

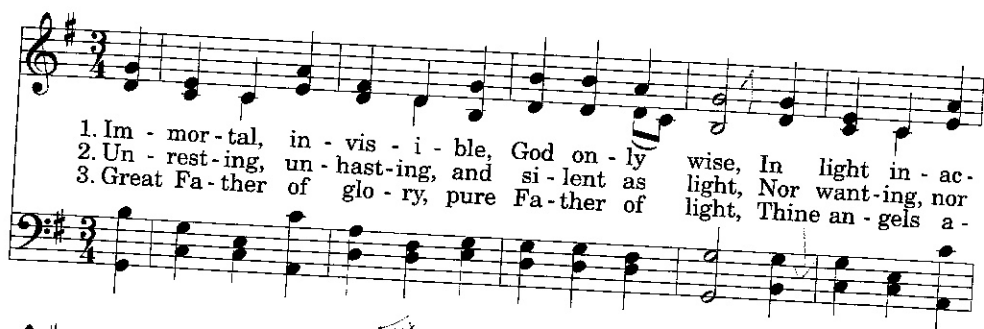


hand hath pro-vid-ed—"Great is Thy faith-ful-ness," Lord, un-to me!

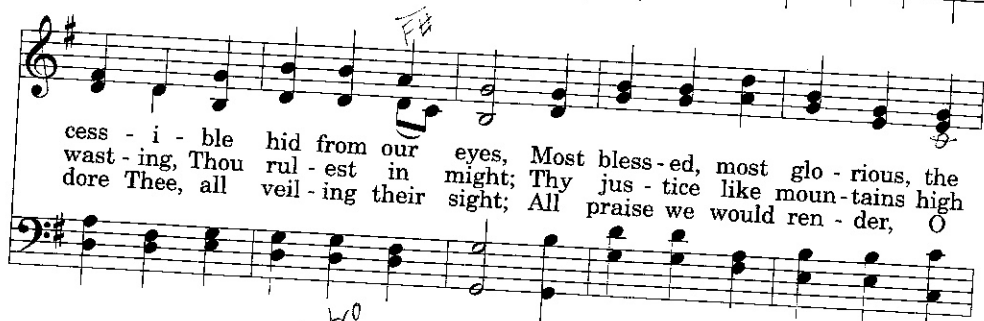
Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise 23

ST. DENIO (JOANNA) • 11.11.11.11.
Walter Chalmers Smith, 1824-1908

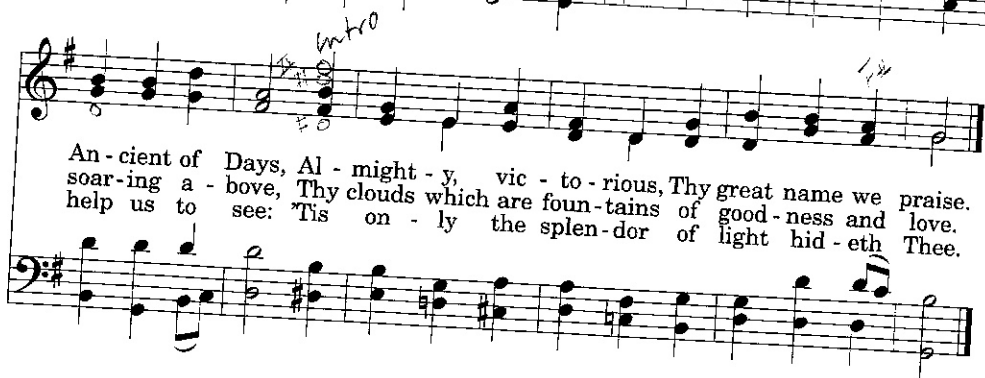
Welsh Hymn Melody, 1839



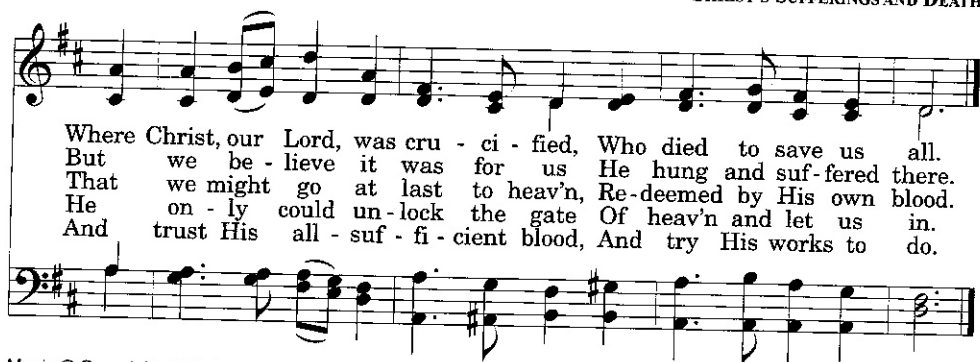
1. Im - mor-tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise, In light in - ac-
2. Un - rest-ing, un - hast-ing, and si - lent as light, Nor want-ing, nor
3. Great Fa-ther of glo - ry, pure Fa-ther of light, Thine an - gels a -



cess - i - ble hid from our eyes, Most bless-ed, most glo - rious, the
wast - ing, Thou rul - est in might; Thy jus - tice like moun-tains high
dore Thee, all veil - ing their sight; All praise we would ren - der, O



An - cient of Days, Al - might - y, vic - to - rious, Thy great name we praise.
soar - ing a - bove, Thy clouds which are foun-tains of good-ness and love.
help us to see: 'Tis on - ly the splen-dor of light hid - eth Thee.



Where Christ, our Lord, was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Re - deemed by His own blood.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.
 And trust His all - suf - fi - cient blood, And try His works to do.

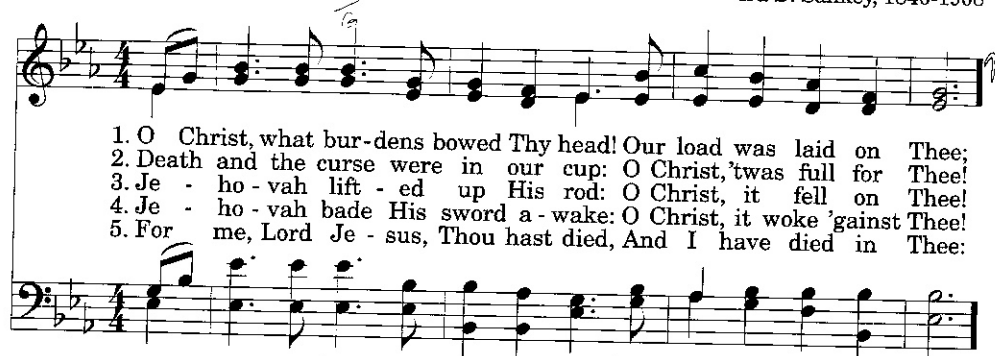
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O Christ, What Burdens Bowed Thy Head 147

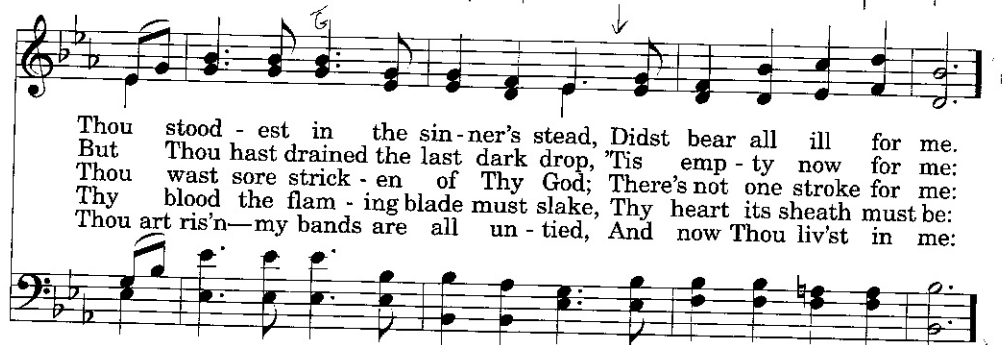
SUBSTITUTION • 8.6.8.6.8.6.

Anne R. Cousin, 1824-1906

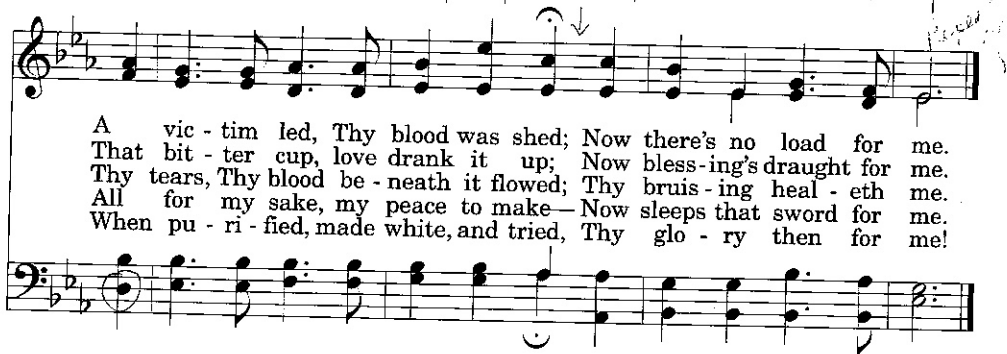
Ira D. Sankey, 1840-1908



1. O Christ, what bur - dens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee;
 2. Death and the curse were in our cup: O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
 3. Je - ho - vah lift - ed up His rod: O Christ, it fell on Thee!
 4. Je - ho - vah bade His sword a - wake: O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
 5. For me, Lord Je - sus, Thou hast died, And I have died in Thee:



Thou stood - est in the sin - ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me.
 But Thou hast drained the last dark drop, 'Tis emp - ty now for me:
 Thou wast sore strick - en of Thy God; There's not one stroke for me:
 Thy blood the flam - ing blade must slake, Thy heart its sheath must be:
 Thou art ris'n—my bands are all un - tied, And now Thou liv'st in me:



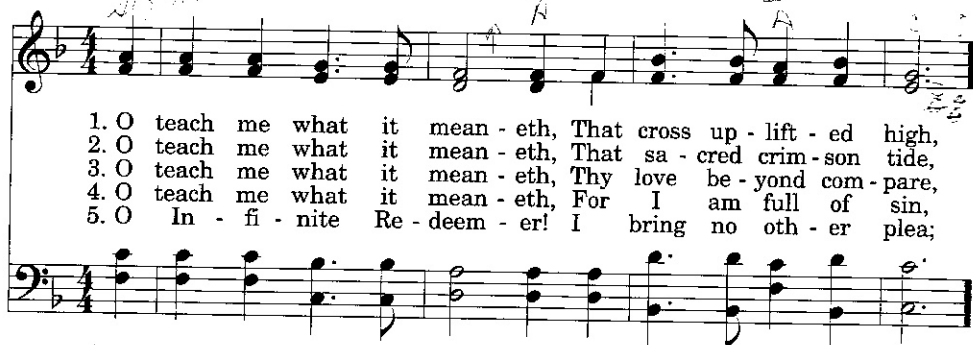
A vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load for me.
 That bit - ter cup, love drank it up; Now bless - ing's draught for me.
 Thy tears, Thy blood be - neath it flowed; Thy bruising heal - eth me.
 All for my sake, my peace to make—Now sleeps that sword for me.
 When pu - ri - fied, made white, and tried, Thy glo - ry then for me!

O Teach Me What It Meaneth

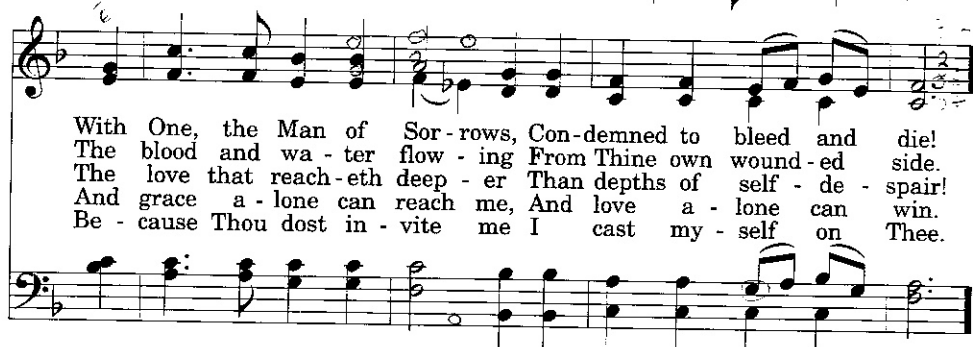
Lucy Ann Bennett, 1850-1927

RUTHERFORD • 7.6.7.6.D.

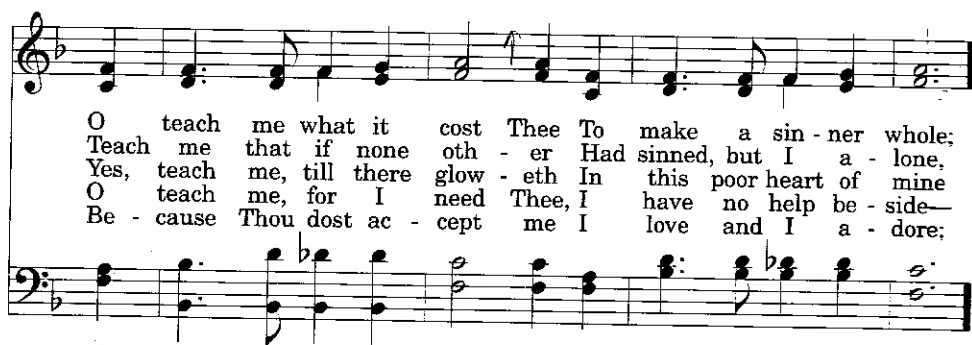
Chrétien Urhan, 1790-1845



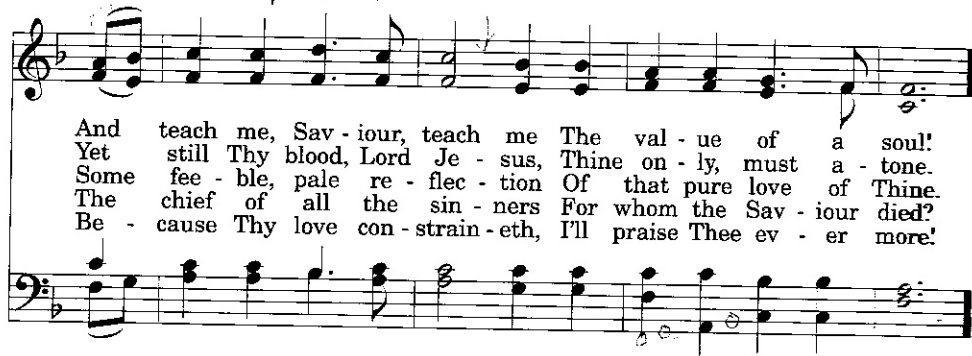
1. O teach me what it mean - eth, That cross up - lift - ed high,
 2. O teach me what it mean - eth, That sa - cred crim - son tide,
 3. O teach me what it mean - eth, Thy love be - yond com - pare,
 4. O teach me what it mean - eth, For I am full of sin,
 5. O In - fi - nite Re - deem - er! I bring no oth - er plea;



With One, the Man of Sor - rows, Con - demned to bleed and die!
 The blood and wa - ter flow - ing From Thine own wound - ed side.
 The love that reach - eth deep - er Than depths of self - de - spair!
 And grace a - lone can reach me, And love a - lone can win.
 Be - cause Thou dost in - vite me I cast my - self on Thee.



O teach me what it cost Thee To make a sin - ner whole;
 Teach me that if none oth - er Had sinned, but I a - lone,
 Yes, teach me, till there glow - eth In this poor heart of mine
 O teach me, for I need Thee, I have no help be - side—
 Be - cause Thou dost ac - cept me I love and I a - dore;



And teach me, Sav - iour, teach me The val - ue of a soul!
 Yet still Thy blood, Lord Je - sus, Thine on - ly, must a - tone.
 Some fee - ble, pale re - flec - tion Of that pure love of Thine.
 The chief of all the sin - ners For whom the Sav - iour died?
 Be - cause Thy love con - strain - eth, I'll praise Thee ev - er more!

18 Thou, the God Who Changes Never

Reginald C. Kimbro, b. 1962

KIMBRO • 8.7.8.7.D.

Gregory H. Munger, b. 19

1. Thou, the God Who chang-es nev-er; Thou, Whose glo-ry is Thine own;
 2. Christ-E-ter-nal Son of Glo-ry-Christ-In-car-nate Son of Man;
 3. Thou Who didst send out Thy Spir-it; Thou Who didst give life to me;

Yes-ter-day, to-day, for-ev-er, Sits in heav'n up-on the throne.
 An-gels who in heav'n a-dore Thee, On earth view sal-va-tion's plan.
 Grace now reigns where once sin's death did; Right-eous-ness has set me free.

Thine own pre-sence-E-den grac-ing; Walk-ing there in cool of day.
 Thine own work of law's per-fec-tion; This o-bed-i-ence counts for me,
 Thou Who wilt lead in-to glo-ry, Bring-ing with Thee man-y sons;

Our first head this bliss for-sak-ing, Sin's cruel reign steals all a-way.
 Thine own suf-f'ring con-dem-na-tion; That God's wrath I ne'er would see.
 Saved by grace I now im-plore Thee, Show me more what Thou hast done.