

Lead Me to Calvary

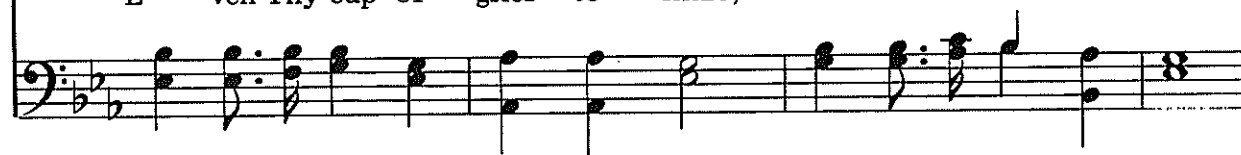
I resolved to know nothing . . . except Jesus Christ and Him crucified. 1 Cor. 2:2



1. King of my life, I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glo - ry be;
2. Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, Ten - der-ly mourned and wept;
3. Let me like Ma - ry, through the gloom, Come with a gift to Thee;
4. May I be will - ing, Lord, to bear Dai - ly my cross for Thee;



Lest I for-get Thy thorn-crowned brow, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.
An - gels in robes of light ar - rayed Guard-ed Thee whilst Thou slept.
Show to me now the emp - ty tomb, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.
E - ven Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.



Refrain



Lest I for-get Geth - sem - a - ne; Lest I for-get Thine ag - o - ny;



Lest I for-get Thy love for me, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.



TEXT: Jennie Evelyn Hussey
MUSIC: William J. Kirkpatrick

CCLI LIC 2876267

DUNCANNON
C.M. with Refrain

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O God, How We Have Wandered

Kevin Nichols, 1980; alt.

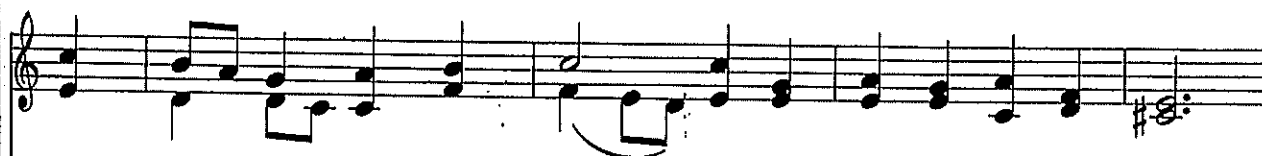
Luke 15:11-32; 2 Cor. 5:16-20



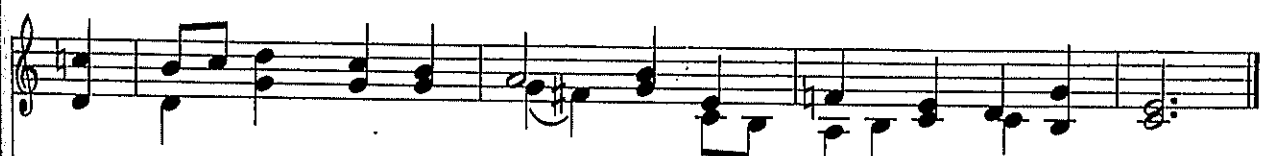
1 O God, how we have wan - dered and hid - den from your face;
2 And now at length dis - cern - ing the e - vil that we do,
3 O God of all the liv - ing, both ban - ished and re - stored,



In fool - ish - ness have squan - dered your leg - a - cy of grace.
By faith we are re - turn - ing with hope and trust in you.
Com - pas - sion - ate, for - giv - ing, our peace and hope as - sured.



But how, in ex - ile dwell - ing, we turn with fear and shame,
In haste you come to meet us, and home re - joic - ing bring,
Grant now that our trans - gress - ing, our faith - less - ness may cease.



As dis - tant but com - pell - ing, you call us each by name.
In glad - ness there to greet us with calf and robe and ring.
Stretch out your hand in bless - ing, in par - don, and in peace.



Go to Dark Gethsemane

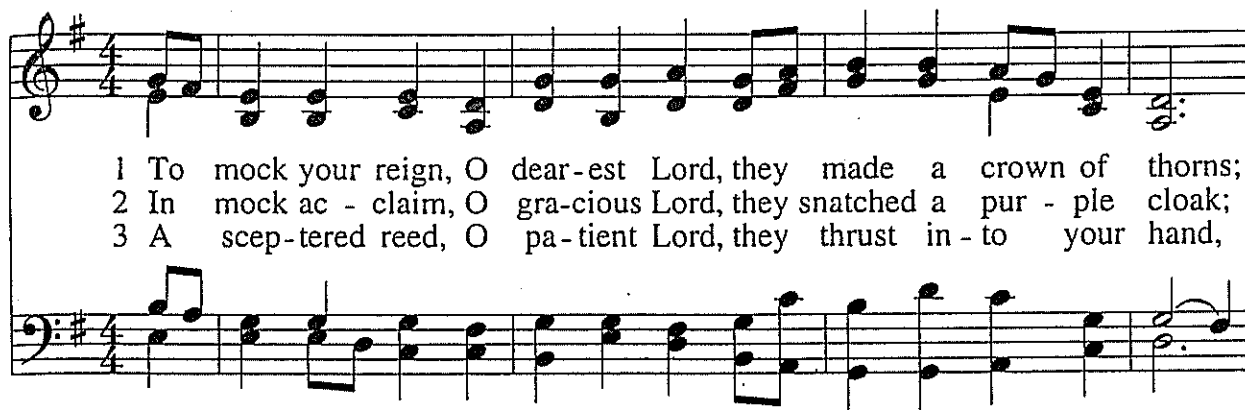
1 Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, you that feel the
 2 Fol - low to the judg - ment hall; view the Lord of
 3 Cal - vary's mourn - ful moun - tain climb; there, a - dor - ing

tempt - er's power; your Re - deem - er's con - flict see;
 life ar - raigned. O the worm - wood and the gall!
 at his feet, mark that mir - a - cle of time,

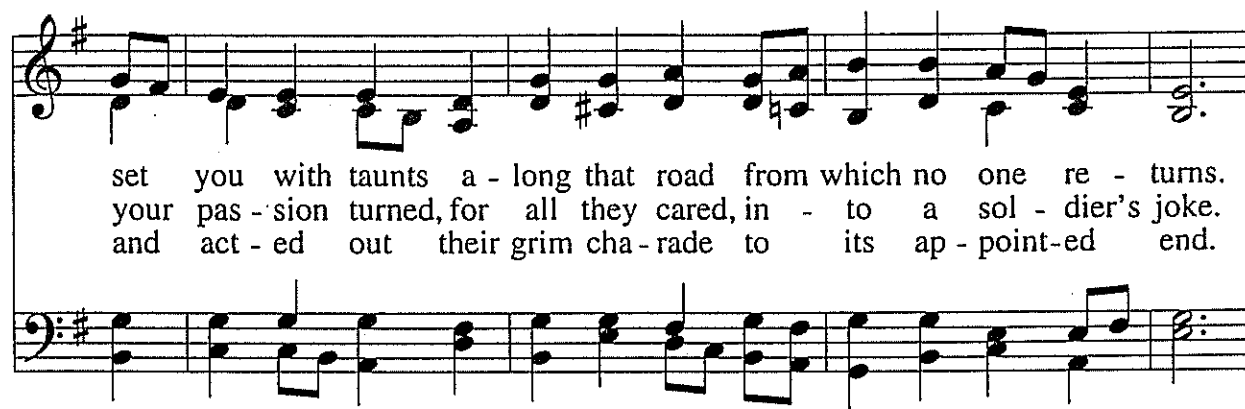
watch with him one bit - ter hour; turn not from his
 O the pangs his soul sus - tained! Shun not suf - fering,
 God's own sac - ri - fice com - plete: "It is fin - ished!"

griefs a - way; learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.
 shame, or loss; learn of him to bear the cross.
 hear him cry; learn of Je - sus Christ to die.

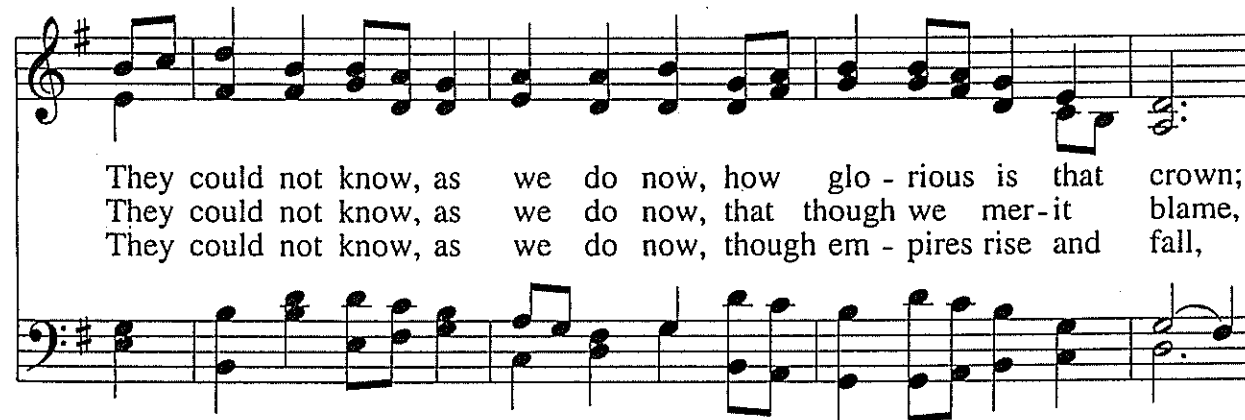
To Mock Your Reign



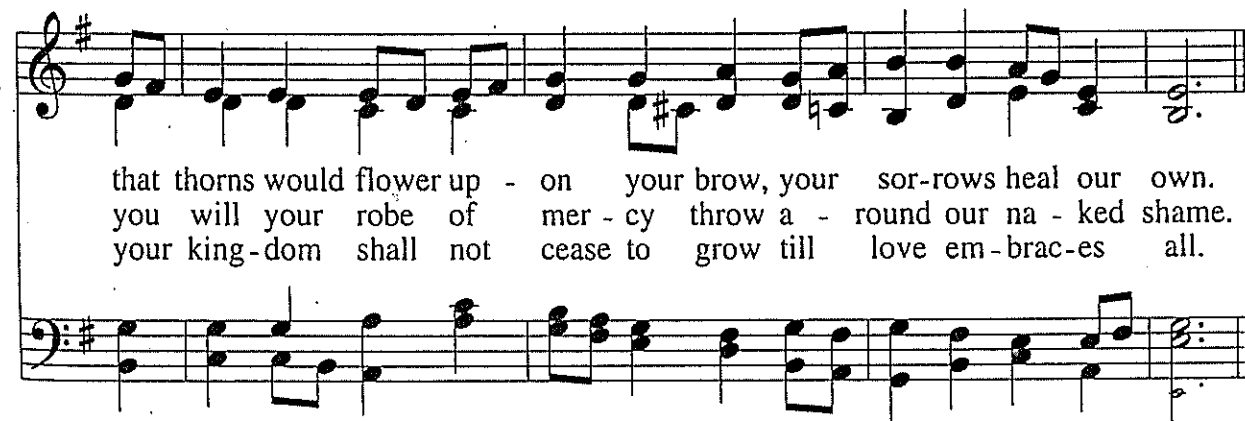
1 To mock your reign, O dear-est Lord, they made a crown of thorns;
2 In mock ac - claim, O gra-cious Lord, they snatched a pur - ple cloak;
3 A scep-tered reed, O pa-tient Lord, they thrust in - to your hand,



set you with taunts a - long that road from which no one re - turns.
your pas - sion turned, for all they cared, in - to a sol - dier's joke.
and act - ed out their grim cha - rade to its ap - point-ed end.



They could not know, as we do now, how glo - rious is that crown;
They could not know, as we do now, that though we mer - it blame,
They could not know, as we do now, though em - pires rise and fall,



that thorns would flower up - on your brow, your sor - rows heal our own.
you will your robe of mer - cy throw a - round our na - ked shame.
your king - dom shall not cease to grow till love em - brac - es all.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

They will look on the One they have pierced. John 19:37

- 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.

Optional last stanza harmonization *Broader Unison*

crown? *rit.* - 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture

TEXT: Isaac Watts

MUSIC: Based on a Gregorian chant; arranged by Lowell Mason; *CC11112876267*
 Last stanza harmonization by Robert F. Douglas; Alternate tune: APPALACHIA at No. 401

HAMBURG
 L.M.

Last stanza harm. and Choral ending © 1986 WORD MUSIC (a div. of WORD, INC.). All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.

mine, That were a pres - ent far too small:

Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,

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

Play cued notes if opt: choral ending is used

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

Optional choral ending *Great rit.* *8va*

Here Hangs a Man Discarded

1. Here hangs a man discarded,
a scarecrow hoisted high,
a nonsense pointing nowhere
to all who hurry by.
2. Can such a clown of sorrows
still bring a useful word
where faith and love seem phantoms
and every hope absurd?
3. Yet here is help and comfort
to lives by comfort bound
when drums of dazzling progress
give strangely hollow sound:
4. Life emptied of all meaning,
drained out in bleak distress,
can share in broken silence
our deepest emptiness;
5. And love that freely entered
the pit of life's despair
can name our hidden darkness
and suffer with us there.
6. Lord, if you now are risen,
help all who long for light
to hold the hand of promise
till faith receives its sight.

WORDS: Brian Wren, 1973, rev. 1995

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CCU L1C 2876267

Recommended tune:
PASSION CHORALE
(76.76D)

Were You There?

It was the third hour when they crucified Him. Mark 15:25

1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you
 2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? Were you
 3. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? Were you
 †opt. 4. Were you there when He rose up from the dead? Were you

†May be omitted, especially for Holy Week services.

there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 there when they nailed Him to the tree? O!
 there when they laid Him in the tomb?
 there when He rose up from the dead?

Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble!
 (4. Some-times I feel like shout-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!)

Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
 Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
 Were you there when He rose up from the dead?