



SONG BOOK FOR LENT & EASTER WEEK 2017

# ***In Christ Alone***

Keith Getty / Stuart Townend



1. In Christ a-lone, my hope is found, he is my light, my strength my song;
2. In Christ a-lone, who took on flesh, fullness of God in help-less babe!
3. There in the ground his bo-dy lay, light of the world, by dark-ness slain;
4. No guilt in life, no fear in death, this is the pow'r of Christ in me;



This cor-ner stone, this sol-id ground, firm through the fierc-est drought and storm.  
This gift of love and right-eous-ness, scorned by the ones he came to save.  
Then, bursting forth in glo-rious day, up from the grave he rose a-gain!  
From life's first cry to fi-nal breath, Je-sus commands my des-ti-ny.



What heights of love, what depths of peace, when fears are stilled, when strivings cease.  
'Till on the cross as Je-sus died, the wrath of God was sat-is-fied.  
And as he stands in vic-to-ry, sin's curse has lost its grip on me;  
No pow'r of hell, no scheme of man, can ev-er pluck me from his hand;



My comfort-er my all in all, here in the love of Christ I stand.  
For ev-'ry sin on him was laid; here in the death of Christ I live.  
For I am his and he is mine, bought with the precious blood of Christ.  
'Til he re-turms or calls me home, here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand!

# How Deep the Father's Love For Us

Stuart Townend



E F#m E/G# A E/G# C#m B

1. How deep the Fa - ther's love for us, How vast be - yond all mea - sure That  
2. Be - hold the Man u - pon a cross, My guilt u - pon His shoul - ders. A -  
3. I will not boast in a - ny - thing, No gifts, no pow'rs, no wis - dom. But

4 E F#m E/G# A E/B B E

He would give His on - ly Son To make a wretch His trea - sure! How  
shamed, I hear my mock - ing voice Call out a - mong the scoff - ers. It  
I will boast in Je - sus Christ, His death and re - sur - rec - tion. Why

6 E/G# C#m B A E/G# C#m B

great the pain of scar - ing loss, The Fa - ther turns His face a - way As  
was my sin that held Him there Un - til it was ac - com - plished. His  
should I gain from His re - ward? I can - not give an an - swer, But

8 E F#m E/G# A E/B B E

wounds which mar the Cho - sen One Bring ma - ny sons to glo - ry!  
dy - ing breath has brought me life; I know that it is fi - nished.  
this I know with all my heart: His wounds have paid my ran - som!

# Amazing Grace

Words: John Newton & John Rees / Traditional American Tune

1. A - ma - zing grace how sweet heart the sound fear That saved a  
2. 'Twas grace - zing that taught my heart to fear, And grace my  
7 wretch like me I once was lost, but now grace am  
fears re - lieved; How pre - cious did that grace ap -  
13 found pear, Was blind, but now I see.  
The hour I first be - lieved!

3. Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

4. And when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease;  
I shall possess within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

5. 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.

## **Before the Throne of God Above**

Charatie Bancroft / William Badbury

Be - fore the throne of God a - bove; I have one strong and per - fect  
When Sa - tan tempts me to de - spair and tells me of the wrong with -  
Be - hold Him there! The Ris - en Lamb; my per - fect spot - less Right - eous -

plea. A great High Priest whose name is Love; who ev - er lives and pleads for  
in, up - ward I look and see him there; who made an end to all my  
ness, The great un - change - a - ble I Am; the King of Glo - ry and of

me. My name is grav - en on His hands; My name is writ - en on His  
sin. Be - cause the sin - less Sav - ior died; my sin - ful soul is count - ed  
grace. One with Him - self I can - not die; my soul is pur - chased by His

heart. I know that while in heav'n He stands no tongue can bid me thence de -  
free. For God, the Just is sat - is - fied; to look on Him and par - don  
blood. My life is hid with Christ on high; with Christ my Sav - ior and my

part, no tongue can bid me thence de - part  
me. to look on Him and par - don me.  
God, with Christ my Sav - ior and my God.

# O Love that Will Not Let Me Go

Words: George Matheson / Music: Christopher Miner

CAPO IV

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a capo on the 4th fret. The chords are: G, D, C, G /F#, Em, D/F# G, C, D, G, D, C, G /F#, Em, D/F# G, C, D, Am, Em, D, D/C, D/B, D.

1. O Love that will not let me go, I  
 2. O Light that fall - ow'st all my way, I  
 3. O Joy that seek - est me through pain, I  
 4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I

rest my wear - y soul in thee; I  
 yield my flick' - ring torch to thee; My  
 can - not close my heart to thee; I  
 dare not ask to fly from thee; I

give thee back the li - fe I owe, That  
 heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray, That  
 trace the rain - bow through the rain, That  
 lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And

in thine o - cean depths its flow May  
 in thy sun - shine's blaze its day May  
 feel the prom - ise is not vain, That  
 from the ground there bless - oms red Life

ri - cher, full er - er be.  
 brigh - ter, fair - er be.  
 morn shall tear - less be.  
 that shall end - less be.

# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Words: Bernard of Clairvaux / Trans. Jaems Alexander / Music: Hans Leo Hassler

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down, Now  
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered, Was all for sin - ners' gain; Mine,  
 3. The joy can ne'er be spok - en, A - bove all joys be - side, When  
 4. What lang - uage shall I bor - row To praise Thee, heaven - ly friend, For

6  
 scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown; O  
 mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain; Lo,  
 in Thy bo - dy bro - ken I thus with safe - ty hide. My  
 this my dy - ing sor - row, Thy pi - ty with - out end? Lord

10  
 sa - cred Head, what glo - ry What bliss 'til now was Thine Yet  
 here I fall, my Sa - vior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place; Look  
 Lord of Life, de - sir - ing Thy glo - ry now to see, Be -  
 make me Thine for - ev - er, Nor let me faith - less prove Oh

14  
 though de - spised and gor - y I joy to call Thee mine  
 on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe me to Thy grace.  
 side Thy cross ex - pir - ing, I'd - breathe my soul to Thy  
 let me ne - ver, ne - ver A - buse such dy - ing Thee. love

5. Forbid that I should leave Thee  
 O Jesus leave not me!  
 By faith I would receive Thee  
 Thy blood can make me free  
 When strength and comfort languish  
 And I must hence depart  
 Release me then from anguish  
 By Thine own wounded heart

6. Be near when I am dying  
 Oh show Thy cross to me  
 And for my succor flying  
 Come Lord and set me free  
 These eyes new faith receiving  
 From Jesus shall not move  
 For he who dies believing  
 Dies safely, through Thy love

# Were You There

African-American Spiritual / Arr. Melva Wilson Costen

1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? (Were you there?)  
2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? (Were you there?)  
3. Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? (Were you there?)  
4. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? (Were you there?)

Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?  
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?  
Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? Oh!  
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

Some-times it caus-es me to trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble.

Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? (Were you there?)  
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? (Were you there?)  
Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? (Were you there?)  
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? (Were you there?)



# And Can It Be

Words: Charles Wesley / Music: Scott Roley

Capo III

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 piece is marked 'Capo III'. The melody is a simple, descending line of eighth notes. The lyrics are arranged in four lines, with the first line starting at measure 1 and the fourth line starting at measure 12. The chords are indicated by letters above the staff: D, Em, G, and A. The lyrics are as follows:

1. And can it be that I should gain An in -  
 2. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove, So free, -  
 3. Long my con - dem - na - tion spir - it I, Fast bound,  
 4. No Em dem - na - tion now - I dread; Je - sus,

4 terest in the Sav - ior's blood! Died He  
 so in sin - fi - nite His grace! Emp - tied  
 in and all in Him, is mine; Thine eye  
 A - live

6 for Him - self who of caused all His pain! For  
 dif - fused a my quick - ening love, And me  
 in Him, Em my li - ving ray; Head, I bleb  
 A clothed

8 who Him - to death pur - sued? A - ma -  
 for the A - dam's help - less - race. 'Tis mer -  
 in in right - geon - eous - flamed with di - light; My chains -  
 F#m G A D D Bold I

10 zing love! How can it be, That Thou,  
 cy all, im - mense heart and free, O  
 ap - proach the e - ter - nal throne, free, free, I  
 And claim

12 my my God, should die for me? A - ma -  
 went God, it and found out me! Thee.  
 the crown, through Christ - lowed my own.

14 D Em G A  
 zing love! How can it be, That Thou,

16 D Em G A D  
 my God, should die for me? A - ma -

18 D Em G A  
 zing love! How can it be, That Thou,

20 D Em G A D  
 my God, should die for me?

22 Em G A

Detailed description: This is a musical score for guitar, presented in a single system with five staves. The music is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (D, Em, G, A) are placed above the staff at the beginning of each measure. The first four staves contain the main melody with lyrics. The fifth staff shows a continuation of the melody with some notes marked with an 'x' and a slash, indicating a specific guitar technique or a placeholder. The piece ends with a double bar line.



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