

223 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sor - row and
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a

Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
 death of Christ my God; all the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down; did e'er such love and
 pres - ent far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

This familiar text from the beginning of the 18th century grew out of Isaac Watts's desire to give Christians the ability to sing about gospel events. It is set here to a very restrained tune from the early 19th century inspired by the patterns of Gregorian chant.

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This carefully crafted text from the beginning of the 18th century conveys much the same vividness as a miniature painting of Christ's crucifixion, and this lyrical and dignified tune conveys the sense that time stands still while we share such meditation.

210 Lord, Why Have You Forsaken Me

(Psalm 22)

1 Lord, why have you for - sak - en me, and
 2 Yet you are ho - ly, and the songs of
 3 But I am mocked and put to scorn. All
 4 Yet you, O Lord, have been my God and

why are you so far a - way from my com - plaint and
 praise of Is - rael are your throne; when our an - ces - tors
 those who see me laugh and say, "You trust in God, so
 on - ly hope since I was born. With trou - ble near me,

my dis - tress poured out be - fore you night and day?
 called on you, you saved them, res - cued all your own.
 let us see the help of God to whom you pray."
 none can help. My Sav - ior, leave me not for - lorn.

Although Psalm 22 paraphrased here begins in despair keen enough to be repeated on the lips of a dying Jesus (Matthew 27:46/Mark 15:34), it is replete with a faith that withstands even the mockery of disbelievers. The sparseness of the shape note tune fits the text well.

211 Hear, O Lord, My Plea for Justice

(Psalm 17)

1 Hear, O Lord, my plea for jus - tice;
 2 Test my heart for its af - flic - tion;
 3 Keep me, Lord, in sure pro - tec - tion,
 4 In its wake, send vin - di - ca - tion;

to my heart - felt prayer. In your
 fy my soul with fire; let my
 ap - ple of your eye. Shel - ter
 dark - ness, show your face. Bring me

lib - er - a - tion may I find re - demp -
 tongue speak wis - dom, righ - teous - ness be my
 neath your shad - ow when my hour of death
 res - ur - rec - tion clothed in gar - ments of

Guitar chords in Pew Edition do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

This paraphrase emphasizes the prayerful qualities of Psalm 17 by keeping the focus on the relationship between the psalmist and God, rather than denouncing the faults of the enemy. This is a plea that our prayers need to be grounded in honest and unpretentious faith.

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Lord, Have Mercy

Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son. Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son.
 Lord, _____ have mer - cy. Lord, _____ have mer - cy.

Note: Lower voices may hum.

Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son. Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son.
 Lord, _____ have mer - cy. Lord, _____ have mer - cy.

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O Lord, Have Mercy

Kyrie eleison

Oré poriajú verekó

Capo 2: (G) (C) (D) (G)
 A D E A

1 O Lord, have mer - cy; O Lord, have mer -
 2 O Christ, have mer - cy; O Christ, have mer -

Greek 1 Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son; Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son;
 2 Chri - ste e - le - i - son; Chri - ste e - le - i - son;

Guarani 1 O - ré po-ria-jú ve-re-kó, Ñan-de-ya
 2 O - ré po-ria-jú ve-re-kó, Je-su Cris

(E) (Am) (D) (G)
 F# Bm E A

Lord, have mer - cy, have mer - cy on us.
 Christ, have mer - cy, have mer - cy on us.

e e - le - i - son; Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son.
 ste e - le - i - son; Chri - ste e - le - i - son.

ré po-ria-jú ve-re-kó, Ñan-de-ya
 ré po-ria-jú ve-re-kó, Je-su Cris

Were You There

1 Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? (Were you
 2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? (Were you
 3 Were you there when they pierced him in the side? (Were you
 4 Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine? (Were you
 5 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? (Were you

there?) Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 there?) Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
 there?) Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
 there?) Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine?
 there?) Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

O! Some-times it caus - es me to

trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble. Were you

Few hymns from any culture have captured the pathos of Jesus' crucifixion as movingly as this African American spiritual. Its emotional climax (and highest pitch) comes in the great "O!" at the center of each stanza, a moment that moves beyond anything words can convey.

there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? (Were you there?)
 there when they nailed him to the tree? (Were you there?)
 there when they pierced him in the side? (Were you there?)
 there when the sun re - fused to shine? (Were you there?)
 there when they laid him in the tomb? (Were you there?)

Opt. 6 Were you there when he rose up from the dead?

In the Darkness of the Morning 229

1 In the dark - ness of the morn - ing, just be -
 2 Days be - fore, she faced his suf - fering; she stayed
 3 As she wept, the warmth of sun - rise filled the
 4 Asked the man, "Why are you weep - ing?" in a
 5 "Mar - y!" said the smil - ing strang - er as her

fore the hint of dawn, Mar - y Mag - da - lene dis -
 with him as he died. See - ing now his tomb was
 wait - ing world with light. Then she turned and saw a
 voice she vague - ly knew. "He is gone, and I must
 vi - sion was re - stored. She cried "Teach - er!" and she

cov - ered Je - sus Christ, her friend, was gone.
 emp - ty, she re - mained out - side and cried.
 strang - er, though her tears ob - scured her sight.
 find him," she re - plied as morn - ing grew.
 touched him: Je - sus Christ, her ris - en Lord.

The moving Easter morning encounter between Mary Magdalene and the risen Christ, described in John 20:1-18, gives evidence of the importance of women in Jesus' life and ministry. As the first witness to his resurrection, Mary Magdalene became "the apostle to the apostles."