

# 61

CHRISTMAS HYMN 12.11.12.11

Kay Carney (nee Robinson)  
arr. Evniki Hudson

♩ = 126

*Gently*

1. Oh Fa - ther! Oh Fa - ther! we come in our won - der, To

1. join with the an - gels who sang at His birth. We

1. learn the great an - them they sang from the glo - ry To

1. shep - herds who trem - bled with joy on the earth.

vv. 1-5

2. You 6. race!

v. 6

2.  
You sent Your great angel to speak to the virgin,  
You took the sweet maiden You chose in Your grace.  
She bore our dear Sovereign—the scion of Jesse—  
Our loving Redeemer, the King of our race.

3.  
To Mary and Joseph the angels brought tidings,  
The tidings the prophets had ever foretold;  
The hope of the ages was born in a manger,  
The news of His coming was heard in the fold.

4.  
The sword of His sorrow pierced Mary His mother,  
The fire of baptism raged in His soul.  
The Cross and its suff'ring, the Tomb and its silence,  
The Father had planned as His love's highest goal.

5.  
Come Mary and Joseph, come Simon and Anna!  
Come Magi and shepherds, come heaven and earth!  
Come all the new-born of all the creation!  
Shout praise to the Father for Jesus' dear birth!

6.  
Raise louder and louder the anthem of wonder:  
All creatures cry 'Glory!' to Yahweh's great grace!  
All nations fall down to the praise of His glory,  
Cry, 'Jesus is born the King of our race!'

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# 62

AH, HOLY JESU 11.11.11.5

E. Cannon and P. Bailey  
arr. Evniki Hudson

♩ = 84

1. Ah, ho-ly Je - su, How hast Thou of - fen - ded,

1. That man to judge Thee, Hath in hate pre - ten - ded?

1. By foes de - ri - ded, By Thine own re -

1. ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.

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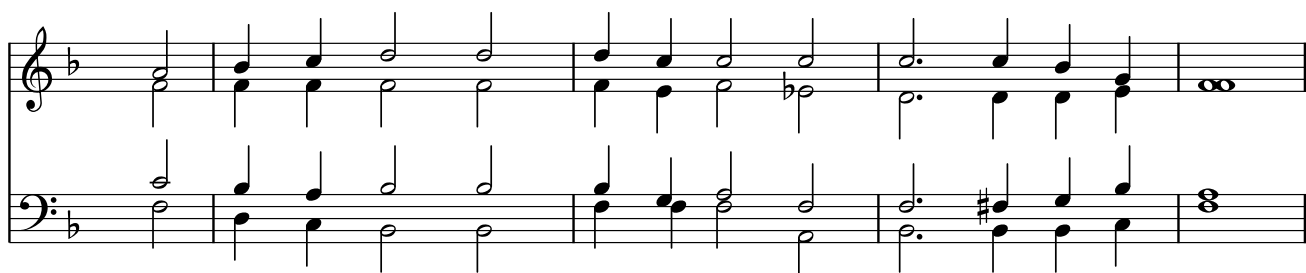
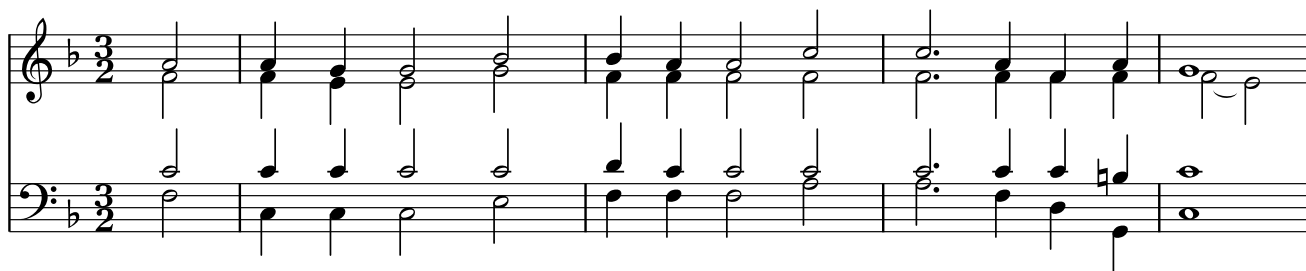
2.  
Who was the guilty?  
Who brought this upon Thee?  
Alas, my treason,  
Jesu, hath undone Thee;  
'Twas I, Lord Jesu,  
I it was denied Thee:  
I crucified Thee.

3.  
Lo, the good Shepherd  
For the sheep is offered;  
The slave hath sinnèd,  
And the Son hath suffered;  
For man's atonement,  
While he no thing heedeth,  
God intercedeth.

4.  
For me, kind Jesu,  
Was Thy incarnation,  
Thy mortal sorrow,  
And Thy life's oblation;  
Thy death of anguish  
And Thy bitter passion,  
For my salvation.

5.  
Therefore, kind Jesu,  
Since I cannot pay Thee,  
I do adore Thee,  
And will ever pray Thee,  
Think on my pity  
And Thy love unswerving,  
Not my deserving.

Johann Heerman, 1585–1647  
tr. Robert Seymour Bridges, 1844–1930.



1.  
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred Head  
For such a worm as I?

2.  
Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

3.  
Well might the sun in darkness hide  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker died  
For man the creature's sin.

4.  
Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While His dear Cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.

5.  
But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

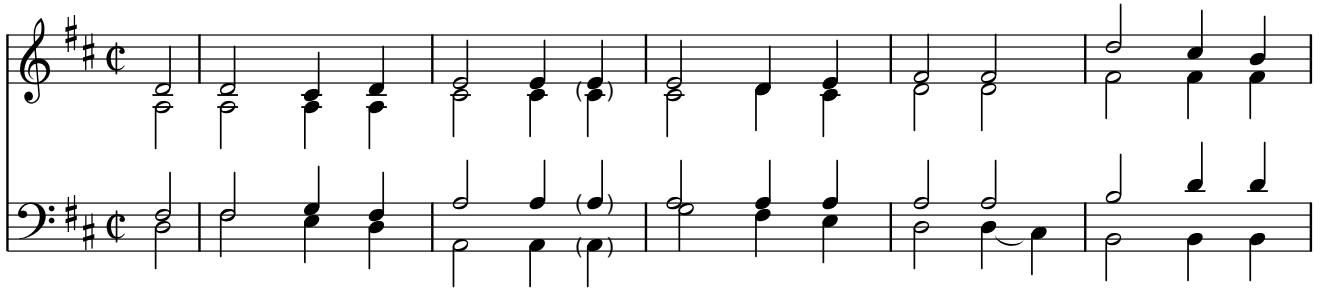
*Isaac Watts, 1674–1748*

# 64(i)

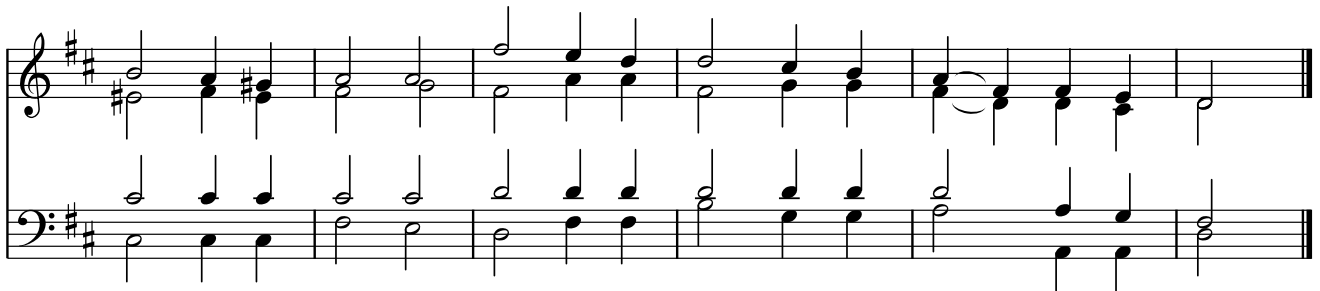
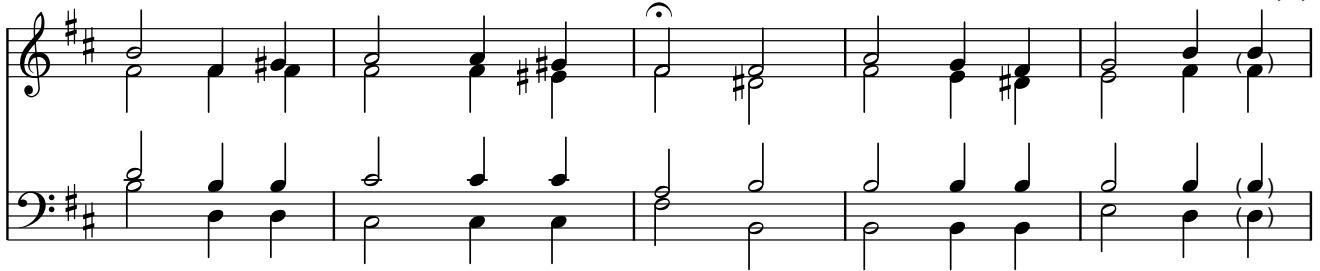
DARLINGTON 5.5.11 D

The Hallelujah, 1849

v. 6



v. 2, 5, 7



1.  
All ye that pass by,  
To Jesus draw nigh;  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?  
Your ransom and peace,  
Your surety He is,  
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

2.  
For what you have done  
His blood must atone:  
The Father hath given for you His dear Son:  
The Lord, in the day  
Of His anger did lay  
Your sins on the Lamb and He bore them away.

3.  
He answered for all:  
O come at His call,  
And low at His cross with astonishment fall.  
But lift up your eyes  
At Jesus' cries:  
Impassive He suffers; immortal He dies.

4.  
He dies to atone  
For sins not His own.  
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath done:  
Ye all may receive  
The peace He did leave,  
Who made intercession: 'My Father, forgive.'

5.  
For you and for me  
He prayed on the tree:  
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.  
The sinner am I,  
Who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the pardon God will not deny.

6.  
My pardon I claim;  
For a sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus' name.  
He purchased the grace  
Which now I embrace;  
O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in my place!

7.  
His death is my plea;  
My Advocate see,  
And hear the blood speak that hath answered for me:  
My ransom He was  
When He bled on the cross:  
And by losing His life He has carried my cause.

*Charles Wesley, 1707–88, alt.*

# 64(ii)

WAREHAM 5.5.11 D

William Knapp, 1698–1768

v. 6

v. 2, 5, 7

1.  
All ye that pass by,  
To Jesus draw nigh;  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?  
Your ransom and peace,  
Your surety He is,  
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

2.  
For what you have done  
His blood must atone:  
The Father hath given for you His dear Son:  
The Lord, in the day  
Of His anger did lay  
Your sins on the Lamb and He bore them away.

3.  
He answered for all:  
O come at His call,  
And low at His cross with astonishment fall.  
But lift up your eyes  
At Jesus' cries:  
Impassive He suffers; immortal He dies.

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He dies to atone  
For sins not His own.  
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath done:  
Ye all may receive  
The peace He did leave,  
Who made intercession: 'My Father, forgive.'

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For you and for me  
He prayed on the tree:  
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.  
The sinner am I,  
Who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the pardon God will not deny.

6.  
My pardon I claim;  
For a sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus' name.  
He purchased the grace  
Which now I embrace;  
O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in my place!

7.  
His death is my plea;  
My Advocate see,  
And hear the blood speak that hath answered for me:  
My ransom He was  
When He bled on the cross:  
And by losing His life He has carried my cause.

*Charles Wesley, 1707–88, alt.*

# 65

ANGEL WINGS irregular

Donald Priest and Kay Carney (nee Robinson)  
arr. Evniki Hudson

♩ = 92

1. An - gel wings, beat - ing my face, For - cing me in - to grace.  
2. *p* Red - hands, clot - ted with blood, Thrust - ing me up to God.

*Fine*

1. Dear - eyes, lo - ving my soul, Draw - ing me to the goal.  
2. An - gel wings, beat - ing my face, For - cing me in - to grace.

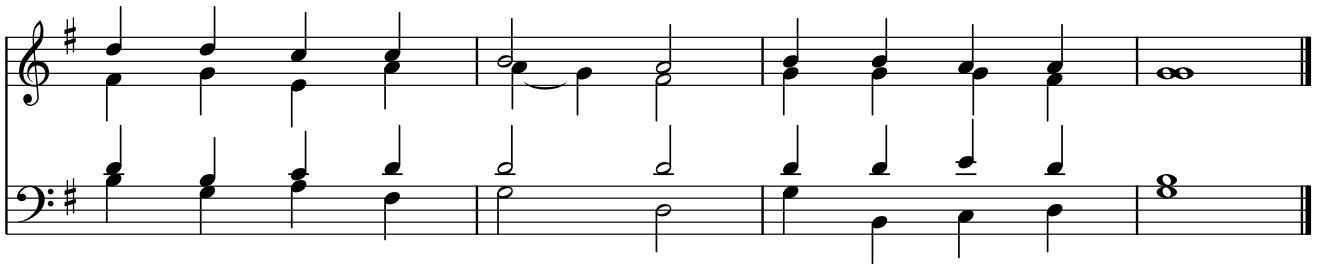
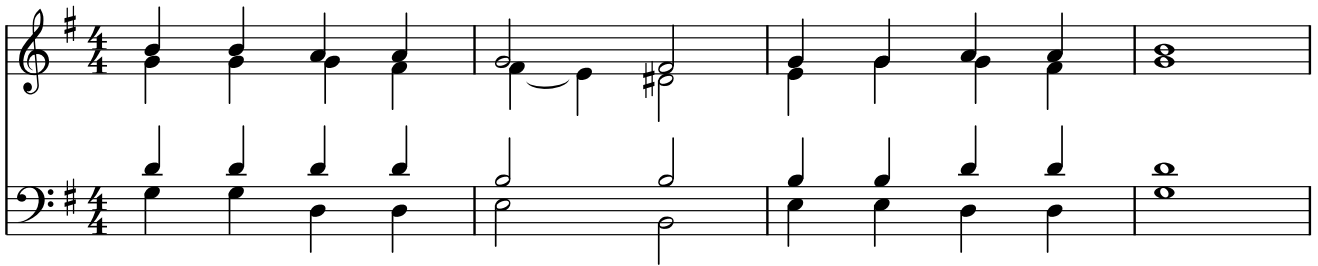
*f* Strong Word, pier - cing my brain, Bring - ing me

ho - ly shame. Pain's cry, well - ing with - in,

*D. C. al Fine*

Lift - ing me out of sin.

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1.  
 Glory be to Jesus,  
 Who in bitter pains,  
 Poured for me the life-blood  
 From His sacred veins.

2.  
 Grace and life eternal  
 In that blood I find;  
 Blest be His compassion,  
 Infinitely kind.

3.  
 Blest through endless ages  
 Be the precious stream,  
 Which from endless torment  
 Did the world redeem.

4.  
 Abel's blood for vengeance  
 Pleaded to the skies;  
 But the blood of Jesus  
 For our pardon cries.

5.  
 Oft as it is sprinkled  
 On our guilty hearts,  
 Satan in confusion  
 Terror-struck departs.

6.  
 Oft as earth exulting  
 Wafts its praise on high,  
 Angel hosts rejoicing  
 Make their glad reply.

7.  
 Let us lift our voices,  
 Swell the mighty flood;  
 Louder still and louder  
 Praise the precious blood.

*Anon., Italian, c. 1815*  
*tr. Edward Caswall, 1814–78, alt.*



# 67

AMSTERDAM 7.6.7.6.7.7.6

Melody from John Wesley's  
'Sacred Harmony', 1789

1.  
God of unexampled grace,  
Redeemer of mankind,  
Matter of eternal praise  
We in Thy passion find:  
Still our choicest strains we bring,  
Still the joyful theme pursue,  
Thee the Friend of sinners sing,  
Whose love is ever new.

2.  
Endless scenes of wonder rise  
From that mysterious Tree,  
Crucified before our eyes,  
Where we our Maker see:  
Jesus, Lord, what hast Thou done?  
Publish we the death divine,  
Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own  
Was never love like Thine!

3.  
Never love nor sorrow was  
Like that my Saviour showed:  
See Him stretched on yonder Cross,  
And crushed beneath our load!  
Now discern the Deity,  
Now His heavenly birth declare!  
Faith cries out: 'Tis He, 'tis He,  
My God, that suffers there!

*Charles Wesley, 1707–88*

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HE IS OUR PEACE irregular  
Ephesians 2:13ff

Kay Carney (nee Robinson)  
arr. Evniki Hudson

♩ = 116

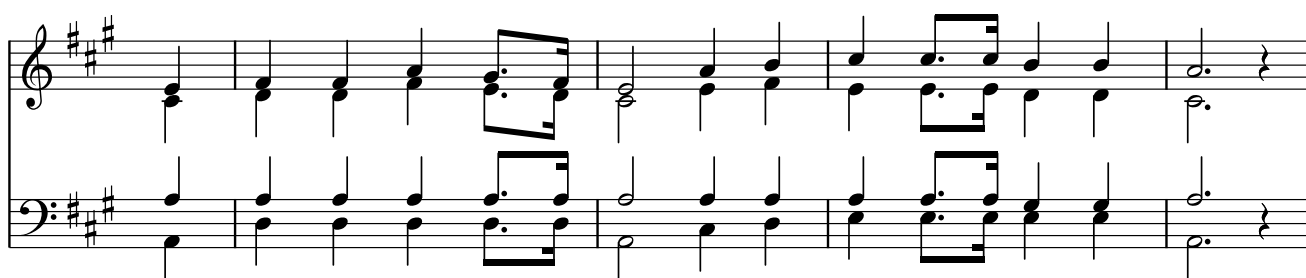
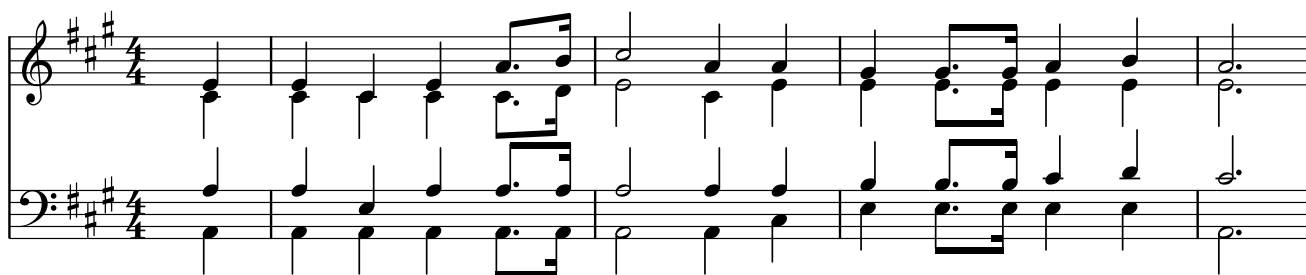
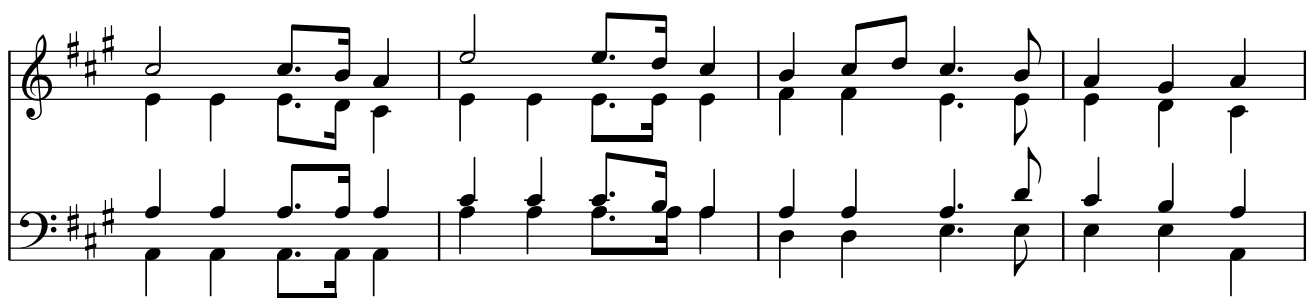
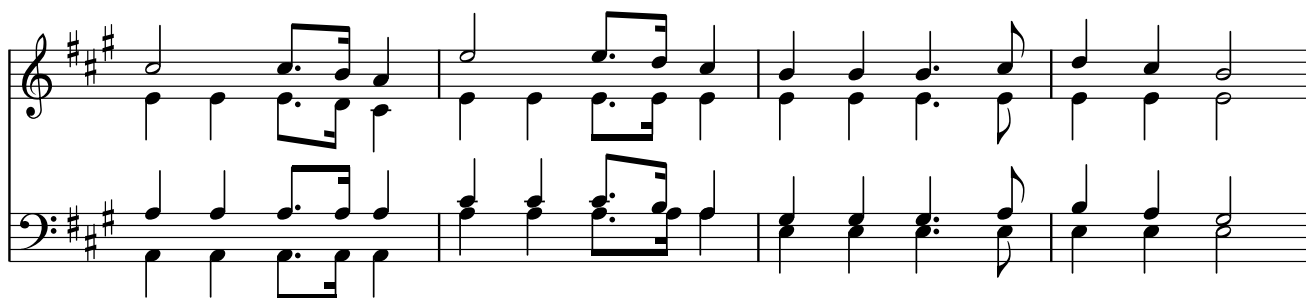
1. He is our peace,  
2. You, who once were far off,  
3. He has re - con - ciled us,

1. Je - sus is our peace, For He's  
2. you, who once were far off, Are brought  
3. He has re - con - ciled us. Through the

1. bro - ken down the wall of hos - ti - li - ty:  
2. near in the blood of Christ Je - sus:  
3. Cross He brought us back to the Fa - ther:

1. He is our peace.  
2. He is our peace.  
3. He is our peace.

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**REFRAIN**

1.  
I stand amazed in the presence  
Of Jesus the Nazarene,  
And wonder how He could love me,  
A sinner, condemned, unclean.

*How marvellous! how wonderful!  
And my song shall ever be;  
How marvellous! how wonderful!  
Is my Saviour's love for me!*

2.  
For me it was in the garden  
He prayed, 'Not My will, but Thine,'  
He had no tears for His own griefs,  
But sweat drops of blood for mine.

3.  
In pity angels beheld Him,  
And came from the world of light  
To comfort Him in the sorrows  
He bore for my soul that night.

4.  
He took my sins and my sorrows,  
He made them His very own;  
He bore the burden to Calv'ry,  
And suffered and died alone.

5.  
When with the ransomed in glory  
His face I at last shall see,  
'Twill be my joy through the ages  
To sing of His love for me.

# 71(i)

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU irregular

Rosslyn Meatheringham  
arr. Evniki Hudson

♩ = 126

*vv. 1-4* *vv. 2, 3* *vv. 1, 3, 4*

1. Is it no - thing to you— all you who pass by, Is it

*v. 1*

1. no - thing to you I am God? Is it

*v. 4* *vv. 1, 2* *v. 3*

1. no - thing to you I am Man a - mong men, Who

1. o - pen the tide of My blood? Is it

*vv. 1, 3* *vv. 1, 3, 5*

1. no - thing to you I cre - a - ted the worlds, Breathed the

vv. 1, 3, 5

1. spi - rit of life in - to clay? Set the

vv. 2, 4, 5

v. 4

1. o - ceans a - part and made the dry land, Cre -

v. 4

1. a - ted the night and the day? Cre -

1. a - ted the night and the day?

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2.  
Is it nothing to you that My Father and I  
Were one in our counsel as God,  
And planned this sad day in the face of your sin,  
When all you deserved was His Rod?  
Is it nothing to you, as now you pass by,  
That I am the curse of your guilt,  
The sin of your souls, and the filth of your mind,  
For which My heart's blood is now spilt?  
For which My heart's blood is now spilt?

3.  
Is it nothing to you that I bear all the wrath  
Of the God who is holy and pure  
On sin that defiles, on sin that destroys,  
That its judgement is what I endure?  
Is it nothing to you that His love is in Me,  
That this pain is the proof of My love,  
That I bear in My heart the hate of your mind,  
To bring you to Father above?  
To bring you to Father above?

4.  
Do you see in My wounds the wounds of your heart,  
In My eyes the sorrows of sin,  
The grief of your evil, the balm for your shame,  
The healing of all that's within?  
Will you pass by this Cross, cry 'Cursèd of God!'  
Ignore all the mercy of Love,  
Ignore too, His wrath that in mercy is poured  
Through the tide of My very heart's blood?  
Through the tide of My very heart's blood?

5.  
Oh! Stay at this Cross, gaze fully thereon,  
See all that is yours to receive,  
Cry, 'Dear Lamb of God, I give all I am,  
Now Saviour, I fully believe.'  
Is it nothing to you—you others who pass,  
Whilst I hang for your sin and your guilt?  
Is it nothing to you I am Man amongst men,  
Whose blood for your cleansing is spilt?  
Whose blood for your cleansing is spilt?

# 71(ii)

ALL YOU WHO PASS BY irregular

Robert Smith  
arr. Evniki Hudson

♩ = 136

*vv. 2, 3*

1. Is it no - thing to you— all you who pass by, Is it

1. no - thing to you I am God? Is it no - thing to

*vv. 1, 2, 4*

1. you I am Man a - mong men, Who o - pen the tide of My

1. blood? Is it no - thing to you I cre - a - ted the

1. worlds, Breathed the spi - rit of life in - to clay? Set the

1. o - ceans a - part and made the dry land, Cre - a - ted the

v. 4

1. night and the day? Cre - a - ted the night and the

vv. 1-4      v. 5

1. day?      2. Is it

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2.  
Is it nothing to you that My Father and I  
Were one in our counsel as God,  
And planned this sad day in the face of your sin,  
When all you deserved was His Rod?  
Is it nothing to you, as now you pass by,  
That I am the curse of your guilt,  
The sin of your souls, and the filth of your mind,  
For which My heart's blood is now spilt?  
For which My heart's blood is now spilt?

3.  
Is it nothing to you that I bear all the wrath  
Of the God who is holy and pure  
On sin that defiles, on sin that destroys,  
That its judgement is what I endure?  
Is it nothing to you that His love is in Me,  
That this pain is the proof of My love,  
That I bear in My heart the hate of your mind,  
To bring you to Father above?  
To bring you to Father above?

4.  
Do you see in My wounds the wounds of your heart,  
In My eyes the sorrows of sin,  
The grief of your evil, the balm for your shame,  
The healing of all that's within?  
Will you pass by this Cross, cry 'Cursèd of God!  
Ignore all the mercy of Love,  
Ignore too, His wrath that in mercy is poured  
Through the tide of My very heart's blood?  
Through the tide of My very heart's blood?

5.  
Oh! Stay at this Cross, gaze fully thereon,  
See all that is yours to receive,  
Cry, 'Dear Lamb of God, I give all I am,  
Now Saviour, I fully believe.'  
Is it nothing to you—you others who pass,  
Whilst I hang for your sin and your guilt?  
Is it nothing to you I am Man amongst men,  
Whose blood for your cleansing is spilt?  
Whose blood for your cleansing is spilt?

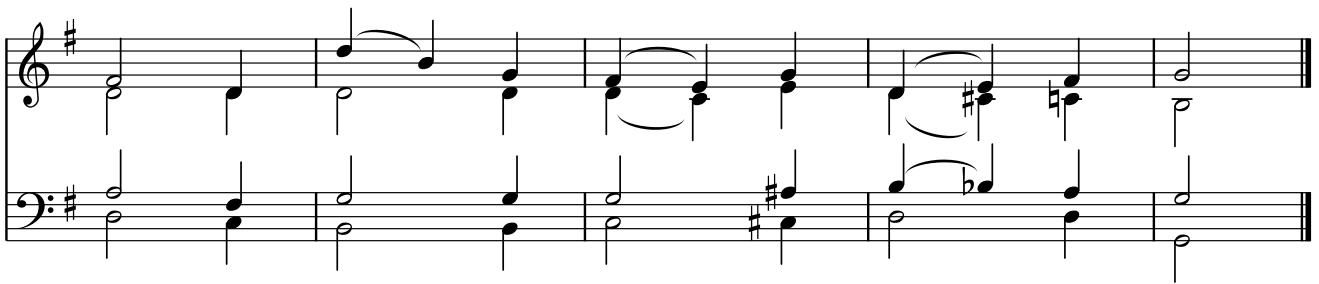
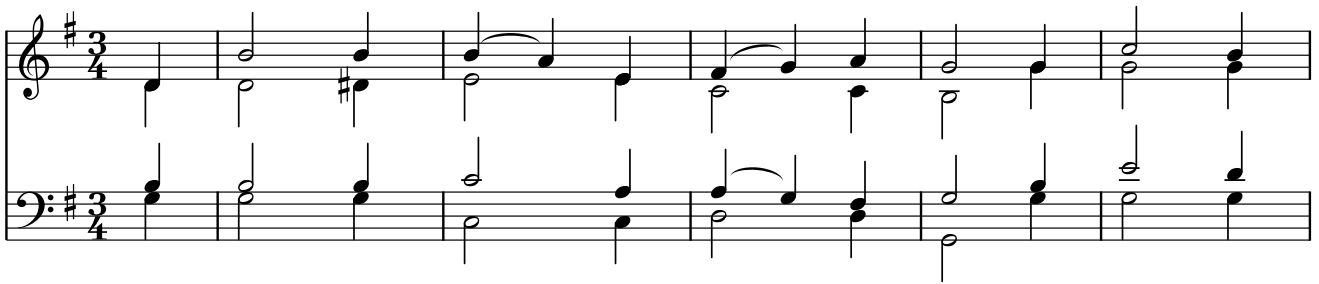
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# 72(i)

BROOKFIELD 8.8.8.8

Thomas Bishop Southgate, 1814–68



1.  
It is a thing most wonderful,  
Almost too wonderful to be,  
That God's own Son should come from heaven,  
And die to save a child like me.

2.  
And yet I know that it is true;  
He chose a poor and humble lot,  
And toiled and suffered pain and died  
For love of those who loved Him not.

3.  
I cannot tell how He could love  
A child so weak and full of sin;  
His love must be most wonderful,  
If He could die my love to win.

4.  
It is most wonderful to know  
His love for me so free and sure;  
But 'tis more wonderful to see  
My love for Him so faint and poor.

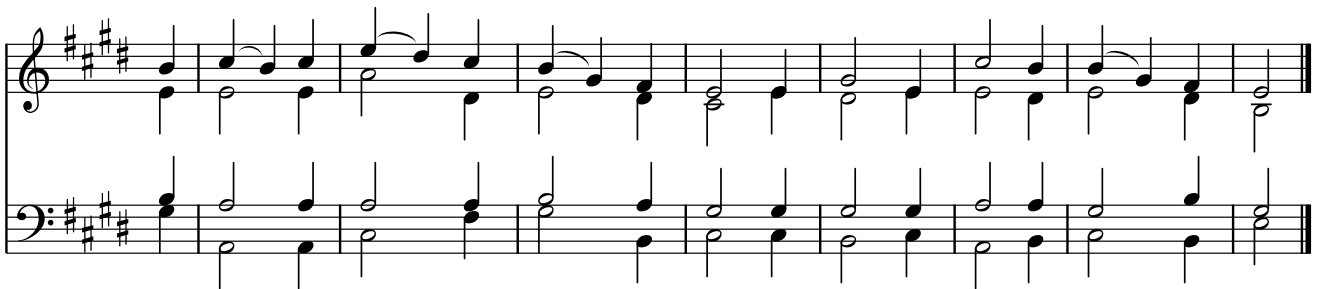
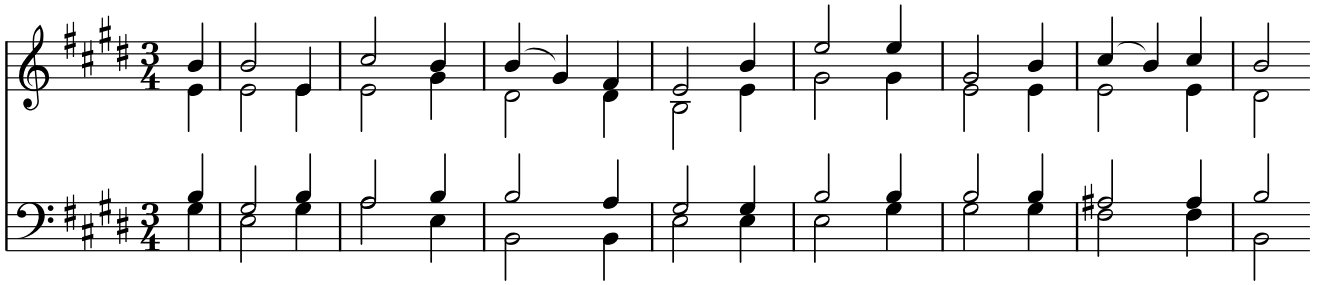
5.  
And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;  
O light the flame within my heart,  
And I will love Thee more and more,  
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

*William Walsham How, 1823–97*

# 72(ii)

HERONGATE 8.8.8.8

English traditional melody



1.  
It is a thing most wonderful,  
Almost too wonderful to be,  
That God's own Son should come from heaven,  
And die to save a child like me.

2.  
And yet I know that it is true;  
He chose a poor and humble lot,  
And toiled and suffered pain and died  
For love of those who loved Him not.

3.  
I cannot tell how He could love  
A child so weak and full of sin;  
His love must be most wonderful,  
If He could die my love to win.

4.  
It is most wonderful to know  
His love for me so free and sure;  
But 'tis more wonderful to see  
My love for Him so faint and poor.

5.  
And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;  
O light the flame within my heart,  
And I will love Thee more and more,  
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

*William Walsham How, 1823–97*

1.  
 'Man of sorrows,' wondrous name  
 For the Son of God, who came  
 Ruined sinners to reclaim!  
 Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

2.  
 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,  
 In my place condemned He stood;  
 Sealed my pardon with His blood:  
 Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

3.  
 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we:  
 Spotless Lamb of God was He:  
 'Full atonement!'—can it be?  
 Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4.  
 'Lifted up' was He to die,  
 'It is finished!' was His cry;  
 Now in heaven exalted high:  
 Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5.  
 When He comes, our glorious King,  
 All His ransomed home to bring,  
 Then anew this song we'll sing:  
 Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

*Philip Paul Bliss, 1838–76*

# 74

O LORD OUR GOD 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4

Kay Carney (nee Robinson)  
arr. Rosslyn Meatheringham

♩ = 126

1. Our Lord was lift - ed up As ser - pent, filled with sin, Sin's

1. black - est night was His, That ho - ly love be born: O Lord our God, Your

1. grace and love Has ta - ken flesh And vic - t'ry won.

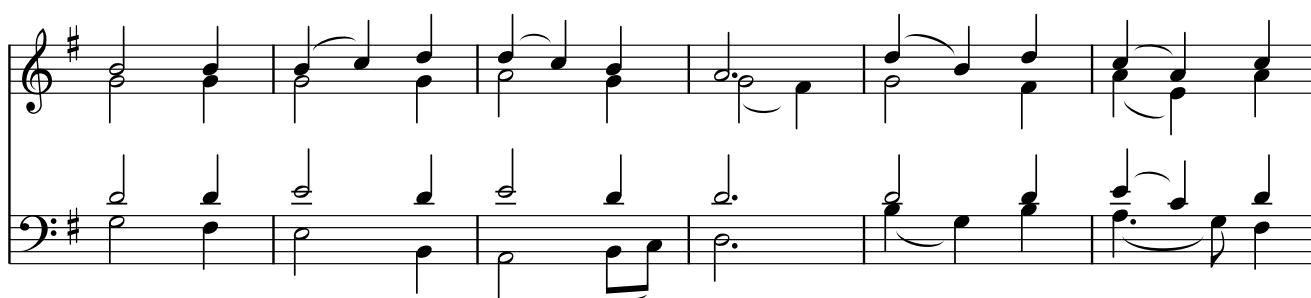
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2.  
Dear Lord, we hear Your cry,  
Forsaken from on high;  
What horror filled Your heart!  
What vile cup You drained!  
O Lord our God,  
Our anger stops,  
Sin's dry extremes  
Have lost their hold.

3.  
Deep into guilt's black pit—  
Where conscience knows no rest—  
Your Word has brought its cure,  
And all our strivings cease.  
O Lord our God,  
Your rest complete,  
Your finished cry  
Our hearts will keep.

4.  
So now our hearts rejoice,  
Your love-song fills the earth.  
Never was love like Yours,  
Never was grace so clear:  
O Lord our God,  
Before Your throne  
We all our days  
Will gladly spend.

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1.  
Stricken, smitten and afflicted,  
See Him dying on the tree!  
'Tis the Christ by man rejected,  
Yes, my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He!  
'Tis the long expected Prophet,  
David's Son, yet David's Lord;  
Proofs I see sufficient of it:  
'Tis the true and faithful Word.

2.  
Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning,  
Was there ever grief like His?  
Friends through fear His cause disowning,  
Foes insulting His distress;  
Many hands were raised to wound Him,  
None would interpose to save;  
But the deepest stroke that pierced Him  
Was the stroke that Justice gave.

3.  
Ye who think of sin but lightly,  
Nor suppose the evil great,  
Here may view its nature rightly,  
Here its guilt may estimate.  
Mark the Sacrifice appointed!  
See who bears the awful load;  
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,  
Son of Man, and Son of God.

4.  
Here we have a firm foundation,  
Here the refuge of the lost,  
Christ's the Rock of our salvation:  
His the name of which we boast;  
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded!  
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!  
None shall ever be confounded  
Who on Him their hope have built.

1.  
Thy works, not mine, O Christ,  
Speak gladness to this heart;  
They tell me all is done;  
They bid my fear depart.  
To whom save Thee,  
Who canst alone for sin atone,  
Lord, shall I flee?

2.  
Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,  
Can heal my bruised soul;  
Thy stripes, not mine, contain  
The balm that makes me whole.  
To whom save Thee,  
Who canst alone for sin atone,  
Lord, shall I flee?

3.  
Thy Cross, not mine, O Christ,  
Has borne the awful load  
Of sins that none could bear  
But the incarnate God.  
To whom save Thee,  
Who canst alone for sin atone,  
Lord, shall I flee?

4.  
Thy death, not mine, O Christ,  
Has paid the ransom due;  
Ten thousand deaths like mine  
Would have been all too few.  
To whom save Thee,  
Who canst alone for sin atone,  
Lord, shall I flee?

5.  
Thy righteousness, O Christ,  
Alone can cover me;  
No righteousness avails  
Save that which is of Thee.  
To whom save Thee,  
Who canst alone for sin atone,  
Lord, shall I flee?

*Horatius Bonar, 1808–89*

1.  
'Tis finished! the Messiah dies,  
Cut off for sins, but not His own:  
Accomplished is the sacrifice,  
The great redeeming work is done.

2.  
'Tis finished! all the debt is paid;  
Justice divine is satisfied;  
The grand and full atonement made;  
God for a guilty world hath died.

3.  
The veil is rent in Christ alone;  
The living way to heaven is seen;  
The middle wall is broken down,  
And all mankind may enter in.

4.  
The types and figures are fulfilled;  
Exact is the legal pain;  
The precious promises are sealed;  
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

5.  
The reign of sin and death is o'er,  
And all may live from sin set free;  
Satan hath lost his mortal power;  
'Tis swallowed up in victory.

6.  
Saved from the legal curse I am,  
My Saviour hangs on yonder tree:  
See there the meek, expiring Lamb!  
'Tis finished! He expires for me.

7.  
Accepted in the Well-beloved,  
And clothed in righteousness divine,  
I see the bar to heaven removed;  
And all Thy merits, Lord, are mine.

8.  
Death, hell, and sin are now subdued;  
All grace is now to sinners given;  
And lo, I plead the atoning blood,  
And in Thy right I claim Thy heaven!

*Charles Wesley, 1707–88*

# 78

TO THEE AND TO THY CHRIST 8.6.8.6 D

Kay Carney (nee Robinson)  
arr. Evniki Hudson

♩ = 126

*March-like*

1. To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God, We sing— we e - ver sing; For\_\_

1. He the lone - ly wine - press trod, Our cup of joy\_\_ to bring. His

1. glo - rious Arm the strife\_\_ main - tained, He marched in might from far; His

1. robes were with the vin - tage stained, Red with the wine\_\_ of war.

*Anne Ross Cousin, 1824–1906.*

*Music © 1987 Kay Carney (nee Robinson). Used by permission.*

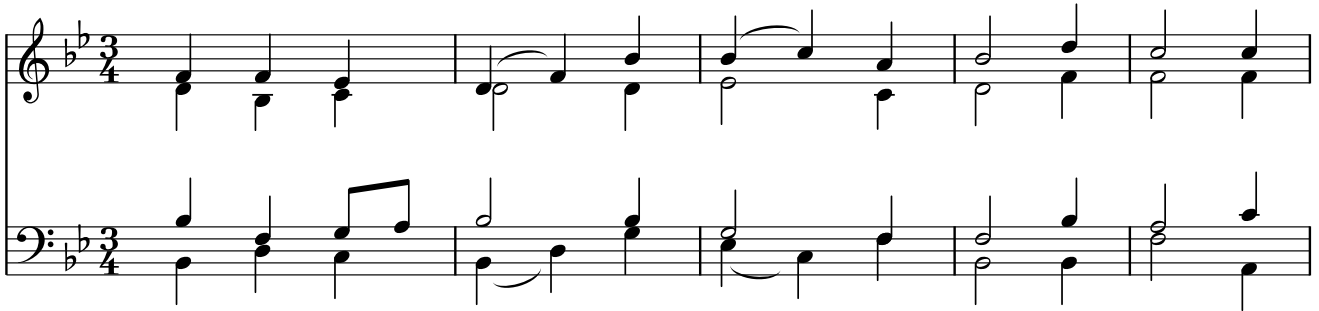
*Arrangement © 1993 Evniki Hudson. Used by permission.*

2.  
To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,  
We sing—we ever sing;  
For He invaded Death's abode,  
And robbed him of his sting.  
The house of dust enthral no more,  
For He, the Strong to save,  
Himself doth guard that silent door,  
Great Keeper of the grave.

3.  
To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,  
We sing—we ever sing;  
For He hath crushed beneath His rod  
The world's proud rebel king.  
He plunged in His imperial strength  
To gulfs of darkness down;  
He brought His trophy up at length,  
The foiled usurper's crown.

4.  
To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,  
We sing—we ever sing;  
For He redeemed us with His Blood  
From every evil thing.  
Thy saving strength His Arm upbore,  
The Arm that set us free;  
Glory, O God, for evermore  
Be to Thy Christ and Thee.





1.  
We sing the praise of Him who died,  
Of Him who died upon the Cross:  
The sinner's hope let men deride:  
For this we count the world but loss.

2.  
Inscribed upon the Cross we see  
In shining letters: God is love.  
He bears our sins upon the tree:  
He brings us mercy from above.

3.  
The Cross—it takes our guilt away;  
It holds the fainting spirit up;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4.  
It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.

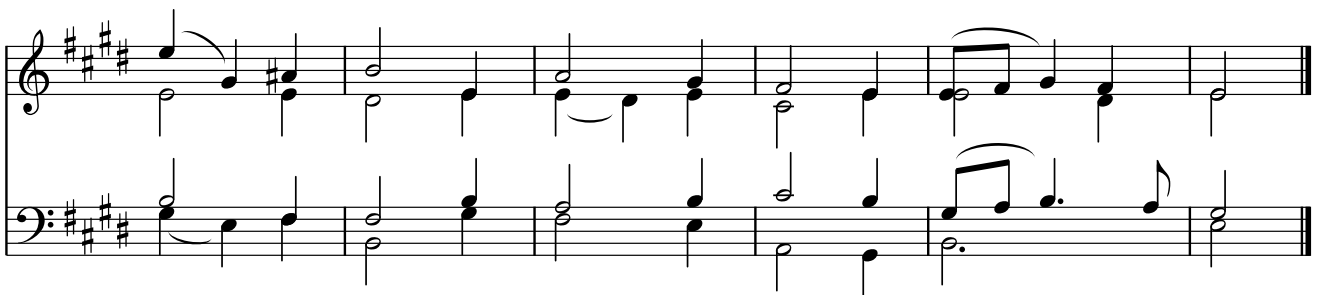
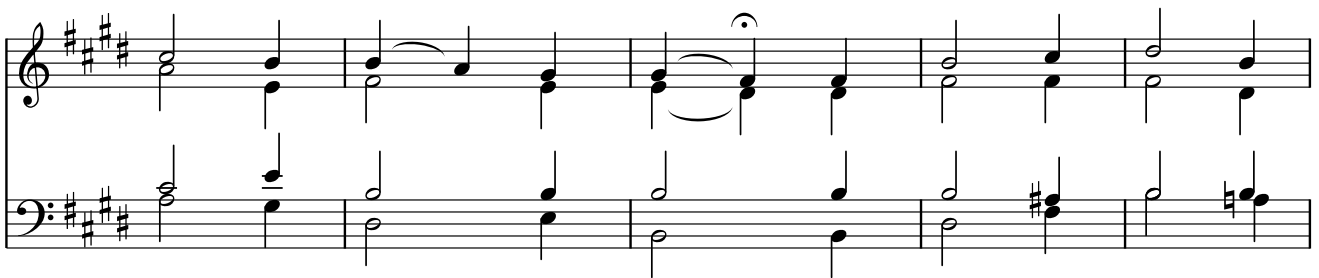
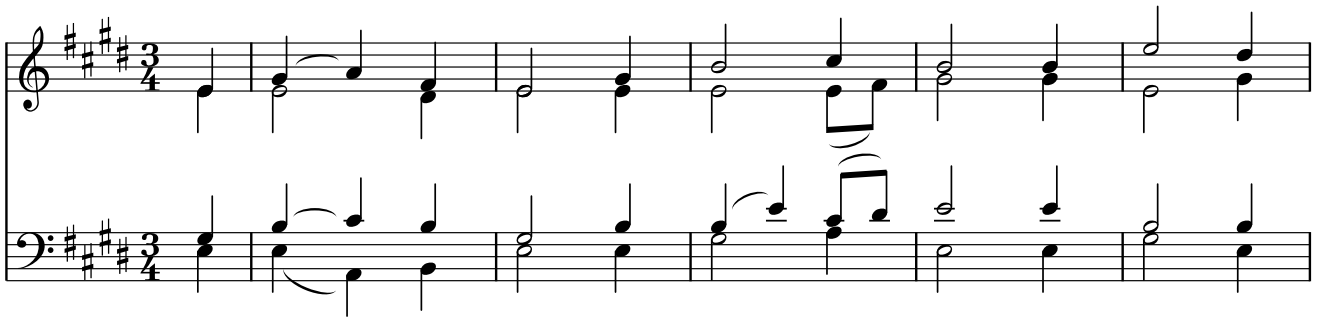
5.  
The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angels' theme in heaven above.

*Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855*

# 80(i)

ROCKINGHAM 8.8.8.8

Melody adapted by Edward Miller, 1731–1807



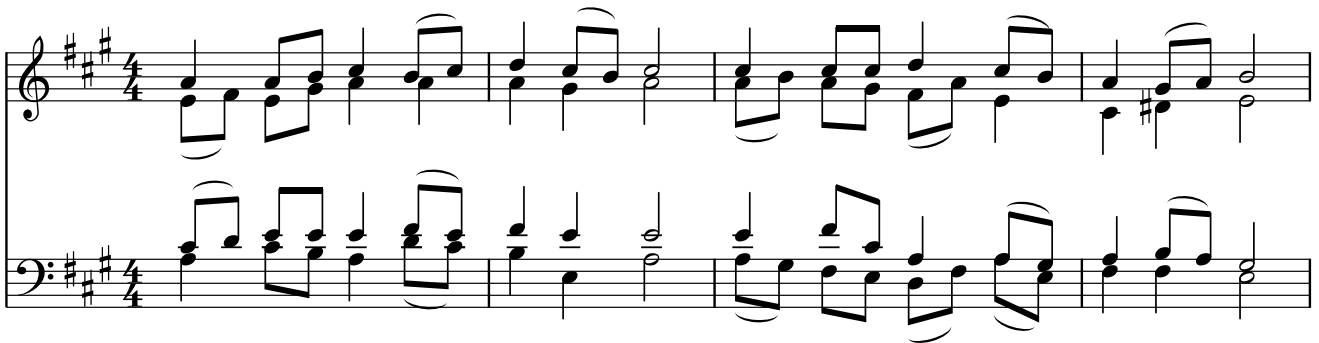
1.  
When I survey the wondrous Cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2.  
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the Cross of Christ my God:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.
3.  
See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4.  
His dying crimson like a robe,  
Spreads o'er His body on the Tree;  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.
5.  
Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

*Isaac Watts, 1674–1748*

# 80(ii)

BOSTON 8.8.8.8

Lowell Mason, 1792–1872



1.  
When I survey the wondrous Cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2.  
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the Cross of Christ my God:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.
3.  
See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4.  
His dying crimson like a robe,  
Spreads o'er His body on the Tree;  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.
5.  
Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

*Isaac Watts, 1674–1748*

# 80(iii)

WHEN I SURVEY 8.8.8.8

♩ = 96

Colin Jones  
arr. Christine Dieckmann

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous Cross,

1. On which the Prince of glo - ry died,

1. My rich - est gain I count but loss,

1. And pour con - tempt on all my pride. 2. For-bid it

v. 5  
5. all. De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

Music © 1977 Colin Jones. Used by permission.  
Arrangement © 1977 Christine Dieckmann. Used by permission.

# 80(iii)

2.  
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the Cross of Christ my God:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3.  
See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4.  
His dying crimson like a robe,  
Spreads o'er His body on the Tree;  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.

5.  
Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

*Isaac Watts, 1674–1748*

1.

Christ the Lord is risen again;  
Christ hath broken every chain:  
Hark! the angels shout for joy,  
Singing evermore on high:  
*Hallelujah!*

2.

He who gave for us His life,  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal Lamb today;  
We too sing for joy, and say:  
*Hallelujah!*

3.

He who bore all pain and loss  
Comfortless upon the Cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us, and hears our cry:  
*Hallelujah!*

4.

He whose path no records tell,  
Who descended into hell,  
Who the strong man armed hath bound,  
Now in highest heaven is crowned:  
*Hallelujah!*

5.

He who slumbered in the grave  
Is exalted now to save;  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the Lamb is King of kings:  
*Hallelujah!*

6.

Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we too may enter heaven:  
*Hallelujah!*

7.

Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, today Thy people feed;  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
That we all may sing for aye:  
*Hallelujah!*

*Michael Weisse, 1480–1534*  
*tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78*

1.  
 'Christ the Lord is risen today,'  
*Hallelujah!*  
 Sons of men and angels say!  
*Hallelujah!*  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high:  
*Hallelujah!*  
 Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.  
*Hallelujah!*

2.  
 Love's redeeming work is done;  
 Fought the fight, the battle won:  
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;  
 Lo! he sets in blood no more!

3.  
 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell:  
 Death in vain forbids His rise;  
 Christ hath opened paradise.

4.  
 Lives again our glorious King!  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
 Once He died our souls to save:  
 Where's thy victory, boasting  
 grave?

5.  
 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
 Following our exalted Head:  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6.  
 King of glory! Soul of bliss!  
 Everlasting life is this,  
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove,  
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

*Charles Wesley, 1707–88*

1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 3. But the pain that He en - dured Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 4. Sing we to our God a - bove Hal - le - lu - jah!

1. Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 2. Un - to Christ, our hea - venly king, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 3. Our sal - va - tion has pro - cured; Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 4. Praise e - ter - nal as His love; Hal - le - lu - jah!

1. Who so late - ly on the cross Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 2. Who en - dured the cross and grave Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 3. Now ex - alt - ed He is king, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 4. Praise Him, all ye hea - venly host, Hal - le - lu - jah!

1. Suf - fered to re - deem our loss, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 2. Sin - ners to re - deem and save, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 3. And the an - gels e - ver sing; Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 4. Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, Hal - le - lu - jah!



Hal - le - lu - jah!

1.  
 Jesus lives! thy terrors now  
 Can, O death, no more appal us;  
 Jesus lives! by this we know  
 Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.  
*Hallelujah!*

2.  
 Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
 But the gate of life immortal;  
 This shall calm our trembling breath,  
 When we pass its gloomy portal.  
*Hallelujah!*

3.  
 Jesus lives! for us He died;  
 Then, alone to Jesus living,  
 Pure in heart may we abide,  
 Glory to our Saviour giving.  
*Hallelujah!*

4.  
 Jesus lives! our hearts know well  
 Naught from us His love shall sever;  
 Life nor death nor powers of hell  
 Tear us from His keeping ever.  
*Hallelujah!*

5.  
 Jesus lives! to Him the throne  
 Over all the world is given;  
 May we go where He is gone,  
 Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
*Hallelujah!*

*Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, 1715–69*  
*tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1812–97*

The first system of music is in 4/4 time. The treble clef part begins with a G4 chord, followed by a sequence of chords: A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The bass clef part starts with a G3 chord, followed by a sequence of chords: A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3.

The second system of music continues the melody. The treble clef part has chords: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The bass clef part has chords: G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3.

**REFRAIN**

The first system of the refrain is in 4/4 time. The treble clef part features a more active melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef part provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes.

The second system of the refrain continues the active melody in the treble clef and accompaniment in the bass clef.

The third system of the refrain concludes the piece with a final chord in both staves.

1.  
Low in the grave He lay,  
Jesus, my Saviour;  
Waiting the coming day,  
Jesus, my Lord.

*Up from the grave He arose,  
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;  
He arose a victor from the dark domain,  
And He lives for ever with His saints to reign:  
He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!*

2.  
Vainly they watch His bed,  
Jesus, my Saviour;  
Vainly they seal the dead,  
Jesus, my Lord.

3.  
Death cannot keep his prey,  
Jesus, my Saviour;  
He tore the bars away,  
Jesus, my Lord.

*Robert Lowry, 1826–99*

1.  
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph,  
See the King in royal state,  
Riding on the clouds, His chariot,  
To His heav'nly palace gate!  
Hark! the choirs of angel voices  
Joyful hallelujahs sing,  
And the portals high are lifted  
To receive their heavenly King.

2.  
Who is this that comes in glory,  
With the trump of jubilee?  
Lord of battles, God of armies,  
He has gained the victory;  
He who on the Cross did suffer,  
He who from the grave arose.  
He has vanquished sin and Satan,  
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3.  
While He lifts His hands in blessing,  
He is parted from His friends;  
While their eager eyes behold Him,  
He upon the clouds ascends;  
He who walked with God and pleased Him,  
Preaching truth and doom to come,  
He, our Enoch, is translated  
To His everlasting home.

4.  
Now our heavenly Aaron enters,  
With His blood, within the veil;  
Joshua now is come to Canaan,  
And the kings before Him quail;

Now He plants the tribes of Israel  
In their promised resting-place;  
Now our great Elijah offers  
Double portion of His grace.

5.  
He has raised our human nature  
In the clouds to God's right hand;  
There we sit in heavenly places,  
There with Him in glory stand:  
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;  
Man with God is on the Throne:  
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension,  
We by faith behold our own.

\* \* \*

6.  
Holy Ghost, Illuminator,  
Shed Thy beams upon our eyes,  
Help us to look up with Stephen,  
And to see, beyond the skies,  
Where the Son of Man in glory  
Standing is at God's right hand,  
Beckoning on His martyr army,  
Succouring His faithful band;

7.  
See Him, who is gone before us,  
Heavenly mansions to prepare,  
See Him, who is ever pleading  
For us with prevailing prayer,  
See Him who, with sound of trumpet,  
And with His angelic train,  
Summoning the world to judgement,  
On the clouds will come again.

8.  
Lift us up from earth to Heaven,  
Give us wings of faith and love,  
Gales of holy aspirations  
Wafting us to realms above;  
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,  
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,  
Where He sits enthroned in glory  
In His heavenly citadel.

9.  
So at last, when He appeareth,  
We from out our graves may spring,  
With our youth renewed like eagles,  
Flocking round our Heavenly King,  
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,  
And may meet Him in the air,  
Rise to realms where He is reigning,  
And may reign for ever there.

\* \* \*

10.  
Glory be to God the Father;  
Glory be to God the Son,  
Dying, risen, ascending for us,  
Who the heavenly realm has won;  
Glory to the Holy Spirit;  
To One God in Persons Three  
Glory both in earth and heaven,  
Glory, endless glory be.

*Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–85*

Hal - le - lu - jah!

1.  
The strife is o'er, the battle done;  
The victory of life is won;  
Now be the song of praise begun,  
*Hallelujah!*
2.  
The powers of death have done their worst,  
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;  
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,  
*Hallelujah!*
3.  
The three sad days have quickly sped;  
He rises glorious from the dead;  
All glory to our risen Head!  
*Hallelujah!*
4.  
He brake the age-bound chains of hell;  
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;  
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell.  
*Hallelujah!*
5.  
Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,  
That we may live, and sing to Thee,  
*Hallelujah!*

*Symphonia Sirenum Selectarum, 1695*  
tr. Francis Pott, 1832–1909

The first system of the hymn consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble clef begins with a half note G4, followed by a dotted quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by a dotted quarter note A3, and a quarter note Bb3. The music continues with various rhythmic patterns and chordal accompaniment.

The second system continues the melody and bass line. The treble clef features a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. The bass line follows with eighth notes: G3, A3, Bb3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3. The system concludes with a final chord in the treble clef.

The third system continues the melody and bass line. The treble clef features a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. The bass line follows with eighth notes: G3, A3, Bb3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3. The system concludes with a final chord in the treble clef.

The fourth system continues the melody and bass line. The treble clef features a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. The bass line follows with eighth notes: G3, A3, Bb3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3. The system concludes with a final chord in the treble clef.

*REFRAIN*

The first system of the refrain consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble clef begins with a half note G4, followed by a dotted quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by a dotted quarter note A3, and a quarter note Bb3. The music continues with various rhythmic patterns and chordal accompaniment.

The second system of the refrain continues the melody and bass line. The treble clef features a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. The bass line follows with eighth notes: G3, A3, Bb3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3. The system concludes with a final chord in the treble clef.

1.  
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won;  
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,  
Kept the folded grave-clothes, where Thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won.*

2.  
Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;  
Lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom;  
Let the church with gladness, hymns of triumph sing,  
For her Lord is living, death has lost its sting.

3.  
No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of life;  
Life is nought without Thee: aid us in our strife;  
Make us more than conquerors, through Thy deathless love:  
Bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home above.

*Edmond Louis Budry, 1854–1932  
tr. Richard Birch Hoyle, 1875–1939*

1.  
All hail the power of Jesu's name;  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem  
To crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown Him Lord of all.

2.  
Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol Him in whose path ye trod,  
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown Him Lord of all.

3.  
Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown Him Lord of all.

4.  
Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David Lord did call,  
The God incarnate, Man divine,  
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown Him Lord of all.

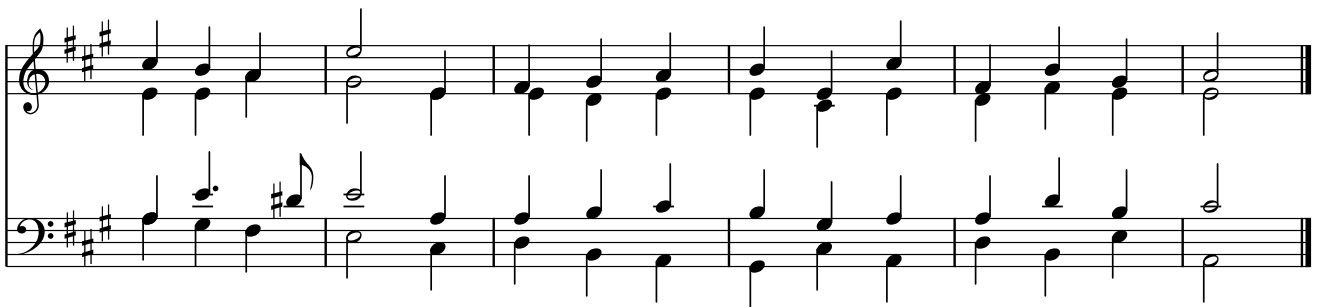
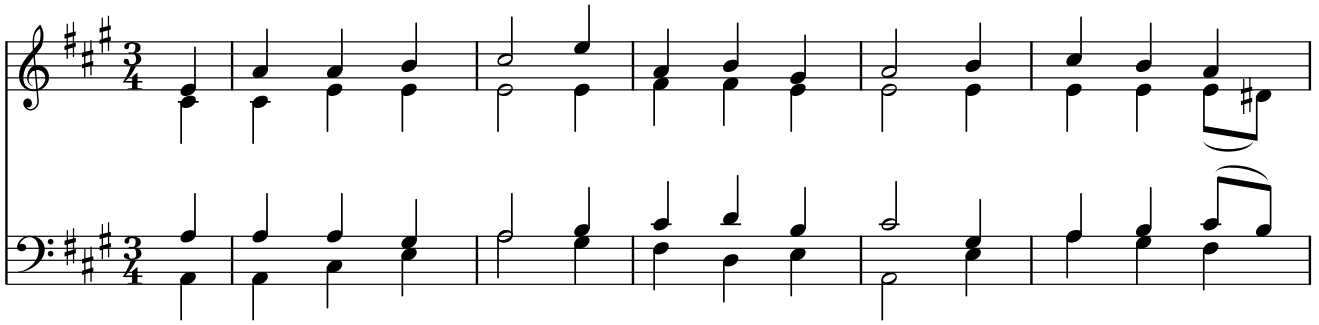
5.  
Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown Him Lord of all.

6.  
Let every tribe and every tongue  
Before Him prostrate fall,  
And shout in universal song  
The crownèd, crownèd, crownèd  
Crownèd Lord of all.

7.  
O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall,  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown Him Lord of all.

*Edward Perronet, 1726–92*  
v. 7: *John Rippon, 1751–1836*





1.  
All thanks to the Lamb,  
Who gives us to meet:  
His love we proclaim,  
His praises repeat;  
We own Him our Jesus,  
Continually near  
To pardon and bless us  
And perfect us here.

2.  
In Him we have peace,  
In Him we have power,  
Preserved by His grace  
Throughout the dark hour,  
In all our temptation  
He keeps us to prove  
His utmost salvation,  
His fullness of love.

3.  
Through pride and desire  
Unhurt we have gone,  
Through water and fire  
In Him we went on;  
The world and the devil  
Through Him we o'ercame,  
Our Saviour from evil,  
For ever the same.

4.  
O what shall we do  
Our Saviour to love?  
To make us anew,  
Come, Lord, from above.  
The fruit of Thy passion,  
Thy holiness give,  
Give us the salvation  
Of all that believe.

5.  
Pronounce the glad word,  
And bid us be free;  
Ah! hast Thou not, Lord,  
A blessing for me?  
The peace Thou hast given  
This moment impart,  
And open Thy heaven  
Of love in my heart.

6.  
Come, Jesus, and loose  
The stammerer's tongue,  
And teach even us  
The spiritual song;  
Let us without ceasing  
Give thanks for Thy grace,  
And glory, and blessing,  
And honour, and praise.

*Charles Wesley, 1707–88*