

Hymns

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross



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.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

Music: HAMBURG, Lowell Mason, 1792–1872

Lord Christ, When First You Came to Earth



1 Lord Christ, when first you came to earth, up -
 2 O awe - some Love, which finds no room in
 3 New ad - vent of the love of Christ, will
 4 O wound - ed hands of Je - sus, build in



on a cross they bound you, and mocked your sav - ing
 life where sin de - nies you, and, doomed to death, shall
 we a - gain re - fuse you, till in the night of
 us your new cre - a - tion; our pride is dust, our



king - ship's worth by thorns with which they crowned you. And
 bring to doom the pow'r that cru - ci - fies you, till
 hate and war we per - ish as we lose you? From
 vaunt is stilled; we wait your rev - e - la - tion. O



still our wrongs may fash - ion now new thorns to pierce that
 not a stone is left on stone, and then the na - tions'
 an - cient doubts our minds re - lease to seek the king - dom
 Love that tri - umphs o - ver loss, we bring our hearts be -



stead - y brow, and robe of sor - row round you.
 pride, o'er - thrown, will nev - er more de - fy you!
 of your peace, by which a - lone we choose you.
 fore your cross; come, fin - ish your sal - va - tion.

Jesus Loves Me!

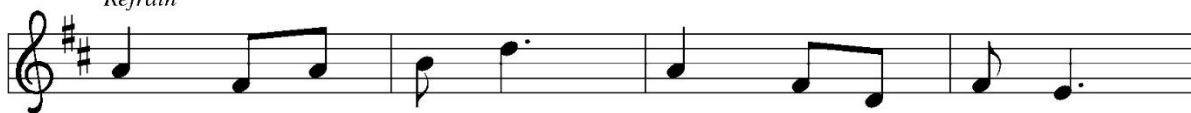


1 Je - sus loves me! this I know, for the Bi - ble tells me so;
2 Je - sus loves me! he who died heav - en's gates to o - pen wide;
3 Je - sus loves me! he will stay close be - side me all the way;



lit - tle ones to him be - long, they are weak, but he is strong.
he will wash a - way my sin, let his lit - tle child come in.
when at last I come to die, he will take me home on high.

Refrain



Yes, Je - sus loves me, yes, Je - sus loves me,



yes, Je - sus loves me, the Bi - ble tells me so.

Text: Anna B. Warner, 1820–1915, alt.

Music: JESUS LOVES ME, William B. Bradbury, 1816–1868

Around You, O Lord Jesus



- 1 A - round you, O Lord Je - sus, your own you gath - er still
- 2 We hear your in - vi - ta - tion, and heed, O Lord, your call;
- 3 We are your own for - ev - er; un - til our fi - nal breath



to share the feast you give us with grace our lives to fill.
your word of con - so - la - tion is spo - ken here to all.
we will be true and nev - er—in joy, in grief, in death—



You say to us so lov - ing - ly, "Take, eat! This is my
It draws us to your lov - ing heart; it brings to us your
de - part from you, for you are still a - mong your peo - ple



bod - y! Take, drink! This is my blood!"
bless - ing, which nev - er will de - part.
dwell - ing, as you have said you will.

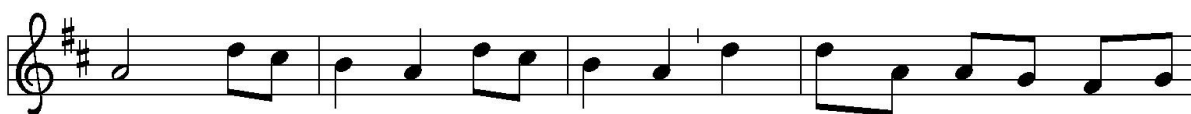
Text: Frans Mikael Franzén, 1772–1847; tr. composite
Music: O JESU, ÄN DE DINA, H. Thomissön, *Den danske Psalmebog*, 1569
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All Creatures, Worship God Most High!



1 All crea-tures, wor-ship God most high! Sound ev - 'ry voice in earth and
 2 Sing, broth - er wind; with clouds and rain you grow the gifts of fruit and
 3 Sing, broth - er fire, so mirth-ful, strong; drive far the shad-ows, join the
 4 All who for love of God for - give, all who in pain or sor - row



sky: Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Sing, broth - er sun, in splen-dor
 grain: Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Dear sis - ter wa - ter, use - ful,
 throng: Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Dear moth - er earth, so rich in
 grieve: Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Christ bears your bur-dens and your



bright; sing, sis - ter moon and stars of night:
 clear, make mu - sic for your Lord to hear: Al-le - lu - ia, al-le -
 care, praise God in col - ors bright and rare:
 fears; still make your song a - mid the tears:



lu - ia, al-le - lu - ia, al-le - lu - ia, al-le - lu - ia!

5 And you, most gentle sister death,
 waiting to hush our final breath:
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Since Christ our light has pierced your gloom,
 fair is the night that leads us home.
 Alleluia.

6 O sisters, brothers, take your part,
 and worship God with humble heart:
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 All creatures, bless the Father, Son,
 and Holy Spirit, Three in One:
 Alleluia.

Text: Francis of Assisi, 1182–1226; tr. composite
 Music: LASST UNS ERFREUEN, *Geistliche Kirchengesänge*, Köln, 1623
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