

Hymns for Mid-Week Lent Service #2 (March 3rd)

OFFICE HYMN - 434 Lamb of God, Pure and Holy



1 Lamb of God, pure and ho - ly, Who on the cross didst suf - fer,
2 Lamb of God, pure and ho - ly, Who on the cross didst suf - fer,
3 Lamb of God, pure and ho - ly, Who on the cross didst suf - fer,



Ev - er pa - tient and low - ly, Thy - self to scorn didst of - fer.
Ev - er pa - tient and low - ly, Thy - self to scorn didst of - fer.
Ev - er pa - tient and low - ly, Thy - self to scorn didst of - fer.



All sins Thou bor - est for us, Else had de - spair reigned o'er us:
All sins Thou bor - est for us, Else had de - spair reigned o'er us:
All sins Thou bor - est for us, Else had de - spair reigned o'er us:



Have mer - cy on us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!
Have mer - cy on us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!
Thy peace be with us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!

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SERMON HYMN - 563 Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness



1 Je - sus, Thy blood and righ - teous - ness My beau - ty
2 Bold shall I stand in that great day, Cleansed and re -
3 Lord, I be - lieve Thy pre - cious blood, Which at the
4 Lord, I be - lieve, were sin - ners more Than sands up -



are, my glo - rious dress; Midst flam - ing worlds, in
deemed, no debt to pay; Ful - ly ab - solved through
mer - cy seat of God Pleads for the cap - tives'
on the o - cean shore, Thou hast for all a



these ar - rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.
these I am From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
lib - er - ty, Was al - so shed in love for me.
ran - som paid, For all a full a - tone - ment made.

5 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
This then shall be my only plea:
Jesus hath lived and died for me.

6 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all Thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

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CLOSING HYMN - 425 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
trib - ute 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!