

### **When I survey the wondrous cross**

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.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
save in the Cross of Christ my God;  
all the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
sorrow and love flow mingling down;  
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
that were an offering far too small;  
love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674 – 1748)

### **Were you there?**

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble,  
tremble, tremble.  
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nailed him to the  
tree?  
Were you there when they nailed him to the  
tree?  
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble,  
tremble, tremble.  
Were you there when they nailed him to the  
tree?

Were you there when they laid him in the  
tomb?  
Were you there when they laid him in the  
tomb?  
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble,  
tremble, tremble.  
Were you there when they laid him in the  
tomb?

Were you there when God raised him from  
the tomb?

Were you there when God raised him from  
the tomb?

Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble,  
tremble, tremble.

Were you there when God raised him from  
the tomb?

American Folk Hymn

### **The Servant King**

From heav'n You came helpless babe  
enter'd our world Your glory veil'd  
not to be served but to serve  
and give Your life that we might live

*Chorus*

*This is our God, the Servant King –  
he calls us now to follow Him  
to bring our lives as a daily offering  
of worship to the Servant King*

There in the garden of tears  
my heavy load He chose to bear  
his heart with sorrow was torn  
yet "Not my will, but Yours", He said

Come see His hands and His feet –  
the scars that speak of sacrifice  
hands that flung stars into space  
to cruel nails surrendered

So let us learn how to serve  
and in our lives enthrone Him  
each other's needs to prefer  
for it is Christ we're serving

Graham Kendrick ©1983 Kingsway's Thankyou Music

### **How deep the Father's love**

How deep the Father's love for us,  
how vast beyond all measure,  
that He should give His only Son  
to make a wretch His treasure.  
How great the pain of searing loss -  
the Father turns His face away,  
as wounds which mar the Chosen One  
bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,  
my sin upon His shoulders;  
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice  
call out among the scoffers.  
it was my sin that held Him there  
until it was accomplished;  
his dying breath has brought me life -  
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,  
no gifts, no power, no wisdom;  
but I will boast in Jesus Christ,  
his death and resurrection.  
Why should I gain from His reward?  
I cannot give an answer;  
but this I know with all my heart -  
his wounds have paid my ransom.