

Red Mountain Music Songbook

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All Things New

Real Key

Words: Horatius Bonar, 1779

Music: Clint Wells, 2009

1 D^b A^b D^b A^b

Come, Lord, and tar - ry not; _____ Bring the long looked ___ for day; _____
Come, for cre - a - tion groans, _____ Im - pa - tient of _____ Thy stay, _____

5 D^b Fm E^b

O why these years _____ of wait - ing here, These a - ges _____ of de - cay?
Worn out with these _____ long years of ill, These a - ges _____ of de - lay.

9 D^b A^b D^b A^b

Come, for Thy saints _____ still wait; _____ Dai - ly a - scends _____ their sigh; _____
Come, for love wax - es cold, _____ Its steps are faint _____ and slow; _____

13 D^b Fm E^b

The Spir - it and _____ the Bride say, "Come;" Does Thou not _____ hear the cry? O come and
Faith now is lost _____ in un - be - lief, Hope's lamp burns _____ dim and low.

17 Fm D^b A^b Fm D^b E^b

make all things _____ new Come and make all things _____ new O come and

21 Fm D^b A^b D^b E^b Fm D^b E^b

make all things _____ new Build up this ruin - ed Earth, Come and make all things

26 A^b D^b A^b

new _____ All things new _____

All Things New

Capo I

Words: Horatius Bonar, 1779

Music: Clint Wells, 2009

C G C G

Come, Lord, and tar - ry not; _____ Bring the long looked _____ for day; _____
Come, for cre - a - tion groans, _____ Im - pa - tient of _____ Thy stay, _____

5 C Em D

O why these years _____ of wait - ing here, These a - ges _____ of de - cay?
Worn out with these _____ long years of ill, These a - ges _____ of de - lay.

9 C G C G

Come, for Thy saints _____ still wait; _____ Dai - ly a - scends _____ their sigh; _____
Come, for love wax - es cold, _____ Its steps are faint _____ and slow; _____

13 C Em D

The Spir - it and _____ the Bride say, "Come;" Does Thou not _____ hear the cry? O come and
Faith now is lost _____ in un - be - lief, Hope's lamp burns _____ dim and low.

17 Em C G Em C D

make all things _____ new Come and make all things _____ new O come and

21 Em C G C D Em C D

make all things _____ new Build up this ruin - ed Earth, Come and make all things

26 G C G

new All things new

Christ, Or Else I Die

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 737

Words - William Hammond, 1719-1783

Music - Drew Holcomb, 2004

D G
Gracious Lord, incline thy ear;
D G
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
D G
Hear my never-ceasing cry;
A G D
Give me Christ, or else I die.

Wealth and honor I disdain,
Earthly comforts, Lord are vain;
These can never satisfy:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

refrain:

Bm A G
All unholy and unclean,
Bm A G
I am nothing else but sin;
Bm A G
On thy mercy I rely;
A G D
Give me Christ, or else I die.

Thou dost freely save the lost;
In thy grace alone I trust.
With my earnest suit comply;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

Thou dost promise to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
Lord, I know thou canst not lie;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

Christ, Or Else I Die

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 737

words: William Hammond, 1719-1783
music: Drew Holcomb, 2004

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). It consists of seven lines of music, each with a measure number at the beginning and a chord symbol above it. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The piece ends with a final chord of A.

1 D G
Grac - ious Lord, in - cline thy ear;

3 D G D
My requests vouch - safe to hear; Hear my nev - er -

6 G A G
ceas - ing cry; Give me Christ, or else I die.

9 D G D G
Wealth and hon - or I dis - dain,

13 D G D
Earthly com-forts, Lord are vain; These can nev - er

16 G A G
sat - is - fy: Give me Christ, or else I die.

19 D G Bmin A
All un - hol - y and un - clean,

22 G Bmin A G

I am noth - ing but sin;

25 Bmin A G A

On thy mer - cy I rel - y; Give me Christ, or else

28 G D G D

I die. Thou dost free - ly

32 G D G

save the lost; In thy grace a - lone I trust.

35 D G A

With my earn - est suit comp - ly; Give me Christ, or else

38 G D G D

I die. Thou dost prom - ise

42 G D G

to for - give All who in thy Son believe;

45 D G A

Lord, I know thou canst not lie; Give me Christ, or else

48 G D G

I die.

51 Bmin A G Bmin A



All un - hol - y and un - clean, I am noth - ing but

54 G Bmin A G



sin; On thy mer - cy I rel - y;

57 A G A



Give me Christ, or else Give me Christ, or else

60 G A G D



Give me Christ, or else I die.

The Christian's Hope Can Never Fail

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #245

Words: Author unknown – words published in the Gadsby Hymnal, 1838 (Gospel Mag. 1799).

Music: Benj Pocta, 2004.

Capo 2

intro: D G D

 D G D
We travel through a barren land,
 D Bm A G
With dangers thick on every hand;
 Em F#m G
But Jesus guides us through the vale;
 D/F# G Asus D
O, The Christian's hope can never fail.

Huge sorrows meet us as we go,
And devils aim to overthrow;
But vile infernals can't prevail;
O, The Christian's hope shall never fail.

Sometimes we're tempted to despair,
But Jesus makes us then His care;
Though numerous foes our souls assail;
O, The Christian's hope can never fail.

We trust upon the sacred word,
The oath and promise of the Lord;
And safely through each tempest sail;
O, The Christian's hope can never fail.

The Christian's Hope Can Never Fail

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #245

Words: Unknown – (Gospel Mag. 1799)
published in the Gadsby Hymnal, 1838 .
Music: Benj Pocta, 2004.

E A E



We tra - vel through a bar - ren land, With dan - gers
Huge sorr - ows meet us as we go, And de - vils
Some - times we're tempt - ed to des - pair, But Je - sus
We trust up - on the sa - cred word, The oath and

4 C#min B A




thick on ev - ery hand; But Je - sus
aim to ov - er - throw; But vile in -
makes us then His care; Though num - erous
pro - mise of the Lord; And safe - ly

6 F#min E/G# A



guides us through the vale; O, The
fer - - - - nals can't pre - vail; O, The
foes our souls as - sail; O, The
through each tem - pest sail; O, The

8 E/G# A B E



Christ - ian's hope can ne - ver fail.
Christ - ian's hope shall ne - ver fail.
Christ - ian's hope can ne - ver fail.
Christ - ian's hope can ne - ver fail.

Come, All Ye Pining, Hungry Poor

Anne Steele (1716-1778)

Brian T Murphy

A A/C# F#m E D

1. Lord we a - dore thy bound - less grace.
2. O won - drous gifts of love di - vine,
3. Here shall your num - 'rous wants re - ceive

3 A/C# D Esus E

The heights and depths un - known,
Dear Source of ev - 'ry good;
A free, a full sup - ply;

5 A A/C# F#m E D

Of par - don, life, and joy, and peace,
Je - sus, in thee what glo - ries shine!
He has un - meas - ured bliss to give,

7 A/C# Esus E A

In thy be - lov - ed Son. Come, all ye pin -
How rich thy flow - ing blood!
And joys that nev - er die.

9 A A/G# F#m E D A/C# D E

ing, hun - gry poor, The Sav - ior's boun - ty taste; Be - hold a ne -

13 A A/G# F#m E D A/C# E A

ver - fail - ing store For ev - 'ry will - ing guest.

Come Boldly To The Throne Of Grace

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 675

Words - D. Herbert, printed in the Gadsby Hymnal, 1838.

Music - Clint Wells and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

F
Come boldly to a throne of grace,
Dm
Ye wretched sinners come;
Gm
And lay your load at Jesus' feet,
C
And plead what he has done.

"How can I come?" Some soul may say,
"I'm lame and cannot walk;
My guilt and sin have stopped my mouth;
I sigh, but dare not talk."

Come boldly to the throne of grace,
Though lost, and blind, and lame;
Jehovah is the sinner's Friend,
And ever was the same.

He makes the dead to hear his voice;
He makes the blind to see;
The sinner lost he came to save,
And set the prisoner free.

Come boldly to the throne of grace,
For Jesus fills the throne;
And those he kills he makes alive;
He hears the sigh or groan.

Poor bankrupt souls, who feel and know
The hell of sin within,
Come boldly to the throne of grace;
The Lord will take you in.

Come Boldly to the Throne of Grace

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 675

words: D. Herbert, printed in 1838.
music: Brian T. Murphy,
Clint Wells, 2004

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of six systems of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. Chord symbols (F, Dmin, Gmin, C) are placed above the staff to indicate the harmonic accompaniment. The score includes repeat signs and first, second, and third endings.

System 1: Chord: F. Lyrics: Come bold - ly to the throne of grace, Ye can I come?" Some soul may say, "I'm bold - ly to the throne of grace, Though

System 2: Chords: Dmin, Gmin. Lyrics: wretch - ed sin - ners come; And lay your load at Jes - us' feet, And lame and can - not walk; My guilt and sin have stopped my mouth; I lost, and blind, and lame; Je - ho - vah is the sin - ner's Friend, And

System 3: Chord: C. Lyrics: plead what he has done. "How same. sigh, but dare not talk." Come ev - er was the

System 4: Chords: F, Dmin. Lyrics: He makes the dead to hear his voice; He makes the blind to

System 5: Chords: Gmin, C. Lyrics: see; The sin - ner lost he came to save, And set the pris - 'ner

System 6: Chord: F. Lyrics: free. Come bold - ly to the throne of grace, For bank - rupt souls, the who feel and know The

21 Dmin Gmin

Jes - us fills the throne; And those he kills he makes a - live; He
 hell of sin with - in, Come bold - ly to the throne of grace; The

25 C F

hears the sigh or groan. Poor in take you in.
 Lord will take you

Come, Dearest Lord

Real Key

Words: Anne Steele

Music: Clint Wells, Brian T. Murphy,
Thad Cockrell, Karl Digerness, 2009

The musical score is written in a single system with four staves. The first staff contains the first line of music and lyrics, with chords A^b, E^b, B^b, E^b, C m, and A^b above it. The second staff contains the second line of music and lyrics, with chords B^b, E^b, A^b, B^b, E^b, and F m above it. The third staff contains the third line of music and lyrics, with chords E^b, F m, and E^b above it. The fourth staff contains the final line of music and lyrics, with chords A^b, B^b, C m, A^b, B^b, and E^b above it. The lyrics are: 'Come, dear - est Lord, and melt my heart, Thy a - ni - mat - ing / If in my soul thy Spir - it's ray Has ev - er turned my / With - out thy life - in - spir - ing ray, My soul is filled with / Yes, on thy word a - lone I'll rest, And hang up - on thy / pow'r im - part, Blest Source of life div - ine! Je - sus, thy love ___ a - / night to day, I bless thee for the same; But O! when gloom-y ___ / sad dis - may; Each cheer - ful grace de - clines; Yet I must live on ___ / arm; thy breast Shall be my soft re - pose. With the be - loved ___ di - / lone can give The will to rise, ___ the pow'r ___ to live, For / clouds a - rise, And veil thy glo - ry ___ from my ___ eyes, I / thee, dear Lord, For still in thy un - chang - ing ___ word, A / sci - ple, I Would on thy sa - cred ___ bos - om ___ lie, 'Midst / ev' - ry grace is thine. For ev' - ry grace is thine. / know not where I am. I know not where I am. / beam of com - fort shines. A beam of com - fort shines. / all my sins and woes. 'Midst all my sins and woes.'

Come, Dearest Lord

Capo I

Words: Anne Steele

Music: Clint Wells, Brian T. Murphy,
Thad Cockrell, Karl Digerness, 2009

G D A D Bm G A D

Come, dear-est Lord, and melt my heart, Thy a - ni - mat - ing pow'r im - part, Blest
If in my soul thy Spir - it's ray Has ev - er turned my night to day, I
With - out thy life - in - spir - ing ray, My soul is filled with sad dis - may; Each
Yes, on thy word a - lone I'll rest, And hang up - on thy arm; thy breast Shall

5 G A D Em D

Source of life div - ine! Je - sus, thy love — a - lone can give The
bless thee for the same; But O! when gloom - y — clouds a - rise, And
cheer - ful grace de - clines; Yet I must live on — thee, dear Lord, For
be my soft re - pose. With the be - loved — di - sci - ple, I Would

9 Em D G A

will to rise, — the pow'r — to live, For ev' - ry grace is
veil thy glo - ry — from my — eyes, I know not where I
still in thy un - chang - ing — word, A beam of com - fort
on thy sa - cred — bos - om — lie, 'Midst all my sins and

12 Bm G A D

thine. For ev' - ry grace is thine.
am. I know not where I am.
shines. A beam of com - fort shines.
woes. 'Midst all my sins and woes.

Come Heavy Laden

Words - William Williams, 1717-1791

Music - Brian T. Murphy and Benj Pocta, 2007.

Bm G
Come heavy laden, come and rest,
Em D/F# G
Your souls from fear and pain;
Bm G
Jesus the God was crucified,
Em D/F# G
And died and rose again.

Chorus:

D G
Sweet are His words, sweet is His voice
 Em D/F# G
His smiles are heaven below;
D G
Of all the pleasures in this world,
 Em D/F# G
Tis Jesus I would know.

His holy yoke's easy and smooth,
His burdens all are light;
In His commandments, though severe,
Is infinite delight.

O! would He raise my feeble soul,
To a celestial flame;
I would, for Jesus, either do,
Or suffer all the same.

Come Heavy Laden

words by William Williams, 1717-1791.
music by Benj Pocta and
Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is accompanied by guitar chords indicated above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing. The score is divided into measures, with measure numbers 5, 10, 15, 19, 23, 28, and 33 marked at the beginning of their respective lines.

B m G E m
Come hea - vy la - den come and rest, Your souls from
5 D/F G B m
fear and pain; Je - sus the God was cru - ci - fied,
10 G E m D/F G
And died and rose a - gain.
15 B m G E m
His ho - ly yoke's ea - sy and smooth. His bur - dens
O would he raise my fee - ble soul, To a ce -
19 D/F# G B m
all are light. In His com - mand -
les - tial flame? I would for Je -
23 G E m D/F# G
- ments, though se - vere, Is in - fin - ite de - light.
- sus ei - ther do, Or suf - fer all the same.
28 A D G
Sweet are his words, sweet is his voice. His smiles
33 E m D/F# G A D
are heav'n be - low. Of all the plea - sures in
39 G E m D/F# G
this world, 'Tis Je - sus I would know.

Crown Him

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 972

Words – Thomas Kelly, 838

Music – Benj Pocta, 2006.

Dm
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
Dm
See the exalted Savior now;
Gm
From the fight returned victorious,
Dm
Every knee to Him shall bow
F
Crown Him, Crown Him
C Gm Dm
Crowns become the victor's brow.

Crown the Savior! Saints adore Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him, crown Him,
Crown the Savior King of kings.

Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings and Lord of lords!

Crown Him

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #972

words by Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

music by Benj Pocta, 2006.

D m

Look ye saints, the sight is glo - rious: See the ex - alt-ed Sav - ior now;

4 G m D m

From the fight re - turned vic to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow; Crownhim,

9 F C G m D m

crown him, Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.

14 D m

Crown the Sav - ior, saints a - dore him; Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings;

18 G m D m

Saints and an - gels bow be - fore him, While the vault of hea - ven rings; Crownhim,

23 F C G m D m

crown him, Crown the Sav - ior King of kings.

28 D m

Hark, those bursts of acc - la - ma - tion! Hark, those loud tri - um - phant chords!

32 G m D m

Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion; O what joy the sight af - fords! Crownhim,

37 F C G m D m

crown him, King of kings and Lord of lords!

Dearlly We're Bought

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 102

Words - Joseph Hart, 1712-1768

Music - Matthew S. Welch, 2004

F G C
Come raise your thankful voice,
Am G Am
Ye souls redeemed with blood;
F G C-Am
Leave earth and all its toys,
F G C F-C
And mix no more with mud.

refrain:

Am F
Dearlly we're bought, highly esteemed;
C G
Redeemed, with Jesus' blood redeemed
Am F
Dearlly we're bought, highly esteemed;
C G Am G-C
Redeemed, with Jesus' blood redeemed.

With heart, and soul, and mind,
Exalt redeeming love;
Leave worldly cares behind,
And set your minds above.

Lift up your ravished eyes,
And view the glory given;
All lower things despised,
Ye citizens of heaven.

Be to this world as dead,
Alive to that to come;
Our life in Christ is hid,
Who soon shall call us home.

Dearly We're Bought

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 102

words: Joseph Hart, 1712-1768
music: Matthew S. Welch, 2004

F G C

Come raise your thank - ful voice,
With heart, and soul, and mind,
Lift up your rav - ished eyes,
Be to this world as dead,

3 Amin G Amin F G

Ye souls re - deemed with blood; Leave earth and all its toys,
Ex - alt re - deem - ing love; Leave world - ly cares be - ind,
And view the glor - y giv'n; All low - er things des - pised,
A - live to that to come; Our life in Christ is hid,

6 C F G C

And mix no more with mud. Dear - ly we're bought,
And set your minds a - bove.
Ye cit - iz - ens of heav'n.
Who soon shall call us home.

9 Amin F C G

high - ly es - teemed; Re - deemed, with Je - sus' blood re - deemed Dear - ly we're bought,

11 Amin F C G Amin G C

high - ly es - teemed; Re - deemed, with Je - sus' blood re - deemed.

Decide This Doubt For Me

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #281

Words: William Cowper, 1779.

Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

G D/F#
The Lord will happiness divine,
Em D
On contrite hearts, bestow
G D/F#
Then tell me gracious God is mine,
Em D
A contrite heart, or no?
D G/B C
I hear but seem to hear in vain;
G
Insensible as steel,
D/F#
Insensible as steel;
D G/B C
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
G
To find I cannot feel.
D/F#
To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclined,
To love thee O, if I could;
But often find another mind,
Averse to all, all that is good.

My best desires are faint and few;
I fain would strive for more,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seems weaker than before.
Seems weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted I know,
And love Thy house, Thy house of
prayer;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no com-fort there.

O, make this heart rejoice or ache,
Decide this doubt for me.
Decide this doubt for me.
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it if it be.
O, heal it if it be.

Decide This Doubt for Me

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #281

words: William Cowper, 1779.
music: Clint Wells, 2005.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. Chord symbols are placed above the staff to indicate accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

Chord symbols: G, D/F#, Emin, D, G, D/F#, Emin, D, D, G/B, C, G, D, D, G/B, C, G, D, G, D, Emin, D, G, D/F#, Emin.

Lyrics:
The Lord will hap - pi - ness div - ine, On cont - rite hearts,
be - stow; Then tell me gra - cious God is mine, A cont - rite heart,
or no? I hear but seem to hear in vain; In - sen - si - ble as
steel, In - sen - si - ble as steel; If aught is felt, 'tis on - ly pain,
To find I can - not feel. To find I cann - ot feel. I
some - times think my - self in - clined, To love thee O, if I could;
But oft - en find a - noth - er mind, A - verse to all, all that is good.

25 D D G/B C

My best de - sires are faint and few; I fain would strive for

28 G D D G/B C

more, I fain would strive for more; But when I cry, "My strength re - new,"

31 G D G

Seems weak-er than be - fore. Seems weak-er than be - fore. Thy saints are com-fort-ed I know,

35 D/F# Emin D

And love Thy house, Thy house of prayer; I

38 G D/F# Emin D

some - times go where oth - ers go, But find no com - fort there. O,

42 D G/B C G

make this heart re-joice or ache, De - cide this doubt for me. De-cide this doubt for

45 D D G/B C

me. And if it be not brok - en, break, And heal it if it

48 G D

be. O, heal it if it be.

Depth of Mercy

Words: Charles Wesley, 1740

Music: Jeff Koonce, Brian T. Murphy, Clint Wells, 2003

Capo II

D D/C# G/B D/F#

Depth of mercy can there be

G D/F# G A

Mercy still reserved for me

D D/C# G/B D/F#

Can my God his wrath forbear

G D/F# G A

Me the chief of sinners spare

Bm G Em

I have long withstood his grace

Bm D/F# A

Long provoked him to his face

Bm D/F# A

Would not hearken to his calls

Em D/F# Asus A D

Grieved him by a thousand falls

I have spilt his precious blood

Trampled on the Son of God

Filled with pains unspeakable

I, who yet, am not in Hell

I, my master have denied

I afresh have crucified

And profaned his hallowed name

Put him to an open shame

Jesus speaks and pleads his blood

He disarms the wrath of God

Now my Father's mercies move

Justice lingers into love

There for me the savior stands

Shows his wounds and spreads his hands

God is love, I know, I feel

Jesus weeps and loves me still

Pity from thine eye let fall
By a look my soul recall
Now the stone to flesh convert
Cast a look and break my heart

Now incline me to repent
Let me now my sins lament
Now my foul revolt deplore
Weep, believe and sin no more.

Real Key

E E/D# A/C# E/G#
Depth of mercy can there be
A E/G# A B
Mercy still reserved for me
E E/D# A/C# E/G#
Can my God his wrath forbear
A E/G# A B
Me the chief of sinners spare

C#m A F#m
I have long withstood his grace
C#m E/G# B
Long provoked him to his face
C#m E/G# A
Would not hearken to his calls
F#m E/G# Bsus B E
Grieved him by a thousand falls

Depth of Mercy

words: Charles Wesley, 1740
 music: Jeff Koonce, Clint Wells,
 Brian T. Murphy, 2003

E E/D# A/C# E/G# A E/G#

Depth of mer - cy can there be Mer - cy still re -
 I have spilt his pre - cious blood Tram - pled on the
 Je - sus speaks and pleads his blood He dis - arms the
 Pi - ty from thine eye let fall By a look my

4 A B E E/D# A/C# E/G#

served for me Can my God his wrath for - bear
 Son of God Filled with pains un - speak - a - ble
 wrath of God Now my Fa - ther's mer - cies move
 soul re - call Now the stone to flesh con - vert

7 A E/G# A B C#min

Me the chief of sin - ners spare I have long with -
 I, who yet, am not in hell I, my mas - ter
 Jus - tice lin - gers in - to love There for me the
 Cast a look and break my heart Now in - cline me

10 A F#min C#min E/G# B C#min

stood his grace Long pro - voked him to his face Would not hark - en
 have de - nied I a - fresh have cru - ci - fied And pro - faned his
 sa - vior stands Shows his wounds and spreads his hands God is love, I
 to re - pent Let me now my sins la - ment Now my foul re -

14 E/G# B F#min E/G# Bsus4 B E

to his calls Grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.
 hal - lowed name Put Him to an o - pen shame.
 know I feel Je - sus weeps and loves me still.
 volt de - plore Weep, be - lieve and sin no more.

Draw My Soul to Thee

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #389

Words: Adams, printed in the Gadsby Hymnal, 1838.

Music: Brian T. Murphy & Benj Pocta, 2005.

Bb F
Draw my soul to Thee, my Lord;
Bb F
Make me love Thy precious word!
Bb F
Bid me seek Thy smiling face;
Bb F
Willing to be saved by grace.

Gm C
Dearest Jesus, bid me come;
 F F/E Bb
Let me find Thyself, my home;
Gm C
Thou the Refuge of my soul,
 F F/E Bb
Where I may my troubles roll.

Lord, Thy powerful work begun,
Thou wilt never leave undone;
Teach me to confide in Thee;
Thy salvation's wholly free.

Draw My Soul To Thee

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #389

words: Adams, printed in 1838.
music: Brian T. Murphy &
Benj Pocta, 2005.

The musical score is written in a single system with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The time signature is common time (C). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, often beamed together. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at various points: Bb, F, Bb, F, Bb, F, Gmin, C, F, F/E, Bb, Gmin, C, F, F/E, Bb. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across lines.

Draw my soul to Thee, my Lord;
Lord, Thy pow'r - ful work beg - - - un,
Make me love Thy pre - cious word! Bid me seek Thy smil - ing
Thou wilt nev - er leave un - done; Teach me to con - fide in
face; Will - ing to be saved by grace.
Thee; Thy sal - va - tion's whol - ly free.
Dear - est Je - sus, bid me come; Let me find
Thy - self, my home; Thou the Ref - uge of my
soul, Where I may my troub - les roll.

Friend Of Sinners

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 1052

Words - Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-1778

Music - Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

E A/F# E/G# B A
Redeemer! Whither should I flee,
E A/F# E/G# B A
Or how escape the wrath to come?
E A/F# E/G# B A
The weary sinner flies to thee
E A/F# E/G# B A
For shelter from impending doom;
E A
Smile on me, gracious Lord,
E A
And show thyself the Friend sinners now
E A
Smile on me, gracious Lord,
A/F# E/G# B E
And show thyself the Friend sinners now.

Beneath the shadow of thy cross
The heavy laden soul finds rest;
I would esteem the world but dross,
So I might be of Christ possessed.
I'd seek my every joy in thee,
Be thou both life and light to me.

Close to the *highly shameful* tree,
Jesus, my humbled soul would cleave;
Despised and crucified with thee,
With thee resolved to die and live;
This prayer and this ambition mine,
Living and dying to be thine.

There fastened to the rugged wood
By holy love's resistless chain,
And life deriving from thy blood,
Never to wander wide again,
There may I bow my suppliant knee,
And own no other Lord but thee.

Friend of Sinners

from the Gadsby Hymnal #1052

words: A. M. Toplady, 1740-1788

music: Jeff Koonce and

Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Re - deem - er! with - er should I flee,
 Be - neath the sha - dow of Thy cross
 Close to the high - ly shame - ful tree,
 There fast - ened to the rug - ged wood

Or how es - cape the wrath to come?
 The hea - vy la - den soul finds rest
 Je - sus, my hum - ble soul would cleave;
 By ho - ly love's re - sist - less claim

The wear - y sin - ner flies to Thee
 I would es - teem the world but dross
 De - spised and cru - ci - fied with Thee,
 And life de - riv - ing from Thy blood

For shel - ter from im - pend - ing doom;
 So I might be of Christ pos - sessed
 With Thee re - solved to die and live;
 Nev - er to wan - der wide a - gain

Smile on me, Gra - cious Lord, And show thy - self a
 I'd seek my ev - 'ry Joy - in Thee Be thou both life and
 This pray'r and this am - bi - tion mine Liv - ing and dy - ing
 There may I bow my sup - pli - ant knee And own no oth - er

friend of sin - ners now, Smile on me, Gra - cious Lord,
 light to me I'd seek my ev - 'ry Joy - in Thee
 to be thine This pray'r and this am - bi - tion mine
 Lord but Thee There may I bow my sup - pli - ant knee

and show thy - self a friend of sin - ners now.
 Be thou both life and light to me.
 Liv - ing and dy - ing to be thine.
 And own no oth - er Lord but Thee.

God of My Life, To Thee I Call

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 967

Words - William Cowper

Music - Clint Wells, Brian T. Murphy and Benj Pocta, 2007.

Capo II

D G D D/C#
God of my life, to Thee I call,
Bm G A D
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
D G D D/C#
When the great water floods prevail
Bm G A D
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Chorus:

G A D G
Poor though I am, despised, forgot
G A D G
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
G A D D/C# D/B D/A G
And He is safe and must succeed for whom
A D
The Lord is sure to plead.

Friend of the friendless and the saint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor!

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

God of My Life, To Thee I Call

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #967

words by William Cowper, 1731-1800.
music by Benj Pocta, Clint Wells,
and Brian T. Murphy, 2006

E A E C#m7

God of my life to Thee I _____ call; Af - flict - ed
Friend of the friend - less and the _____ faint, Where should I
That were a grief I could not _____ bear, Didst Thou not

6 A B E E

at Thy _____ feet I _____ fall; When the great wa - ter
lodge my _____ deep com - plaint? Where but with Thee whose
hear and _____ an - swer _____ prayer; But a prayer - hear - ing,

11 A E C#m7 A B E

floods pre - vail, Leave not my tremb - ling _____ heart to _____ fail.
o - pen _____ door, In - vites the help - less _____ and the _____ poor?
an - swer ing _____ God, Sup - ports me un - der _____ ev - 'ry _____ load.

17 A B E E/G# A A

Poor thou I am, des - pised, for - got, _____ Yet God, my

23 B E E/G# A A B E B/D#

God, for - gets me not; _____ And he is safe, and must suc -

29 C#m7 B A B E

ceed, For whom, the Lord is sure to _____ plead. _____

The Gospel Brings Tidings

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #524

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

Music: Brian T. Murphy & Clint Wells, 2005.

Capo 3

Dm C G
The gospel brings tidings, glad tidings indeed,
Dm C G
To mourners in Zion, who want to be freed,
F C G Am
From sin and Satan, and Mount Sinai's flame,
F C G Dm-C-G, Dm-C-G
Good news of salvation, through Jesus the Lamb.

What sweet invitations, the gospel contains,
To men heavy laden, with bondage and chains;
It welcomes the weary, to come and be blessed,
With ease from their burdens, in Jesus to rest.

For every poor mourner, who thirsts for the Lord,
A fountain is opened, in Jesus the Word;
Their poor parched conscience, to cool and to wash,
From guilt and pollution, from dead works and dross.

A robe is provided, their shame now to hide,
In which none are clothed, but Jesus is bride;
Though it be costly, yet is the robe free,
And all Zion's mourners, shall decked with it be.

The Gospel Brings Tidings

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #524

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

Music: Brian T. Murphy &

Clint Wells, 2005.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a common time signature (C). The melody is a simple, flowing line with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff to indicate the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

Fmin Eb Bb
The gos - pel brings tid - ings, glad tid - ings in - deed, To

Fmin Eb Bb Ab Eb
4 mourn - ers in Zi - on, who want to be freed, From sin and Sa - tan, and

Bb Cmin Ab Eb Bb
7 Mount Si - nai's flame, The good news of sal - va - tion, through Je - sus the

Fmin Eb Bb Fmin Eb Bb
10 Lamb. What sweet in - vi - ta - tions, the gos - pel con - tains, To

Fmin Eb Bb Ab Eb
14 men heav - y la - den, with bond - age and chains; It wel - comes the wear - y, to

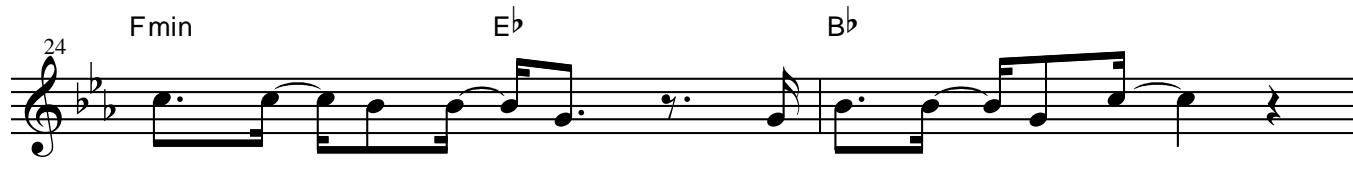
Bb Cmin Ab Eb Bb Fmin Eb
17 come and be blessed, With ease from their burd - ens, in Je - sus to rest.

21 **B \flat** **Fmin** **E \flat** **B \flat**



For ev - ery poor mourn - er, who thirsts for the Lord, A

24 **Fmin** **E \flat** **B \flat**



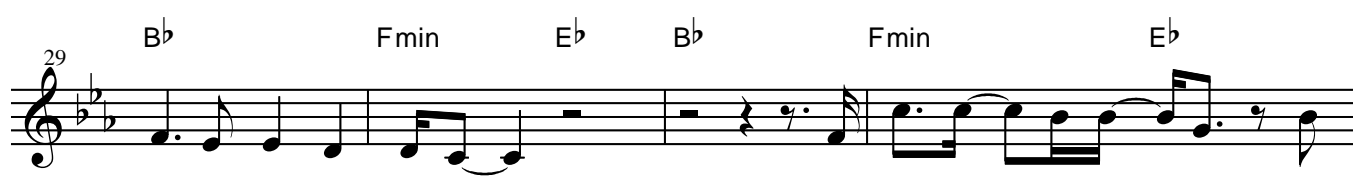
fount - ain is o - pened, in Je - sus the Word;

26 **A \flat** **E \flat** **B \flat** **Cmin** **A \flat** **E \flat**



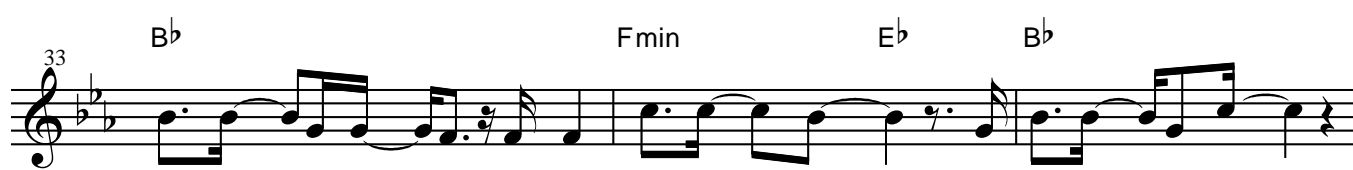
Their poor parched con - science, to cool and to wash, From guilt and pol - lu - tion, from

29 **B \flat** **Fmin** **E \flat** **B \flat** **Fmin** **E \flat**



dead works and dross. A robe is pro - vid - ed, their

33 **B \flat** **Fmin** **E \flat** **B \flat**



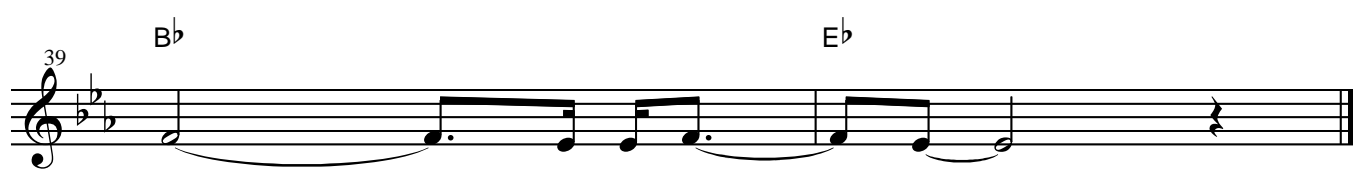
shame now to hide, In which none are clothed, but Je - sus is bride;

36 **A \flat** **E \flat** **B \flat** **Cmin** **A \flat** **E \flat**



Though it be cost - ly, yet is the robe free, And all Zi - on's mourn - ers, shall

39 **B \flat** **E \flat**



decked with it be.

The Gospel is Good News Indeed

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #528

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

Music: Benj Pocta, 2005.

C C/B F C
The gospel is good news indeed,
F C G
To sinners deep in debt;
C C/B F C
The man who has no works to plead,
F G C
Will thankful be for it.

Am F C
To know that when he's nought to pay,
F C G
His debts area all discharged,
C C/B F C
Will make him blooming look as May,
F G C
And set his soul at large.

No news can be compared with this,
To men oppressed with sin;
Who know what legal bondage is,
And labor but in vain.

Freedom from sin and Satan's chains,
And legal toil as well,
The gospel sweetly now proclaims;
Which tidings suit them well.

How gladly does the prisoner hear,
What gospel has to tell!
'Tis perfect love that casts out fear,
And brings him from his cell.

The man that feels his guilt abound,
And knows himself unclean,
Will find the gospel's joyful sound,
Is welcome news to him.

The Gospel is Good News Indeed

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #528

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

Music: Benj Pocta, 2005.

C C/B F C



The gos - pel is good news in - deed, To sin -
 No news can be com - pared with this, To men
 How glad - ly does the prison - er hear, What gos -

6 F C G C



ners deep in debt; The man who has
 op - pressed with sin; Who know what le -
 pel has to tell! 'Tis per - - - - - fect love

11 C/B F C F G C



no works to plead, Will thank - ful be for it.
 gal bond - age is, And la - bor but in vain.
 that casts out fear, And brings him from his cell.

17 Amin F C



To know that when he's nought to pay, His debts
 Free - dom from sin and Sa - - - - - tan's chains, And le -
 The man that feels his guilt a - bound, And knows

22 F C G C



are all dis - charged, Will make him bloom -
 gal toil as well, The gos - pel sweet -
 him - self un - clean, Will find the gos -

27 C/B F C F G C



ing look as May, And set his soul at large.
 ly now pro - claims; Which tid - ings suit them well.
 pel's joy - - - - - ful sound, Is wel - come news to him.

Help My Unbelief

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #278

Words: John Newton, 1725-1807.

Chorus by Clint Wells.

Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

Capo 3

C G
I know the Lord is nigh,
C G
And would but cannot pray,
Em G
For Satan meets me when I try,
C D G
And frights my soul away.
C D G
And frights my soul away.

I would but can't repent,
Though I endeavor oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent
Till Jesus makes it soft.
Till Jesus make it soft.

G D G D-C
Help my unbelief. Help my unbelief.
G D
Help my unbelief.
C D G
My help must come from Thee.

I would but cannot love,
Though wooed by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
A soul as base as mine.
A soul so base as mine.

I would but cannot rest,
In God's most holy will;
I know what He appoints is best,
And murmur at it still.
I murmur at it still.

chorus

Real Key

Eb Bb
I know the Lord is nigh,
Eb Bb
And would but cannot pray,
Gm Bb
For Satan meets me when I try,
Eb F Bb
And frights my soul away.
Eb F Bb
And frights my soul away.

Bb F Bb F-Eb
Help my unbelief. Help my unbelief.
Bb F
Help my unbelief.
Eb F Bb
My help must come from Thee.

Help My Unbelief

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #278

Words: John Newton, 1725-1807.

Chorus by Clint Wells.

Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

The musical score is written in a single system with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). The time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into eight systems, each with a measure number (4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16) at the beginning. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at the start of each system. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score ends with a double bar line at the end of the eighth system.

System 1: Chords: Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb. Lyrics: I know the Lord is nigh, And would but can - not pray, For I would but can - not love, Though wooed by love div - ine; No

System 2: Chords: Gmin, Bb, Eb, F, Bb. Lyrics: Sat-an meets me when I try, And frights my soul a - way. And frights arg - u - ments have pow'r to move A soul as base as mine. A soul

System 3: Chords: Eb, F, Bb, Eb, Bb. Lyrics: my soul a - way. I would but can't re - pent, Though so base as mine. I would but can - not rest, In

System 4: Chords: Eb, Bb, Gmin, Bb. Lyrics: I en - dea - vor oft; This ston - y heart can ne'er re - lent Till Je - God's most hol - y will; I know what He ap - points is best, And mur -

System 5: Chords: Eb, F, Bb, Eb, F, Bb. Lyrics: sus makes it soft. Till Je - sus make it soft. mur at it still. I mur - sus make it still.

System 6: Chords: Bb, F, Bb, F, Eb. Lyrics: Help my un - be - lief. Help my un - be - lief.

System 7: Chords: Bb, F, Eb, F, Bb. Lyrics: Help my un - be - lief. My help must come from Thee.

High Beyond Imagination

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 582

Words – William Gadsby, 1838.

Music – Benj Pocta, 2006.

C C/B F C
High beyond imagination
F C F G
Is the love of God to man.
C C/B F C
Far too deep for human reason
F C F G
Fathom that it never can.
Dm F
Love eternal,
F G E/G# Am G F
Richly dwells in Christ the lamb.

Love like Jesus' none can measure,
Nor can its dimensions know;
'Tis a boundless, endless river,
And its waters freely flow.
O ye thirsty,
Come and taste its streams below.

Jesus loved, and loves for ever;
Zion on His heart does dwell;
He will never, never, never
Leave His church a prey to hell.
All is settled
And my soul approves it well

High Beyond Imagination

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #582

words by William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

music by Benj Pocta, 2006.

C C/B F C F

High be - yond i - mag - i - na - tion, Is the love
 Love like Je - sus' none can mea - sure, Nor can its
 Je - sus loved and loves for - ev - er; Zi - on on

6 C G C C/B F

— of God to man; Far too deep for hu - man rea -
 — dim - en - sions know; 'Tis a bound - less, end - less ri -
 — His heart does dwell; He will ne - ver, ne - ver, ne -

12 C F C G

- son; Fa - thom that it ne - ver can;
 - ver, And its wa - ters free - ly flow.
 - ver, Leave His church a prey to hell.

17 Dm F G E

Love e - ter - nal, Rich - ly dwells in Christ the
 O ye thirst - y, Come and taste its streams be -
 All is set - tled, And my soul ap - proves it

24 Am G F

Lamb.
 low.
 well.

It Is Finished

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #982

Words - Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855

Music - Clint Wells and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

E

"It is finished!" Sinners hear it;

E

Tis the dying Victor's cry;

C#m

"It is finished!" Angels bear it,

A

Bear the joyful truth on high:

F# G# A B

"It is finished!" Tell it through the earth and sky!

F# G# A B

"It is finished!" Tell it through the earth and sky!

Justice, from her awful station,
Bars the sinner's peace no more;
Justice views with approbation
What the Savior did and bore;
Grace and mercy now display their boundless store.

"It is finished!" All is over;
Yes, the cup of wrath is drained;
Such the truth these words discover;
Thus the victory was obtained;
'Tis a victory none but Jesus could have gained.

Crown the mighty Conqueror, crown him,
Who his people's foes o'ercame!
In the highest heaven enthrone him!
Men and angels sound his fame!
Great his glory! Jesus bears a matchless name.

It is Finished

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #982

Words - Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855

Music - Clint Wells and
Brian T. Murphy, 2004



"It is fin - ished!" Sinn - ers hear it; 'Tis the dy - ing
Just - ice, from her aw - ful sta - tion, Bars the sin - ner's
"It is fin - ished!" All is ov - er; Yes, the cup of
Crown the might - y Conq - ueror, crown him, Who his peop - le's



Vic - tor's cry; "It is fin - ished!" Ang - els bear it,
peace no more; Just - ice views with ap - prob - a - tion
wrath is drained; Such the truth these words dis - cov - er;
foes o'er - came! In the high - est heaven en - throne him!



Bear the joy - ful truth on high: "It is fin - ished!"
What the Sav - ior did and bore; Grace and merc - y
Thus the vic - t'ry was ob - tained; 'Tis a vic - t'ry
Men and ang - els sound his fame! Great his glor - y!



Tell it through the earth and sky! "It is fin - ished!"
now dis - play their bound - less store. Grace and merc - y
none but Jes - us could have gained. 'Tis a vic - t'ry
Jes - us bears a match - less name. Great his glor - y!



Tell it through the earth and sky!
now dis - play their bound - less store.
none but Jes - us could have gained.
Jes - us bears a match - less name.

It Is Finished - Part II (Hark, the Voice of Love and Mercy)

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #93

Words: Attributed to Jonathan Evans, 1784 & Benjamin Francis, 1787.

Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005.

Capo III

D/F#

A

Hark, the voice of love and mercy,

D

Sounds aloud from Calvary!

D/F#

A

See, it rends the rocks asunder,

D

Shakes the earth and veils the sky!

D/B

D/C#

"It is finished, It is finished,"

A

D

Hear the dying Savior cry.

Real Key

F/A

C

Hark, the voice of love and mercy,

F

Sounds aloud from Calvary!

F/A

C

See, it rends the rocks asunder,

F

Shakes the earth and veils the sky!

F/D

F/E

"It is finished, It is finished,"

C

F

Hear the dying Savior cry.

"It is finished," O what pleasure,
Do these charming words afford.
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finished, it is finished,"
Saints the dying words record.

Finished all the types and shadows,
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
"It is finished, it is finished,"
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
Saints on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding lamb!

It is Finished Part II

(Hark the Voice of Love and Mercy)

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #93

Words: Jonathan Evans, 1784
& Benjamin Francis, 1787.
Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005.

G/B D G

Hark, the voice of love and merc - y, Sounds a-loud from Cal - var - y! See, it rends

G/B D G

the rocks a - sund - er, Shakes the earth and veils the sky! "It is fin -

C/E D/F# D G

ished, It is fin - ished," Hear the dy - ing Sav - ior cry. "It is fin -

C/E D/F# D G

ished, It is fin - ished," Hear the dy - ing Sav - ior cry. "It is fin -

G/B D G

ished," O what pleas - ure, Do these charm - ing words af - ford. Heav'n - ly bless -

G/B D G

ings, with - out meas - ure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord. "It is fin -

C/E D/F# D G

ished, it is fin - ished," Saints the dy - ing words re - cord. "It is fin -

17 C/E D/F# D G
ished, it is fin - ished," Saints the dy - ing words rec - ord. Fin - ished all

20 G/B D G
the types and shad - ows, Of the cer - e - mon - ial law; Fin - ished all

22 G/B D G
that God had prom - ised; Death and hell no more shall awe. "It is fin -

24 C/E D/F# D G
ished, it is fin - ished," Saints from hence your com - fort draw. "It is fin -

26 C/E D/F# D G
ished, it is fin - ished," Saints from hence your com - fort draw. Tune your harps

29 G/B D G
a - new, ye ser - aphs; Join to sing the pleas - ing theme; Saints on earth

31 G/B D G
and all in heav - en, Join to praise Im - man - uel's name. Hal - le - lu -

33 C/E D/F# D G
jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glor - y to the bleed - ing lamb! Hal - le - lu -

35 C/E D/F# D G
jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glor - y to the bleed - ing lamb! Hal - le - lu -

37 C/E D/F# D G
jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glor - y to the bleed - ing lamb! Hal - le - lu -

39 C/E D/F# D G
jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glor - y to the bleed - ing lamb!

Jesus Cast a Look on Me

© MPJ Music. Words: John Berridge. Music: Matthew Perryman Jones.

Capo V

G C G Gmaj6

1. Jesus cast a look on me,

G C D/F#

Give me sweet simplicity

C D Em

Make me poor and keep me low,

C D G

Seeking only Thee to know

2. All that feeds my busy pride,

Cast it evermore aside

Bid my will to Thine submit,

Lay me humbly at Thy feet

3. Make me like a little child,

Of my strength and wisdom spoiled

Seeing only in Thy light,

Walking only in Thy might

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,

Where a weary soul can rest

Feeling well the peace of God,

Flowing from His precious blood

5. In this posture let me live,

And hosannas daily give

In this temper let me die,

And hosannas ever cry!

Real Key

C F C C2

1. Jesus cast a look on me,

C F G/B

Give me sweet simplicity

F G Am

Make me poor and keep me low,

F G C

Seeking only Thee to know

Gmaj6



JESUS, CAST A LOOK

Words by John Berridge

Music by Matthew Perryman Jones

Capo V

G C G Gmaj6

1. Je - sus, cast a look on _____ me,
 2. All that feeds my bu - sy _____ pride,
 3. Make me like a lit - tle _____ child,

G C D/F#

Give me sweet sim - pli - ci - ty,
 Cast it ev - er - more a - side
 Of my strength and wis - dom spoiled

C D Em

Make me poor and keep me _____ low,
 Bid my will to Thine sub - mit,
 See - ing on - ly in Thy _____ light,

C D G

Seek - ing on - ly thee _____ to _____ know _____
 Lay me humb - ly at _____ Thy _____ feet _____
 Walk - ing on - ly in _____ Thy _____ might _____

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,
 Where a weary soul can rest
 Feeling well the peace of God,
 Flowing from His precious blood

5. In this posture let me live,
 And hosannas daily give
 In this temper let me die,
 And hosannas ever cry!

Jesus' Gracious Hand

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #673

Words – John Berridge, 1838

Music – Clint Wells, Brian T. Murphy and Benj Pocta, 2006

Capo III

D, Em, G

D, Em, G

 D Em G
When Jesus' gracious hand,
 D Em G
Has touched our eyes and ears,
 G A Bm
Oh what a dreary land the wilderness appears,
 G A D
Oh what a dreary land the wilderness appears.

Chorus:

 A G D
No healing balm springs from its dust,
 G D/F# Em A D
No cooling stream to quench its thirst.

Yet long I vainly sought
A resting place below
That sweet land forgot
Where living waters flow;
I hunger now for heavenly food
And my poor heart cries out for God

My sorrow Thou canst see
For Thou doest read my heart;
It pineth after Thee
And yet from Thee will start;
Reclaim Thy roving child at last
And fix my heart and bind it fast

I would be near Thy feet,
Or at Thy bleeding side;
Feel how Thy heart does beat
And see its purple tide;
Trace all the wonders of Thy death,
And sing Thy love in every breath.

Jesus' Gracious Hand

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #673

words by John Berridge, 1716-1793.

music by Benj Pocta, Clint Wells,
and Brian T. Murphy, 2006

F G m7 B \flat

When Je - sus' gra - cious hand, Has
Yet long I vain - ly sought, A
My sor - row Thou can see, For
I would be near Thy feet, Or

5 F G m7 B \flat

touched our eyes and ears, O what a drear - y
rest - ing place be - low; That sweet land for -
Thou dost read my heart; It pi - neth af - ter
at Thy bleed - ing side; Feel how Thy heart does

9 B \flat C D m

land, the wild - er - ness ap - pears. O what a drear - y
- got, where liv - ing wa - ters flow; That sweet land for -
Thee, and yet from Thee will start; It pi - neth af - ter
beat, and see its pur - ple tide; Feel how Thy heart does

13 B \flat C F C

land, the wild - er - ness ap - pears. No heal - ing balm
- got, where liv - ing wa - ters flow; I hun - ger now for
Thee, and yet from Thee will start; Re - claim Thy rov - ing
beat, and see its pur - ple tide; Trace all the won - ders

18 B \flat F B \flat F/A

springs from its dust; No cool - ing stream to
heav - en - ly food; And my poor heart cries
child at last, And fix my heart and
of Thy death, And sing Thy love in

22 G m7 C/E F

quench the thirst.
out for God.
bind it fast.
ev - - - - - ry breath.

Jesus I Long For Thee

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #672

Words - John Berridge, 1716-1793

Music - Brian T. Murphy and Jeff Koonce, 2004

Bm A G
Jesus, I long for thee,
Em D/F# G
And sigh for Canaan's shore,
Bm A G
Thy lovely face to see,
Em D C
And all my warfare o'er;
D G Bm A G
Here billows break upon my breast
D G Bm A G
And brooding sorrows steal my rest.

I pant, I groan, I grieve
For my untoward heart;
How full of doubts I live,
Though full of grace thou art!
What poor returns, I make to thee
For all the mercy shown to me!

And must I ever smart,
A child of sorrows here?
Yet, Lord be near my heart,
To soothe each rising tear;
Then at thy bleeding cross I'll stay,
And sweetly weep my life away.

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Jesus, I Long for Thee

from the Gadsby Hymnal #672

words: John Berridge, 1716-1793

music: Jeff Koonce and

Brian T. Murphy, 2004

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It consists of five lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines. The lyrics are as follows:

Je - sus, I long for Thee And
I pant, I groan, I grieve, For
And must I ev - er smart, A

sigh for Ca - naan's Shore, Thy love - ly face to
my un - to - ward heart; How full of doubts I
child of sor - rows here? Yet, Lord be near my

see, And all my war - fare o'er Here bil - lows
live, Though full of grace thou art! What poor re -
heart, To soothe each ris - ing tear; Then at Thy

break up - on my breast And brood - ing
turns I make to Thee, For all the
bleed - - - ing cross I'll stay, And sweet - ly

sor - - rows steal my rest.
mer - - cy shown to me.
weep my life a - - - way.

Jesus Is Our Great Salvation

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #205

Words - John Adams, 1751-1835

Music - Clint Wells, 2004

CAPO I

G

Jesus is our great salvation,

Em D

Worthy of our best esteem;

G

He has saved his favorite nation;

Em D D/F#

Join to sing aloud of him.

D/F# G/C G

He has saved us!

Em Am C D

Christ alone could us redeem

D/F# G/C G

He has saved us!

Em D

Christ alone could us redeem.

When involved in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found,
Jesus our distress was viewing;
Grace did more than sin abound.

He has called us,
With salvation in the sound.

Let us never Lord forget thee;
Make us walk as children here.
We will give thee all the glory
Of the love that brought us near.
Bid us praise thee,
And rejoice with holy fear.

Free election known by calling,
Is a privilege divine;
Saints are kept from final falling;
All the glory Lord be thine!
All the glory,
All the glory, Lord is thine!

Jesus Is Our Great Salvation

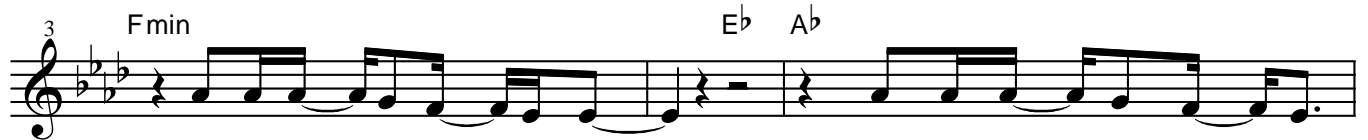
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #205

Words - John Adams, 1751-1835

Music - Clint Wells, 2004



Jes - us is our great sal - va - tion,
When inv - olved in sin and ru - in,
Let us nev - er Lord for - get thee;
Free e - lec - tion known by call - ing,



Worth - y of our best est - eem;
And no help - er there was found,
Make us walk as child - ren here.
Is a priv - il - ege div - ine;
He has saved his favor - ite
Jes - us our dis - tress was
We will give thee all the
Saints are kept from fin - al



na - tion;
view - ing;
glor - y
fall - ing;
Join to sing a - loud of him.
Grace did more than sin a - bound.
Of the love that brought us near.
All the glor - y Lord be thine!
He has saved
He has called
Bid us praise
All the glor -



us!
us,
thee,
y,
Christ a - lone could us red - eem
With sal - va - tion in the sound.
And rej - oice with hol - y fear.
All the glor - y, Lord is thine!



He has saved us!
He has called us,
Bid us praise thee,
All the glor - y,
Christ a - lone could us red - eem.
With sal - va - tion in the sound.
And rej - oice with hol - y fear.
All the glor - y, Lord is thine!

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

©2000 Greg Thompson. Words: Charles Wesley. Music: Greg Thompson.

Capo III

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
'Til life's storm is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,
I helpless, hang on Thee;
Leave, oh leave me not alone,
Support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
In the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, are all I want,
Here more than all I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
For all eternity.

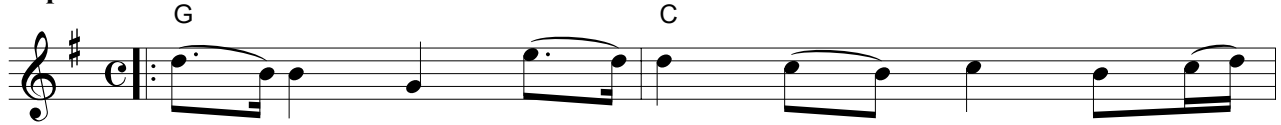
Real Key

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
'Til life's storm is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Receive my soul at last.

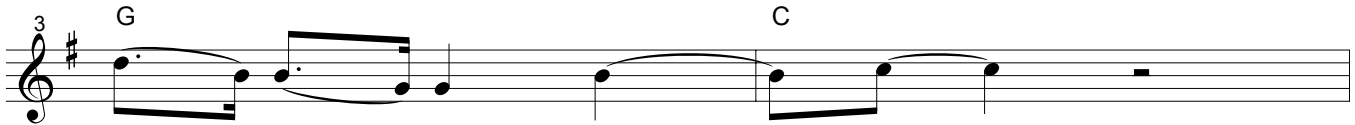
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

Words by Charles Wesley
Music by Greg Thompson

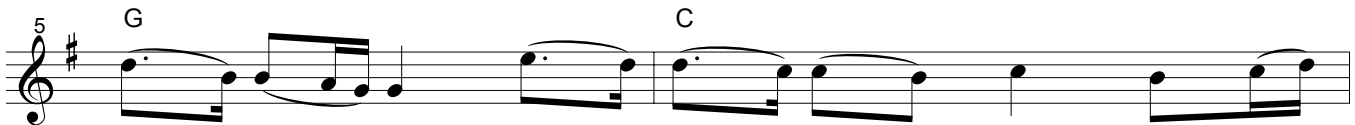
Capo III



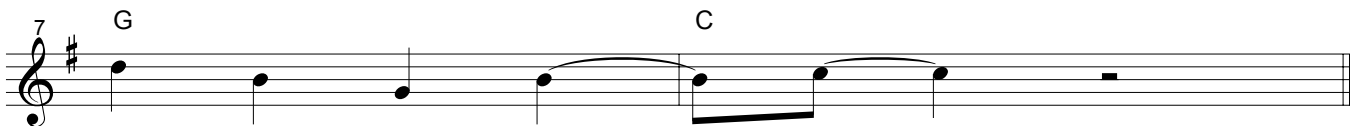
1. Je - sus, lo - ver of my soul, let me
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, hangs my
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than
4. Plen - teous grace with thee is found, grace to



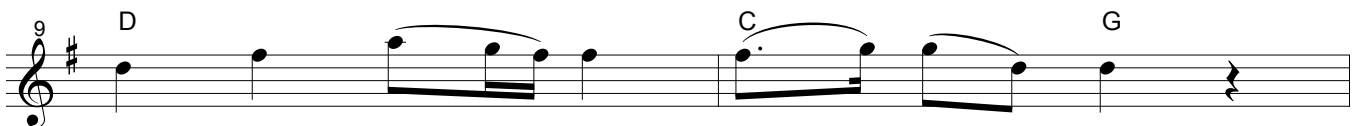
to thy bo - som fly,
help - less soul on thee; find;
all in thee I find;
cov - er all my sin;



While the nea - rer wa - ters roll, while the
leave, ah! leave me not a lone, still sup -
raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, heal the
let the heal - ing streams a - bound; make and



tem - pest and still is high:
port and com - fort me!
sick, and lead the blind.
keep me pure with in:



hide me, O my Sa - vior, hide,
All my and trust on ly thee is stayed,
Just thou and of ho - ly the is thy name;
thou of life the foun - tain art,

11 D C

'till the storm is past
 help from thee I bring;
 I am all take un - I - teous - ness;
 let me take of thee;

13 D C G

safe in - to the ha - ven guide, re -
 cov - er my de - fense - less head the -
 false and full of sin - I am, thou
 spring thou up with - in my heart, to

15 Em D C C

ceive my soul at last
 shad - ow of thy wing.
 full of truth and grace.
 all e - ter - ni - ty.

Jesus' Precious Blood

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #1156

Words - William J. Irons, 1812-1833

Music - Clint Wells, 2004

Intro:

C G-Am F G C (2x)

C F C
What sacred fountain yonder springs
C G
Up from the throne of God,
C F C
And all new covenant blessings brings?
F G C
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

What mighty sum paid all my debt,
When I a bondman stood,
And has my soul at freedom set?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

refrain:

E Am
What stream can sweep away
F G
My sins just like a flood,
C G Am
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay?
F G C
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

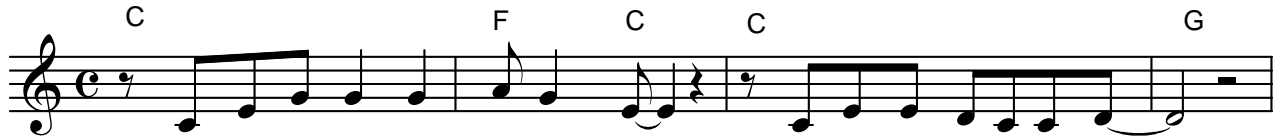
What voice is that which speaks for me
In heaven's court for good,
And from the curse has set me free?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

What theme, my soul shall best employ
Thy harp before thy God,
And make all heaven to ring with joy?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

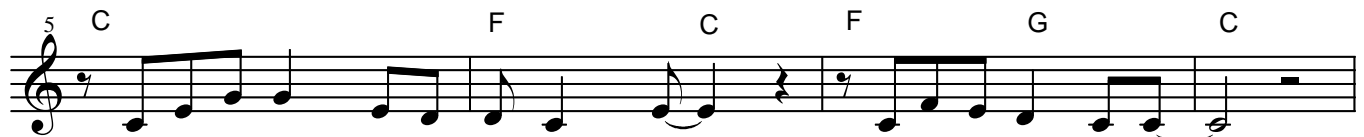
Jesus' Precious Blood

from the Gadsby Hymnal #1156

words: William J. Irons, 1812-1833
music: Clint Wells, 2004



What sac - red foun - tain yon - der springs Up from the throne of God,
What might - y sum paid all my debt, When I a bond - man stood,
What voice is that which speaks for me In heav - en's court for good,
What theme, my soul shall best em - ploy Thy harp be - fore thy God,



And all new cov - 'nant bless - ing brings? 'Tis Je - sus' prec - ious blood.
And has my soul at freed - om set?
And from the curse has set me free?
And make all heav'n to ring with joy?



What stream can sweep a - way My sins just like a flood,



Nor lets one guilt - y blemish stay? 'Tis Je - sus' prec - ious blood.

Jesus Thou Joy of Loving Hearts

Words: Bernard of Clairvaux, 12th Century

Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2003

C C/B Am
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts
 F Am G
Thou fount of life, Thou light of men
C C/B Am
From the best bliss that earth imparts
 F Dm G C
We turn unfilled to Thee again

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood
Thou savest those that on Thee call
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good
To them that find, Thee all in all

We taste of Thee, O living bread
And long to feast upon Thee still
We drink of Thee the fountainhead
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee
Wherever our changeful lot is cast
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see
Blessed when our faith can hold Thee fast

Key Change:

D D/C# Bm
O Jesus, ever with us stay
 G Bm A
Make all our moments calm and bright
D D/C# Bm
Chase the dark night of sin away
 G Em A D
Shed over the world Thy ho - ly light

Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts

words: Benard of Clairvaux, 12th century
music: Brian T. Murphy, 2003

C C/B Amin



Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts Thou
Thy truth un - changed hath ev - er stood Thou
We taste of Thee, O liv - ing bread And
Our rest - less spi - rits yearn for Thee Where -
O Je - sus ev - er with us stay Make

5 F Amin G



fount - of life, thou light of men
sav - - est those that on Thee call
long to feast u - pon Thee still
'er our change - ful lot is cast
all our mo - ments calm and bright

9 C C/B Amin



From the best bliss that earth im - parts We
To them that seek Thee thou art good To
We drink of Thee the foun - - tain - head And
Glad when Thy gra - cious smile we see Blessed
Chase the dark night of sin a - way Shed -

13 F Dmin G C



turn un - filled to Thee a - gain.
them that find Thee all in all.
thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
when our faith can hold Thee fast.
over the world The ho - - - ly light.

Jesus Whispers

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #180

Words - Joseph Hart (1712-1768), 1759

Music - Clint Wells and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

CAPO III

G G/C
Lamb of God, we fall before thee,
G G/C
Humbly trusting in thy cross;
G G/C
That alone be all our glory;
G G/C
All things else are vain and loss.

*Thee we own a perfect Savior,
Only source of all that's good:
Every grace and every favor
Comes to us through Jesus' blood.*

refrain:

D
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
C
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven."
D
Faith He gives us to believe,
C C
Hearing ears and seeing eyes.

*When we live on Jesus' merit,
Then we worship God aright,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Then we savingly unite.*

*Hear the whole conclusion of it;
Great or good, whate'er we call,
God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,
Jesus Christ is All in All.*

Jesus Whispers

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #180

Words - Joseph Hart , 1759

Music - Clint Wells and

Brian T. Murphy, 2004

B \flat **E \flat /B \flat**



Lamb of God, we fall be - fore thee,
Thee we own a perf - ect Sav - ior,
When we live on Jes - us' mer - it,
Hear the whole conc - lus - ion of it;

B \flat **E \flat /B \flat** **B \flat** **E \flat /B \flat**



Humb - ly trust - ing in thy cross; That a - lone be all our glor - y;
Onl - y source of all that's good: Ever - y grace and ever - y fav - or
Then we wor - ship God a - right, Fa - ther, Son and Hol - y Spir - it,
Great or good, what - e'er we call, God, or King, or Priest, or Pro - phet,

B \flat **E \flat /B \flat** **F**



All things else are vain and loss. Jes - us whisp - ers this sweet sent - ence,
Comes to us through Jes - us' blood.
Then we sav - ing - ly u - nite.
Jes - us Christ is All in All.

E \flat **F**



"Son, thy sins are all for - giv - en." Faith He gives us to bel - ieve,

E \flat **B \flat**



Hear - ing ears and see - ing eyes.

King Of Saints

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #857

Words - Joseph Hart, 1712-1768

Music - Clint Wells, 2004

G G/F#
Jesus Christ, God's holy lamb,
G/F# Em
We will laud thy lovely name;
Em Cadd9
We were saved by God's decree,
Cadd9 D G
And all our debt was paid by thee.

Thou has washed us in thy blood,
Made us kings and priests to God;
Take this tribute of the poor;
Less we can't, we can't give more.

refrain:

G G/F#
Souls redeemed, your voices raise,
G/F# Em
Sing your dear Redeemer's praise;
Em Cadd9
Worthy thou of love and laud,
Cadd9 D G
King of saints, incarnate God.

Righteous are thy ways and true;
Endless honors are thy due;
Grace and glory in thee shine;
Matchless mercy, love divine.

We for whom thou once was slain,
We thy ransomed sinner train,
In this one request agree,
"Spirit make us more like thee."

King of Saints

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #857

Words - Joseph Hart, 1712-1768

Music - Clint Wells, 2004

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It consists of seven staves of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines to indicate the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Jes - us Christ, God's hol - y lamb, We will laud thy level - y name; Right-eous are thy ways and true; End - less hon - ors are thy due; We were saved by God's dec - ree, And all our debt was paid by thee. Grace and glor - y in thee shine; Match - less merc - y, love div - ine. Thou has washed us in thy blood, Made us kings We for whom thou once was slain, We thy ran - and priests to God; Take this trib - ute of the poor; somed sin - ner train, In this one re - quest ag - ree, Less we can't, we can't give more. Souls red - eemed, "Spir - it make us more like thee." your voic - es raise, Sing your dear Red - eem - er's praise; Worth - y thou of love and laud, King of saints, inc - ar - nate God.

Lead Me To The Rock

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 1104

Words - S. Turner or Bennet , 1838.

Music - Clint Wells, Brian T. Murphy and Benj Pocta, 2006.

Capo II

F Bb
Convinced as a sinner, to Jesus I come
F Bb C
Informed by the gospel for such there is room;
Dm C Bb
Overwhelmed with sorrows for sin I will cry
Bb C Bb C F
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

When sorely afflicted and ready to faint,
Before my Redeemer I'll spread my complaint;
'Mid storms and distresses my soul shall rely
On Jesus, the rock that is higher than I.

'Tis there with the chosen of Jesus,
I long to dwell and eternally join in the song,
And praising and blessings, with angels on high,
It's Jesus, the rock that is higher than I.

Lead Me to the Rock

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #1104

words by S. Turner or Bennett, 1838.

music by Benj Pocta, Clint Wells,

and Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines. The lyrics are arranged in two columns per line of music.

Staff 1: Chords F, Bb. Lyrics: Con - vinced as a sin - ner, to Je - sus I come, / When Bles - sed be Je - sus, for an - swer - ing prayer, / When sore - ly af - flict - ed, and rea - dy to faint,

Staff 2: Chords F, Bb. Lyrics: In - formed by the gos - pel, for such there is room; / And rais - ing my soul from the pit of des - pair; / Be - fore my re - deem - er, I'll spread my com - plaint;

Staff 3: Chords C, Dm, C, Bb. Lyrics: In O'er - whelmed with sor - row, for sin will I / 'Midst ev - 'ry new tri - al, to him will I / 'Midst storms and dis - tres - ses, my soul shall re -

Staff 4: Chords Bb, C, Bb, C, F. Lyrics: cry; Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I. / cry, On Je - sus the Rock that is high - er than I. / ly.

Lord, Dissolve My Frozen Heart

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #1117

Words: Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855. Chorus by Brian T. Murphy.

Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

Am G F C/E
Lord, dissolve my frozen heart,
Am G Dm
By the beams of love divine;
Am G F C/E
This alone can warmth impart,
Am G C
To dissolve a heart like mine.

O that love, how vast it is!
Vast it seems, though known in part;
Strange indeed, if love like this,
Should not melt the frozen heart.

Chorus:

F/D C/E F
The love of Christ passes knowledge.
F/D C/E G
The love of Christ eases fear.
F/D C/E F
The love of Christ hits a man's heart,
G
It pierces him like a spear.

Savior, let thy love be felt,
Let its power be felt by me,
Then my frozen heart shall melt,
Melt in love, O Lord to thee.

Lord, Dissolve My Frozen Heart

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #1117

Words: Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.
Chorus by Brian T. Murphy.
Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It consists of six staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines. The lyrics are as follows:

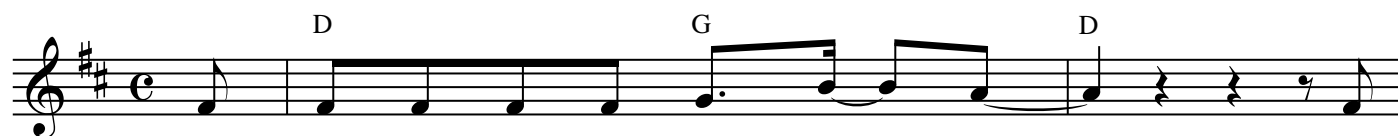
Lord, dis - solve my froz - - - en heart,
O that love, how vast it is!
Sav - ior, let thy love be felt,
By the beams of love div - ine; This a - lone can warmth
Vast it seems, though known in part; Strange in - deed, if love
Let its pow'r be felt by me, Then my froz - en heart
im - part, To dis - solve a heart like mine. The
like this, Should not melt the froz - en heart.
shall melt, Melt in love, O Lord to thee.
love of Christ pas - ses know - ledge. The
love of Christ eas - es fear. The love of Christ hits a man's
heart, It pierc - es him like a spear.

The Lord Forever Mine

Real Key

Words: William Cowper, 1731-1800

Music: Clint Wells, 2009



My God how per - fect are thy ways _____ But
 When I would speak what Thou hast done, _____ To
 Div - ine de - sire, that ho - ly flame _____ Thy
 Let oth - ers in their gau - dy dress _____ A



mine pol - lut - ed are; Sin twines it - self a - bout my days _____
 save me from my sins I can - not make Thy mer - cies known _____
 grace cre - ates in me; A - las im - pa - tience is its name _____
 fan - cied me - rit shine The Lord shall be my soul right - eous -



_____ And slides in - to my prayers, _____ And
 _____ But self ap - plause creeps in, _____ But
 _____ When it re - turns to me, _____ When
 ness The Lord for - ev - er mine, _____ The



slides in - - to my prayers. _____
 self ap - - plause creeps in. _____
 it re - - turns to me. _____
 Lord for - ev - er mine. _____

The Lord Forever Mine

Capo II

Words: William Cowper, 1731-1800

Music: Clint Wells, 2009

C F C

My God how per - fect are thy ways But
 When I would speak what Thou hast done, To
 Div - ine de - sire, that ho - ly flame Thy
 Let oth - ers in their gau - dy dress A

3 C F C C F

mine pol - lut - ed are; Sin twines it - self a - bout my days
 save me from my sins I can - not make Thy mer - cies known
 grace cre - ates in me; A - las im - pa - tience is its name
 fan - cied me - rit shine The Lord shall be my soul right - eous -

6 C F G A m

And slides in - to my prayers, And
 But self ap - plause creeps in, But
 When it re - turns to me, When
 ness The Lord for - ev - er mine, The

9 F G C

slides in - - - to my prayers.
 self ap - - - plause creeps in.
 it re - - - turns to me.
 Lord for - - - ev - er mine.

Love Me to the End

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #378

Words: Samuel Medley, 1738-1799.

Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005.

E C#m7
A beggar poor, at mercy's door,
E C#m7
Lies such a wretch as I;
E C#m7
Thou know'st my need is great indeed,
E C#m7
Lord hear me when I cry.

A E
With guilt beset and deep in debt,
C#m7 B
For pardon Lord I pray;
A E
O let Thy love sufficient prove,
C#m7 B E
To take my sins away,

A wicked heart is no small part,
Of my distress and shame;
Let sovereign grace its crimes efface,
Through Jesus' blessed name.

My darkened mind I daily find,
Is prone to go astray;
Lord on it shine with light divine,
And guide it in Thy way.

My stubborn will opposes still,
Thy wise and holy hand;
Thy Spirit send to make it bend,
To Thy supreme command.

Affections wild by sin defiled,
Oft hurry me away;
Lord bring them home nor let them roam,
From Christ the Living Way.

E C#m7
Before Thy face I've told my case;
E C#m7
Lord help and mercy send;
E A
Pity my soul and make me whole,
C#m7 B E
And love me to the end.

Love Me to the End

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #378

Words: Samuel Medley, 1738-1799.
Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005.

E C#m7 E C#m7

A beg - gar poor, at merc - y's door, Lies such a wretch as I; Thou
wick - ed heart is no small part, Of my dis - tress and shame; Let
stub - born will op - pos - es still, Thy wise and hol - y hand; Thy

6 E C#m7 E C#m7

know'st my need is great in - deed, Lord hear me when I cry.
sover - eign grace its crimes ef - face, Through Jes - us' bless - ed name.
Spir - it send to make it bend, To Thy supr - eme com - mand.

10 A E C#m7 B

With guilt bes - et and deep in debt, For pard - on Lord I pray;
My dark - ened mind I dail - y find, Is prone to go as - tray;
Af - fect - ions wild by sin def - iled, Oft hurr - y me a - way;

14 A E C#m7 B 1, 2
E C#m7

O let Thy love suf - fic - ient prove, To take my sins a - way, A
Lord on it shine with light div - ine, And guide it in Thy way. My
Lord bring them home nor let them roam, From Christ the Liv - ing

19 3
E C#m7 E C#m7 E C#m7

Way. Be - fore Thy face I've told my case; Lord help and merc - y send; Pit -

25 E A C#m7 B E

y my soul and make me whole, And love me to the end.

Melt My Soul To Love

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #951

Words – J. Swain, 1838

Music – Brian T. Murphy and Benj Pocta, 2006.

Dm
Hark! From the cross a gracious voice,
Dm
Salutes my ravished ears;
Gm
Rejoice, thou ransomed souls, rejoice!
Dm
And dry those falling tears!

Amazed, I turn, grown strangely bold;
This wondrous thing to see;
And there the dying Lord behold,
Stretched on the bloody tree.

“Sinners”, he cried, “behold the head,
This thorny wreath entwines;
Look on those wounded hands and read
Thy name in crimson lines.”

The power, the sweetness of that voice
My stony heart does move;
Makes me in Christ my Lord rejoice
And melts my soul to love.

Melt My Soul to Love

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #951

words by Joseph Swain, 1761-1796.

music by Benj Pocta and

Brian T, Murphy, 2006.



Hark from the cross a gra - cious voice, Sa - lutes my
 A - mazed I turn, grown strange - ly bold, This won - drous
 "Sin - ner," he cried, "be - hold the head, This thorn - y
 The pow'r the sweet - ness of that voice, My ston - y



ray - ished ears; _____ "Re - joice, thou ran - somed soul, re -
 thing _____ to see; _____ And there the dy - ing Lord be -
 wreath _____ en - twines; _____ Look on these wound - ed hands and
 heart _____ does move; _____ Makes me in Christ my Lord re -



joice, And dry those fall - ing tears." _____
 hold, Stretched on a blood - y tree. _____
 read, Thy name in crim - y lines." _____
 joice, And melts my soul to love. _____

My Business Lies at Jesus' Gate

Real Key

Words: Erskine & Berridge
Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2009

My busi - ness lies at Je - sus' gate Where man -
His name is Je - sus full of grace Which draws -
y a laz - ar comes And here I seek and here I
me to his door And will not Je - sus show his
- wait For mer - cy's fall - ing crumbs The Lord
- face And bring His gos - pel store? Sup - plies
I hear the hun - gry feeds And cheers
of ev' - ry grace I want And each
the souls dis - tressed He loves
day want sup - - - ply And if
to bind up bro - - - ken reeds And heal
no grace the Lord will grant I must
a bleed - - - ing breast
lie down and die

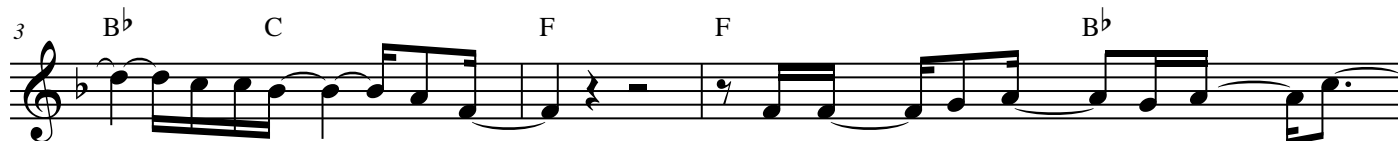
My Business Lies at Jesus' Gate

Capo I

Words: Erskine & Berridge
Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2009



My busi - ness lies at Je - sus' gate Where man -
His name is Je - sus full of grace Which draws



- - y a laz - ar comes And here I seek and here I
me to his door And will not Je - sus show his



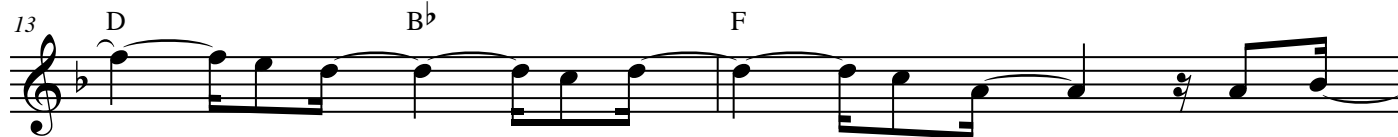
- wait For mer - cy's fall - ing crumbs The Lord
- face And bring His gos - pel store? Sup - plies



I hear the hun - gry feeds And cheers
of ev' - ry grace I want And each



the souls dis - tressed He loves
day want sup - - - ply And if



to bind up bro - - - ken reeds And heal
no grace the Lord will grant I must



a bleed - - - ing breast
lie down and die

My Jesus, I Love Thee

Words - William R. Featherston, 1864

Music - "Gordon," Adoniram J. Gordon, 1876

D Bm A/C# D
My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
D Bm A/C# D
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign.
D G D A
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou;
 D Bm A/C# D
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love Thee because Thou has first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree.
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

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My Raptured Soul

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #268

Words: John Berridge, 1716-1793.

Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

Capo 2

C
If Jesus kindly say,
C
And with a whispering word,
G
"Arise my love and come away,"
F G C
I run to meet my Lord.

My soul is in my ears;
My heart is all on flame;
My eyes are sweetly drowned in tears,
And melted is my frame.

Chorus:

F
My raptured soul will rise up,
C
And give a cheerful spring,
F
And dart through all the lofty skies,
G
To visit Zion's King.
F G C
To visit Zion's King.

He meets me with a kiss,
And with a smiling face;
I taste the dear, enchanting bliss,
And wonder at his grace.

A soft and tender sigh,
Now heaves my hollowed breast;
I long to lay me down and die,
And find eternal rest.

My Raptured Soul

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #268

Words: John Berridge, 1716-1793.
Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

D

If Je - sus kind - ly say, And
My soul is in my ears; My
He meets me with a kiss, And
A soft and ten - der sigh, Now

4 D

with a whisp - ering word, "A -
heart is all on flame; My
with a smil - ing face; I
heaves my hol - lowed breast; I

6 A G A

rise my love and come a - way," I run to meet my Lord.
eyes are sweet - ly drowned in tears, And melt - ed is my frame.
taste the dear, en - chant - ing bliss, And won - der at his grace.
long to lay me down and die, And find e - ter - nal rest.

8 D G

My rap - tured soul will rise up, And give a cheer - ful

12 D G

spring, And dart through all the loft - y skies, To vi - sit Zi - on's

16 A G A D

King. To vi - sit Zi - on's King.

My Soul Rejoice and Sing

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #550

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

Music: Matthew S. Welch, Clint Wells, & Brian T. Murphy, 2005.

Capo 5

Am
My soul rejoice and sing,
F
Thy Father's glorious praise;
Am
And let His precious love,
F G
Employ thee all thy days;
Am
To save my soul from hell,
F
Was His eternal will;
Am
And bless His precious name,
F G
His purpose to fulfill.
C G
He took the Lord, the great I AM,
F C G
And as a nail He fastened Him.

When deep calls to deep,
And sins like mountains rise,
And the old prince of hell,
Says all the Bible's lies,
This nail is fastened, in my heart,
Nor will it e'er, from me depart.

My wicked heart has said,
Again yea, and again,
That Christ my soul will leave,
To perish in my sin;
But though I feel as cold as clay,
He will not, cannot, go away.

My Soul Rejoice and Sing

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #550

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.
Music: Matthew S. Welch,
Clint Wells, & Brian T. Murphy, 2005.

The musical score is written in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first staff starts with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second staff begins at measure 5. The third staff begins at measure 9 and includes first and second endings. The fourth staff begins at measure 13. The fifth staff begins at measure 18. The sixth staff begins at measure 22. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines: Dmin, Bb, C, F, and Bb.

My (To) soul save re - joi - ce and sing, Thy Fa - ther's glor - ious
my soul from hell, Was His e - ter - nal

praise; And let His pre - cious love, Em - ploy thee all thy
will; And bless His pre - cious name, His pur - pose to ful -

1. days; To fill. He took the Lord, the
2.

great I AM, And as a nail He fast - ened

Him. When deep calls to deep, And sins like moun - tains

rise, And the old prince of hell, Says all the Bi - ble's

26 C F C
lies, This nail is fast - ened, in my heart, Nor

31 B♭ F C
will it e'er, from me de - part. My

35 Dmin B♭
wick - ed heart has said, A - gain yea, and a - gain, That

39 Dmin B♭ C
Christ my soul will leave, To per - ish in my sin; But

43 F C
though I feel as cold as clay, He

47 B♭ F C F
will not, can - not, go a - way.

Narrow Little Road

Words and Music - Mo Leverett, 1995

G C D
I believe in the love of God
G C D
It is an orphan's wildest dream
G C D
It is a narrow little road
G C D
It is an ever-widening desert stream

refrain:

G F#/D EM
Oh I, and I,
C G D
I will leave this road
G
For the narrow

It is portrayed in the bread and wine
Let it fortify my bones
It is more than just a sign
It is the fountain from that desert stone

refrain

It is the path where the humble go
It is the narrow not the broad
It is the pathway down the hill
To the graveyard of the living God

refrain

The love of God is the hymn of hope
Let the needy join the throng
Let the widow hear and cope
Let the crippled rise to sing this song

Refrain

Narrow Little Road

Words and Music - Mo Leverett, 1995

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of seven staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "I be-lieve in the love of God It is an or - phan's wild - est dream It is a nar - row lit - tle road It is an ev - er - wi - dening de - sert stream Oh I, and I, I will leave this road For the nar - row It is por-trayed in the bread and wine Let it for - ti - fy my bones It is more than just a sign It is the fount - ain from that de - sert stone Oh I, and I, I will leave this road For the nar - row".

F B \flat C F B \flat

I be-lieve in the love of God It is an or - phan's wild - est

4 C F B \flat C

dream It is a nar - row lit - tle road

7 F B \flat C F

It is an ev - er - wi - dening de - sert stream

9 F C/E Dmin B \flat F C F

Oh I, and I, I will leave this road For the nar - row

13 F B \flat C F B \flat C

It is por-trayed in the bread and wine Let it for - ti - fy my bones

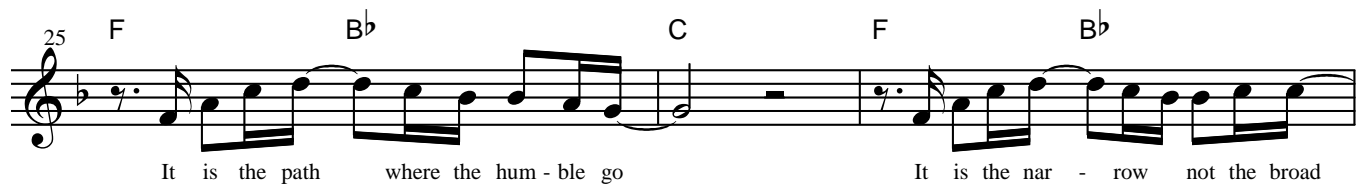
17 F B \flat C F B \flat C

It is more than just a sign It is the fount - ain from that de - sert stone

20 F F C/E Dmin B \flat F C F


Oh I, and I, I will leave this road For the nar - row

25 F B \flat C F B \flat



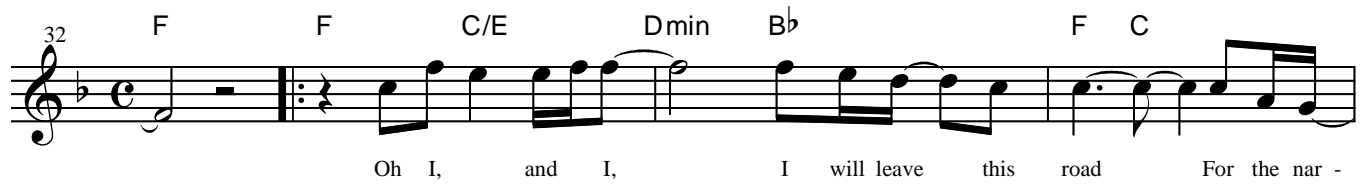
It is the path where the hum-ble go It is the nar-row not the broad

28 C F B \flat C F B \flat C



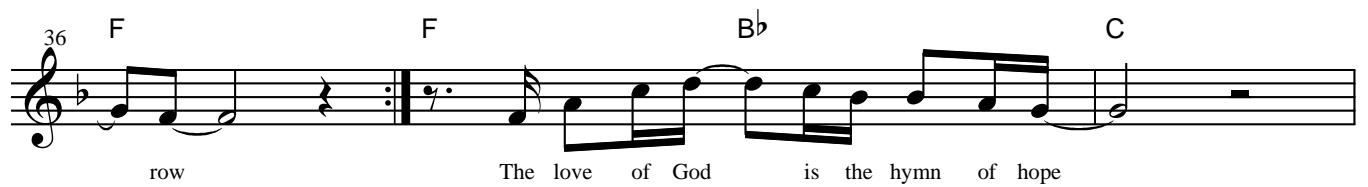
It is the path-way down the hill To the grave-yard of the liv-ing God

32 F F C/E Dmin B \flat F C



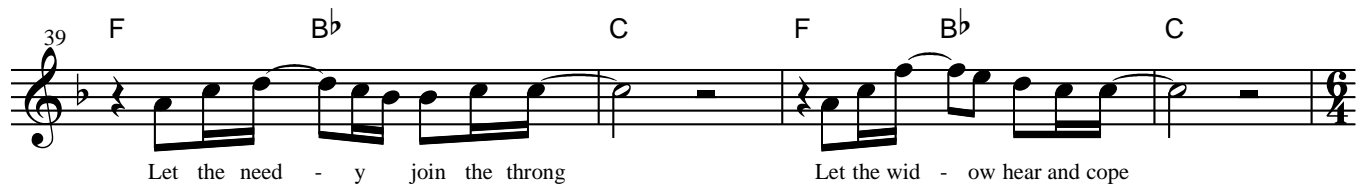
Oh I, and I, I will leave this road For the nar-

36 F F B \flat C



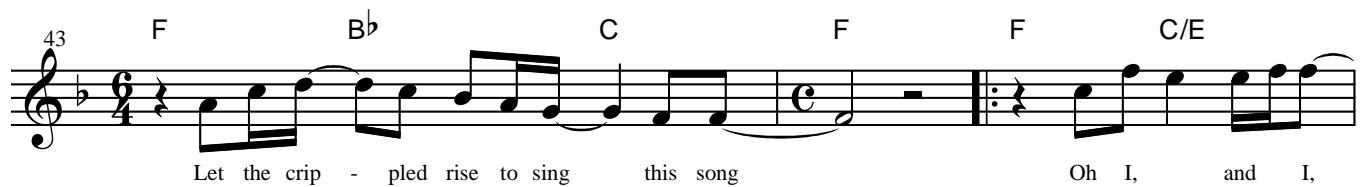
row The love of God is the hymn of hope

39 F B \flat C F B \flat C



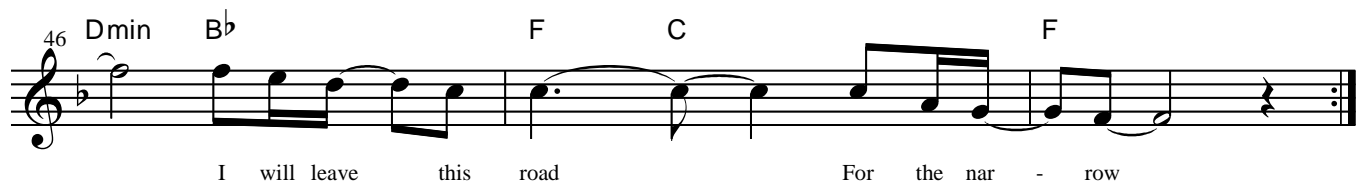
Let the need-y join the throng Let the wid-ow hear and cope

43 F B \flat C F F C/E



Let the crip-pled rise to sing this song Oh I, and I,

46 Dmin B \flat F C F



I will leave this road For the nar-row

No Sweeter Subject

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #202

Words - John Newton, 1725-1807

Music - Brian T. Murphy, 2004

CAPO I

A E/G#
Now may the Lord reveal his face,
 A/F#
And teach our stammering tongues
A E/G#
To make his sovereign, reigning grace
 A/F#
The subject of our songs.

refrain:

D A/C#
No sweeter subject can invite
 Bm
A sinner's heart to sing,
D A/C#
Or more display the glorious right
 E
Of our exalted King.

Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
To melt the hardest hearts;
And from the work it once begins
It never once departs.

The world and Satan strive in vain
Against the chosen few;
Secured by grace's conquering reign,
They all shall conquer too.

Twas grace that called our souls at first;
By grace thus far we've come;
And grace will help us through the worst,
And lead us safely home.

No Sweeter Subject

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #202

Words - John Newton, 1725-1807

Music - Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Now may the Lord re-veal his face, And
Grace reigns to par-don crim-son sins, To
The world and Sa-tan strive in vain A-
Twas grace that called our souls at first; By

3
teach our stam-mering tongues To
melt the hard-est hearts; And
gainst the chos-en few; Se-
grace thus far we've come; And

4
make his sover-eign, reign-ing grace The
from the work it once be-gins It
cured by gra-ce's con-que-ring reign, They
grace will help us through the worst, And

5
sub-ject of our songs. No sweet-er sub-ject can in-vite A sin-
nev-er once de-parts.
all shall con-quer too.
lead us safe-ly home.

7
ner's heart to sing, Or more dis-play the glor-ious right Of our

9
ex-alt-ed King.

Chords: Bb, F/A, Bb/G, Bb, F/A, Bb/G, Eb, Bb/D, Cmin, Eb, Bb/D, F

O the Delights

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 476

Words - Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Music - Jeff Koonce, Andrew Spear, and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Am F
O the delights, the heavenly joys
 C G
The glories of this place,
Am F
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
 C G
Of his o'erflowing grace.

Dm F
Sweet majesty and awful love
 C G
Sit smiling on his brow,
Dm F
And all the glorious ranks above
 C G
At humble distance bow.

Refrain

F G C
And while our faith enjoys this sight,
C
We long to leave our clay;
F G C
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
C
To fetch our souls away

Blessed angels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at His feet

His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.

Refrain

This is the Man, the exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face
Our hearts shall love him more

Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy blessed abode!
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God.

Refrain

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O The Delights

from the Gadsby Hymnal #476

words: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
music: Jeff Koonce, Andrew Spear
Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Amin F C

O the de - lights, the heav'n - ly joys, The glor-ies of this place,
Bless'd an - gels sound His lof - ty praise Through ev' - ry heav'n - ly street,
This is the Man, the ex - alt - ed Man, Whom we un - seen a - dore;

5 G Amin F C G

Where Je - sus sheds the bright - est beams Of his o'er - flow - ing grace.
And lay their high - est hon - ors down Sub - miss - ive at His feet.
But when our eyes be - hold His face Our hearts shall love Him more.

10 Dmin F C G

Sweet ma - jes - ty and aw - ful love Sit smil - ing on His brow,
His head, the dear, ma - jes - tic head, That cru - el thorns did wound,
Lord, how our souls are all on fire To see Thy bless'd a - bode!

14 Dmin F C G

And all the glor - ious ranks of love At hum - ble dis - tance bow.
See what im - mor - tal glor - ies shine, And cir - cle it a - round.
our tongues re - joice in tunes of praise To our in - car - nate God.

18 F G C F

And while our faith enjoys this sight We long to leave our clay And wish Thy fier-

23 G C F

y char - iots, Lord, To fetch our souls a - way

PASS ME NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOR

Words - Fanny J. Crosby, 1868

Music - W. Howard Doane, 1870

intro and optional chords during verse:

(D, C, G/B, D/A, D)

D G D
Pass me not, O gentle Savior,

A D

Hear my humble cry;

D G D

While on others Thou art calling,

A D

Do not pass me by.

Refrain

D G

Savior, Savior,

D G - A

Hear my humble cry;

D G D

While on others Thou art calling,

A D

Do not pass me by.

Refrain

Let me at Thy throne of mercy

Find a sweet relief,

Kneeling there in deep contrition;

Help my unbelief.

Refrain

Trusting only in Thy merit,

Would I seek Thy face;

Heal my wounded, broken spirit,

Save me by Thy grace.

Refrain

Thou the Spring of all my comfort,

More than life to me,

Whom have I on earth beside Thee?

Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Refrain

Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior

Words - Fanny J. Crosby, 1868
Music - W. Howard Doane, 1870

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It consists of five systems of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. Chord symbols (D, G, A) are placed above the staff to indicate the harmonic structure. The lyrics are: "Pass me not, O gentle Savior, Let me at Thy throne of mercy, Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - - - it, Thou the Spring of all my com - - - fort, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on oth - ers Thou art Find a sweet re - lief, Kneel - ing there in deep con - Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wound - ed, brok - en More than life to me, Whom have I on earth be - call - ing, Do not pass me by. Sav - ior, tri - tion; Help my un - be - lief. spir - it, Save me by Thy grace. side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee? Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by."

Pearly Gates

Words - Fredrick A. Blom, 1917

Music - Clint Wells and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Capo I

 C Am
Love divine so great and wondrous
 F G
Deep and mighty, pure sublime
 C Am
Coming from the heart of Jesus
 F G
Just the same through tests of time.

Refrain

 Am C
He the pearly gates will open,
 D F
So that I may enter in;
 C Am
For he purchased my redemption
 D F
And forgave me all my sin.

Like an dove when hunted frightened,
As a wounded fawn was I;
Broken hearted yet He healed me
He will heed the sinner's cry.

Refrain

Love divine so great and wondrous!
All my sins he then forgave!
I will sing his praise forever,
For His blood, His power to save.

Refrain

In life's eventide, at twilight,
At His door I'll knock and wait
By the precious love of Jesus
I shall enter heaven's gate.

Refrain

Real Key

Db Bbm
Love divine so great and wondrous
Gb Ab
Deep and mighty, pure sublime
Db Bbm
Coming from the heart of Jesus
Gb Ab
Just the same through tests of time.

Bbm Db
He the pearly gates will open,
Eb Gb
So that I may enter in;
Db Bbm
For he purchased my redemption
Eb Gb
And forgave me all my sin.

Pearly Gates

words: Fredrick A .Blom, 1917
music: Clint Wells and
Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Love di - vine so great and won - drous, Deep and
Like a dove when hunt - ed fright - ened, As a
Love di - vine so great and won - drous, All my
In life's ev - en - tide, at twi - light, At his

4
migh - ty, pure sub - lime; Com - ing from the heart of Je - sus Just the
wound - ed fawn was I; Bro - ken heart - ed yet he healed me, He will
sins he then for - gave! I will sing his praise for - ev - er, For his
door I'll knock and wait; By the pre - cious love of Je - sus, I shall -

8
same through tests of time. He the pear - ly gates will o - pen, So that
heed the sin - ners cry.
blood, his pow'r to save.
en - ter hea - ven's gate.

12
I may en - ter in; For he pur - chased my re - demp - tion And for -

16
gave me all my sin.

Pensive, Doubting, Fearful Heart

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 273

Words - John Newton (1725-1807), 1779

Music - Wendell Kimbrough, 2004

Intro:

G, A, D

 G A D
Pensive, doubting, fearful heart,
Bm G A
Hear what Christ the Savior says;
 G A D
Every word should joy impart,
Bm G A
Change thy mourning into praise.
 G A D
Yes, He speaks and speaks to thee,
 G A Bm
May He help thee to believe;
 A A/Bb Bm
Then thou presently will see
 G A D
Thou has little cause to grieve.

Fear thou not, nor be ashamed;
All thy sorrows soon shall end,
I, who heaven and earth have framed,
Am thy Husband and thy Friend;
I the High and Holy One,
Israel's God, by all adored,
As thy Savior will be known,
Thy Redeemer and thy Lord.

For a moment I withdrew,
And thy heart was filled with pain;
But my mercies I'll renew;
Thou shall soon rejoice again;
Though I seem to hide my face,
Very soon my wrath shall cease;
'Tis but for a moment's space,
Ending in eternal peace.

Though afflicted, tempest tossed,
Comfortless awhile thou art,
Do not think thou can be lost,
Thou art graven on my heart;
All thy wastes I will repair;
Thou shalt be rebuilt anew;
And in thee it shall appear
What the God of love can do.

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Pensive, Doubting, Fearful Heart

from the Gadsby Hymnal #273

words: John Newton, 1779
music: Wendell Kimbrough, 2004



Pen - sive, doubt - ing fear - ful heart, Hear what Christ the Sav - ior
Fear thou not, nor be a - shamed; All thy sor - rows soon shall
For a mom - ent I with - drew, And thy heart was filled with
Though af - flict - ed, temp - est tossed, Com - fort - less a - while thou



says; Ev - 'ry word should joy im - part, Change thy mourn - ing in - to
end, I who heav'n and earth have framed, Am thy Hus - band and thy
pain; But my merc - ies I'll re - new; Thou shall soon re - joice a -
art, Do not think thou can be lost, Thou art grav - en on my



praise. Yes, He speaks and speaks to thee, May He
Friend; I the High and Hol - ly One, Is - real's
gain; Though I seem to hide my face, Ver - y
heart; All thy wastes I will re - pair; Thou shalt



help thee to be - lieve; Then thou pres - ent - ly will
God, by all a - dored, As thy Sav - ior will be
soon my wrath shall cease; 'Tis but for a mom - ents
be re - built a - new; And in thee it shall ap -



see Thou has lit - tle cause to grieve.
known, Thy Re - deem - er and thy Lord.
space, End - ing in e - ter - nal peace.
pear What the God of love can do.

Poor Wayfaring Stranger

Capo IV

Em
I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Am Em
Traveling through this world of woe
Em
But there's no sickness, toil, or danger
C D Em
In that bright land to which I go.

C G
I'm going there to meet my mother
C B7
Said she'll meet me when I come
Em
I'm only going over Jordan
C D Em
I'm only going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me
I know my way will be rough and steep
But beautiful fields lie just before me
Where God's redeemed their vigil keep

I'm going there to meet my loved ones
Gone on before me one by one.
I'm only going over Jordan.
I'm only going over home.

I'll soon be free of earthly trials
My body rest in the old church yard
I'll drop this cross of self-denial
And I'll go singing home to God

I'm going there to meet my Savior
Dwell with him and never roam.
I'm only going over Jordan.
I'm only going over home.

Real Key

G#m

I am a poor wayfaring stranger

C#m

G#m

Traveling through this world of woe

G#m

But there's no sickness, toil, or danger

E F#

G#m

In that bright land to which I go.

E

B

I'm going there to meet my mother

E

D#7

Said she'll meet me when I come

G#m

I'm only going over Jordan

E F#

G#m

I'm only going over home.

Poor Wayfaring Stranger

Capo IV (Real Key: G# minor)

Emin



I am a poor way - far - ing stran - ger
 I know dark clouds will ga - ther 'round me
 I'll soon be free of earth - ly tri - als

Amin **Emin**



Tra - veling through this world of woe
 I know my way will be rough and steep
 My bod - y rest in the old church yard

Emin



But there's no sick - - - ness, toil, or dan - ger
 But beau - ti - ful fields lie just be - fore me
 I'll drop this cross of self - de - ni - al

C **D** **Emin**



In that bright land to which I go. I'm go - ing
 Where God's re - deemed their vi - gil keep I'm go - ing
 And I'll go sing - - - ing home to God I'm go - ing

C **G** **C**



there to meet my mo - ther Said she'll meet
 there to meet my loved - ones Gone on be - fore
 there to meet my Sav - ior Dwell with him

B7 **Emin**



me when I come I'm on - ly go - - - ing ov - er
 me one by one. I'm on - ly go - - - ing ov - er
 and ne - ver roam. I'm on - ly go - - - ing ov - er

C **D** **Emin**



Jor - dan I'm on - ly go - - - ing ov - er home.
 Jor - dan. I'm on - ly go - - - ing ov - er home.
 Jor - dan. I'm on - ly go - - - ing ov - er home.

Psalm 126

Real Key

Words: Watts Psalter (published 1852)

Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2009

B \flat m G \flat D \flat A \flat

When God re - vealed _____ His grac - ious name _____
 The Lord can clear _____ the dark - est skies _____
 Let those who sow _____ in sad - ness wait _____

3 B \flat m G \flat A \flat B \flat m G \flat

And changed my mourn - ful state _____ My rap - ture seemed _____ a pleas -
 Can give us day _____ for night _____ Make drops of sa - cred sor -
 Till the fair har - vest come _____ They shall con - fess _____ their sheaves _____

6 D \flat A \flat B \flat m G \flat A \flat

- ing dream _____ The grace ap - peared _____ so great _____ The world be - held _____
 - row rise _____ To riv - ers of _____ de - light _____ Great is the work! _____
 - are great _____ And shout the bless - ings home _____ Though seed lie bur -

9 D \flat G \flat A \flat D \flat A \flat /C B \flat m A \flat

- the glo - rious change _____ And did _____ thy _____ hand _____ con - fess -
 - thy neigh - bors cried _____ And owned _____ the _____ pow'r _____ div - ine _____
 - ied long _____ in dust _____ It shan't _____ de - ceive _____ their _____ hope _____

12 G \flat D \flat G \flat A \flat

- My tongue broke out _____ in un - known strains _____ And sung _____
 - Great is the work! _____ my heart _____ re - plied _____ And be _____
 - The pre - cious grain _____ can ne'er _____ be lost _____ For grace _____

15 D \flat A \flat /C B \flat m A \flat G \flat

- sur - - - pris - - - ing _____ grace _____
 - thy _____ glo - - - ry _____ thine _____
 - en - - - sures _____ the _____ crop _____

Psalm 126

Capo I

Words: Watts Psalter (published 1852)

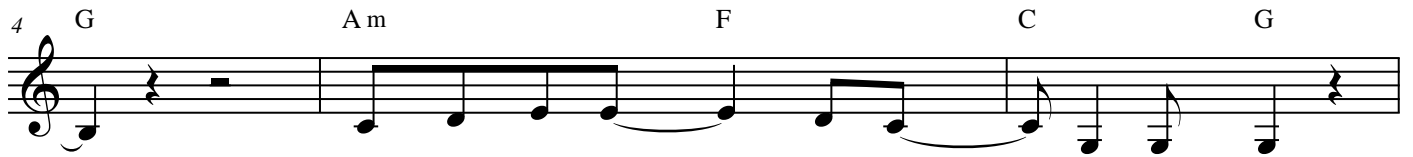
Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2009

A m F C G A m F



When God re - vealed ___ His grac - ious name ___ And changed my mourn - ful state ___
The Lord can clear ___ the dark - est skies ___ Can give us day ___ for night
Let those who sow ___ in sad - ness wait ___ Till the fair har - vest come

4 G A m F C G



— My rap - ture seemed ___ a pleas - ing dream ___
— Make drops of sa - cred sor - row rise ___
— They shall con - fess ___ their sheaves ___ are great ___

7 A m F G C F



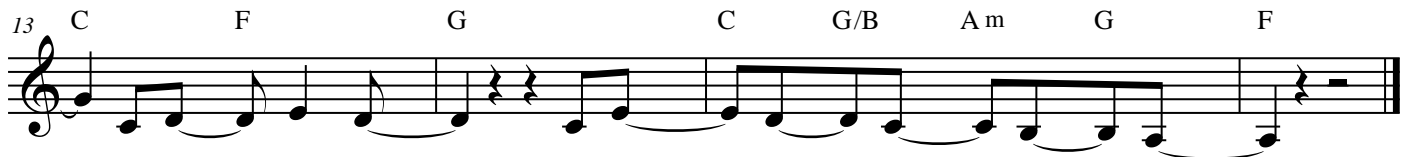
The grace ap - peared ___ so great ___ The world be - held ___ the glo - rious change ___
To riv - ers of ___ de - light ___ Great is the work! ___ thy neigh - bors cried ___
And shout the bless - ings home ___ Though seed lie bur - ied long ___ in dust ___

10 G C G/B A m G F



— And did ___ thy ___ hand ___ con - fess ___ My tongue broke out ___
— And owned ___ the ___ pow'r ___ div - ine ___ Great is the work! ___
— It shan't ___ de - ceive ___ their ___ hope ___ The pre - cious grain ___

13 C F G C G/B A m G F



— in un - known strains ___ And sung ___ sur - pris - ing ___ grace ___
— my heart ___ re - plied ___ And be ___ thy ___ glo - ry ___ thine ___
— can ne'er ___ be lost ___ For grace ___ en - sures ___ the ___ crop ___

Sanctus

Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2009

C Am F C Am

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord God of pow'r and might Heav-en and Earth are full of Your glo - ry

4 F F C G

Ho - san - na Bless - ed is he who comes In the name of the Lord

7 F C G C

Ho - - - san - na in the high - est —

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Sanctus'. It consists of three staves of music in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The first staff contains the first line of music with lyrics 'Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord God of pow'r and might Heav-en and Earth are full of Your glo - ry'. Above the staff are chord markings: C, Am, F, C, Am. The second staff starts at measure 4 and contains the lyrics 'Ho - san - na Bless - ed is he who comes In the name of the Lord'. Above the staff are chord markings: F, F, C, G. The third staff starts at measure 7 and contains the lyrics 'Ho - - - san - na in the high - est —'. Above the staff are chord markings: F, C, G, C. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with eighth and quarter notes.

Satisfied

Clara T. Williams, 1875

Guitar - capo 3

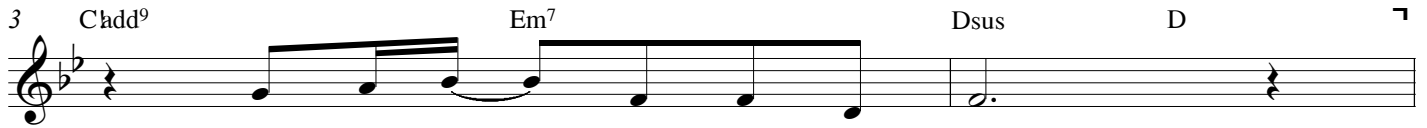
Karl Digerness, 1997

Intro \square C hdd^9 G C hdd^9 G



1. All my life long I had pan - ted
2. Feed - ing on the filth a - round me
3. Poor I was and sought for rich - es
4. Well of wa - ter ev - er spring - ing

3 C hdd^9 Em 7 Dsus D \square



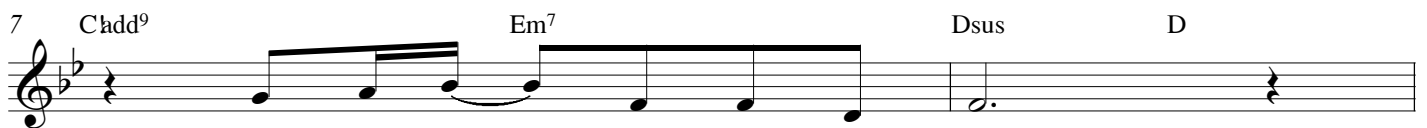
for a drink from some cool spring
'till my strength was al - most gone.
some - thing that would sat - is - fy.
Bread of Life so rich and free.

5 C hdd^9 G C hdd^9 G



that I hoped would quench the burn - ing
Longed my soul for some - thing bet - ter
But the dust I gath - ered 'round me
Un - told wealth that nev - er fail - eth,

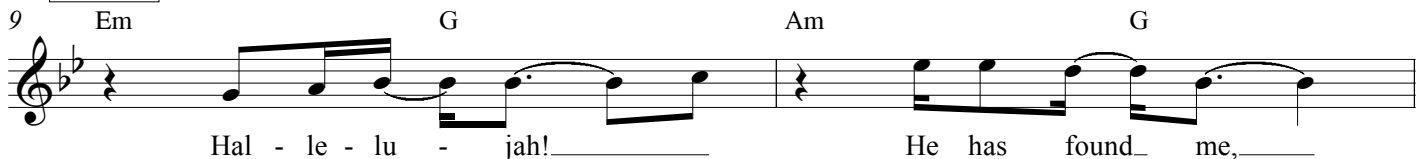
7 C hdd^9 Em 7 Dsus D



of the thirst I felt with - in.
on - ly still to hun - ger on.
on - ly mocked my soul's sad cry.
my Re - dee - mer is to me.

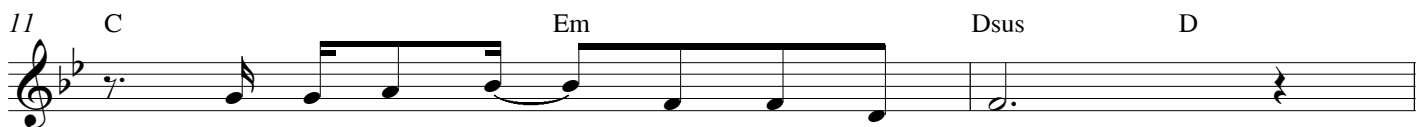
CHORUS

9 Em G Am G



Hal - le - lu - jah! He has found me,

11 C Em Dsus D




the One my soul so long has craved!

13 C G Am G



Je - sus sat - is - fies all my long - ings

15 \square C Em D *last time double chorus* \square



through his blood I now am saved

tag: repeat last 2 measures 2X

The Secret Place

Real Key

Words: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Music: Clint Wells, Brian T. Murphy, 2005

Oh that I knew the se - cret place, Where
He knows what ar - gu - ments I'd take To

3 I might find my God; I'd spread my wants be -
wrest - le with my God. I'd plead for His own

6 fore his face, And pour my woes a - broad.
mer - cy sake And for my Sa - vior's blood.

9 I'd tell Him how my sins a - rise, What sor - rows I sus - tain.
But stay my soul till hope gives place He'll ba - nish ev - 'ry fear!

12 — How grace re - cedes and com - fort dies And
— He calls us to His throne of grace To

15 leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the
spread our sor - rows there!

18 se - cret place, Where I might find my God.

The Secret Place

Capo I

Words: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Music: Clint Wells, Brian T. Murphy, 2005

C C/B A m F G

Oh that I knew the se - cret place, Where I might find my God; —
He knows what ar - gu - ments I'd take To wrest - le with my God. —

4 C C C/B A m

— I'd spread my wants be - fore his face, —
— I'd plead for His own mer - cy sake —

7 F G C A m

And pour my woes a - broad. I'd tell Him how my
And for my Sa - vior's blood. But stay my soul till

10 F C G A m

sins a - rise, What sor - rows I sus - tain. How grace re - cedes and
hope gives place He'll ba - nish ev - 'ry fear! He calls us to His

14 F C G

com - fort dies And leaves my heart in pain. —
throne of grace To spread our sor - rows there! —

17 C C/B A m F G C

Oh that I knew the se - cret place, Where I might find my God. —

Soon and Very Soon

Words - Andrae Crouch, 1976.

Music - Clint Wells, 2004.

B

Soon and very soon

C#m

We're going to see the King

B

Soon and very soon

C#m

We're going to see the King

E

C#m

Hallelujah, Hallelujah

A

E/G#

E

We are going to see the King

No more crying there

We're going to see the King

No more crying there

We're going to see the King

Hallelujah, Hallelujah

We are going to see the King

Key Change:

Db

No more dying there

Ebm

We're going to see the King

Db

No more dying there

Ebm

We're going to see the King

Gb

Ebm

Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Cb

Gb

Db

We are going to see the King

Soon and Very Soon

Words - Andrae Crouch, 1976.
Music - Clint Wells, 2004.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of four staves of music with corresponding lyrics and chord markings above the notes.

Staff 1: Chords: B, C#min. Lyrics: Soon and ver - y soon We're going to see the King
No more cry - ing there We're going to see the King
No more dy - ing there We're going to see the King

Staff 2: Chords: B, C#min. Lyrics: Soon and ver - y soon We're going to see the King
No more cry - ing there We're going to see the King
No more dy - ing there We're going to see the King

Staff 3: Chords: E2, C#min. Lyrics: Hal - le - lu - - - jah, Hal - le - lu - - - -

Staff 4: Chords: A, E/G#, B. Lyrics: jah We are go - ing to see the King

Spread Thy Wings

Words: E. Thompson Baird, 1821-1887

Music: Clint Wells, 2009



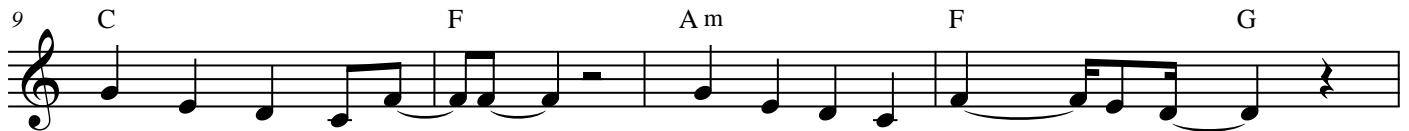
What is life? _____ Tis but a va - por _____
Joy - ful crowds _____ his throne sur - round - ing _____
Go and share _____ His peo - ple's glo - ry _____



Soon _____ it van - ish - es _____ a - way; _____ Life is like _____ a
Sing _____ with rap - ture of _____ his love _____ Through the heav'ns _____ his
'Midst _____ the ran - somed crowd _____ ap - pear _____ Thine a joy - ful,



dy - ing ta - per _____ Oh _____ my soul, _____ why wish _____ to _____ stay? _____ Why not
prais - es sound - ing _____ Fill - ing all _____ the courts _____ a - bove _____
won - drous sto - ry _____ One _____ that an - gels long _____ to _____ hear _____



spread thy wings and _____ fly _____ Straight to yon - der world _____ of joy? _____



Spread thy wings and _____ fly _____ Straight to yon - der world _____ of joy _____

Streams of Living Water Flow

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 932

Words: Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

Music: Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Capo II

G/B A/C# D

See, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow.

God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the plains below.

Em D/F# G

They are blessed, They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.

Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way.
Life and health and joy bestowing
Making all around *unstained*.

O believer, O believer
All thy sins are washed away.

Gladdened by the flowing treasure
All enriching as it goes.
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure
Buds and blossoms as the rose.

Every sinner, every sinner
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

Trees of life the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around.
Those who eat are saved from mourning,
Pleasure comes and hopes abound.

Fair their portion, Fair their portion
Endless life with glory crowned.

Real Key:

A/C# B/D# E

See, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the plains below

F#m E/G# A

They are blessed, They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know

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Streams of Living Water Flow

from the Gadsby Hymnal # 932

words: Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855

music: Jeff Koonce and

Brian T. Murphy, 2004

A/C# B/D# E

See, from Zi - on's sa - cred moun - tain
 Through ten thou - sand chan - nels flow - ing
 Glad - dened by the flow - ing - trea - sure
 Trees of life the banks a - dorn - ing

3 A/C# B/D# E

Streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow,
 Streams of mer - cy find their way
 All en - rich - ing as it goes
 Yield their fruit to all a - round

5 A/C# B/D# E

God has o - pened there a foun - tain
 Life and health and joy be - stow - ing
 Lo the de - sert smiles with plea - sure
 Those who eat are saved from mourn - ing

7 A/C# B/D# E

That sup - plies the plains be - low. They are blessed
 Mak - ing all a - round un - stained
 Buds and blos - soms as the rose Ev - 'ry sin -
 Plea - sure comes and hopes a - bound Fair their por -

9 F#min E/G# A

They are blessed Who its sov -
 ver - ner O be - lie - ver All thy sins
 ner Ev - 'ry sin - ner Ev - 'ry sin -
 tion fair their por - tion End - less life

11 F#min E/G# A A

reign vir - tues flow They are blessed
 are washed a - way O be - lie -
 where - 'er it flows Ev - 'ry sin -
 with glo - ry crowned Fair their por

There Forever Stay

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 483

Words - Gospel Mag, 1804

Music - Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Dm C F
I soon shall be landed
Dm C G
On yonder shores of bliss
Dm C F
There, with my powers expanded
Dm C G
Shall dwell where Jesus is.

Bb F
I soon shall be seated
C
With Jesus on his throne,
G
Jesus on his Throne
Bb F
My foes all defeated
C
And sacred peace made known,
G
sacred peace made known

With Father, Son and Spirit
I shall forever reign,
Sweet joy and peace inherit
And every good obtain

I soon shall reach the harbor
To which I speed my way
To which I speed my way
Shall cease from all my labor
And there forever stay
And there forever stay

Sweet spirit guide me over
This life's tempestuous sea
Keep me, O holy Lover,
For I confide in Thee

O that in Jordan's swelling
I may be helped to sing
May be helped to sing
And pass the river telling
The triumphs of my King
The triumphs of my King.

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There Forever Stay

from the Gadsby Hymnal #483

words: Gospel Mag, 1804
music: Brian T. Murphy, 2004

The musical score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It consists of six systems of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines. The lyrics are: "I soon shall be land - ed / With Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it / Sweet Spir - it guide me ov - er / On yon - der shores of bliss / I shall for - ev - er reign, / This life's tem - pet - ous sea, / There, with my pow'rs ex - pand - ed / Sweet joy and peace in - her - it / Keep me, O Ho - ly Lov - er / Shall dwell where Je - sus is. / And ev - 'ry good ob - tain. / For I con - fide in Thee. / I soon shall be seat - / I soon shall reach the harb - / O that in Jor - dan's swell - / ed With Je - sus on His throne, / or To which I speed my way, / ing I may be help to sing, / With Je - sus on His throne. / To which I speed my way. / I may be help to sing. / My foes all - de - feat - ed / Shall cease from all my lab - or / And pass the riv - er tell - ing / And sa - cred peace made known, / And there for - ev - er stay / The tri - umphs of my King / Sa - cred peace made known. / There for - ev - er stay. / Tri - umphs of my King.

There is a Fountain

Guitar - capo 2

William Cowper, 1772

Karl Digerness, 1997

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood___ drawn from Im - man___ uel's veins.
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see___ that foun - tain in___ his day.
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb thy pre - ious blood___ shall ne - ver loose___ its power
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream___ thy flow - ing wounds___sup - ply

and sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood___ loose all their
 and there may I though vile as he___ wash all my
 'till all the ran - somed church of God___ be saved to
 re - deem - ing love has been my theme___ and shall be

guil - ty stains; and sin - ners plunged be - neath that___
 sins a - way; and there may I though vile as___
 sin no more; 'till all the ran - somed church of___
 'till I die; re - deem ing love has been my___

___ flood.. loose all their guil - ty stains.___
 ___ he, wash all my sins a - way.___
 ___ God___ be saved to sin no more.___
 ___ theme and shall be 'till I die.___

There Is A Land of Pure Delight

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 1022

Words – Issac Watts, 1707

Music – Brian T. Murphy and Benj Pocta, 2006.

Am
There is a land of pure delight,
C
Where saints, immortal reign.
F C G Dm
Infinite day excludes the night
F G Am
And pleasures banish pain.

Chorus:

C G
Could we but climb where Moses stood
Dm F
And view the landscape o'er.
C G
Not Jordan's streams north death's cold flood
Dm F
Should fright us from this shore.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes!

There is a Land of Pure Delight

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #1022

words by Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.
music by Benj Pocta and
Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

The musical score is written in G major (one flat) and 3/4 time. It consists of eight staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; In finite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. There ever-lasting spring abides, And never could we make our doubts remove, These gloom- ver- with- er- ing flow'rs; Death like a nar- row sea di- vides, - y doubts that rise, And see the Ca- naan that we love, This heav'nly land from ours. Could we but climb, With un- be- cloud- ed eyes. where Mo- ses stood, And view the land- scape o'er, Not Jor- dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore. O could

This Breaks My Heart of Stone

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 390

Words – Charles Wesley, 1749

Music – Benj Pocta, 2006.

Am G F C
Jesus let thy pitying eye
F C G
Call back a wandering sheep.
Am G F C
False to Thee like Peter, I
F C G
Would fain, like Peter, weep.
Dm
Let me be by grace restored;
C G
On me be all it's freeness shown
Dm
Turn and look upon me Lord;
C Am F
And break my heart of stone
C Am F
And break my heart of stone.

Savior, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of Thy love unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
And break my heart of stone.

Look, as when Thy pitying eye
Was closed that we might live;
"Father," at the point to die
My Savior cried, "forgive!"
Surely, with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone!
This breaks my heart of stone!

This Breaks My Heart of Stone

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #390

words by Charles Wesley, 1707-1788.
music by Benj Pocta, 2006.

A m A m/G F C F

Je - sus let thy pi - t'ing eye Call back a wan -
Sav - ior, Prince en - throned a - bove, Re - pen - tance to
Look as when thy pi - t'ing eye, Was closed that we

6 C G A m A m/G F

- d'ring sheep; False to thee like Pe - ter I,
- im - part, Give me through thy dy - ing love,
- might live; "Fa - ther," at the point to die,

12 C F C G

- Would fain like Pe - ter weep; Let me
- The hum - ble, con - trite heart. Give what
- My Sav - ior cried, "For - give". Sure - ly

17 D m C

be by grace re - stored; On me be all its free - ness shown;
I have long im - plored, A por - tion of thy love un - known,
with that dy - ing word, He turns and looks and cries "Tis done".

20 G D C A m

- Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of
- Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of
- O my lov - ing, bleed - ing Lord, This breaks my heart of

25 F C A m F

stone. And break my heart of stone.
stone. And break my heart of stone.
stone. This breaks my heart of stone.

Thou Poor, Afflicted, Tempted Soul

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #705

Words: John Berridge, 1716-1793.

Music: Brian T. Murphy & Ashley Spurling, 2006.

 C F
Thou poor, afflicted, tempted soul,
C G
With fears, and doubts, and tempests tossed.
C F
What if the billows rise and roll,
 C G
And dash thy ship, it is not lost;
Am F
The winds and waves and fiends may roar,
 C G
But Christ will bring thee safe on shore.
Am F
The winds and waves and fiends may roar,
 C G
But Christ will bring thee safe on shore.

What ails those eyes bedewed with tears?
Those laboring sighs that heave thy breast?
Those oft repeated, broken prayers?
Dost thou not long for Jesus' rest?
And can the Lord pass heedless by,
And see a mourning sinner die?
And can the Lord pass heedless by,
And see a sad and mourning sinner die?

Thou Poor, Afflicted, Tempted Soul

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #705

Words: John Berridge, 1716-1793.

Music: Brian T. Murphy &
Ashley Spurling, 2006.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It consists of six staves of music. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff: C, F, G, Amin, and F. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score ends with a double bar line at the end of the sixth staff.

Thou poor, af - flict - ed, tempt - ed with soul, With fears,
What ails those eyes be - dewed with tears? Those labor -

and doubts, and tem - pests tossed... What if the bil - lows rise
ing sighs that heave thy breast? Those oft re - peat - ed, bro -

and roll, And dash thy ship, it is not lost;
ken prayers? Dost thou not long for Je - sus' rest?

The winds and waves and fiends may roar, But Christ will bring thee safe on shore
And can the Lord pass heed - less by, And see a mourn - ing sin - ner die?

The winds and waves and pass fiends heed - less roar, But Christ
And can the Lord and pass heed - less by, And see

will bring thee safe on shore.
a sad and mourn - ing sin - ner die?

To Thee I Come

Words: Samuel Medley, 1738-1799

Music: Clint Wells, 2006

E A E

To Thee I come a sin - ner — poor And wait for
 To Thee I come a sin - ner — vile Up - on me
 To Thee I come a sin - ner — lost Nor have I

3 C#m A E E A

mer - cy at Thy — door — In - deed, I've no - where else to —
 Lord vouch - safe to — smile — Mer - cy through blood I make my —
 aught where - in to — trust — But where thou art, Lord, I would —

6 E A A/G# F#m B7 E C#m

flee Oh — God be mer - ci - ful — to — me — To thee I come a sin - ner
 plea Oh — God be mer - ci - ful — to — me! — To thee I come a sin - ner
 be Oh — God be mer - ci - ful — to — me! — To glo - ry bring me Lord at

10 E B E C#m

weak And scarce know how to pray or speak From fear and weak - ness set me
 great And well thou know - est all my state Yet full for - give - ness is with
 last And there when all my sins are passed With all the saints I'll then a -

14 E A A/G# F#m B7 E

1, 2.

free Oh — God be mer - ci - ful — to — me! —
 thee
 gree

17 A A/G# F#m B7 C#m A A/G# F#m B7 E

3.

God was mer - ci - ful — to — me! — God was mer - ci - ful — to — me! —

Weary of Earth, Myself and Sin

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #386

Words: Samuel Medley, 1738-1799.

Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2005.

Bm G
Weary of earth, myself and sin,
D A
Dear Jesus set me free,
Bm G
And to Thy glory take me in,
D A
For there I long to be.

Chorus:

D G
Let a poor laborer here below,
D \ A
When from his toil set free;
D G
To rest and peace eternal go;
D A
For there I long to be.

Burdened, dejected and oppressed,
Ah! Whither shall I flee,
But to Thy arms for peace and rest?
For there I long to be.

Empty, polluted, dark and vain,
Is all this world to me;
May I the better world obtain;
For there I long to be.

Weary of Earth, Myself, and Sin

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #386

Words: Samuel Medley, 1738-1799.

Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2005.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. Chord changes are indicated by letters above the staff: Bmin, G, D, A, Bmin, G, D, A, D, G, D, A, D, G, D, A. The lyrics are aligned with the notes.

Wear - y of earth, my - self and sin, Dear
Bur - dened, de - ject - ed and op - pressed, Ah!
Emp - ty, pol - lut - ed, dark and vain, Is

Je - sus set me free, And to Thy glor - y take
Whi - ther shall I flee, But to Thy arms for peace
all this world to me; May I the bet - ter world

me in, For there I long to be.
and rest? For there I long to be.
ob - tain; For there I long to be.

Let a poor labor - er here be - low, When from his toil set free;

To rest and peace e - ter - nal go; For there I long to be.

WEDDING DRESS

Words and Music - derek webb, 2002

If you could love me as a wife
and for my wedding gift, your life.
Should that be all I'd ever need,
or is there more I'm looking for?

And should I read between the lines,
and look for blessings in disguise?
To make me handsome, rich, and wise
Is that really what you want?

Chorus

I am a whore I do confess.
I put you on just like a wedding dress
and I run down the aisle,
and I run down the aisle.
I'm a prodigal with no way home.
I put you on just like a ring of gold
and I run down the aisle to you.

So could you love this bastard child?
Though I don't trust you to provide.
With one hand in a pot of gold
and with the other in your side.

I am so easily satisfied
by the call of lovers so less wild
that I would take a little cash
Over your very flesh and blood.

chorus

Because money can not buy
a husband's jealous eye,
When you have knowingly deceived his wife.

chorus

We Love Thy Holy Name

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #854

Words - Joseph Hart, 1712-1768

Music - Wendell Kimbrough, Brian T. Murphy and Clint Wells, 2004

Capo 1

F

Jesus, Lord of life and peace,

G

To thee we lift our voice;

F

Teach us at thy holiness

G

To tremble and rejoice.

Dm C G

Sweet and terrible's thy word;

Dm C G

Thou and thy word are both the same

Am C

Holy, holy, holy Lord

F G

We love thy holy name

Am C

Holy, holy, holy Lord

F G

We love thy holy name.

Saints in whom thy Spirit dwells,

Pour out their souls to thee;

Each his tale in secret tells,

And sighs to be set free.

Christ admired, themselves abhorred,

They cry with awe, delight and shame,

Holy, holy, holy Lord

We love thy holy name.

Just and righteous is our king;

Glorious holiness;

Though we tremble while we sing,

We would not wish it less.

Souls by whom the truth's explored

Wonders of mercy best proclaim.

Holy, holy, holy Lord

We love thy holy name.

We Love Thy Holy Name

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #854

Words - Joseph Hart, 1712-1768

Music - Wendell Kimbrough,

Brian T. Murphy and Clint Wells, 2004

The musical score is written in G-flat major (three flats) and common time (C). It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and lyrics. The key signature and time signature are consistent throughout. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at the beginning of each system. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across lines.

System 1: Chords: G \flat , A \flat .
Je - sus, Lord of life and peace, To thee we lift our voice;
Saints in whom thy Spir - it dwells, Pour out their souls to thee;
Just and right - eous is our king; Glo - ri - ous hol - i - ness;

System 2: Chord: G \flat .
Teach us at thy hol - i - ness To trem -
Each his tale in se - cret tells, And sighs
Though we tremb - le while we sing, We would

System 3: Chords: A \flat , E \flat min, D \flat .
ble and re-joice. Sweet and ter - ri - ble's thy word;
to be set free. Christ ad - mired, them - selves ab - horred,
not wish it less. Souls by whom the truth's ex - plored

System 4: Chords: A \flat , E \flat min, D \flat , A \flat .
Thou and thy word are both the same
They cry with awe, de - light and shame,
Won - ders of mer - cy best pro - claim.

System 5: Chords: B \flat min, D \flat , G \flat , A \flat .
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord We love thy ho - ly name

System 6: Chords: B \flat min, D \flat , G \flat , A \flat .
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord We love thy ho - ly name.

Were You There?

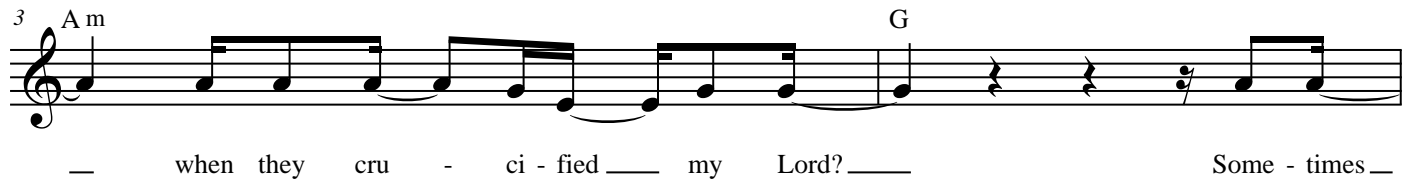
Words: Anonymous
Music: Clint Wells, 2009

A m



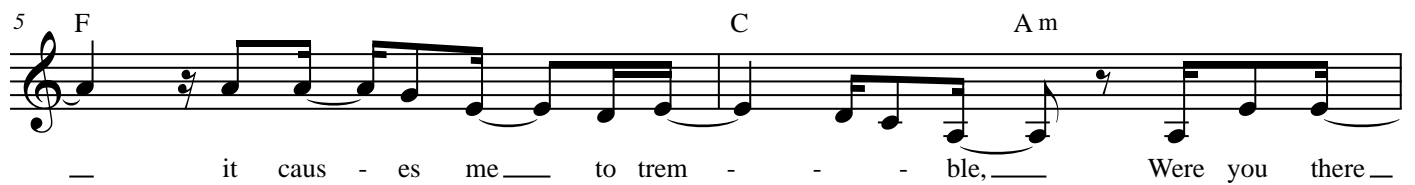
Were you there ___ when they cru - ci - fied ___ my Lord? ___ Were you there ___

3 A m G



___ when they cru - ci - fied ___ my Lord? ___ Some - times ___

5 F C A m



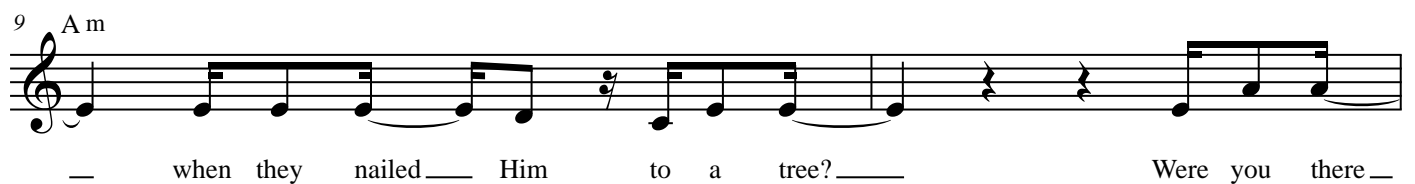
___ it caus - es me ___ to trem - - - ble, ___ Were you there ___

7 A m G A m



___ when they cru - ci - fied ___ my Lord? ___ Were you there ___

9 A m



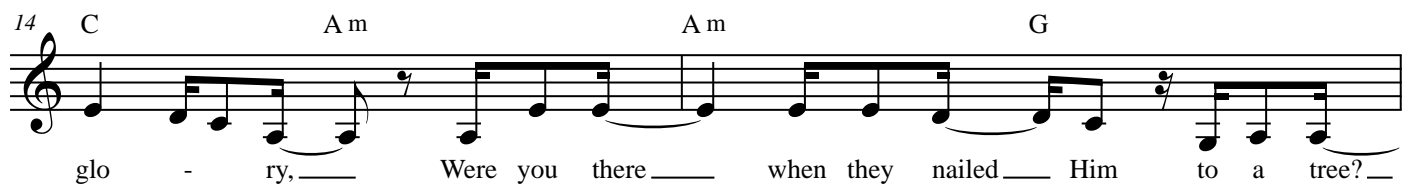
___ when they nailed ___ Him to a tree? ___ Were you there ___

11 A m G F



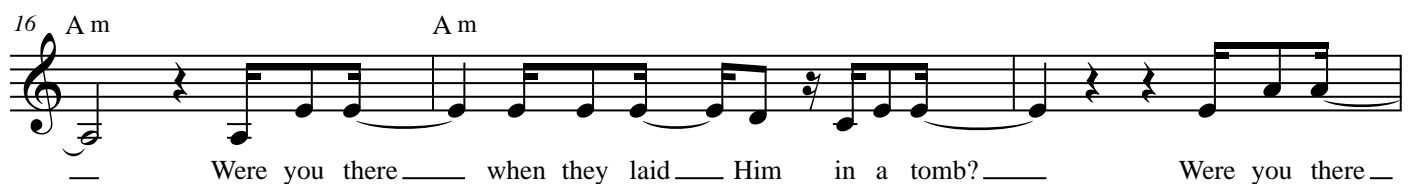
___ when they nailed ___ Him to a tree? ___ Some-times ___ I feel like shout - ing ___

14 C A m A m G



glo - ry, ___ Were you there ___ when they nailed ___ Him to a tree? ___

16 A m A m



___ Were you there ___ when they laid ___ Him in a tomb? ___ Were you there ___

Were You There?

2

19 A m G F

Musical staff for measures 19-21. Measure 19 starts with an A m chord and contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. Measure 20 starts with a G chord and contains a quarter rest, a quarter rest, and a quarter note G4. Measure 21 starts with an F chord and contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5.

— when they laid — Him in a tomb? — Some-times — it caus - es me — to trem -

22 C A m A m G

Musical staff for measures 22-23. Measure 22 starts with a C chord and contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. Measure 23 starts with an A m chord and contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5.

- - - ble, — Were you there — when they laid — Him in a tomb? —

24 A m A m

Musical staff for measures 24-25. Measure 24 starts with an A m chord and contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. Measure 25 starts with an A m chord and contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5.

— Were you there — when He rose — up from the dead? — Were you there —

27 A m G F

Musical staff for measures 27-29. Measure 27 starts with an A m chord and contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. Measure 28 starts with a G chord and contains a quarter rest, a quarter rest, and a quarter note G4. Measure 29 starts with an F chord and contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5.

— when He rose — up from the dead? — Some-times — I feel like shout - ing —

30 C A m F

Musical staff for measures 30-31. Measure 30 starts with a C chord and contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. Measure 31 starts with an A m chord and contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5.

glo - ry, — Some-times — I feel like shout - ing —

32 C A m A m G A m

Musical staff for measures 32-34. Measure 32 starts with a C chord and contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. Measure 33 starts with an A m chord and contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. Measure 34 starts with an A m chord and contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5.

glo - ry, — Were you there — when He rose — up from the dead? —

What Solemn Tidings

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 664

Words - Gadsby Hymnal, 1838

Music - Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

D G
What solemn tidings reach our ears!

D G
How awful how grand!

D G
A brother landed safe from fears,

D G
On Canaan's happy land.

D A/E G
No clouds shall now obstruct his sun,

D A/E G
But all be life and peace;

D A/E G
With him 'tis ever, ever noon,

D A/E G
Nor can his joy decrease.

Refrain

Bm G
He's gone in endless bliss to dwell,

Bm G
And I am left below,

Bm G
To struggle with the powers of hell,

Bm G
Till Jesus bids me go.

Though he's more happy I'm secure.
God's promise cannot fail;
O may I patiently endure,
My heavenly Father's will.

The counsel of the Lord shall stand,
And all his will be done;
I'll therefore wait in Meshech's land,
Until he fetch me home.

Refrain

There the weary be at rest.

What Solemn Tidings

from the Gadsby Hymnal #664

words: Gadsby Hymnal 1838

music: Jeff Koonce and

Brian T. Murphy, 2004

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics printed below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff to indicate accompaniment. The score is divided into systems, with measure numbers 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, and 25 marking the beginning of new lines. The final line is labeled 'Tag ending'.

D G D G

What Sol - emn tid - ings reach our ears! How aw - ful how grand!
Though he's more hap - py I'm se - cure. God's prom - ise can - not fail;

5 D G D G

A bro - ther land - ed safe from fears, A Can - aan's happ - y land.
O may I pat - ient - ly en - dure, My heav'n - ly Fa - ther's will.

9 D A/E G D A/E G

No clouds shall now ob - struct his sun, But all be life and peace;
The coun - sel of the Lord shall stand, And all his will be done;

13 D A/E G D A/E G

With him 'tis ev - er, ev - er noon, Nor can his joy de - crease.
I there - fore wait in Me - shech's land, Un - til He fetch me home.

17 Bmin G Bmin G

He's gone in end - less bliss to dwell, And I am left be - low,

21 Bmin G Bmin G

To strug - gle with the pow'rs of hell, Till Je - sus bids me go.

Tag ending

25 D A/E G D A/E G

And there the wear - y be at rest. And there the wear - y be at rest.

Why So Heavy

Words: Edward Caswall, 1873

Music: Clint Wells, 2009

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, often beamed together. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined to indicate syllable placement. The score is divided into five systems, each starting with a measure number (1, 4, 8, 11, 14).

1 E C#m A E E A
Oh why so hea - vy, — Oh — my soul? Thus to my - self I've — willed —
His good-ness made thee — what — thou art And yet will he re - deem —

4 B B7 E C#m A E E A
— Oh why so hea - vy, — Oh — my heart? And so — sor - row — filled?
— Oh be thou of a — con - trite heart And put your trust in — him. —

8 B E A B
— Hope thou in God, He still shall — be — Thy Glo - ry

11 E A B C#m A
and thy end - less — praise — His sav - ing grace shall com - fort — thee —

14 B A B E
— Through ev - er - last - ing days. —

Why Should I Fear?

Words - William Williams, 1717-1791

Music - Brian T. Murphy and Benj Pocta, 2006

Capo II

Am D G
My soul thou art immerged in sin,
D/F# C C/B
So deep that none can trace;
Am D G
Look to the ransom God decreed
D/F# C
To clear the guilty race

Chorus:

G D/F# Em
Had I the guilt of all the world
 C D
He's able to forgive;
G D/F# Em
Why should I fear? The debt is paid,
 C D
If only I'd believe.

The atonement once made on the tree,
Can balance many more
Than all the sins of Adam's race,
If number'd o'er and o'er.

He paid the mighty sum and died
For sinners yet unborn;
From men, the works of his own hands,
He suffer'd shame and scorn.

Why Should I Fear

words by William Williams, 1717-1791.

music by Benj Pocta and
Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

B m E

The My soul, thou art im - merg'd in sin,
The a - tone - ment once made on the tree,
He paid the might - y sum and died,

3 A E/G# D B m

— So deep that none can trace; Look to the ran-
— Can ba - lance man - y more, Than all the sins
— For sin - ners yet un - born; From men, the works

6 E A E/G# D

— som God de - creed To clear the guilt - y race.
— of A - dam's race, If num - bered o'er and o'er.
— of his own hands, He suf - fered shame and scorn.

9 A E/G# F#m D E

Had I the guilt, of all the world, He's a-ble to for-give.

13 A E/G# F#m D E

Whysould I fear? The debt is paid. If on ly I be-lieve.

Will The Lord Indeed Appear?

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 722

Words - William Gadsby, 1773-1844

Music - Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

C/F G
What am I, and where am I?
C/F G
Strange myself and paths appear;
C/F G
Scarce can lift a thought on high,
C/F G
Or drop one heart feeling tear.

Am C
Yet I feel I'm not at home,
F G
But know not which way to move:
Am C
Lest I farther yet should roam
F G
From *my blessed* love.

Some small glimmering light I have,
Yet too dark to see my way;
Jesus' presence still I crave;
When, O when will it be day?

Is the evening time at hand?
Will it then indeed be light?
Will the sun its beams extend,
To chase away the night?

Will the Lord indeed appear,
Give me light and joy and rest,
Drive away my gloomy fear,
Draw me to his lovely breast?

Then his love is rich and free;
Jesus, let me feel its power,
And my soul will cling to thee,
Love and praise thee and adore.

Will the Lord Indeed Appear?

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 722

Words - William Gadsby, 1773-1844

Music - Jeff Koonce and

Brian T. Murphy, 2004

The musical score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It consists of six systems of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at the beginning of each system. The score includes a 3rd time to coda section and a final coda section.

System 1: Chords: FMaj7, G, FMaj7. Lyrics: What am I, and where am I? Strange my - self and paths
Some small glim - mering light I have, Yet too dark to see
Will the Lord in - deed ap - pear, Give me light and joy

System 2: Chords: G, FMaj7, G. Lyrics: ap - pear; Scarce can lift a thought on high, Or
my way; Je - sus' pre - sence still I crave; When, O
and rest, Drive a - way my gloom - y fear, Draw me

System 3: Chords: FMaj7, 3rd time To Coda, G, Amin. Lyrics: drop one heart feel - ing tear. Yet I feel I'm not
when will it be day? Is the eve - ning time
to his love - ly breast?

System 4: Chords: C, F, G, Amin. Lyrics: at home, But know not which way to move: Lest I far - ther yet
at hand? Will it then in - deed be light? Will the sun its beams

System 5: Chords: C, F, G. Lyrics: should roam From my bless - ed love.
ex - tend, To chase a - way the night?

System 6: Chords: G, Amin, C. Lyrics: Then his love is - rich and free;
Will the Lord in - deed ap - pear,

20 F G Amin

Je - sus, let me feel its power, And my soul will cling
Give me light and joy and rest, Drive a - way my gloom -

23 C F G

to thee, Love and praise thee and a - dore.
y fear, Draw me to his love - ly breast?

26 FMaj7 G FMaj7 G

Will the Lord in - deed ap - pear, Give me light and joy and rest?

Windows of Thy Grace

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #478

words by Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

music by Benj Pocta and

Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

D m F F/A

I love the win-dows of thy grace, Through which my
O that the hap-py ho-ur come, To change my
Haste my Be-lov-ed and re-move, These in-ter-

3 F sus4/G F C B \flat

Lord is seen, which my Lord is seen,
faith to sight, change my faith to sight.
pos-ing days, in-ter-pos-ing days;

5 D m F F/A

And long to meet my Sav-iour's face, With-out a
I shall be-hold my lord at home, In a di-
Then shall my pas-sions all be love, And all my

7 F sus4/G F C B \flat 3rd time To Coda \oplus

glass be-tween, with-out a glass be-tween.
vin-er light, a di-vin-er light.
pow'rs be praise, all my pow'rs be praise.

9 D m F F/A

I love the win-dows of thy grace, Through which my

11 F sus4/G F C B \flat

Lord is seen, which my Lord is seen,

With Melting Heart and Weeping Eyes

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #238

Words: John Fawcett, 1740-1817.

Music: Clint Wells, 2005.



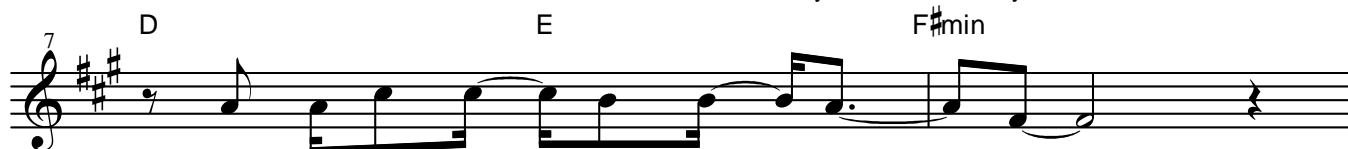
With melt - ing heart and weep - ing eyes,
Till late I saw no dan - ger nigh,
But when great God thy light div - ine,
Should ven - geance still my soul pur - sue,
Does not Thy sa - cred word pro - claim,



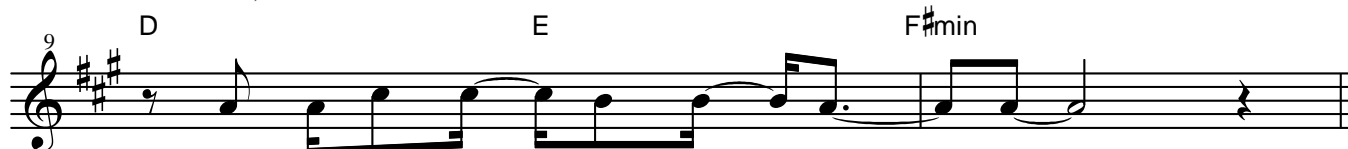
My guilt - y soul for mer - cy cries;
I lived at ease nor feared to die;
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Death and de - struct - ion are my due;
Sal - va - tion free in Je - sus' name?



What shall I do, or whi - ther flee,
Wrapped up in self - con - ceit and pride,
Then I be - held with tremb - ling awe,
Yet mer - cy can my guilt for - give,
To him I look and humb - ly cry,



To rid the ven - geance due of me?
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.
The ter - rors of Thy hol - y law.
And bid this dy - ing sin - ner live.
"Lord, save a wretch con - demned to die!"



To rid the ven - geance due of me?
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.
The ter - rors of Thy hol - y law.
And bid this dy - ing sin - ner live.
"Lord, save this wretch con - demned to die!"