

Could give the guilt - y con - science peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
 A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name And rich - er blood than they.
 While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.
 When hang - ing on th'ac - curs - ed tree, And knows her guilt was there.
 We bless the Lamb with cheer - ful voice, And sing His bleed - ing love.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross 137

HAMBURG • L.M.

Gregorian Chant

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Arr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous 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. 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
 pres - ent 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?
 so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.



See from his ag - o - niz - ing wounds The blood in - ces - sant flow;
 Till light for - sook his clos - ing eyes, And life his droop - ing head!
 He bowed his head, gave up the ghost, And suf - fered pain no more.
 The great re - demp - tion is com - plete, And Sa - tan's pow'r o'er - thrown.
 Have ful - ly van - quished all our foes, And crowned him with their spoils.
 All old things now are passed a - way, A new world is be - gun.



He Died for Me

154

John Newton, 1725-1807

BARNETT • C.M.Ref.

Shelley B. Johansen, b. 1956



1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree In ag - o - ny and blood,
 2. My con - science felt and owned my guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
 3. A se - cond look He gave, which said: "I free - ly all for - give:



Who fixed His lov - ing eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
 I saw my sins His blood had shed And helped to nail Him there.
 This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die that thou may'st live."



REFRAIN



O can it be, up - on a tree The Sav - iour died for me?



My soul is thrilled, my heart is filled To think He died for me!



233 By Christ Redeemed, in Christ Restored

George Rawson, 1807-1889

ALMSGIVING • 8.8.8.4.

John B. Dykes, 1823-18

1. By Christ re-deemed, in Christ re-stored, We keep the mem - o - ry a
 2. His bod - y bro - ken in our stead Is seen in this me - mo - ria
 3. The drops of His dread ag - o - ny, His life-blood shed for us, w
 4. And thus that dark be - tray - al night With the last ad - vent we u
 5. Un - til the trump of God be heard, Un - til the an - cient graves be
 6. O bless-ed hope! with this e - late, Let not our hearts be des - o

dored, And show the death of our dear Lord Un - til He come.
 bread, And so our fee - ble love is fed Un - til He come.
 see; The wine shall tell the mys - ter - y Un - til He come.
 nite, By one blest chain of lov - ing rite, Un - til He come.
 stirred, And with the great com - mand - ing word The Lord shall come.
 late, But, strong in faith, in pa - tience wait Un - til He come.

234 For the Bread and for the Wine

Horatius Bonar, 1808-1889

THANKS • 7.7.7.6.

Peter C. White

1. For the bread and for the wine, For the pledge that seals Him mine.
 2. For the words that turn our eye To the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 3. For the words that tell of home, Point - ing us be - yond the tomb.
 4. Till He come we take the bread, Type of Him on Whom we feed.
 5. Till He come we take the cup; As we at His ta - ble sup.
 6. For that com - ing, here fore - shown, For that day to man un - known.

For the words of love di - vine, We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
 Bid - ding us in faith draw nigh, We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
 "Do ye this, un - til I come!" We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
 Him who liv - eth and was dead! We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
 Eye and heart are lift - ed up! We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
 For the glo - ry and the throne, We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

under To Calvary Lord
To Calvary, Lord, in Spirit Now 235

Edward Denny, 1796-1889

MARTYRDOM • C.M.

Hugh Wilson, 1764-1824

1. To Cal - v'ry, Lord, in spir - it now Our
 2. Sweet rest - ing - place of ev - 'ry heart That
 3. There through Thine hour of deep - est woe, Thy
 4. Dear suf - f'ring Lamb! Thy bleed - ing wounds, With
 5. Our long - ing eyes would fain be - hold That
 6. Why lin - ger then? Come, Sav - iour, come, Re -

wea - ry souls re - pair, To dwell up - on Thy
 feels the plague of sin, Yet knows that deep mys -
 suf - fering spir - it passed; Grace there its won - drous
 cords of love di - vine, Have drawn our will - ing
 bright and bless - ed brow, Once wrung with bit - t'rest
 spon - sive to our call; Come, claim Thy an - cient

dy - ing love, And taste its sweet - ness there.
 te - rious joy, The peace of God with - in.
 vic - t'ry gained, And love en - dured its last.
 hearts to Thee, And linked our life with Thine.
 an - guish, wear Its crown of glo - ry now.
 pow'r and reign, The Heir and Lord of all.