

The Open Hymnal

Lent & Easter Edition 2009

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Open Hymnal Project, 2009 Edition

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

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<i>Title</i>	<i>Complexity</i>	<i>Words</i>	<i>Tune</i>	<i>Composer/Arranger</i>	<i>Scripture</i>
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A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1648. Translation composite.
Music: 'An Wasserflüssen Babylon' Wolfgang Dachstein, 1525. Setting: Evangelical Lutheran Hymnal, 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 - scend - 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 -

stripes, and wounds and death, An - guish and mock - er -
 stripes are hard to bear, But by Thy Pa - ssion
 strong Thou art to save! Thou bed - dest Him with -
 is; sweet Lamb to Thee What can I give, whose
 self and all that's mine To Thee, my Sa - vior,

y, and saith, "Will - ing all this I suf - - - fer."
 men shall share The fruit of Thy sal - va - - - tion."
 in the grave Whose word the moun - tains ren - - - deth.
 love to me For me doth make Thee lan - - - guish?
 I con - - sign, From whom all things I bor - - - row.

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.

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.

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.

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.

All Glory, Laud, and Honor

Words: *Theodulf of Orleans, circa 820; tr. by John M. Neale, 1851.*

Music: *'Valet Will Ich Dir Geben' or 'St. Theodulph' Melchior Teschner, 1615.*

Setting: *Presbyterian Hymnal, Revised, 1911.*

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♩ = 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,

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 - - thems 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.

All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name

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

Setting: The Evangelical Hymnal, 1921, 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.

Alleluia, Sing To Jesus!

Words: William C. 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.

Beneath The Cross Of Jesus

Words: Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1868.

Music: 'St. Christopher' Frederick C. Maker, 1881. Setting: The Evangelical Hymnal, 1921.
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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.

Christ Arose

Words: Robert Lowry, 1874. Music: 'Christ Arose' Robert Lowry, 1874. Setting: Living Hymns, 1923.
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♩ = 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

Words: Martin Luther, 1524. Translated by Richard Massie, 1854. Music: 'Christ lag in Tobes Banden' or 'Torgau' from Geistliche Gesangbüchlein, 1524. Setting: Evangelical Lutheran Hymn Book, 1931, alt. copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 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)

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.
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♩ = 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! | 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! | 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! |
| 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! | 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! | |

Crown Him With Many Crowns

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: PD from *Lutheran Worship*, 1982.
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♩ = 110

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on His throne.
2. Crown Him the vir - gin's Son, the God in - car - nate born,
3. Crown Him the Son of God, be - fore the worlds be - gan,
4. Crown Him the Lord of life, who tri - umphed o'er the grave,
5. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scep - ter sways

Hark! How the heav'n - ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own.
Whose arm those crim - son tro - phies won which now His brow a - - dorn;
And ye who tread where He hath trod, crown Him the Son of Man;
And rose vic - tor - ious in the strife for those He came to save.
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, and all be prayer and praise.

A - - wake, my soul, and sing of Him who died for thee,
Fruit of the mys - tic rose, as of that rose the stem;
Who ev - ery grief hath known that wrings the hu - man breast,
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died, and rose on high,
His reign shall know no end, and round His pierc - ed feet

And hail Him as thy match - less King through all e - ter - ni - - ty.
The root whence mer - cy ev - er flows, the Babe of Beth - le - - hem.
And takes and bears them for His own, that all in Him may rest.
Who died e - ter - nal life to bring, and lives that death may die.
Fair flow'rs of pa - ra - dise ex - tend their fra - grance ev - er sweet.

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.

Dear Christians, One and All Rejoice

Words: Martin Luther, 1523. Translated by Richard Massie, 1854, alt.
 Music: 'Es ist Gewisslich an der Zeit', from Klug's Geistliche Lieder, Wittenberg, 1533. Setting: M. Praetorius, 1610.
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♩ = 110

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 - gainst God's judg - ment fought, And dead to good re - main - - éd.
 He thought u - pon 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 - sessed 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'lt 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.

Dear Christians, One and All Rejoice

Words: Martin Luther, 1523. Translated by Richard Massie, 1854, alt.

Music: 'Nun Freut Euch', attr. Martin Luther from *Etlich Christlich Lider*, Wittenberg, 1524. Setting: H. Schein, 1627. copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2009 Revision.

♩ = 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 - gainst God's judg - ment fought, And dead to good re - main - éd.
 He thought u - - pon 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 - sessed 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'lt 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.

Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

Words: Jeanette Threlfall, 1873, alt.

Music: 'Ellacombe' 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!

I Know That My Redeemer Lives

Words: Samuel Medley, 1775. Music: 'Duke Street' John Hatton, 1793.
Setting: "The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged" (Episcopal), 1905.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2007 Revision.

♩ = 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, Ill 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' *Lyra Davidica*, 1708. Setting: PD from *Lutheran Worship*, 1982. copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the *Open Hymnal Project*, 2005 Revision.

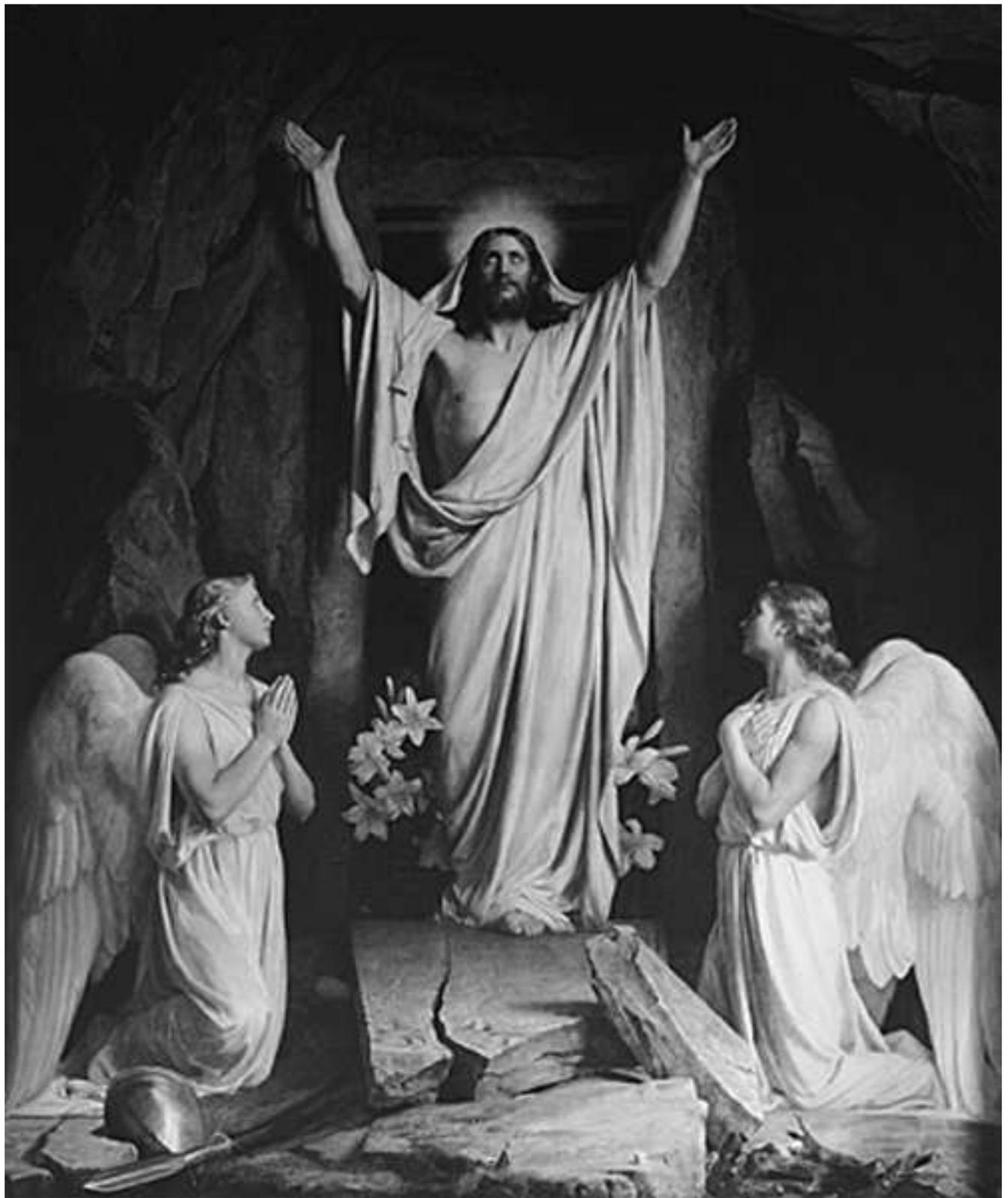
♩ = 120

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. 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!



Jesus Christ Who Came to Save

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

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.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2009 Revision.

♩ = 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 - res - 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 bound in pri - - son. Ky - ri' e - lei - son.
He is our Sa - viour, And brings us to God's fa - - vor.
Them He'll de - li - - ver, Who trust in Him for - ev - - er.



Jesus Grant That Balm and Healing

Words: Johann Heermann, 1644. Translation composite.

Music: 'Der Am Kreuz' Johann B. König, 1738. Setting: Evangelical Lutheran Hymn Book, Edition of 1931.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 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

Jesus Loves Me

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

♩ = 120

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

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

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

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

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

Words: Henry J. van Dyke, 1907.

Music: 'Ode to Joy' Ludwig van Beethoven; Adapted by Edward Hodges, 1824. Setting: Methodist Hymnal, 1909.
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♩ = 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 a - nd sad - ness; drive the dark of doubt a - way;
Field and for - est, vale a - nd moun - tain, flow - ery mea - dow, flash - ing sea,
Thou our Fa - ther, Christ o - ur Bro - ther, all who live in love are Thine;
E - ver sing - ing, march w - e 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.

Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

Words: St. James, 4th Century. Translated by Gerard Moultrie, 1864.

Music: 'Picardy' traditional French. Setting: The English Hymnal, 1906, alt.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. Let all mor - tal flesh keep si - lence, And with fear and trem - bling stand;
2. King of kings, yet born of Ma - ry, As of old on earth He stood,
3. Rank on rank the host of hea - ven Spreads its van-guard on the way,
4. At His feet the six wingèd ser - aph, Che - ru - bim 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!

Lift High The Cross

Words: George W. Kitchin (1827–1912); Modified by Michael R. Newbolt, 1916.
 Music: 'Crucifier' Sydney H. Nicholson, 1916. Setting: Hymns Ancient and Modern, 1922.
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 120

Refrain

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro - claim,
 Till all the world a - dore His sac - red Name.

Verse

1. Come, breth - ren, fol - - low where our Cap - tain trod,
 2. Led on their way by this tri - um - phant sign,
 3. Each new - born ser - - vant of the Cru - ci - - fied
 4. This is the sign which Sa - tan's le - gions fear
 5. Saved by this Cross where - - - on their Lord was slain,

To Refrain

our King vic - - tor - - ious, Christ the Son of God.
 The hosts of God in con - quering ranks com - bine.
 Bears on the brow the seal of Him Who died.
 and an - - gels veil their fa - ces to re - vere.
 the sons of A - - dam their lost home re - gain.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 6. From north and south, from east and west they raise
in growing unison their songs of praise. Refrain | 9. Let every race and every language tell
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 | 10. From farthest regions let their homage bring,
and on his Cross adore their Savior King. Refrain |
| 8. So shall our song of triumph ever be:
Praise to the Crucified for victory. 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 | |

Lord Jesus Think On Me

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

Music: 'Southwell' William Daman's Psalter, 1579. Setting: Common Service Book (ULCA), 1917.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

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

Lord Who Throughout These Forty Days

(O Lord, Throughout These Forty Days)

Words: *Claudia F. Hernaman, 1873. Music: 'St. Flavian' Day's Psalter, 1563. Setting: Episcopal Hymnal, 1905. copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.*

♩ = 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 Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Words: *St. 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: *J.S. Bach, 1729.*

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♩ = 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 des - pised and gor - - y, I joy to call Thee mine.
 Look on me with Thy fa - - vor, vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
 How doth Thy vis - age lan - guish that once was bright as morn!
 Thus Thou hast lost Thy vi - - gor, Thy strength in this sad strife.
 Have mer - cy, I im - plore Thee; Re - - deem - er, spurn 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.

On Jordan's Bank the Baptist's Cry

Words: Charles Coffin, 1736; st. 1–3 translated by John Chandler, 1837; st 4–5 translator unknown.

Music: 'Puer Nobis Nascitur' Michael Praetorius, 1609.

Setting: G.R. Woodward (1848–1934) for *The English Hymnal*, 1906.

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♩ = 120

1. On Jor - dan's bank the Bap - tist's cry An - noun - ces
 2. Then cleansed be ev - - ery breast from sin; Make straight the
 3. For Thou art our Sal - va - - tion, Lord, Our Ref - - uge,
 4. Stretch forth Thine hand, to heal our sore, And make us
 5. To Him Who left the throne of Heav'n To save man -

that the Lord is nigh; Come, then, and hear - - ken,
 way for God with - in; Pre - pare we in our
 and our great Re - ward. With - out Thy grace our
 rise and fall no more; Once more up - - on Thy
 kind, all praise be giv'n; Like praise be to the

for he brings Glad ti - dings from the King of kings!
 hearts a home, Where such a might - - y Guest may come.
 souls must fade And wi - ther like a flow'r de - cayed.
 peo - ple shine, And fill the world with love di - vine.
 Fa - ther done, And Ho - ly Spi - - rit, Three in One.

Praise My Soul The King Of Heaven

Words: Henry F. Lyte 1834.

Music: 'Praise My Soul' aka 'Lauda Anima' John Goss 1869. Setting: The Episcopal Hymnal, 1918.
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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.

Savior, Like A Shepherd Lead Us

Words: attr. Dorothy A. Thrupp, 1836.

Music: 'Bradbury' William B. Bradbury, 1859. Setting: The Methodist Hymnal, 1909, alt. copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2007 Revision.

♩ = 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.

Savior When In Dust To Thee

Words: Robert Grant, 1815, alt.

Music: 'Aberystwyth (Parry)' Joseph Parry, 1879. Setting: Episcopal Hymnal, 1916.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 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 - vage 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!

'Take Up Thy Cross', the Savior Said

Words: Charles W. Everest, 1833. Music: 'Nun Lasst Uns Den Leib Begraben' G. Rhau, 1544.

Setting: Evangelical Lutheran Hymn Book, Edition of 1931.

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

♩ = 120

1. "Take up thy cross," the Sa - vior said, "If thou wouldst My dis - ci - ple be;
2. Take up thy cross, let not its weight Fill thy weak spi - rit with a - larm;
3. Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame, Nor let thy fool - ish pride re - bel;
4. Take up thy cross then in His strength, And calm - ly sin's wild de - luge brave,
5. Take up thy cross and fol - low Christ, Nor think til death to lay it down;

De - ny thy - self, the world for - sake, And hum - bly fol - low af - ter Me."
His strength shall bear thy spi - rit up, And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.
Thy Lord for thee the cross en - dured, And saved thy soul from death and hell.
'Twill guide thee to a bet - ter home, It points to glo - ry o'er the grave.
For on - ly those who bear the cross May hope to wear the glor - ious crown.

6. To Thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise forevermore ascend:
O grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end.

To Jordan Came Our Lord, The Christ

Words: Martin Luther, 1541; Translated by Richard Massie, 1854.

Music: 'Christ, Unser Herr' Johann Walter, 1524. Setting: Evangelical Lutheran Hymn Book, Edition of 1931.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. To Jor - dan came our Lord the Christ, To do God's plea - sure will - - ing, And
2. So hear ye all, and well per - ceive What God doth call bap - ti - - sm, And
3. To show us this, He hath His Word With signs and sym - bols gi - - ven; On
4. In ten - der man - hood Je - sus straight To ho - ly Jor - dan wend - eth; The
5. Thus Je - sus His dis - ci - ples sent: Go teach ye e - very na - - tion, That

there was by Saint John bap - tized, All right - eous - ness ful - fill - - ing; There did He
what a Christ - ian should be - lieve Who er - ror shuns and schi - sm; That we should
Jor - dan's banks was plain - ly heard The Fa - ther's voice from Hea - ven: "This is My
Ho - ly Ghost from Hea - ven's gate In dove - like shape de - scen - deth; That thus the
lost in sin they must re - pent; And flee from con - dem - na - - tion: He that be -

con - se - crate a bath To wash a - way trans - gres - - sion, And quench the bit - ter - ness
wa - ter use, the Lord De - clar - eth it His plea - - sure; Not sim - ple wa - ter, but
well - be - lo - ved Son, In whom My soul de - light - - eth; Hear Him." Yea, hear Him e -
truth be not de - nied, Nor should our faith e'er wa - - ver, That the Three Per - sons all
believes and is bap - tized, Ob - tains a might - y bless - - ing; A new - born man, no more

of death By His own blood and pas - - sion; He would a new life give us.
the Word And Spi - rit with - out mea - - sure; He is the true Bap - ti - - zer.
very one Whom He Him - self in - vi - - teth, Hear and o - bey His teach - ing.
pre - side, At bap - tism's ho - ly la - - ver, And dwell with the be - lie - - ver.
he dies, E - ter - nal life pos - ses - - sing, A joy - ful heir of Hea - ven.

6. Who in this mercy hath not faith, Nor aught therein discerneth,
Is yet in sin, condemned to death, And fire that ever burneth;
His holiness avails him not, Nor aught which he is doing;
His inborn sin brings all to naught, And maketh sure his ruin;
Himself he cannot succor.

7. The eye of sense alone is dim, And nothing sees but water;
Faith sees Christ Jesus, and in Him The Lamb ordained for slaughter;
She sees the cleansing fountain red With the dear blood of Jesus,
Which from the sins inherited From fallen Adam frees us,
And from our own misdoings.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.

Music: 'Rockingham Old' Edward Miller, 1790. Setting: PD from Lutheran Worship, 1982.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2007 Revision.

♩ = 130

1. When I sur - vey the wond - rous 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
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,

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.