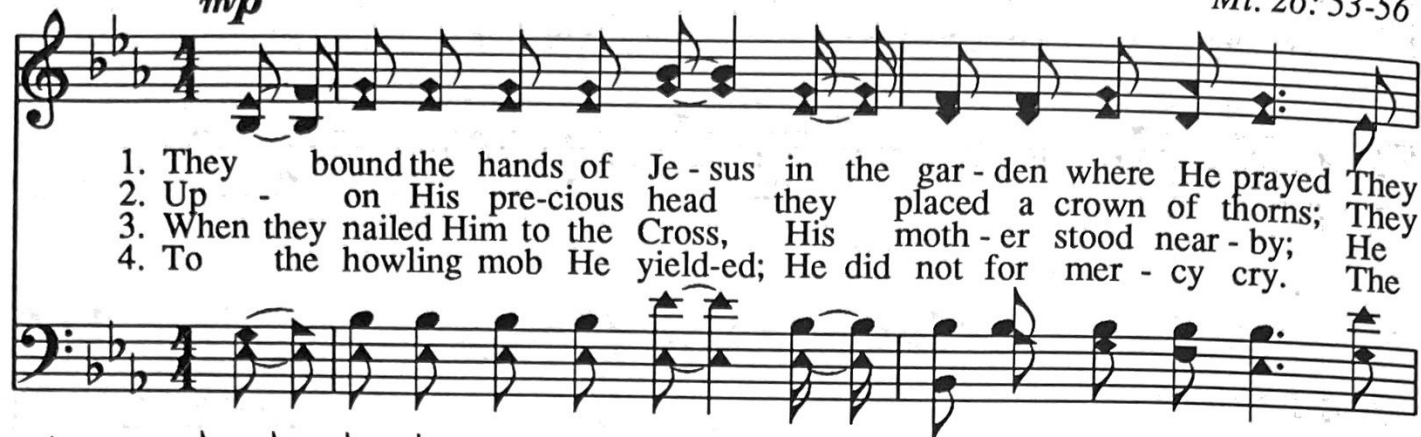


Near-er my Sav-ior's wounded side, I am coming near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
 Near-er to Him I still would be, Still I'm coming nearer, Still I'm coming nearer.
 Near-er the crown I soon shall wear, I am coming near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

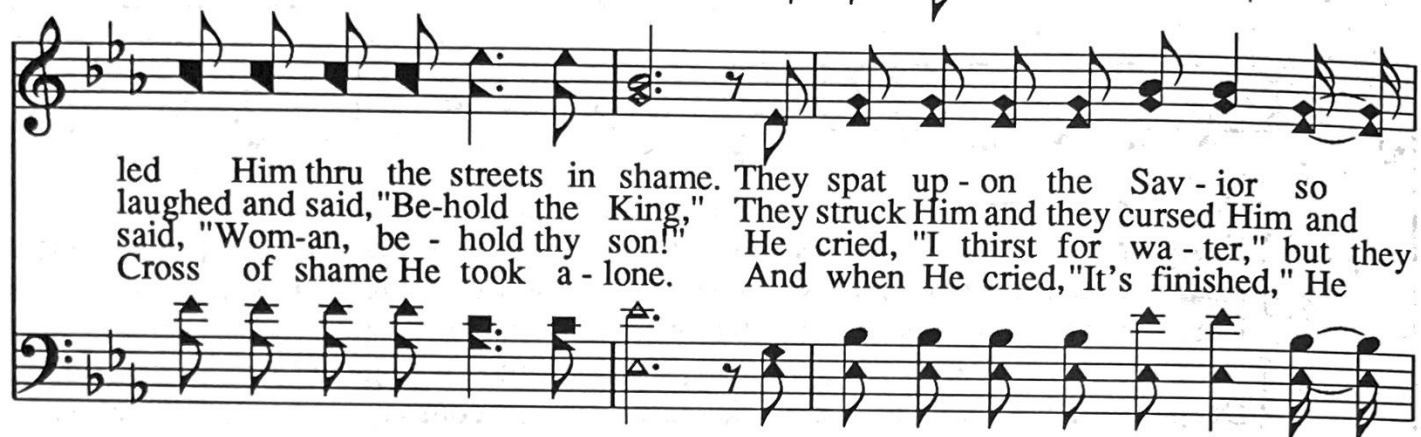
Ten Thousand Angels

R. O. *Slowly, with much feeling*
mp

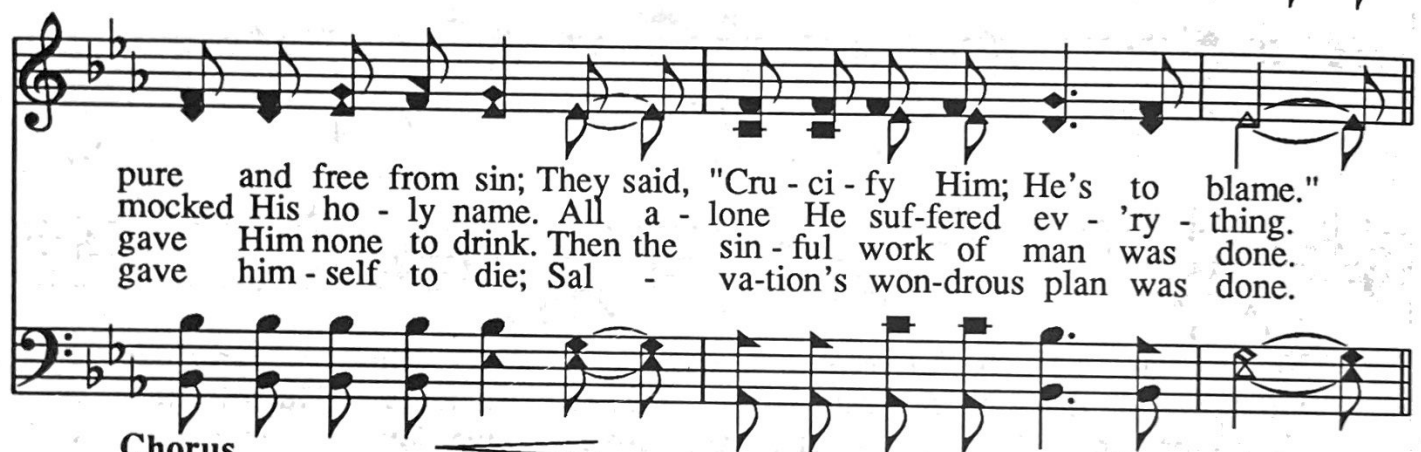
Ray Overholt
Mt. 26: 53-56



1. They bound the hands of Je - sus in the gar - den where He prayed They
2. Up - on His pre - cious head they placed a crown of thorns; They
3. When they nailed Him to the Cross, His moth - er stood near - by; He
4. To the howling mob He yield - ed; He did not for mer - cy cry. The

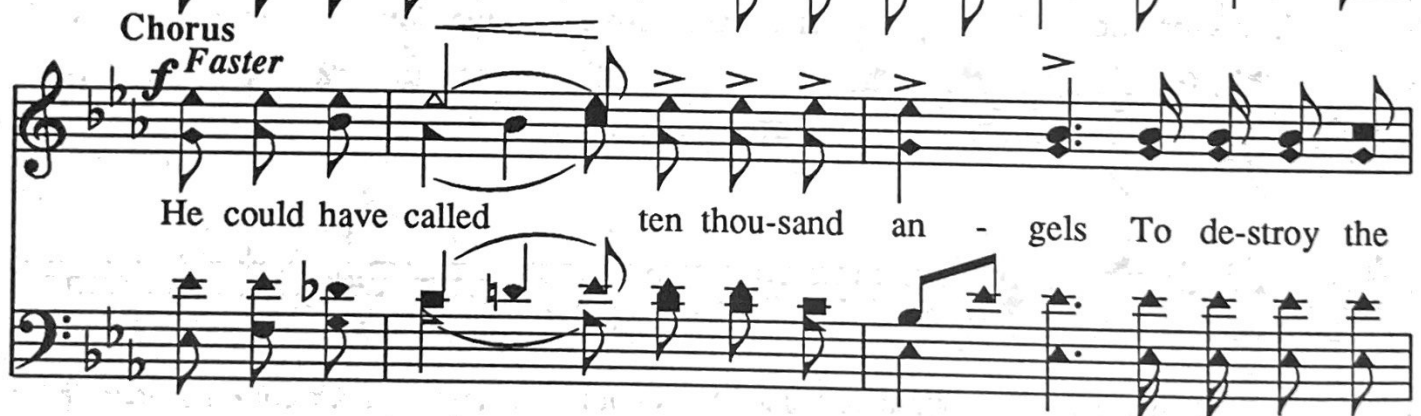


led Him thru the streets in shame. They spat up - on the Sav - ior so
laughed and said, "Be - hold the King," They struck Him and they cursed Him and
said, "Wom - an, be - hold thy son!" He cried, "I thirst for wa - ter," but they
Cross of shame He took a - lone. And when He cried, "It's finished," He

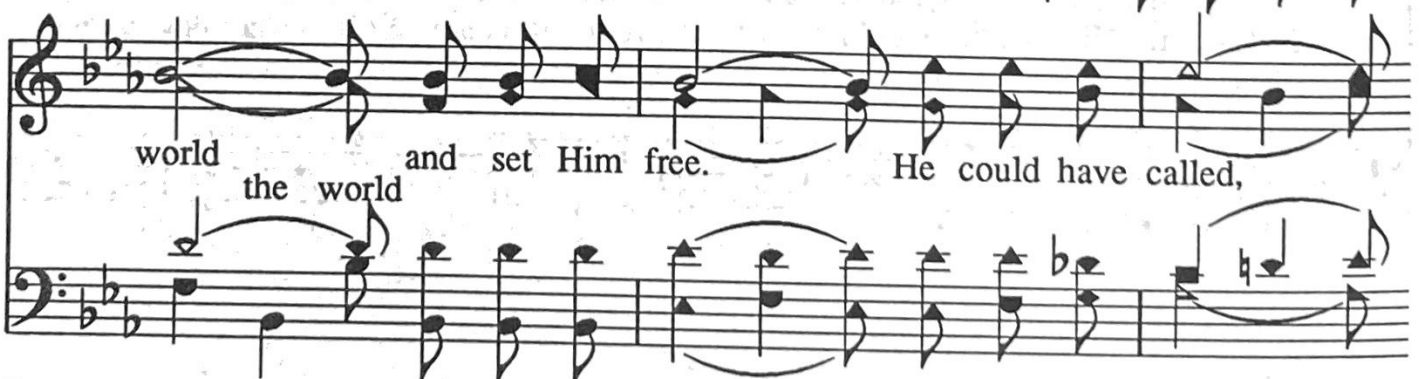


pure and free from sin; They said, "Cru - ci - fy Him; He's to blame."
mocked His ho - ly name. All a - lone He suf - ered ev - 'ry - thing.
gave Him none to drink. Then the sin - ful work of man was done.
gave him - self to die; Sal - va - tion's won - drous plan was done.

Chorus
***f* Faster**



He could have called ten thou - sand an - gels To de - stroy the



world and set Him free. He could have called,
the world

rall.

ten thou-sand an - gels, But He died a - lone, a - lone for you and me.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross 171

Isaac Watts

Gregorian. Arr. L. Mason

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. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of Christ, my Lord; All the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down; Did e'er such love and
 pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,

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?
 so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my crown?
 all.

There Is A Fountain

William Cowper

Lowell Mason
Rom. 6: 4-7; Zach. 13: 1

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
 2. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
 3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,

And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

Refrain *D.S.*
 Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
 Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more;
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;

There Is A Gate

Mrs. Lydia Baxter, Alt.

S. J. Vail

1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And thru its por-tals gleam-ing,
 2. That gate a-jar stands free for all Who seek thru it sal-va-tion,
 3. Press on-ward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mer-cy's gate is o-pen;

A ra-diance from the cross a-far, The Sav-ior's love re-veal-ing.
 The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev-'ry tribe and na-tion.
 Ac-cept the cross and win the crown, Love's ev-er-last-ing to-ken.

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Rom. 6: 4-7; Zach. 13: 1

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
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And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

Refrain D.S.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
 Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more;
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;

There Is A Gate

Mrs. Lydia Baxter, Alt.

S. J. Vail

1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And thru its por-tals gleam-ing,
 2. That gate a-jar stands free for all Who seek thru it sal-va-tion,
 3. Press on-ward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mer-cy's gate is o-pen;

A ra-diance from the cross a-far, The Sav-ior's love re-veal-ing.
 The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev-'ry tribe and na-tion.
 Ac-cept the cross and win the crown, Love's ev-er-last-ing to-ken.

Refrain

Yes, in the blood of Christ I see The gate that stands a - jar for me;

For me, For me, for me, for me, That stands a - jar for me.

The Lord's Supper

174

Tillet S. Teddlie
I Cor. 11: 23-26

T. S. T.

1. When we meet in sweet commun-ion Where the feast di - vine is spread;
2. "God so loved" what wondrous measure! Loved and gave the best of heav'n;
3. Feast di - vine, all else sur-pass-ing, Pre-cious blood for you and me,

Hearts are bro't in clos - er un - ion While par - tak - ing of the bread.
Bought us with that match-less trea-sure Yea, for us His life was giv'n.
While we sup, Christ gent-ly whis-pers: "Do this in my mem - o - ry."

D.S. - While we feast Christ gent-ly whis-pers: "Do this in my mem - o - ry."

CHORUS

Pre-cious feast all else sur-pass-ing, Won-drous love for you and me,

175 Oh the Depths and the Riches

T. S. T.

Tillit S. Teddlie

Titus 3: 3-7; Isa. 53; Jno. 3: 16

1. Oh the depth and the rich - es of God's sav - ing grace Flow - ing
 2. How my heart hum - bly bows in His pres - ence to - day, When I
 3. Oh what mar - ve - lous mer - cy, what in - fi - nite love! What im -

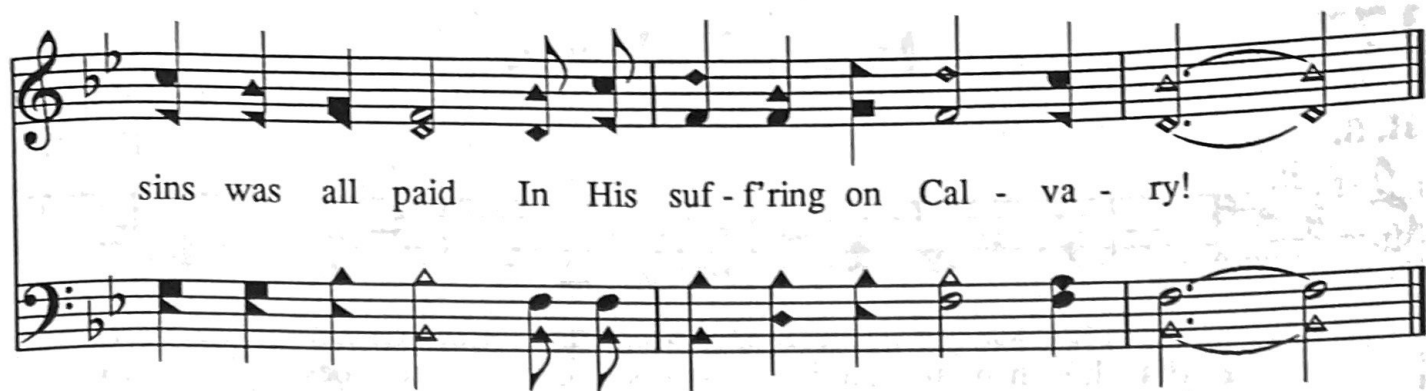
down from the cross for me! There the debt for my sins by the
 think of His ag - on - ny, By His stripes I am freed from the
 meas - ur - able grace I see! By His blood I am cleansed; I am

Chorus

Sav - ior was paid In His suf - f'ring on Cal - va - ry! Oh the
 bond - age of sin Thru His suf - f'ring on Cal - va - ry! Oh the
 hap - py and free Thru His suf - f'ring on Cal - va - ry!

depth rich - es and depth of such won - der - ful love, Flow - ing bound - less and

full and free! And the debt on the cross for my



sins was all paid In His suf-f'ring on Cal - va - ry!

Why Did My Savior Come to Earth? 176

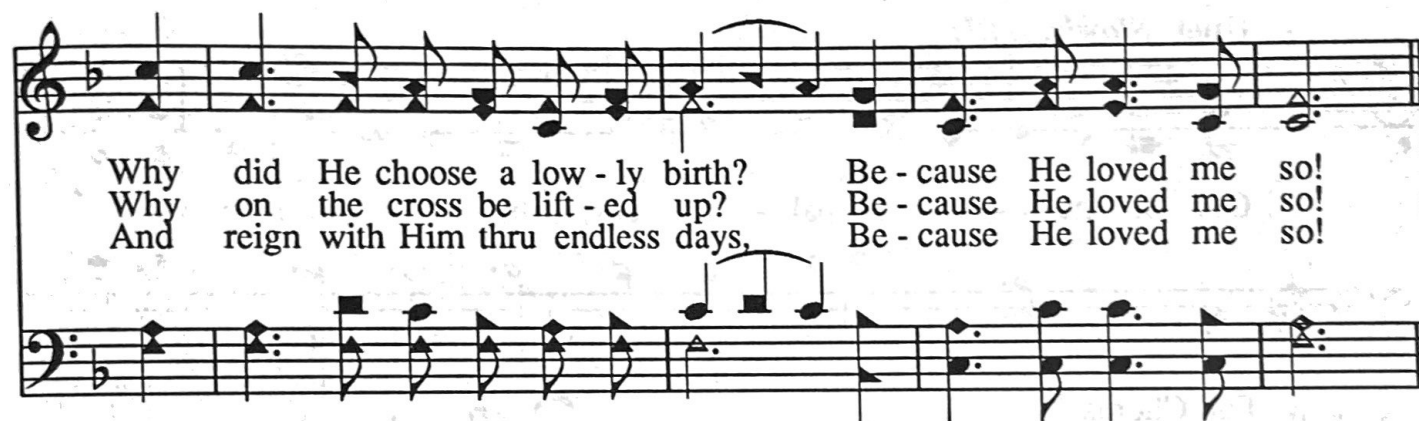
J. G. Dailey

J. G. D.

Jno. 10: 17-18; Matt. 26: 56-57



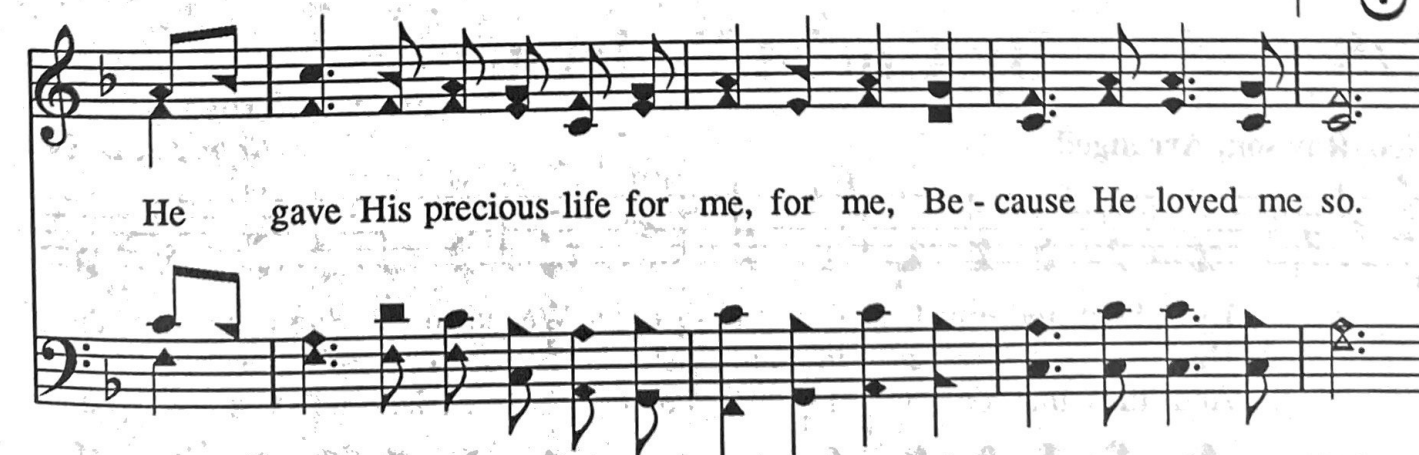
1. Why did my Sav-ior come to earth, And to the hum-ble go?
 2. Why did He drink the bit-ter cup Of sor-row, pain and woe?
 3. Till Je-sus comes I'll sing His praise, And then to glo-ry go,



Why did He choose a low-ly birth? Be-cause He loved me so!
 Why on the cross be lift-ed up? Be-cause He loved me so!
 And reign with Him thru endless days, Be-cause He loved me so!



Chorus
 He loved me so, He loved me so;
 He loved, He loved me so, He loved, He loved me so;

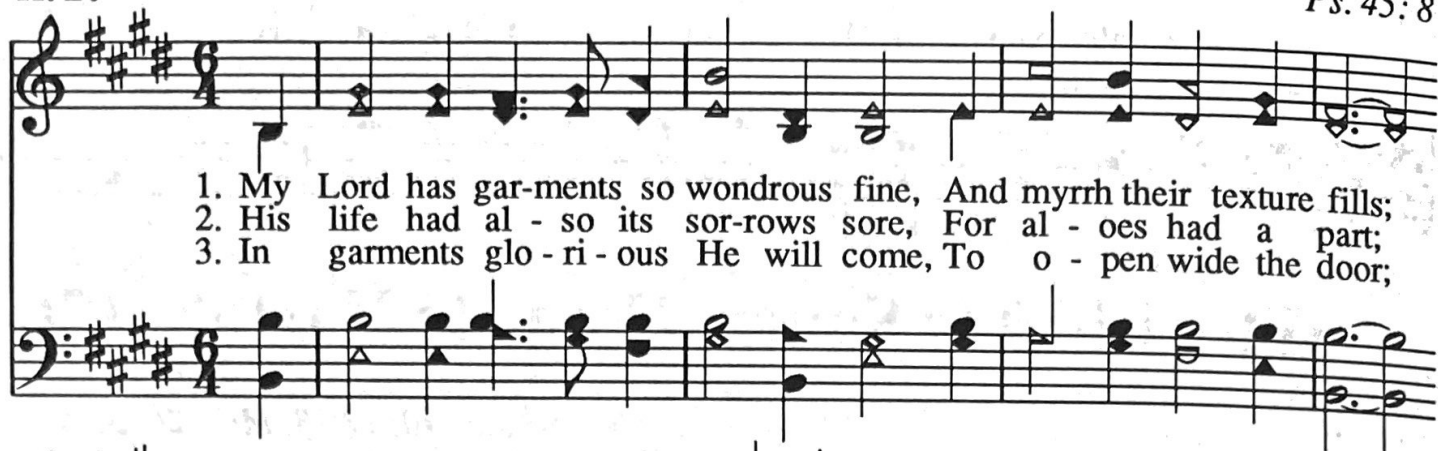


He gave His precious life for me, for me, Be-cause He loved me so.

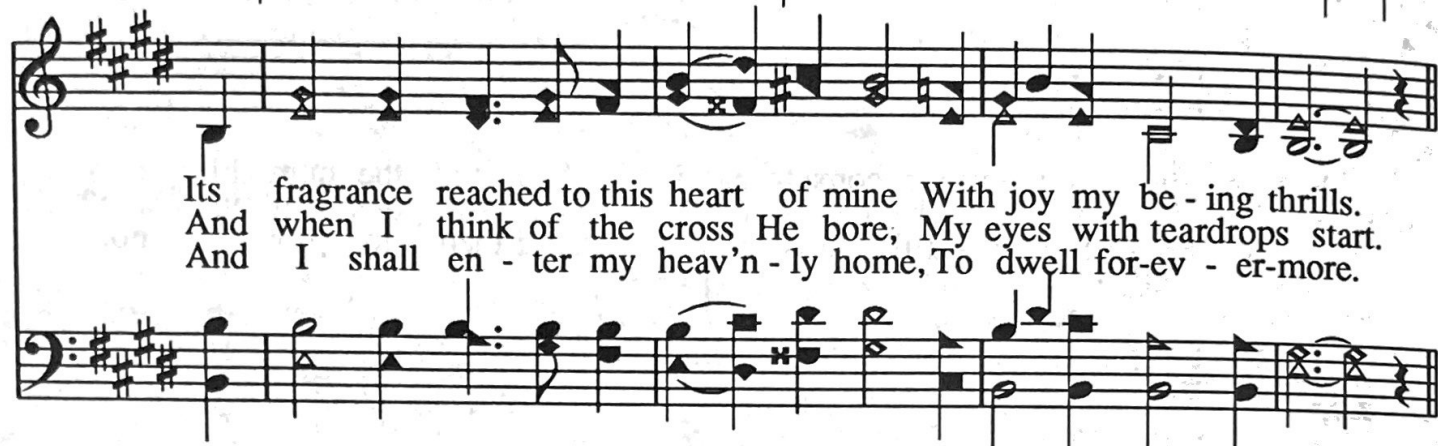
Ivory Palaces

Henry Barraclough
Ps. 45: 8

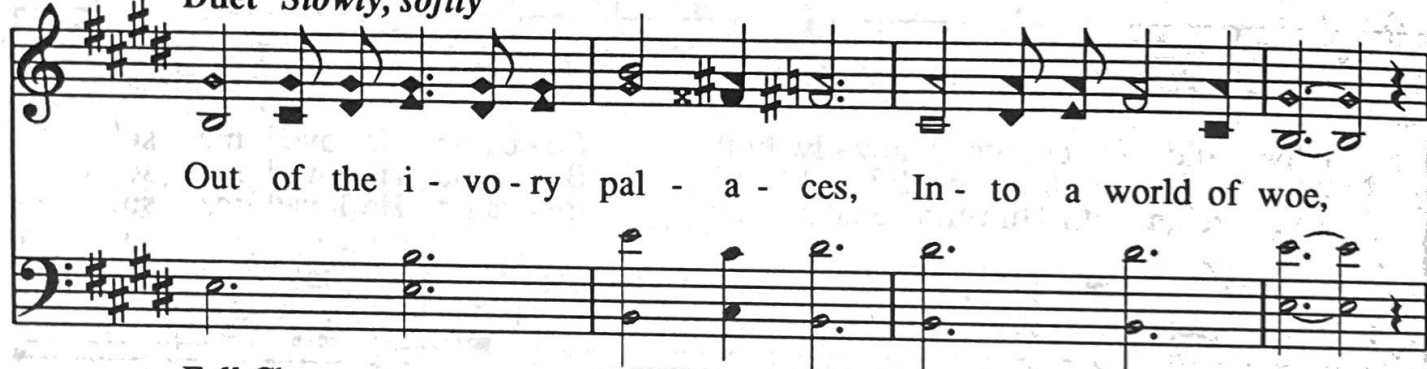
H. B.



1. My Lord has gar-ments so wondrous fine, And myrrh their texture fills;
2. His life had al - so its sor-rows sore, For al - oes had a part;
3. In garments glo - ri - ous He will come, To o - pen wide the door;



Its fragrance reached to this heart of mine With joy my be - ing thrills.
And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with teardrops start.
And I shall en - ter my heav'n - ly home, To dwell for-ev - er-more.

Duet *Slowly, softly*


Out of the i - vo - ry pal - a - ces, In - to a world of woe,

Full Chorus



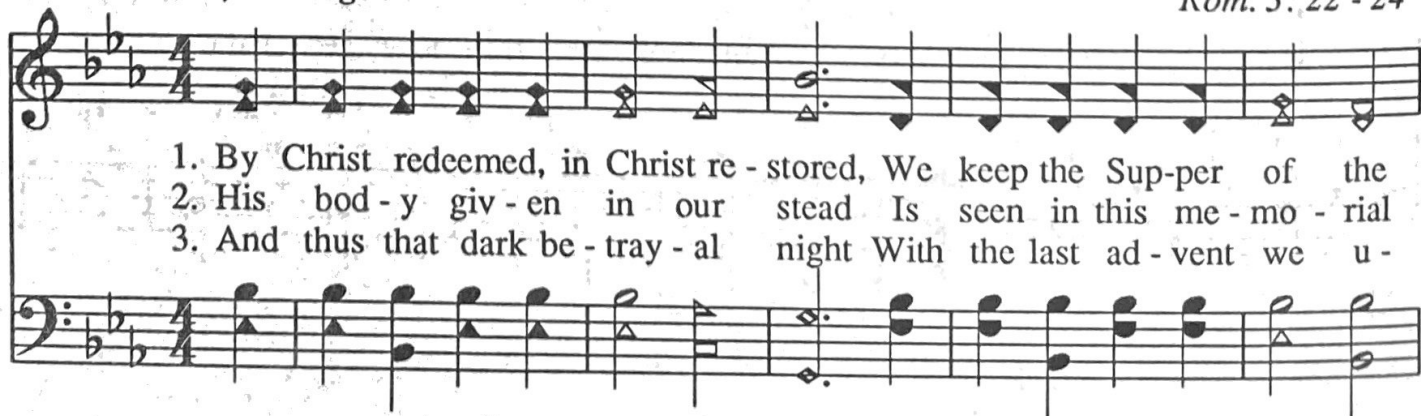
On - ly His great e - ter - nal love Made my Sav-ior go.

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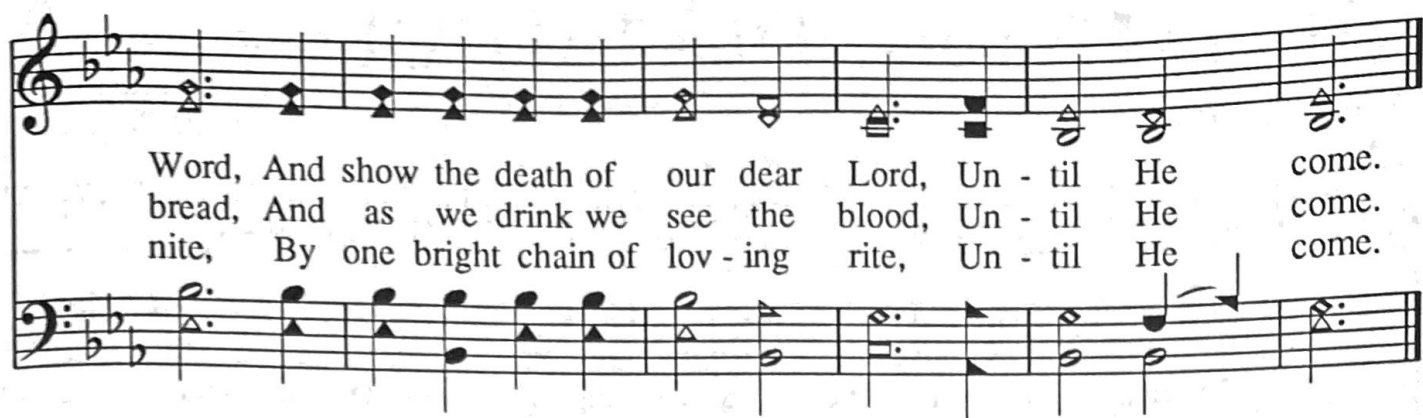
By Christ Redeemed

From A. H. Troyte's Chant
Rom. 3: 22 - 24

Geo. Rawson, Arranged



1. By Christ redeemed, in Christ re - stored, We keep the Sup-per of the
2. His bod - y giv - en in our stead Is seen in this me - mo - rial
3. And thus that dark be - tray - al night With the last ad - vent we u -



Word, And show the death of our dear Lord, Un - til He come.
 bread, And as we drink we see the blood, Un - til He come.
 nite, By one bright chain of lov - ing rite, Un - til He come.

Lead Me to Calvary

179

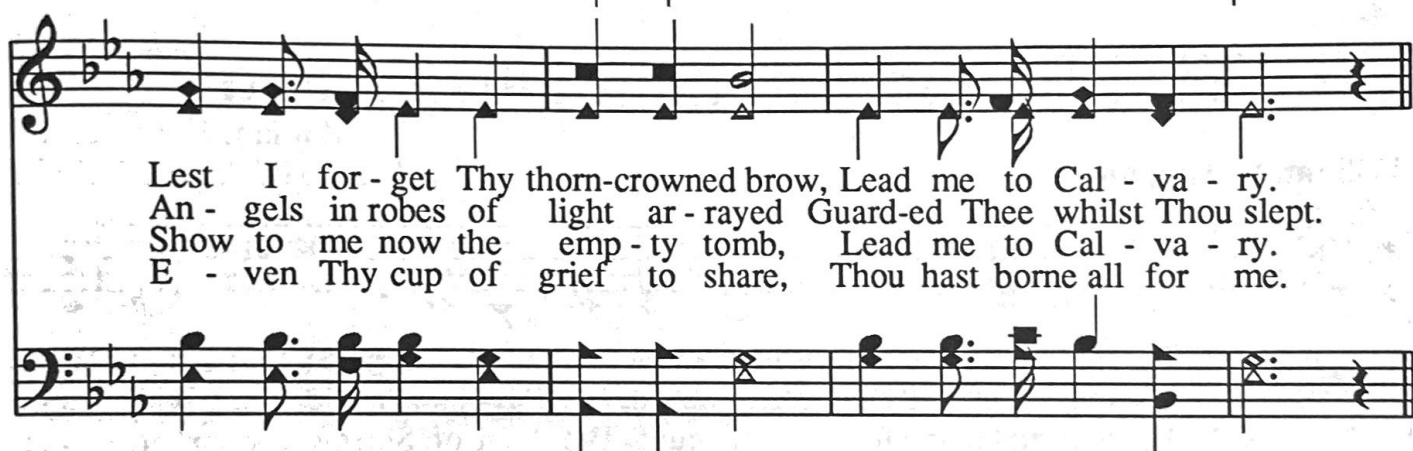
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

I Pet. 2: 24

Jennie Evelyn Hussey

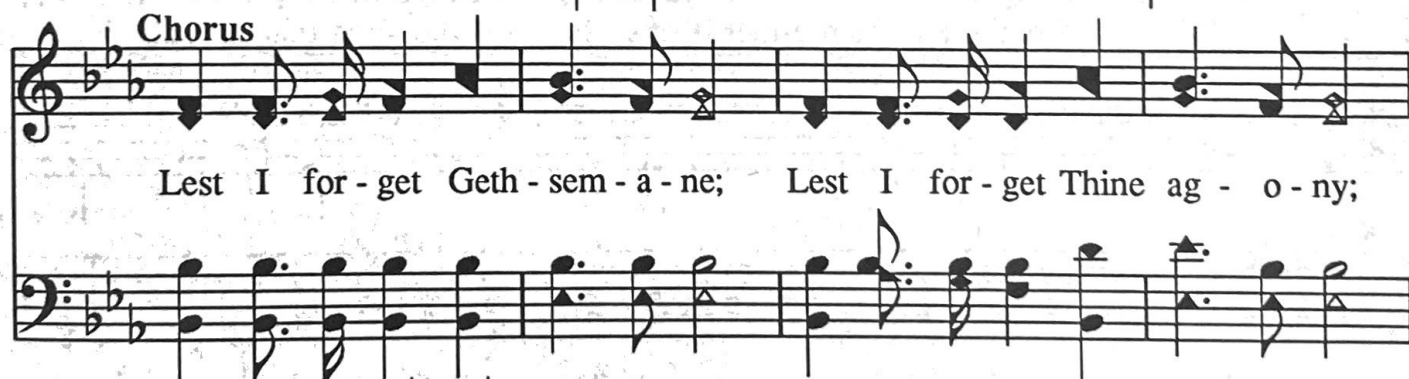


1. King of my life, I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glo-ry be;
 2. Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, Ten-der-ly mourned and wept;
 3. Let me like Ma-ry, thru the gloom, Come with a gift to Thee;
 4. May I be will-ing, Lord, to bear Dai-ly my cross for Thee;

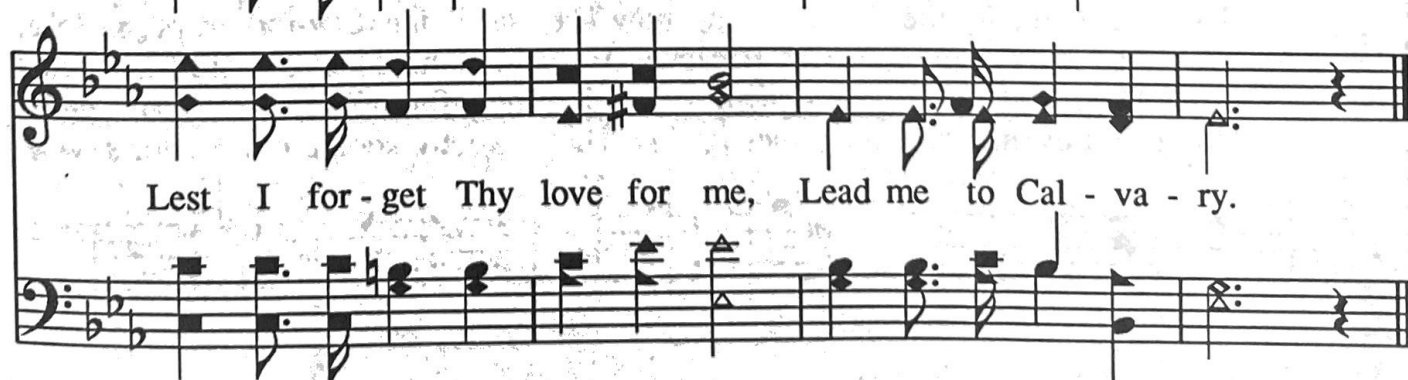


Lest I for-get Thy thorn-crowned brow, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.
 An - gels in robes of light ar-rayed Guard-ed Thee whilst Thou slept.
 Show to me now the emp - ty tomb, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.
 E - ven Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.

Chorus



Lest I for-get Geth - sem - a - ne; Lest I for-get Thine ag - o - ny;



Lest I for-get Thy love for me, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.

180 In Memory of the Savior's Love

(Winchester, Old)

Thos. Cotterill

Este's Psalter, 1592

Matt. 26: 26-28

1. In mem - 'ry of the Sav - ior's love We keep the sa - cred feast,
 2. By faith we take the bread of life With which our souls are fed,
 3. Be - neath His ban - ner thus we sing The won - ders of His love;

Where ev - 'ry hum - ble, con - trite heart Is made a wel - come guest.
 The cup in to - ken of His blood That was for sin - ners shed.
 And here an - tic - i - pate by faith The heav'n - ly feast a - bove.

181 'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow

William B. Tappan

William B. Bradbury

Mk. 14: 32-38; Lk. 22: 39-44

1. 'Tis mid-night, and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone;
 2. 'Tis mid-night, and from all re-moved, The Sav-ior wrestles lone with fears;
 3. 'Tis mid-night, and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
 4. 'Tis mid-night, and from e-ther-plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;

'Tis mid-night; in the gar - den, now The suf-f'ring Sav-ior prays a - lone.
 E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
 Yet He that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for-sak - en by His God.
 Un - heard by mor - tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.