

Hymns and Psalms of the Cross

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts, 1707, 1709
Stanzas 1 & 3 (#252)

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See, from His head, His hands, His
feet,

Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

TUNE: HAMBURG L.M.

Gregorian chant;

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1824

Not What My Hands Have Done

Horatius Bonar, 1861; alt.
Stanzas 1 & 2 (#461)

Not what my hands have done
Can save my guilty soul;
Not what my toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.
Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.

Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.
Thy love to me O God,
Not mine, O Lord to thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

TUNE: LEOMINSTER S.M.D.

George William Martin, 1862

Arr. by Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

Rock of Ages Cleft for Me

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776
Alt. by Thomas Cotterill, 1815
Stanzas 1, 2, 3 (#499)

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

TUNE: TOPLADY 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Thomas Hastings, 1830

Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed

Isaac Watts, 1707; Alt. 1961
Stanzas 1, 2, 5 (#254)

Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die!
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I!

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree!
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

TUNE: MARTYRDOM C.M.

Hugh Wilson, c. 1800

Arr. by Robert A. Smith, 1825

**O the Deep, Deep Love of
Jesus**

Samuel Trevor Francis, 1834-1925
Stanzas 1 & 3 (#535)

O the deep, deep love of Jesus!
Vast, unmeasured, boundless, free;
Rolling as a mighty ocean
In its fullness over me.
Underneath me, all around me,
Is the current of thy love;
Leading onward,
Leading homeward,
To thy glorious rest above.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus!
Love of ev'ry love the best:
'Tis an ocean vast of blessing,
'Tis a haven sweet of rest.
O the deep, deep love of Jesus!
'Tis a heav'n of heav'ns to me;
And it lifts me up to glory,
For it lifts me up to thee.

TUNE: EBENEZER 8.7.8.7.D.
Thomas John Williams, 1819

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Charles Wesley, 1740
Stanzas 1 & 4 (#508)

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,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

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,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

TUNE: ABERYSTWYTH 7.7.7.0
Joseph Parry, 1879

**O Sacred Head, Now
Wounded**

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153
Stanzas 1 & 2 (#247)

O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

TUNE: PASSION CHORALE 7.6.7.6.D.
Hans Leo Hassler, 1601;
Arr. by Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729

Jesus, Keep Me near the Cross

Fanny J. Crosby, 1869
Stanza 1 & 2 (#264)

Jesus, keep me near the cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream—
Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.

Refrain:

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the Bright and Morning Star
Shed its beams around me.
(*Refrain*)

TUNE: NEAR THE CROSS 7.6.7.6 ref.
William H. Doane, 1869

Amazing Grace!

John Newton, 1779
Stanzas 1, 2, 6 (#460)

Amazing grace! -how sweet the sound-
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we've first begun.

TUNE: NEW BRITAIN C.M.
Virginia Harmony, 1831

And Can It Be That I Should Gain

Stanzas 1,4,5 (#455)

And can it be that I should gain
An int'rest in the Savior's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
That thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

Refrain: Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God, Shouldst die for me?

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free;
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.
(*Refrain*)

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, in mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th'eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my
own. (*Refrain*)

TUNE: SAGINA
Charles Wesley

Psalm 51

Based on the *Book of Psalms*, 1871
and *The Psalter*, 1912
Verses 1-11

- 1 God, be merciful to me;
On Thy grace I rest my plea;
In Thy vast, abounding grace,
My transgressions all erase.
- 2 Wash me wholly from my sin;
Cleanse from every ill within.
- 3 For my sins before me rise,
Ever present to my eyes.
- 4 I have sinned 'gainst Thee alone,
In Thy sight this evil done;
That Thy judgment may be clear,
And Thy sentence just appear.
- 5 Lo, brought forth was I in sin;
When conceived I was unclean.
- 6 Lo, Thou dost desire to find
Truth sincere within the mind:
And Thou wilt within my heart
Wisdom unto me impart.
- 7 Then with hyssop sprinkle me,
And from sin I clean shall be.
Wash me from its stain, and lo,
I shall whiter be than snow.
- 8 Make me hear joy's cheering
voice;
Make my broken bones rejoice.
- 9 From my sins hide Thou Thy
face;
My iniquities erase.
- 10 O my God, renew my heart,
And a spirit right impart.
- 11 Cast me not away from Thee,
Nor Thy Spirit take from me.

TUNE: REDHEAD/AJALON 77.77.77.
("Gracious Spirit, Dwell With Me")
Richard Redhead, 1853

Psalm 32
Verses 1-7

- 1 What blessedness for Him whose guilt
Has all forgiven been!
When His transgressions pardoned are,
And covered in His sin.
- 2 O blessed the man 'gainst who the Lord
Counts no iniquity,
And in whose spirit there is not
Deceit or treachery.
- 3 When I keep silent, my bones aged;
My groaning filled each day.
- 4 Your hand oppressed me day and night;
My moisture dried away.
- 5 Then I to You admitted sin,
Hid not my guiltiness;
I said, "I will before the LORD
Transgressions now confess."

Then You did all my sin forgive
And take my guilt away.
- 6 For this when You are near at hand
Let all the godly pray.
The rising floods will harm him not.
- 7 You are my hiding place.
And You will comfort me with songs
Of victory and grace.

TUNE: VOX DILECTI CMD
("I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say")
John B. Dykes, 1868

Psalm 22
Verses 1-8

- 1 My God, my God, O why have You
Forsaken me? O why
Are You so far from giving help
And from my groaning cry?
- 2 By day and night, my God, I call;
Your answer still delays.
- 3 And yet You are the Holy One
Who dwells in Israel's praise.
- 4 Our fathers put their trust in You;
From you their rescue came.
- 5 They begged You and You set them
free
They were not put to shame.
- 6 But as for me, I am a worm
And not a man at all.
To men I am despised and base;
Their scornings on me fall.
- 7 All those who look at me will laugh
And cast reproach at me.
Their mouths they open wide: they
wag
Their heads in mockery.
- 8 "The LORD was his reliance once;
Now see what God will send.
Yes, let God rise and set him free,
This man that was His friend."

TUNE: HORSLEY CM
William Horsley, 1844