

# 104 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 2. Hith - er to Thy love has blest me; Thou has brought me to this place;  
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!  
 4. O that day when freed from sin - ning, I shall see Thy love - ly face;

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.  
 And I know Thy hand will bring me Safe - ly home by Thy good grace.  
 Let Thy good - ness like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee.  
 Clothed then in the blood - washed lin - en How I'll sing Thy sov - 'reign grace.

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

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

Words: Robert Robinson

Music: Traditional American melody; John Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*; Last stanza setting and choral ending by Billy Payne

*Optional last stanza setting*      *Unison*

4. O that day when freed from sin-ning, I shall

see Thy love-ly face; Clothed then in the blood-washed lin-en How I'll sing Thy sov-'reign

grace; Come, my Lord, no long-er tar-ry, Take my ran - somed soul a-

way; Send thine an-gels now to car-ry Me to realms of end-less day.

*Optional choral ending*

*rit.*

Send thine an-gels now to car-ry Me to realms of end-less day.

# 290 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

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

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

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

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

Words: Isaac Watts

Music: Appalachian Folk melody from Scottish origin, arr. Bruce Greer

# 296 Hallelujah, What a Savior!

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

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

*Optional last stanza setting*

*Unison*

5. When He comes, our glo - rious King,

All His ran - somed home to bring, Then a - new this song we'll sing: Hal - le -

lu - jah, what a Sav - ior! Hal - le - jah, what a Sav - ior!

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music is in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the notes. The word 'rit.' is written above the second staff, indicating a ritardando. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

## John 19:16b-30

297

<sup>16b</sup> So they took Jesus, <sup>17</sup> and he went out, bearing his own cross, to the place called The Place of a Skull, which in Aramaic is called Golgotha. <sup>18</sup> There they crucified him, and with him two others, one on either side, and Jesus between them.

<sup>19</sup> Pilate also wrote an inscription and put it on the cross. It read, “Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.” <sup>20</sup> Many of the Jews read this inscription, for the place where Jesus was crucified was near the city, and it was written in Aramaic, in Latin, and in Greek. <sup>21</sup> So the chief priests of the Jews said to Pilate, “Do not write, ‘The King of the Jews,’ but rather, ‘This man said, I am King of the Jews.’” <sup>22</sup> Pilate answered, “What I have written I have written.”

<sup>23</sup> When the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they took his garments and divided them into four parts, one part for each soldier; also his tunic. But the tunic was seamless, woven in one piece from top to bottom, <sup>24</sup> so they said to one another, “Let us not tear it, but cast lots for it to see whose it shall be.” This was to fulfill the Scripture which says, “They divided my garments among them, and for my clothing they cast lots.”

**So the soldiers did these things, <sup>25</sup> but standing by the cross of Jesus were his mother and his mother’s sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene.**

<sup>26</sup> When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing nearby, he said to his mother, “Woman, behold, your son!” <sup>27</sup> Then he said to the disciple, “Behold, your mother!” And from that hour the disciple took her to his own home.

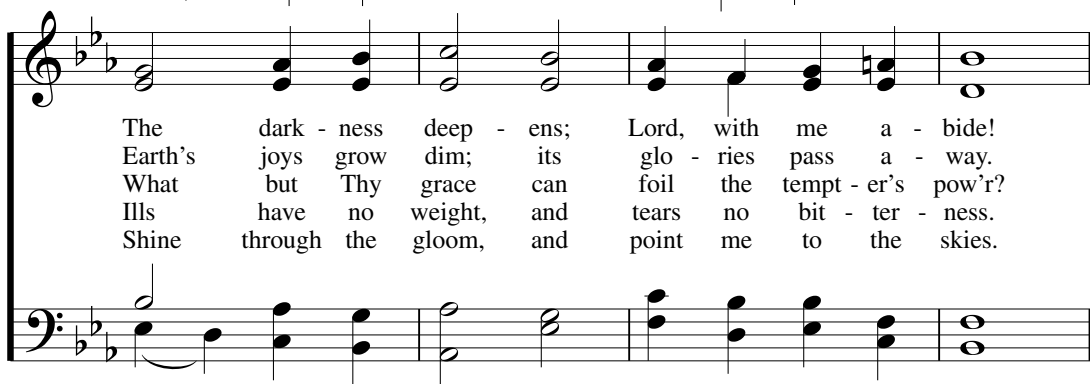
<sup>28</sup> After this, Jesus, knowing that all was now finished, said (to fulfill the Scripture), “I thirst.” <sup>29</sup> A jar full of sour wine stood there, so they put a sponge full of the sour wine on a hyssop branch and held it to his mouth.

<sup>30</sup> When Jesus had received the sour wine, he said, “It is finished,” and he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

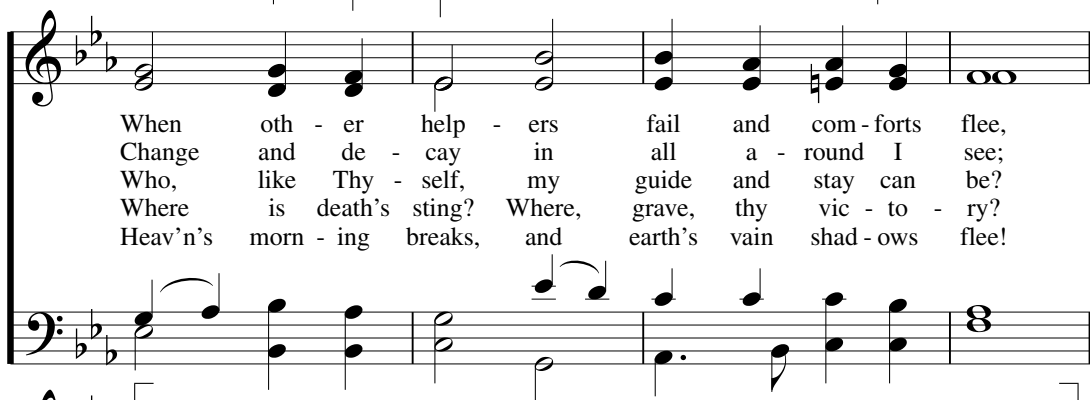
## 59 Abide with Me



1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide.  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day.  
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour.  
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
 5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;



The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!  
 Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way.  
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.



When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;  
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be?  
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?  
 Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee!



Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!  
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!  
 Through clouds and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!  
 I tri - umph still if Thou a - bide with me!  
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!