

Lift High the Cross

159

Refrain (Unison)

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro-claim

Fine

till all the world a-dore his sa-cred name.

Harmony

1. Come, Chris-tians, fol-low this tri-um-phiant sign. The
2. Each new-born ser-vant of the Cru-ci-fied bears
3. O Lord, once lift-ed on the glo-rious tree, as
4. So shall our song of tri-umph ev-er be: Praise

D.C.

hosts of God in u-ni-ty com-bine.
on the brow the seal of him who died.
thou hast prom-ised, draw the world to thee.
to the Cru-ci-fied for vic-to-ry!

WORDS: George William Kitchin and Michael Robert Newbolt, 1916, alt.
MUSIC: Sydney Hugo Nicholson, 1916

CRUCIFER
10 10 with Refrain

What Wondrous Love Is This

1. What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul,
 2. What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul,
 3. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing,
 4. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on,

what won - drous love is this, O my soul! What
 what won - drous love is this, O my soul! What
 to God and to the Lamb, I will sing; to
 and when from death I'm free, I'll sing on; and

won-drous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss to
 won-drous love is this, that caused the Lord of life to
 God and to the Lamb who is the great I AM, while
 when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joy - ful be, and

bear the dread-ful curse for my soul, for my soul, to
 lay a - side his crown for my soul, for my soul, to
 mil-lions join the theme I will sing, I will sing; while
 through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing on, I'll sing on, and

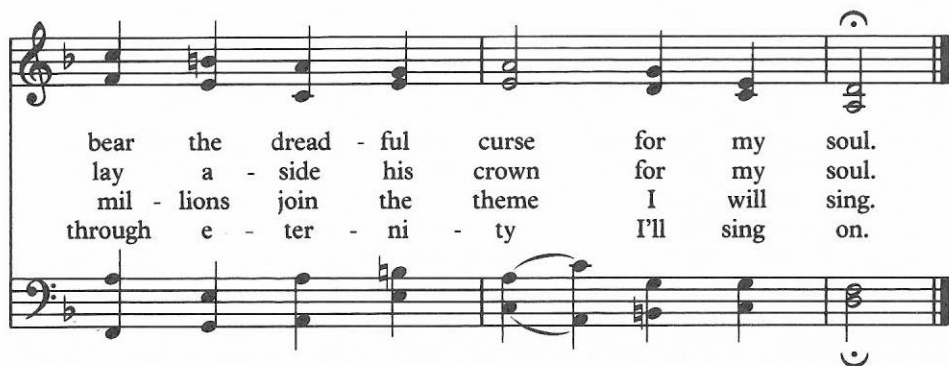
WORDS: USA folk hymn

MUSIC: USA folk hymn; harm. by Paul J. Christiansen, 1955

Harm. © 1955, renewed 1983 Augsburg Publishing House

WONDROUS LOVE

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Behold the Savior of Mankind

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Behold the Savior of mankind
nailed to the shameful tree;
how vast the love that him inclined
to bleed and die for thee!

Hark how he groans! while nature shakes,
and earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
the solid marbles rend.

'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries;
see where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

But soon he'll break death's envious chain
and in full glory shine.
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
was ever love like thine?

Written by Samuel Wesley (1662-1735), this is one of the few relics of his papers found after the fire which destroyed the Epworth rectory during the night of February 9, 1709, when his son, young John Wesley, was rescued as a "brand plucked out of the burning." It was first printed in John Wesley's hymnbook *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns* (Charleston, 1737), under the title "On the Crucifixion."

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Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross; there a pre-cious foun-tain,
 2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, love and mer-cy found me;
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, bring its scenes be-fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, hop-ing, trust-ing ev-er,

free to all, a heal-ing stream, flows from Cal-vary's moun-tain.
 there the bright and morn-ing star sheds its beams a-round me.
 help me walk from day to day with its shad-ow o'er me.
 till I reach the gold-en strand just be-yond the riv-er.

Refrain

In the cross, in the cross, be my glo-ry ev-er,

till my rap-tured soul shall find rest be-yond the riv-er.

WORDS: Fanny J. Crosby, 1869
 MUSIC: William H. Doane, 1869

NEAR THE CROSS
 76.76 with Refrain