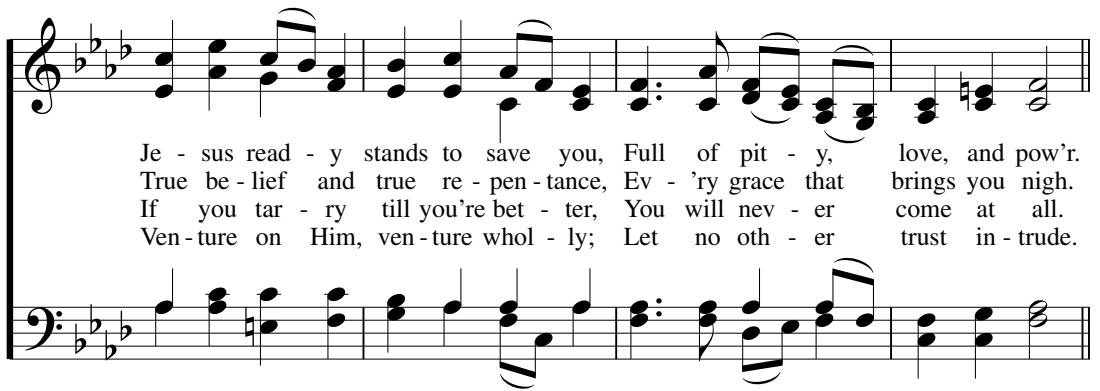


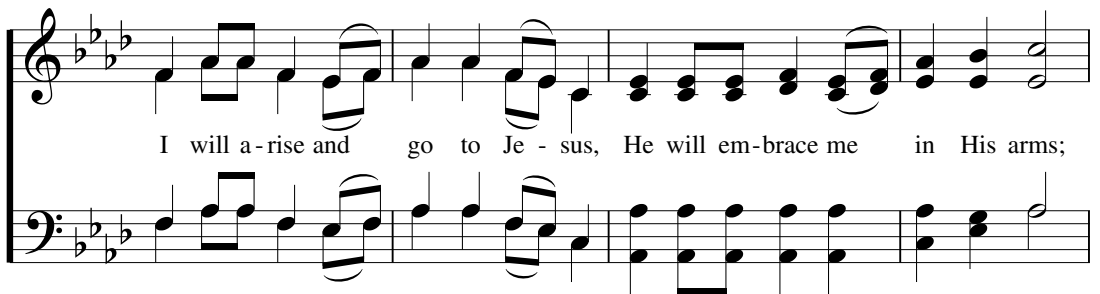
## Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy 391



1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;  
 2. Come, ye thirst - y, come, and wel-come, God's free bount - y glo - ri - fy;  
 3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;  
 4. Lo! th'in-car - nate God as-cend-ed, Pleads the mer - it of His blood.



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.  
 True be - lief and true re - pen - tance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.  
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.  
 Ven - ture on Him, ven - ture whol - ly; Let no oth - er trust in - trude.



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



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

## 180 And Can It Be?

1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest  
 2. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove, So free, so  
 3. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay Fast bound in  
 4. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and

in the Sav - ior's blood? Died He for me, who caused His  
 in - fi - nite His grace; Emp - tied Him - self to show His  
 sin and na - ture's night; Thine eye dif - fused a quick - 'ning  
 all in Him is mine! A - live in Him, my liv - ing

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

love! how can it be That Thou, my God, should  
 all, im - mense and free; For O my God, it  
 off, my heart was free; I rose, went forth and  
 preach th'e - ter - nal throne And claim the crown, through

Words: Charles Wesley

Music: Thomas Campbell; Last stanza setting and choral ending by Dennis Allen

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*Refrain*

die found for me?  
fol - lowed Thee. A - maz - ing love! how can it  
Christ, my own. A - maz-ing love! how

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

*Optional last refrain with choral ending*

me! A - maz - ing love! how can it be That

*Optional choir sing parts*

Thou, my God, should die for me! That Thou, my

*rit.*

God, should die, should die for me!

# 407 It Is Well with My Soul



1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin - oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought: My sin - not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



sea bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,  
part, but the whole Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,  
back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de - scend,

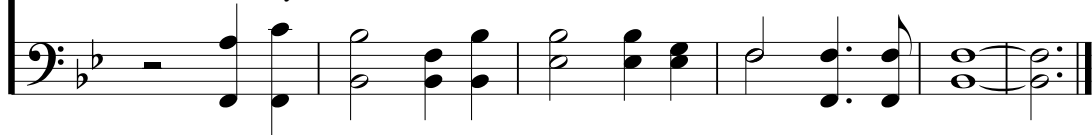


"It is well, it is well with my soul."  
And has shed His own blood for my soul.  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
"E - ven so," it is well with my soul.

It is well with my  
It is well



soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.  
with my soul,



Words: Horatio G. Spafford

Music: Philip P. Bliss; Last stanza setting and choral ending by Ken Barker

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It is well, it is well with my soul.

*Optional choral ending*  
*Sing Parts*

*f* *sub. mp* *slowly*

It is well, it is well with my soul. (It is well.)

## 408 My Faith Looks Up to Thee

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,  
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,  
4. When ends life's pass - ing dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my  
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my  
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's  
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -

# 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, |



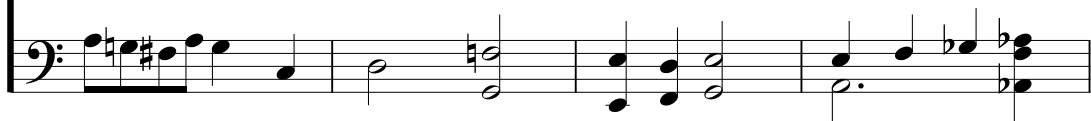
Ru - ined sin - ners	to re - claim!	Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!
Sealed my par - don	with His blood;	Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!
Full a - tone - ment!	can it be?	Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed	high:	Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!
Then a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





## 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.