

April 15th, 2021

Choral Prelude: Thomas Dorsey – *Precious Lord, take my hand*

Precious Lord, take my hand,
Lead me on, let me stand;
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.
Through the storm, through the night,
Lead me on to the light.
Take my hand, precious Lord;
Lead me home.

When my way grows drear,
Precious Lord, linger near,
When my life is almost gone,
Hear my cry, hear my call;
Hold my hand lest I fall.
Take my hand, precious Lord;
Lead me home.

When the darkness appears
And the night draws near,
And the day is almost gone,
At the river I stand;
Guide my feet, hold my hand,
Take my hand, precious Lord;
Lead me home.

Jesus Christ our Lord

Unison or harmony

458

vv. 1-2

1 My song is love un - known, my Sa - vior's love to me, love
2 He came from his blest throne sal - va - tion to be - stow, but
* 3 Some - times they strew his way, and his strong prais - es sing, re -
* 4 Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He
* 5 They rise, and needs will have my dear Lord made a - way; a

1 to the love - less shown that they might love - ly be. O
2 men made strange, and none the longed - for Christ would know. But
3 sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to their King. Then
4 made the lame to run, he gave the blind their sight. Sweet
5 mur - der - er they save, the Prince of Life they slay. Yet #

1 who am I that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh, and die?
2 O my friend, my friend in - deed, who at my need his life did spend.
3 "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath, and for his death they thirst and cry.
4 in - ju - ries! Yet they at these them-selves dis - please, and 'gainst him rise.
5 stead-fast he to suf - fering goes, that he his foes from thence might free.

*6 In life no house, no home
my Lord on earth might have;
in death no friendly tomb
but what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heaven was his home;
but mine the tomb
wherein he lay.

7 Here might I stay and sing,
no story so divine:
never was love, dear King,
never was grief like thine.
This is my friend,
in whose sweet praise
I all my days
could gladly spend.

Alternative tune: *Rhosymedre*, 587.

Words: Samuel Crossman (1624-1683), alt.
Music: *Love Unknown*, John Ireland (1879-1962)

Introduction vv. 1, 3

Descant for flute or violin (last time only)

1 There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy like the wide - ness
 2 There is no place where earth's sor - rows are more felt than
 3 For the love of God is broad - er than the mea - sure

of the sea; there's a kind - ness in his jus -
 up in heaven; there is no place where earth's fail -
 of the mind; and the heart of the E - ter -

tice, which is more than lib - er - ty. There is wel - come
 ings have such kind - ly judg - ment given. There is plen - ti -
 nal is most won - der - ful - ly kind. If our love were

for the sin - ner, and more gra - ces for the good; there is mer - cy
ful re-demp-tion in the blood that has been shed; there is joy for
but more faith-ful, we should take him at his word; and our life would

with the Sa - vior; there is heal - ing in his blood.
all the mem - bers in the sor - rows of the Head.
be thanks-giv - ing for the good-ness of the Lord.

Interlude/Conclusion
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*Descant instrument may play this interlude each time. Alternative tune: *Beecher*, 470.

Words: Frederick William Faber (1814-1863), alt.
Music: *St. Helena*, Calvin Hampton (1938-1984)