Red Mountain Music Songbook

1. All Things New
2. Christ, Or Else I Die
3. The Christian’s Hope Can Never Fail
4. Come, All Ye Pining, Hungry Poor
5. Come Boldly To The Throne Of Grace
6. Come, Dearest Lord
7. Come Heavy Laden
8. Crown Him
9. Dearly We’re Bought
10. Decide This Doubt For Me
11. Depth Of Mercy
12. Draw My Soul To Thee
13. Friend Of Sinners
14. God Of My Life, To Thee I Call
15. The Gospel Brings Tidings
16. The Gospel Is Good News Indeed
17. Help My Unbelief
18. High Beyond Imagination
19. It Is Finished – Part I & II
20. Jesus Cast A Look On Me
21. Jesus’ Gracious Hand
22. Jesus I Long For Thee
23. Jesus Is Our Great Salvation
24. Jesus Lover Of My Soul
25. Jesus’ Precious Blood
26. Jesus Thou Joy Of Loving Hearts
27. Jesus Whispers
28. King Of Saints
29. Lead Me To The Rock
30. Lord, Dissolve My Frozen Heart
31. The Lord Forever Mine
32. Love Me To The End
33. Melt My Soul To Love
34. My Business Lies At Jesus’ Gate
35. My Jesus, I Love Thee
36. My Raptured Soul
37. My Soul Rejoice And Sing
38. Narrow Little Road
39. No Sweeter Subject
40. O The Delights
41. Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior
42. Pearly Gates
43. Pensive, Doubting, Fearful Heart
44. Poor Wayfaring Stranger
45. Psalm 126
46. Sanctus
47. Satisfied
48. The Secret Place
49. Soon And Very Soon
50. Spread Thy Wings
51. Streams Of Living Water Flow
52. There Forever Stay
53. There Is A Fountain
54. There Is A Land Of Pure Delight
55. This Breaks My Heart Of Stone
56. Thou Poor, Afflicted, Tempted Soul
57. To Thee I Come
58. Weary Of Earth, Myself And Sin
59. Wedding Dress
60. We Love Thy Holy Name
61. Were You There?
62. What Solemn Tidings
63. Why So Heavy
64. Why Should I Fear?
65. Will The Lord Indeed Appear?
66. Windows Of Thy Grace
67. With Melting Heart And Weeping Eyes
All Things New

Words: Horatius Bonar, 1779
Music: Clint Wells, 2009

Come, Lord, and tardy not; Bring the long looked for day;
Come, for creation groans, Impatient of Thy stay;

O why these years of waiting here, These ages of decay?
Worn out with these long years of ill, These ages of delay.

Come, for Thy saints still wait; Daily ascends their sigh;
Come, for love waxes cold, Its steps are faint and slow;

The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come;" Does Thou not hear the cry? O come and
Faith now is lost in unbelief, Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

make all things new Come and make all things new O come and
make all things new Build up this ruined Earth, Come and make all things

All things new

© 2010 Red Mountain Music | redmountainmusic.com
Come, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long looked for day;

Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay.

O why these years of waiting here,
These ages of decay?

Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Dai ly ascends their sigh;

Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;

The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come;"
Does Thou not hear the cry? O come and

Faith now is lost in unbelief,
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

make all things new Come and make all things new

O come and

make all things new Build up this ruined Earth, Come and make all things new

All things new

Words: Horatius Bonar, 1779
Music: Clint Wells, 2009

© 2010 Red Mountain Music | redmountainmusic.com
Christ, Or Else I Die
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 737
Words - William Hammond, 1719-1783
Music - Drew Holcomb, 2004

D       G
Gracious Lord, incline thy ear;
D       G
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
D       G
Hear my never-ceasing cry;
A           G       D
Give me Christ, or else I die.

Wealth and honor I disdain,
Earthly comforts, Lord are vain;
These can never satisfy:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

refrain:

Bm     A               G
All unholy and unclean,
Bm     A               G
I am nothing else but sin;
Bm     A               G
On thy mercy I rely;
A                              G       D
Give me Christ, or else I die.

Thou dost freely save the lost;
In thy grace alone I trust.
With my earnest suit comply;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

Thou dost promise to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
Lord, I know thou canst not lie;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Christ, Or Else I Die

words: William Hammond, 1719-1783
music: Drew Holcomb, 2004

Gracious Lord, incline thy ear;
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

Wealth and honor I disdain,
Earthly comforts, Lord are vain;
These can never satisfy:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing but sin;
On thy mercy I rely;
Give me Christ, or else
Thou dost freely
save the lost;
In thy grace alone I trust.
With my earnest suit comply;
Give me Christ, or else
Thou dost promise
to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
Lord, I know thou canst not lie;
Give me Christ, or else
I die.

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
All un-holy and un-clean, I am nothing but sin;
On thy mercy I rely;

Give me Christ, or else Give me Christ, or else

Give me Christ, or else I die.
The Christian’s Hope Can Never Fail
*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #245*
Words: Author unknown – words published in the Gadsby Hymnal, 1838 (Gospel Mag. 1799).

Capo 2

intro: D G D

\[
\begin{align*}
&D & G & D \\
&D & Bm & A & G \\
&Em & F#m & G \\
&D/F# & G & Asus & D \\
\end{align*}
\]

We travel through a barren land,
With dangers thick on every hand;
But Jesus guides us through the vale;
O, The Christian’s hope can never fail.

Huge sorrows meet us as we go,
And devils aim to overthrow;
But vile infernals can’t prevail;

Sometimes we’re tempted to despair,
But Jesus makes us then His care;
Though numerous foes our souls assail;
O, The Christian’s hope can never fail.

We trust upon the sacred word,
The oath and promise of the Lord;
And safely through each tempest sail;
O, The Christian’s hope can never fail.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
The Christian's Hope Can Never Fail

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #245


We travel through a barren land, With dangers
Huge sorrows meet us as we go, And devils
Some times we're tempted to despair, But Jesus
We trust upon the sacred word, The oath and

thick on every hand; But Jesus
aim to every throw; But vile
makes us then His care;
promise of the Lord;

guides us through the vale; O. The
foes our souls as sail;
through each pest sail;

Christ-ian's hope can never fail.
Christ-ian's hope shall never fail.
Christ-ian's hope can never fail.
Christ-ian's hope can never fail.
Come, All Ye Pining, Hungry Poor

Anne Steele (1716-1778)  
Brian T Murphy

1. Lord we adore thy boundless grace.
2. O wondrous gifts of love divine.
3. Here shall your numerous wants receive.

3 A/C# D Esus E
The heights and depths unknown.
Dear Source of every good.
A free, a full supply.

5 A A/C# F#m E D
Of pardon, life and joy and peace.
Jesus, in thee what glories shine!
He has unmeasured bliss to give.

7 A/C# Esus E A
In thy beloved Son.
Come, all ye pinning, hungry poor.
How rich thy flowing blood!
And joys that never die.

9 A A/G# F#m E D A/C# D E
ing, hungry, poor. The Savior’s bounty taste.
Be-hold a never failing store.

13 A A/G# F#m E D A/C# E A
ver fail ing store For ev’ry will ing guest.
Come boldly to a throne of grace,
Ye wretched sinners come;
And lay your load at Jesus' feet,
And plead what he has done.

"How can I come?" Some soul may say,
"I'm lame and cannot walk;
My guilt and sin have stopped my mouth;
I sigh, but dare not talk."

Come boldly to the throne of grace,
Though lost, and blind, and lame;
Jehovah is the sinner's Friend,
And ever was the same.

He makes the dead to hear his voice;
He makes the blind to see;
The sinner lost he came to save,
And set the prisoner free.

Come boldly to the throne of grace,
For Jesus fills the throne;
And those he kills he makes alive;
He hears the sigh or groan.

Poor bankrupt souls, who feel and know
The hell of sin within,
Come boldly to the throne of grace;
The Lord will take you in.
Come Boldly to the Throne of Grace
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 675

Come boldly to the throne of grace, Ye can I come?" Some soul may say, "I'm boldly to the throne of grace, Though wretched sinners come; And lay your load at Jesus' feet, And lost, and blind, and lame; Jehovah is the sin-ner's Friend, And plead what he has done. "How same.
sigh, but dare not talk." Come ever was the
He makes the dead to hear his voice; He makes the blind to see; The sin-ner lost he came to save, And set the pris-ner free. Come boldly to the throne of grace, For

wrods: D. Herbert, printed in 1838.
music: Brian T. Murphy,
Clint Wells, 2004

© 2005 Red Mountain Music www.redmountainmusic.com
Jesus fills the throne;
And those he kills he makes alive;
He makes the throne of grace;
The Lord will take you in.

Jes - us fills the throne; And those he kills he makes a - live; He
hell of sin within, Come boldly to the throne of grace; The
hears the sigh or groan. Poor in take you in.
Lord will take you in.

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
Come, dearest Lord, and melt my heart,
Thy animating pow’r impart, Blest
Source of life divine!
Jesus, thy love alone can give
To rise, the pow’r to live,
For ev’ry grace is thine.
I know not where I am.

If a in my soul thy Spirit’s ray Has ever turned my
out thy life inspiriting ray, My soul is filled with

Yes, on thy word alone I’ll rest, And hang up on thy
arm; thy breast Shall be my soft repose.
With the beloved di-

pow’r impart, Blest Source of life divine!
night to day, I bless thee for the same;
sad dismay; Each cheerful grace declines;
Yet I must live on

clouds arise, And veil thy glory from my eyes, I
sci - ple, I Would on thy sacred bosom lie, ‘Midst

ev’ry grace is thine. For ev’ry grace is thine.
I know not where I am.
A beam of comfort shines.
‘Midst all my sins and woes.
Come, Dearest Lord

Words: Anne Steele
Music: Clint Wells, Brian T. Murphy, Thad Cockrell, Karl Digerness, 2009
Capo I

© 2010 Red Mountain Music | redmountainmusic.com
Come Heavy Laden
Words - William Williams, 1717-1791

Bm        G
Come heavy laden, come and rest,
Em       D/F#     G
Your souls from fear and pain;
Bm        G
Jesus the God was crucified,
Em       D/F#     G
And died and rose again.

Chorus:

D        G
Sweet are His words, sweet is His voice
   Em    D/F#     G
His smiles are heaven below;
D        G
Of all the pleasures in this world,
   Em    D/F#     G
Tis Jesus I would know.

His holy yoke’s easy and smooth,
His burdens all are light;
In His commandments, though severe,
Is infinite delight.

O! would He raise my feeble soul,
To a celestial flame;
I would, for Jesus, either do,
Or suffer all the same.

© 2007 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Come Heavy Laden

Come heavy laden come and rest, Your souls from fear and pain; Jesus the God was crucified,

And died and rose again. His holy yoke's easy and smooth, His burdens all are light.

His commands, though severe, Is infinite delight.

Sweet are his words, sweet is his voice. His smiles are heav'n below.

Of all the pleasures in this world, Tis Jesus I would know.

© 2007 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Crown Him
*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 972*
Words – Thomas Kelly, 838

Dm
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
Dm
See the exalted Savior now;
   Gm
From the fight retuned victorious,
Dm
Every knee to Him shall bow
   F
Crown Him, Crown Him
   C     Gm     Dm
Crowns become the victor’s brow.

Crown the Savior! Saints adore Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him, Crown Him,
Crown the Savior King of kings.

Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, Crown Him,
King of kings and Lord of lords!

© 2007 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Crown Him

words by Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.
music by Benj Pocta, 2006.

Look ye saints, the sight is glorious: See the exalted Savior now:

From the fight returned victorious, Ev'ry knee to him shall bow; Crown him,

Crown the Savior, saints adore him; Rich the trophies Jesus brings;

Saints and angels bow before him, While the vault of heaven rings; Crown him,

Hark, those bursts of acclamation! Hark, those loud triumphant chords!

Jesus takes the highest station; O what joy the sight affords! Crown him,

King of kings and Lord of lords!
Dearly We're Bought

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 102*
Words - Joseph Hart, 1712-1768
Music - Matthew S. Welch, 2004

F    G           C
Come raise your thankful voice,
Am   G             Am
Ye souls redeemed with blood;
F    G           C-Am
Leave earth and all its toys,
F    G           C     F-C
And mix no more with mud.

*refrain:*

    Am               F
Dearly we're bought, highly esteemed;
    C                   G
Redeemed, with Jesus' blood redeemed
    Am              F
Dearly we're bought, highly esteemed;
    C                   G           Am   G-C
Redeemed, with Jesus' blood redeemed.

With heart, and soul, and mind,
Exalt redeeming love;
Leave worldly cares behind,
And set your minds above.

Lift up your ravished eyes,
And view the glory given;
All lower things despised,
Ye citizens of heaven.

Be to this world as dead,
Alive to that to come;
Our life in Christ is hid,
Who soon shall call us home.

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Dearly We're Bought

Come raise your thankful voice,
With heart, and soul, and mind,
Lift up your raptured eyes,
Be to this world as dead,

Ye souls redeemed with blood;
Exalt redeemed love;
And view the glory given;
Alive to that to come;

And mix no more with mud.
And set your minds above.
Ye citizens of heav'n.
Who soon shall call us home.

highly esteemed;
Redeemed, with Jesus' blood redeemed
Dearly we're bought,
Decide This Doubt For Me
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #281
Words: William Cowper, 1779.
Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

G          D/F#
The Lord will happiness divine,
           Em           D
On contrite hearts, bestow
           G          D/F#
Then tell me gracious God is mine,
           Em           D
A contrite heart, or no?
           D          G/B       C
I hear but seem to hear in vain;
           G
Insensible as steel,
           D/F#  
Insensible as steel;
           D          G/B       C
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
           G
To find I cannot feel.
           D/F#
To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclined,
To love thee O, if I could;
But often find another mind,
Averse to all, all that is good.

My best desires are faint and few;
I fain would strive for more,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, “My strength renew,”
Seems weaker than before.
Seems weaker than before.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
The Lord will happiness divine, 
On contrite hearts, 
be-stow; 
Then tell me gracious God is mine, 
A contrite heart, 
or no? I hear but seem to hear in vain; 
In sensible as steel, 
In sensible as steel; 
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain, 
To find I cannot feel. 
To find I cannot feel. 
I sometimes think myself inclined, 
To love thee O, if I could; 
But often find another mind, 
A-verse to all, all that is good.
My best desires are faint and few; I fain would strive for
more, I fain would strive for more; But when I cry, “My strength re - new,”
Seems weaker than before. Seems weaker than before. Thy saints are com-fort-ed I know,
And love Thy house, Thy house of prayer; I
sometimes go where others go, But find no com-fort there. O,
make this heart re-joice or ache, De-cide this doubt for me. De-cide this doubt for
me. And if it be not brok-en, break, And heal it if it be.
O, heal it if it be.
Depth of Mercy
Words: Charles Wesley, 1740
Music: Jeff Koonce, Brian T. Murphy, Clint Wells, 2003

Capo II
D          D/C#       G/B          D/F#
Depth of mercy can there be
G       D/F#        G            A
Mercy still reserved for me
D               D/C#          G/B        D/F#
Can my God his wrath forbear
G               D/F#           G         A
Me the chief of sinners spare

Bm                     G                    Em
I have long withstood his grace
Bm                               D/F#      A
Long provoked him to his face
Bm                               D/F#     A
Would not hearken to his calls
Em                D/F#    Asus  A      D
Grieved him by a thousand falls

I have spilt his precious blood
Trampled on the Son of God
Filled with pains unspeakable
I, who yet, am not in Hell

I, my master have denied
I afresh have crucified
And profaned his hallowed name
Put him to an open shame

Jesus speaks and pleads his blood
He disarms the wrath of God
Now my Father's mercies move
Justice lingers into love

There for me the savior stands
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands
God is love, I know, I feel
Jesus weeps and loves me still

© 2003 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Pity from thine eye let fall
By a look my soul recall
Now the stone to flesh convert
Cast a look and break my heart

Now incline me to repent
Let me now my sins lament
Now my foul revolt deplore
Weep, believe and sin no more.

Real Key
E E/D# A/C# E/G#
Depth of mercy can there be
A E/G# A B
Mercy still reserved for me
E E/D# A/C# E/G#
Can my God his wrath forbear
A E/G# A B
Me the chief of sinners spare

C#m A F#m
I have long withstood his grace
C#m E/G# B
Long provoked him to his face
C#m E/G# A
Would not hearken to his calls
F#m E/G# Bsus B E
Grieved him by a thousand falls

© 2003 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Depth of Mercy

words: Charles Wesley, 1740
music: Jeff Koonce, Clint Wells, Brian T. Murphy, 2003

Depth of mercy can there be
I have spilt his precious blood
Jesus speaks and pleads his blood
Pity from thine eye let fall

Mercy still re-
Trampled on the
He disarms the
By a look my

served for me
Can my God his wrath forbear
Son of God
Filled with pains un - speak - a - ble

wrath of God
Now my Father's mercies move
soul recall
Now the stone to flesh convert

Me the chief of sinners spare
I have long with -
I, who yet am not in hell
Justice lingers in to love

Cast a look and break my heart
There for me the

Now incline me

stood his grace
Long provoked him to his face
have denied
I a - fresh have cruci - fied

savior stands
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands

to repent
Let me now my sins lament

Would not harken
And pro - faned his

God is love, I
Now my foul re -

to his calls
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
hal - lowed name
Put Him to an open shame.
know I feel
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

volt de- plore
Weep, believe and sin no more.
**Draw My Soul to Thee**  
*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #389*  
Words: Adams, printed in the Gadsby Hymnal, 1838.  

Bb                                    F  
Draw my soul to Thee, my Lord;        
Bb                                    F  
Make me love Thy precious word!       
Bb                                    F  
Bid me seek Thy smiling face;         
Bb                                    F  
Willing to be saved by grace.

Gm                              C  
Dearest Jesus, bid me come;           
F          F/E           Bb  
Let me find Thyself, my home;         
Gm                              C  
Thou the Refuge of my soul,           
F            F/E        Bb  
Where I may my troubles roll.

Lord, Thy powerful work begun,       
Thou wilt never leave undone;         
Teach me to confide in Thee;          
Thy salvation's wholly free.
Draw My Soul To Thee

words: Adams, printed in 1838.
music: Brian T. Murphy &
Benj Pocta, 2005.

Draw my soul to Thee, my Lord;
Lord, Thy powerful work begun,

Make me love Thy precious word!
Thou wilt never leave undone;

Bid me seek Thy smiling face;
Willing to be saved by grace.

Dearest Jesus, bid me come;
Let me find

Dearest Jesus, bid me come;
Let me find

Thy self, my home;
Thou the Refuge of my soul,

Where I may my troubles roll.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #389

www.redmountainmusic.com
Friend Of Sinners

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 1052
Words - Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-1778
Music - Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

E   A/F#   E/G#   B       A
Redeemer! Whither should I flee,
E   A/F#   E/G#   B       A
Or how escape the wrath to come?
E   A/F#   E/G#   B       A
The weary sinner flies to thee
E   A/F#   E/G#   B       A
For shelter from impending doom;
E   A
Smile on me, gracious Lord,
E   A
And show thyself the Friend sinners now
E   A
Smile on me, gracious Lord,
A/F#  E/G#  B      E
And show thyself the Friend sinners now.

Beneath the shadow of thy cross
The heavy laden soul finds rest;
I would esteem the world but dross,
So I might be of Christ possessed.
I'd seek my every joy in thee,
Be thou both life and light to me.

Close to the highly shameful tree,
Jesus, my humbled soul would cleave;
Despised and crucified with thee,
With thee resolved to die and live;
This prayer and this ambition mine,
Living and dying to be thine.

There fastened to the rugged wood
By holy love's resistless chain,
And life deriving from thy blood,
Never to wander wide again,
There may I bow my suppliant knee,
And own no other Lord but thee.

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Friend of Sinners
from the Gadsby Hymnal #1052

words: A. M. Toplady, 1740-1788
music: Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

© 2004 Red Mountain Music www.redmountainmusic.com
God of My Life, To Thee I Call

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 967*

Words - William Cowper

Capo II

D   G   D   D/C#
God of my life, to Thee I call,
   Bm   G   A   D
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
D   G   D   D/C#
When the great water floods prevail
   Bm   G   A   D
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Chorus:

G   A   D   G
Poor though I am, despised, forgot
G   A   D   G
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
G   A   D   D/C#   D/B   D/A   G
And He is safe and must succeed for whom
   A   D
The Lord is sure to plead.

Friend of the friendless and the saint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor!

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

© 2007 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
God of My Life, To Thee I Call

God of my life to Thee I call; Afflicted
Friend of the friendless and the faint, Where should I
That were a grief I could not bear, Didst Thou not

at lodge Thy feet I fall; When the great water
hear my deep complaint? Where but with Thee whose
and answer prayer; But a prayer - hearing,

floods prevail, Leave not my trembling heart to fail,
on open door, Invites the helpless heart to poor?
answer God, Supports me under every load.

Poor thou I am, despised, forgot, Yet God, my

God, forgets me not; And he is safe, and must succeed, For whom, the Lord is sure to plead.

words by William Cowper, 1731-1800.
music by Benj Pocta, Clint Wells, and Brian T. Murphy, 2006

© 2007 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
The Gospel Brings Tidings

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

Capo 3

Dm                C                G
The gospel brings tidings, glad tidings indeed,
Dm                C                G
To mourners in Zion, who want to be freed,
F        C           G          Am
From sin and Satan, and Mount Sinai’s flame,
F              C           G          Dm-C-G, Dm-C-G
Good news of salvation, through Jesus the Lamb.

What sweet invitations, the gospel contains,
To men heavy laden, with bondage and chains;
It welcomes the weary, to come and be blessed,
With ease from their burdens, in Jesus to rest.

For every poor mourner, who thirsts for the Lord,
A fountain is opened, in Jesus the Word;
Their poor parched conscience, to cool and to wash,
From guilt and pollution, from dead works and dross.

A robe is provided, their shame now to hide,
In which none are clothed, but Jesus is bride;
Though it be costly, yet is the robe free,
And all Zion’s mourners, shall decked with it be.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
The Gospel Brings Tidings

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
For every poor mourner, who thirsts for the Lord, A fountain is opened, in Jesus the Word;

Their poor parched conscience, to cool and to wash, From guilt and pollution, from dead works and dross. A robe is provided, their shame now to hide, In which none are clothed, but Jesus is bride;

Though it be costly, yet is the robe free, And all Zion’s mourners, shall decked with it be.
The Gospel is Good News Indeed

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

C C/B F C
The gospel is good news indeed,
F C G
To sinners deep in debt;
C C?B F C
The man who has no works to plead,
F G C
Will thankful be for it.

Am F C
To know that when he's nought to pay,
F C G
His debts are all discharged,
C C/B F C
Will make him blooming look as May,
F G C
And set his soul at large.

No news can be compared with this,
To men oppressed with sin;
Who know what legal bondage is,
And labor but in vain.

Freedom from sin and Satan's chains,
And legal toil as well,
The gospel sweetly now proclaims;
Which tidings suit them well.

How gladly does the prisoner hear,
What gospel has to tell!
'Tis perfect love that casts out fear,
And brings him from his cell.

The man that feels his guilt abound,
And knows himself unclean,
Will find the gospel's joyful sound,
Is welcome news to him.
The Gospel is Good News Indeed
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #528

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

The gospel is good news indeed,
To sinners deep in debt;
The man who has no works to plead,
Will thank ful be for it.

No news can be compared with this,
To oppressors with sin;
The man that casts out fear,
And brings him from his cell.

How gladly does the prisoner hear,
What gospel pel has to tell!
To know that when he's nought to pay,
His debts are all discharged,

Glad was the news that came,
To hear the prison shud, And he's bound less now,
And tell us of the gospel's joy.

The Gospel is Good News Indeed
Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

The gospel is good news indeed,
To sinners deep in debt;
The man who has no works to plead,
Will thank ful be for it.

No news can be compared with this,
To oppressors with sin;
The man that casts out fear,
And brings him from his cell.

How gladly does the prisoner hear,
What gospel pel has to tell!
To know that when he's nought to pay,
His debts are all discharged,

Glad was the news that came,
To hear the prison shud, And he's bound less now,
And tell us of the gospel's joy.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Help My Unbelief
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #278
Words: John Newton, 1725-1807.
Chorus by Clint Wells.
Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

Capo 3
C                      G
I know the Lord is nigh,
C                          G
And would but cannot pray,
Em                    G
For Satan meets me when I try,
C              D         G
And frights my soul away.
C              D        G
And frights my soul away.

I would but can’t repent,
Though I endeavor oft;
This stony heart can ne’er relent
Till Jesus makes it soft.
Till Jesus make it soft.

G                    D       G              D-C
Help my unbelief. Help my unbelief
G                   D
Help my unbelief.
C                D                 G
My help must come from Thee.

I would but cannot love,
Though wooed by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
A soul as base as mine.
A soul so base as mine.

I would but cannot rest,
In God’s most holy will;
I know what He appoints is best,
And murmur at it still.
I murmur at it still.

chorus

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Help My Unbelief

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #278

Words: John Newton, 1725-1807.
Chorus by Clint Wells.
Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
High Beyond Imagination

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 582*

Words – William Gadsby, 1838.

C  C/B  F  C
High beyond imagination
F  C  F  G
Is the love of God to man.
C  C/B  F  C
Far too deep for human reason
F  C  F  G
Fathom that it never can.
Dm  F
Love eternal,
F  G  E/G#  Am  G  F
Richly dwells in Christ the lamb.

Love like Jesus’ none can measure,
Nor can its dimensions know;
’Tis a boundless, endless river,
And its waters freely flow.
O ye thirsty,
Come and taste its streams below.

Jesus loved, and loves for ever;
Zion on His heart does dwell;
He will never, never, never
Leave His church a prey to hell.
All is settled
And my soul approves it well.
High Beyond Imagination

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #582

words by William Gadsby, 1773-1844.
music by Benj Pocta, 2006.

© 2007 Red Mountain Music

www.redmountainmusic.com
"It is finished!" Sinners hear it;
Tis the dying Victor's cry;
"It is finished!" Angels bear it,
Bear the joyful truth on high:
"It is finished!" Tell it through the earth and sky!
"It is finished!" Tell it through the earth and sky!

Justice, from her awful station,
Bars the sinner's peace no more;
Justice views with approbation
What the Savior did and bore;
Grace and mercy now display their boundless store.

"It is finished!" All is over;
Yes, the cup of wrath is drained;
Such the truth these words discover;
Thus the victory was obtained;
'Tis a victory none but Jesus could have gained.

Crown the mighty Conqueror, crown him,
Who his people's foes o'ercame!
In the highest heaven enthrone him!
Men and angels sound his fame!
Great his glory! Jesus bears a matchless name.

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
"It is finished!" Sinners hear it; 

Just, ice, from her awful station, 

"It is finished!" All is over; 

Crown the mighty conqueror, crown him, 

Who his people's

Victor's cry; 

peace no more; 

wrath is drained; 

foes o'er came! 

Bear the joyful truth on high; 

What the Saviour did and bore; 

Thus the victory was obtained; 

Men and angels sound his fame!

Tell it through the earth and sky! 

now display their boundless store. 

none but Jesus could have gained. 

Jesus bears a matchless name.

Tell it through the earth and sky! 

now display their boundless store. 

none but Jesus could have gained. 

Jesus bears a matchless name.
It Is Finished - Part II (Hark, the Voice of Love and Mercy)

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #93

Words: Attributed to Jonathan Evans, 1784 & Benjamin Francis, 1787.
Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005.

Capo III
D/F#                                     A
Hark, the voice of love and mercy,
       D
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
       D/F#                      A
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
       D
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
       D/B               D/C#
"It is finished, It is finished,"
       A                  D
Hear the dying Savior cry.

D/F#                                     A
Hark, the voice of love and mercy,
       D
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
       D/F#                      A
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
       D
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
       D/B               D/C#
"It is finished, It is finished,"
       A                  D
Hear the dying Savior cry.

“It is finished,” O what pleasure,
Do these charming words afford.
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
“It is finished, it is finished,”
Saints the dying words record.

Finished all the types and shadows,
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
“It is finished, it is finished,”
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
Saints on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel’s name.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding lamb!

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Hark, the voice of love and mercy, Sounds aloud from Calvary! See, it rends the rocks a-sunder, Shakes the earth and veils the sky! "It is finished, It is finished," Hear the dying Savior cry. "It is finished," O what pleasure, Do these charming words afford. Heav'nly blessings, without measure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord. "It is finished, it is finished," Saints the dying words record. "It is finished, it is finished," Saints the dying words record.

Words: Jonathan Evans, 1784 & Benjamin Francis, 1787. 
Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music www.redmountainmusic.com

It is Finished Part II
(Hark the Voice of Love and Mercy)
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #93

Words: Jonathan Evans, 1784 & Benjamin Francis, 1787. Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music www.redmountainmusic.com
ished, it is fin - ished," Saints the dy - ing words rec - ord. Fin - ished all

the types and shad - ows, Of the cer - e - mon - ial law; Fin - ished all

that God had prom - ised; Death and hell no more shall awe. "It is fin -

ished, it is fin - ished," Saints from hence your com - fort draw. "It is fin -

ished, it is fin - ished," Saints from hence your com - fort draw. Tune your harps

a - new, ye ser - aphs; Join to sing the pleas - ing theme; Saints on earth

and all in heav - en, Join to praise Im - man - uel’s name. Hal - le - lu -

jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glor - y to the bleed - ing lamb! Hal - le - lu -

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glor - y to the bleed - ing lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glor - y to the bleed - ing lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glor - y to the bleed - ing lamb!
Jesus Cast a Look on Me

Capo V

G C G Gmaj6
1. Jesus cast a look on me,
G C D/F# Give me sweet simplicity
C D Em Make me poor and keep me low,
C D G Seeking only Thee to know

2. All that feeds my busy pride,
C D/F# Cast it evermore aside
C C D/F# Bid my will to Thine submit,
C D G Lay me humbly at Thy feet

3. Make me like a little child,
C C D/F# Of my strength and wisdom spoiled
C D Em Seeing only in Thy light,
C D G Walking only in Thy might

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,
C F G/B Where a weary soul can rest
C F G Am Feeling well the peace of God,
C F G C Flowing from His precious blood

5. In this posture let me live,
C F C C2 And hosannas daily give
C F C C2 In this temper let me die,
C F G C And hosannas ever cry!

Real Key

C F C C2
1. Jesus cast a look on me,
C F G/B Give me sweet simplicity
F G Am Make me poor and keep me low,
F G C Seeking only Thee to know

2. All that feeds my busy pride,
C D/F# Cast it evermore aside
C C D/F# Bid my will to Thine submit,
C D G Lay me humbly at Thy feet

3. Make me like a little child,
C C D/F# Of my strength and wisdom spoiled
C D Em Seeing only in Thy light,
C D G Walking only in Thy might

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,
C F G/B Where a weary soul can rest
C F G Am Feeling well the peace of God,
C F G C Flowing from His precious blood

5. In this posture let me live,
C F C C2 And hosannas daily give
C F C C2 In this temper let me die,
C F G C And hosannas ever cry!
Jesus, Cast a Look

Words by John Berridge
Music by Matthew Perryman Jones

Capo V

Gmaj6

G maj6

JESUS, CAST A LOOK

Words by John Berridge
Music by Matthew Perryman Jones

Capo V

Gmaj6

G

Capo V

G C G

Gmaj6

1. Jesus, cast a look on me.
2. All that feeds my busy pride,
3. Make me like a little child,

Give me sweet simplicity,
Cast it ever more aside,

Make me poor and keep me low,
Bid my will to Thine submit,

Seeking only thee to know
Laying humbly at Thy feet

Seeking only in Thy light

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul can rest,
Feeling well the peace of God,

5. In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give
In this temper let me die,

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul can rest,
Feeling well the peace of God,

5. In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give
In this temper let me die,

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul can rest,
Feeling well the peace of God,

5. In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give
In this temper let me die,

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul can rest,
Feeling well the peace of God,

5. In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give
In this temper let me die,

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul can rest,
Feeling well the peace of God,

5. In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give
In this temper let me die,

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul can rest,
Feeling well the peace of God,

5. In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give
In this temper let me die,
Jesus’ Gracious Hand
*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #673*
Words – John Berridge, 1838
Music – Clint Wells, Brian T. Murphy and Benj Pocta, 2006

Capo III

D, Em, G
D, Em, G

D    Em    G
When Jesus’ gracious hand,
D    Em    G
Has touched our eyes and ears,
G     A     Bm
Oh what a dreary land the wilderness appears,
G     A     D
Oh what a dreary land the wilderness appears.

Chorus:

A   G   D
No healing balm springs from its dust,
G   D/F#  Em   A   D
No cooling stream to quench its thirst.

Yet long I vainly sought
A resting place below
That sweet land forgot
Where living waters flow;
I hunger now for heavenly food
And my poor heart cries out for God

My sorrow Thou canst see
For Thou doest read my heart;
It pineth after Thee
And yet from Thee will start;
Reclaim Thy roving child at last
And fix my heart and bind it fast

I would be near Thy feet,
Or at Thy bleeding side;
Feel how Thy heart does beat
And see its purple tide;
Trace all the wonders of Thy death,
And sing Thy love in every breath.
Jesus' Gracious Hand

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #673

words by John Berridge, 1716-1793.
music by Benj Pocta, Clint Wells, and Brian T. Murphy, 2006

When Jesus' gracious hand
Yet long I vainly sought,
My sorrow Thou can see,
I would be near Thy feet,

Has a land, the wilderness appears,
That sweet land for ever lost,
Thine, and yet from Thee will start;
Beat, and see its purple tide;

No healing balm appears
I hunger now for Thy roving
Trace all the wonders

Quench out the every thirst.
Bind it fast.

© 2007 Red Mountain Music

www.redmountainmusic.com
Jesus I Long For Thee

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #672
Words - John Berridge, 1716-1793
Music - Brian T. Murphy and Jeff Koonce, 2004

Bm          A          G
Jesus, I long for thee,
Em                 D/F#    G
And sigh for Canaan's shore,
Bm         A         G
Thy lovely face to see,
Em              D          C
And all my warfare o'er;
D  G       Bm   A    G
Here billows break upon my breast
D  G             Bm   A     G
And brooding sorrows steal my rest.

I pant, I groan, I grieve
For my untoward heart;
How full of doubts I live,
Though full of grace thou art!
What poor returns, I make to thee
For all the mercy shown to me!

And must I ever smart,
A child of sorrows here?
Yet, Lord be near my heart,
To soothe each rising tear;
Then at thy bleeding cross I'll stay,
And sweetly weep my life away.

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Jesus, I Long for Thee

from the Gadsby Hymnal #672

words: John Berridge, 1716-1793
music: Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

© 2004 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Jesus Is Our Great Salvation
*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #205*

Words - John Adams, 1751-1835  
Music - Clint Wells, 2004

CAPO I

G
Jesus is our great salvation,
Em D
Worthy of our best esteem;
G
He has saved his favorite nation;
Em D D/F#
Join to sing aloud of him.
D/F# G/C G
He has saved us!
Em Am C D
Christ alone could us redeem
D/F# G/C G
He has saved us!
Em D
Christ alone could us redeem.

When involved in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found,
Jesus our distress was viewing;
Grace did more than sin abound.
He has called us,
With salvation in the sound.

Let us never Lord forget thee;  
Make us walk as children here.  
We will give thee all the glory  
Of the love that brought us near.  
Bid us praise thee,  
And rejoice with holy fear.

Free election known by calling,  
Is a privilege divine;  
Saints are kept from final falling;  
All the glory Lord be thine!  
All the glory,  
All the glory, Lord is thine!

© 2005 Red Mountain Music  
www.redmountainmusic.com
Jesus Is Our Great Salvation

Words - John Adams, 1751-1835
Music - Clint Wells, 2004

When involved in sin and ruin,
Let us never Lord forget thee;
Free election known by calling,
Jesus is our great salvation,
Worthy of our best esteem;
And no help other there was found,
Make us walk as children here.
Is a privilege divine;
Saints are kept from final nation;
Join to sing aloud of him.
Grace did more than sin abound.
Of the love that brought us near.
All the glory Lord be thine!
Christ alone could us redeem
us,
With salvation in the sound.
And rejoice with holy fear.
All the glory, Lord is thine!
He has saved us!
He has called us,
Bid us praise thee,
All the glory, Lord is thine!

© 2005 Red Mountain Music www.redmountainmusic.com
Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Capo III
G                 C
1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
               G                  C
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
               G                         C
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
G                 C
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
'Dil life’s storm is past;
G                   C        G
Safe into the haven guide;
Em         D       C
Receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,
I helpless, hang on Thee;
Leave, oh leave me not alone,
Support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
In the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, are all I want,
Here more than all I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
For all eternity.

Real Key
Bb               Eb
1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
               Bb                   Eb
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
               Bb                         Eb
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
F                       Eb        Bb
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
'Til life’s storm is past;
F                   Eb      Bb
Safe into the haven guide;
Gm          F       Eb
Receive my soul at last.
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

Words by Charles Wesley
Music by Greg Thompson

Capo III

G     C

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, let me
2. Other refuge have I none, hangs my
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, grace to

to thy bosom fly,
helpless soul on thee;
all in thee I find;
cover all my sin;

G     C

While the nearer waters roll, while the
leave, ah! leave me not alone, still sup-
raise the fallen, cheer the faint, heal the
let the healing streams abound; make and

G     C

tempest still is high:
port and comfort me! blind.
sick, and lead me pure within:

D     C     G

hide me, O my Savior, hide,
All my trust on thee is stayed,
Just and holy is thy name;

© 2000 Greg Thompson Music
Used by permission. All rights reserved.
Jesus' Precious Blood
*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #1156*
Words - William J. Irons, 1812-1833
Music - Clint Wells, 2004

Intro:
C  G-Am  F  G  C (2x)

C          F            C
What sacred fountain yonder springs
C          G
Up from the throne of God,
C          F            C
And all new covenant blessings brings?
F                   G             C
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

What mighty sum paid all my debt,
When I a bondman stood,
And has my soul at freedom set?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

re refrain:
E           Am
What stream can sweep away
   F           G
My sins just like a flood,
C      G Am
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay?
F  G  C
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

What voice is that which speaks for me
In heaven's court for good,
And from the curse has set me free?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

What theme, my soul shall best employ
Thy harp before thy God,
And make all heaven to ring with joy?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Jesus' Precious Blood
from the Gadsby Hymnal #1156

words: William J. Irons, 1812-1833
music: Clint Wells, 2004

What sacred fountain yonder springs
Up from the throne of God,
What mighty sum paid all my debt,
When I a bondman stood,
What voice is that which speaks for me
In heaven's court for good,
What theme, my soul shall best employ
Thy harp before thy God,

And all new covenant blessing brings?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.
And has my soul at freedom set?
And from the curse has set me free?
And make all heav'n to ring with joy?

What stream can sweep away
My sins just like a flood,
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

© 2004 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Jesus Thou Joy of Loving Hearts  
Words: Bernard of Clairvaux, 12th Century  
Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2003  

C       C/B       Am
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts
F               Am       G
Thou fount of life, Thou light of men
C       C/B       Am
From the best bliss that earth imparts
F               Dm       G       C
We turn unfilled to Thee again

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood
Thou savest those that on Thee call
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good
To them that find, Thee all in all

We taste of Thee, O living bread
And long to feast upon Thee still
We drink of Thee the fountainhead
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee
Wherever our changeful lot is cast
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see
Blessed when our faith can hold Thee fast

Key Change:
D       D/C#       Bm
O Jesus, ever with us stay
G               Bm       A
Make all our moments calm and bright
D       D/C#       Bm
Chase the dark night of sin away
G       Em       A       D
Shed over the world Thy holy light

© 2003 Red Mountain Music  
www.redmountainmusic.com
Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts

words: Benard of Clairvaux, 12th century
music: Brian T. Murphy, 2003

C C/B Amin

Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts
Thou Thy truth un changed hath ever stood
We taste of Thee, O living bread And
Our restless spirits yearn for Thee Where
O Jesus ever with us stay Make

F Amin G

fount of life, thou light of men
sav est those that on Thee call
long to feast upon Thee still
'er our change ful lot is cast
all our moments calm and bright

C C/B Amin

From the best bliss that earth impr parts We
To them that seek Thou art good To
We drink of Thee the fountain head And
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see Blessed
Chase the dark night of sin a way Shed

F Dmin G C

turn un filled to Thee again.
them that find Thee all in all.
thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
when our faith can hold Thee fast.
over the world The holy light.
Jesus Whispers
*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #180*
Words - Joseph Hart (1712-1768), 1759
Music - Clint Wells and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

CAPO III

G       G/C
Lamb of God, we fall before thee,
G       G/C
Humbly trusting in thy cross;
G       G/C
That alone be all our glory;
G       G/C
All things else are vain and loss.

*Thee we own a perfect Savior,*
*Only source of all that's good:*
*Every grace and every favor*
*Comes to us through Jesus' blood.*

**refrain:**

D
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
C
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven."
D
Faith He gives us to believe,
C       C
Hearing ears and seeing eyes.

*When we live on Jesus' merit,*
*Then we worship God aright,*
*Father, Son and Holy Spirit,*
*Then we savingly unite.*

*Hear the whole conclusion of it;*
*Great or good, whate'er we call,*
*God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,*
*Jesus Christ is All in All.*

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Jesus Whispers
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #180

Words - Joseph Hart, 1759
Music - Clint Wells and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Jesus Whispers

Lamb of God, we fall before thee,
Thee we own a perfect Savior,
When we live on Jesus' merits,
Hear the whole conciliation of it;

Humbly trusting in thy cross;
That alone be all our glory;
Only source of all that's good:
Every grace and every favor;
Then we worship God aright,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Great or good, what'er we call,
God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,

All things else are vain and loss.
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
 Comes to us through Jesus' blood.
Then we savingly unite.
Jesus Christ is All in All.

"Son, thy sins are all forgiven."
Faith He gives us to believe,

Hearing ears and seeing eyes.
King Of Saints
*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #857*
Words - Joseph Hart, 1712-1768
Music - Clint Wells, 2004

G G/F# Jesus Christ, God's holy lamb,
G/F# Em We will laud thy lovely name;
Em Cadd9 We were saved by God's decree,
Cadd9 D G And all our debt was paid by thee.

Thou has washed us in thy blood,
Made us kings and priests to God;
Take this tribute of the poor;
Less we can't, we can't give more.

refrain:

G G/F# Souls redeemed, your voices raise,
G/F# Em Sing your dear Redeemer's praise;
Em Cadd9 Worthy thou of love and laud,
Cadd9 D G King of saints, incarnate God.

Righteous are thy ways and true;
Endless honors are thy due;
Grace and glory in thee shine;
Matchless mercy, love divine.

We for whom thou once was slain,
We thy ransomed sinner train,
In this one request agree,
"Spirit make us more like thee."

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
King of Saints

Words - Joseph Hart, 1712-1768
Music - Clint Wells, 2004

Jes - us Christ, God's hol - y lamb, We will laud thy lovel - y name;
Right - eous are thy ways and true; End - less hon - ors are thy due;

We were saved by God's dec - ree, And all our debt was paid by thee.
Grace and glor - y in thee shine; Match - less merc - y, love div - ine.

Thou has washed us in thy blood, Made us kings and prin - cip - al.
We for whom thou once was slain, We thy ran - ches and prin - cip - al.

and pris - ents to God; Take this trib - ute of the poor;
somed sin - ner train; In this one re - quest an - gels,

Less we can't, we can't give more.
"Spir - it make us more like thee."
Souls red - eemed,

your voic - es raise, Sing your dear Red - eem - er's praise; Wor - thy thou
of love and laud, King of saints, inc - ar - nate God.

© 2005 Red Mountain Music www.redmountainmusic.com
Lead Me To The Rock

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 1104
Words - S. Turner or Bennet, 1838.
Music - Clint Wells, Brian T. Murphy and Benj Pocta, 2006.

Capo II

F             Bb
Convinced as a sinner, to Jesus I come
F             Bb            C
Informed by the gospel for such there is room;
Dm            C             Bb
Overwhelmed with sorrows for sin I will cry
Bb             C             Bb             C             F
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

When sorely afflicted and ready to faint,
Before my Redeemer I'll spread my complaint;
'Mid storms and distresses my soul shall rely
On Jesus, the rock that is higher than I.

'Tis there with the chosen of Jesus,
I long to dwell and eternally join in the song,
And praising and blessings, with angels on high,
It's Jesus, the rock that is higher than I.

© 2007 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Lead Me to the Rock

words by S. Turner or Bennett, 1838.

music by Benj Pocta, Clint Wells, and Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

Convinced as a sinner, to Jesus I come,
When sorely afflicted, and ready to faint,

Informed by the gospel, for such there is room,
And raising my soul from the pit of despair,

O'erwhelmed with sorrow, for sin will I cry,
Midst storms and distresses, my soul shall cry;

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Lord, Dissolve My Frozen Heart
_Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #1117_
Words: Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855. Chorus by Brian T. Murphy.

Am      G    F      C/E
Lord, dissolve my frozen heart,
Am         G        Dm
By the beams of love divine;
Am       G        F       C/E
This alone can warmth impart,
Am         G        C
To dissolve a heart like mine.

O that love, how vast it is!
Vast it seems, though known in part;
Strange indeed, if love like this,
Should not melt the frozen heart.

_Chorus:_
F/D           C/E                F
The love of Christ passes knowledge.
F/D           C/E            G
The love of Christ eases fear.
F/D           C/E             F
The love of Christ hits a man’s heart,
   G
It pierces him like a spear.

Savior, let thy love be felt,
Let its power be felt by me,
Then my frozen heart shall melt,
Melt in love, O Lord to thee.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Lord, Dissolve My Frozen Heart

Words: Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.
Chorus by Brian T. Murphy.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music  www.redmountainmusic.com
The Lord Forever Mine

Words: William Cowper, 1731-1800
Music: Clint Wells, 2009

My God how perfect are thy ways But mine polluted are;
When I would speak what Thou hast done, To save me from my sins
Divine desire, that holy flame Thy grace creates in me;
Let others in their gaudy dress A fancied merit shine

The Lord shall be my soul righteous

And slides into my prayers, And
But self applause creeps in, But
When it returns to me, When
The Lord forever mine, The

slides into my prayers, self applause creeps in, it returns to me, Lord forever mine.
The Lord Forever Mine

Words: William Cowper, 1731-1800
Music: Clint Wells, 2009

Capo II

© 2010 Red Mountain Music | redmountainmusic.com
Love Me to the End  
*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #378*  
Words: Samuel Medley, 1738-1799.  
Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005.

\[ E \quad C#m7 \]
A beggar poor, at mercy’s door,  
\[ E \quad C#m7 \]
Lies such a wretch as I;  
\[ E \quad C#m7 \]
Thou know’st my need is great indeed,  
\[ E \quad C#m7 \]
Lord hear me when I cry.

\[ A \quad E \]
With guilt beset and deep in debt,  
\[ C#m7 \quad B \]
For pardon Lord I pray;  
\[ A \quad E \]
O let Thy love sufficient prove,  
\[ C#m7 \quad B \quad E \]
To take my sins away.

Affections wild by sin defiled,  
Oft hurry me away;  
Lord bring them home nor let them roam,  
From Christ the Living Way.

\[ E \quad C#m7 \]
Before Thy face I’ve told my case;  
\[ E \quad C#m7 \]
Lord help and mercy send;  
\[ E \quad A \]
Pity my soul and make me whole,  
\[ C#m7 \quad B \quad E \]
And love me to the end.

A wicked heart is no small part,  
Of my distress and shame;  
Let sovereign grace its crimes efface,  
Through Jesus’ blessed name.

My darkened mind I daily find,  
Is prone to go astray;  
Lord on it shine with light divine,  
And guide it in Thy way.

My stubborn will opposes still,  
Thy wise and holy hand;  
Thy Spirit send to make it bend,  
To Thy supreme command.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music  
www.redmountainmusic.com
Love Me to the End
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #378

Words: Samuel Medley, 1738-1799.
Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Melt My Soul To Love
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #951
Words – J. Swain, 1838

Dm
Hark! From the cross a gracious voice,
Dm
Salutes my ravished ears;
   Gm
Rejoice, thou ransomed souls, rejoice!
   Dm
And dry those falling tears!

Amazed, I turn, grown strangely bold;
This wondrous thing to see;
And there the dying Lord behold,
Stretched on the bloody tree.

“Sinners”, he cried, “behold the head,
This thorny wreath entwines;
Look on those wounded hands and read
Thy name in crimson lines.”

The power, the sweetness of that voice
My stony heart does move;
Makes me in Christ my Lord rejoice
And melts my soul to love.

© 2007 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Hark from the cross a gracious voice,

"Sinner," he cried, "behold the head,

The pow'r the sweetness of that voice,

A-mazed I turn, grown strangely bold,

This wondrous thing does move;

And there the dying Lord be-

Thou ransomed soul, rejoicing

Look on these wound-ed hands and

be-damned soul, Thy name in crim-son

that voice, My stony

mystic tree."

This thorny

my name in crim-son

My head,

my stony

my stony

my stony

My head,

my stony

Rejoice, And dry those falling tears."

And reads, Thy name in crim-son

hold, Stretched on a blood-y tree."

And melts my soul to love."

Melt My Soul to Love

words by Joseph Swain, 1761-1796. music by Benj Pocta and Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

© 2007 Red Mountain Music www.redmountainmusic.com
My Business Lies at Jesus' Gate

Words: Erskine & Berridge
Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2009

© 2010 Red Mountain Music | redmountainmusic.com
My Business Lies at Jesus' Gate

Words: Erskine & Berridge
Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2009

© 2010 Red Mountain Music | redmountainmusic.com
My Jesus, I Love Thee
Words - William R. Featherston, 1864
Music - "Gordon," Adoniram J. Gordon, 1876

D          Bm         A/C#          D
My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
D          Bm         A/C#          D
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign.
D          G          D          A
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou;
D          Bm         A/C#          D
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree.
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

www.redmountainmusic.com
My Jesus, I Love Thee

Words - William R. Featherston, 1864
Music - Adoniram J. Gordon, 1876

My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the follies of sin I resign. My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou; If ever I loved Thee, 'tis now.

I love Thee because Thou has first loved me, And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree. I love Thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow; If ever I loved Thee, 'tis now.

I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath; And I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright; I'll ever adore Thee, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delights, mine; For Thee all the follies of sin I resign. My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou; If ever I loved Thee, 'tis now.
My Raptured Soul
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #268
Words: John Berridge, 1716-1793.
Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

Capo 2

C
If Jesus kindly say,
C
And with a whispering word,
G
"Arise my love and come away,"
F  G  C
I run to meet my Lord.

My soul is in my ears;
My heart is all on flame;
My eyes are sweetly drowned in tears,
And melted is my frame.

Chorus:
F
My raptured soul will rise up,
C
And give a cheerful spring,
F
And dart through all the lofty skies,
G
To visit Zion's King.
F  G  C
To visit Zion's King.

He meets me with a kiss,
And with a smiling face;
I taste the dear, enchanting bliss,
And wonder at his grace.

A soft and tender sigh,
Now heaves my hollowed breast;
I long to lay me down and die,
And find eternal rest.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
My Raptured Soul
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #268

Words: John Berridge, 1716-1793.
Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
My Soul Rejoice and Sing
*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #550*
Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.
Music: Matthew S. Welch, Clint Wells, & Brian T. Murphy, 2005.

Capo 5

    Am  
My soul rejoice and sing,  
    F                   
Thy Father’s glorious praise;  
    Am  
And let His precious love,  
    F           G       
Employ thee all thy days;  
    Am  
To save my soul from hell,  
    F                   
Was His eternal will;  
    Am  
And bless His precious name,  
    F           G       
His purpose to fulfill.  
    C                        G  
He took the Lord, the great I AM,  
    F           C         G       
And as a nail He fastened Him.

When deep calls to deep,  
And sins like mountains rise,  
And the old prince of hell,  
Says all the Bible’s lies,  
This nail is fastened, in my heart,  
Nor will it e’er, from me depart.

My wicked heart has said,  
Again yea, and again,  
That Christ my soul will leave,  
To perish in my sin;  
But though I feel as cold as clay,  
He will not, cannot, go away.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
My Soul Rejoice and Sing

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.
Music: Matthew S. Welch, Clint Wells, & Brian T. Murphy, 2005.

My soul rejoice and sing, Thy Father's glorious praise;
And let His precious love, Employ thee all thy days; To fill.

And bless His precious name, His purpose to ful
And as a nail He fastened Him. When deep calls to deep, And sins like moun

My soul save my soul from hell, Was His eternal will;
And let His precious love, His purpose to ful
And the old prince of hell, Says all the Bible's

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
C    F    C
lies, This nail is fast - ened, in my heart, Nor

Bb   F   C
will it e'er, from me de - part. My

Dmin   Bb
wick - ed heart has said, A - gain yea, and a - gain, That

Dmin    Bb   C
Christ my soul will leave, To per - ish in my sin; But

F    C
though I feel as cold as clay, He

Bb   F   C   F
will not, can - not, go a - way.
Narrow Little Road
Words and Music - Mo Leverett, 1995

G C D
I believe in the love of God
G C D
It is an orphan's wildest dream
G C D
It is a narrow little road
G C D
It is an ever-widening desert stream

refrain:

G F#/D EM
Oh I, and I,
C G D
I will leave this road
G
For the narrow

It is portrayed in the bread and wine
Let it fortify my bones
It is more than just a sign
It is the fountain from that desert stone

refrain

It is the path where the humble go
It is the narrow not the broad
It is the pathway down the hill
To the graveyard of the living God

refrain

The love of God is the hymn of hope
Let the needy join the throng
Let the widow hear and cope
Let the crippled rise to sing this song

Refrain

© 1995, Justice Road Productions
I believe in the love of God

It is an orphan's wildest dream

It is a narrow little road

It is an ever-widening desert stream

Oh I, and I, I will leave this road

For the narrow

It is portrayed in the bread and wine

Let it fortify my bones

It is more than just a sign

It is the fountain from that desert stone

Oh I, and I, I will leave this road

For the narrow
It is the path where the humble go
It is the narrow not the broad
It is the pathway down the hill
To the graveyard of the living God
Oh I, and I, I will leave this road
For the narrow
The love of God is the hymn of hope
Let the needy join the throng
Let the widow hear and cope
Let the crippled rise to sing this song
Oh I, and I,
I will leave this road For the narrow

© 1995, Justice Road Productions www.redmountainmusic.com
No Sweeter Subject

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #202
Words - John Newton, 1725-1807
Music - Brian T. Murphy, 2004

CAPO I

A                      E/G#
Now may the Lord reveal his face,
   A/F#
And teach our stammering tongues
A           E/G#
To make his sovereign, reigning grace
   A/F#
The subject of our songs.

refrain:

D   A/C#
No sweeter subject can invite
   Bm
A sinner's heart to sing,
D              A/C#
Or more display the glorious right
   E
Of our exalted King.

Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
To melt the hardest hearts;
And from the work it once begins
It never once departs.

The world and Satan strive in vain
Against the chosen few;
Secured by grace's conquering reign,
They all shall conquer too.

Twas grace that called our souls at first;
By grace thus far we've come;
And grace will help us through the worst,
And lead us safely home.

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
No Sweeter Subject
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #202

Words - John Newton, 1725-1807
Music - Brian T. Murphy, 2004

© 2005 Red Mountain Music www.redmountainmusic.com
O the Delights
_Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 476_
Words - Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
Music - Jeff Koonce, Andrew Spear, and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Am                                F
O the delights, the heavenly joys
C                           G
The glories of this place,
Am                                       F
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
C                           G
Of his overflowing grace.

Dm                                    F
Sweet majesty and awful love
C                        G
Sit smiling on his brow,
Dm                                  F
And all the glorious ranks above
C                            G
At humble distance bow.

_Refrain_

F                          G                             C
And while our faith enjoys this sight,
C
We long to leave our clay;
F                          G                           C
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
C
To fetch our souls away

Blessed angels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at His feet

His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.

© 2004 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Refrain

This is the Man, the exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face
Our hearts shall love him more

Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy blessed abode!
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God.

Refrain

© 2004 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
O The Delights
from the Gadsby Hymnal #476

words: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
music: Jeff Koonce, Andrew Spear
Brian T. Murphy, 2004

© 2004 Red Mountain Music www.redmountainmusic.com

O the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of this place,
Bless'd angels sound His lofty praise
Through ev'ry heav'nly street,
This is the Man, the exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore;

Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace,
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at His feet.
But when our eyes behold His face
Our hearts shall love Him more.

Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on His brow,
His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see Thy bless'd abode!

And all the glorious ranks of love
At humble distance bow,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God.

And while our faith enjoys this sight
We long to leave our clay
And wish Thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

© 2004 Red Mountain Music www.redmountainmusic.com
PASS ME NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOR
Words - Fanny J. Crosby, 1868
Music - W. Howard Doane, 1870

intro and optional chords during verse:
(D, C, G/B, D/A, D)

D       G          D
Pass me not, O gentle Savior,
A             D
Hear my humble cry;
D      G         D
While on others Thou art calling,
A       D
Do not pass me by.

Refrain
D           G
Savior, Savior,
D        G - A
Hear my humble cry;
D      G         D
While on others Thou art calling,
A        D
Do not pass me by.

Refrain
Let me at Thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition;
Help my unbelief.

Refrain
Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

Refrain
Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Refrain

www.redmountainmusic.com
Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior

Words - Fanny J. Crosby, 1868
Music - W. Howard Doane, 1870

Pass me not, O gentle Savior,
Let me at Thy throne of mercy
Trust ing only in Thy mercy
Thou the Spring of all my comfort,

Hear my humble cry;
Find a sweet relief;
Would I seek Thy face;
More than life to me,

While on others Thou art calling.
Do not pass me by.
Savior, hear my humble cry.
While on others Thou art calling.

Savior, hear my humble cry.
While on others Thou art calling.
Do not pass me by.
Pearly Gates
Words - Fredrick A. Blom, 1917
Music - Clint Wells and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Capo I
C                                   Am
Love divine so great and wondrous
F                            G
Deep and mighty, pure sublime
C                                 Am
Coming from the heart of Jesus
F                                         G
Just the same through tests of time.

Refrain
Am                             C
He the pearly gates will open,
D                     F
So that I may enter in;
C                               Am
For he purchased my redemption
D                           F
And forgave me all my sin.

Like an dove when hunted frightened,
As a wounded fawn was I;
Broken hearted yet He healed me
He will heed the sinner’s cry.

Refrain

Love divine so great and wondrous!
All my sins he then forgave!
I will sing his praise forever,
For His blood, His power to save.

Refrain

In life’s eventide, at twilight,
At His door I’ll knock and wait
By the precious love of Jesus
I shall enter heaven’s gate.

Refrain

© 2004 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Real Key
Db                                   Bbm
Love divine so great and wondrous
Gb                            Ab
Deep and mighty, pure sublime
Db                               Bbm
Coming from the heart of Jesus
Gb                                      Ab
Just the same through tests of time.

Bbm                          Db
He the pearly gates will open,
Eb                     Gb
So that I may enter in;
Db                              Bbm
For he purchased my redemption
Eb                          Gb
And forgave me all my sin.

© 2004 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Pearly Gates

words: Fredrick A. Blom, 1917
music: Clint Wells and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Love divine so great and wondrous, Deep and mighty, pure sublime;
Like a dove when hunted frightened, As a wounded fawn was I;
Love divine so great and wondrous, All my sins he then forgave!
In life's eventide, at twilight, At his door I'll knock and wait;

Gb D7 Ab Bm7

Com-ing from the heart of Je-sus Just the same through tests of time.
Bro-ken heart-ed yet he healed me, He will heed the sin-ners cry.
I will sing his praise for-ev-er, For his blood, his pow'r to save.
By the pre-cious love of Je-sus, I shall enter heaven's gate.

Db Ab/C Gb Bm7

I may en-ter in; For he pur-chased my re-demp-tion And for-

Gb/G B7/G

gave me all my sin.
Pensive, Doubting, Fearful Heart

Intro:
G, A, D

G  A  D
Pensive, doubting, fearful heart,
Bm  G  A
Hear what Christ the Savior says;
G  A  D
Every word should joy impart,
Bm  G  A
Change thy mourning into praise.
G  A  D
Yes, He speaks and speaks to thee,
G  A  Bm
May He help thee to believe;
A  A/Bb  Bm
Then thou presently will see
G  A  D
Thou has little cause to grieve.

Fear thou not, nor be ashamed;
All thy sorrows soon shall end,
I, who heaven and earth have framed,
Am thy Husband and thy Friend;
I the High and Holy One,
Israel's God, by all adored,
As thy Savior will be known,
Thy Redeemer and thy Lord.

For a moment I withdrew,
And thy heart was filled with pain;
But my mercies I'll renew;
Thou shall soon rejoice again;
Though I seem to hide my face,
Very soon my wrath shall cease;
'Tis but for a moment's space,
Ending in eternal peace.

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Though afflicted, tempest tossed,
Comfortless awhile thou art,
Do not think thou can be lost,
Thou art graven on my heart;
All thy wastes I will repair;
Thou shalt be rebuilt anew;
And in thee it shall appear
What the God of love can do.

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Pensive, Doubting, Fearful Heart
from the Gadsby Hymnal #273

words: John Newton, 1779
music: Wendell Kimbrough, 2004

© 2004 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Poor Wayfaring Stranger

Capo IV

Em
I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Am                      Em
Traveling through this world of woe
Em
But there's no sickness, toil, or danger
C   D                   Em
In that bright land to which I go.

C                                G
I'm going there to meet my mother
C                             B7
Said she'll meet me when I come
Em
I'm only going over Jordan
C   D           Em
I'm only going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me
I know my way will be rough and steep
But beautiful fields lie just before me
Where God's redeemed their vigil keep

I'm going there to meet my loved ones
Gone on before me one by one.
I'm only going over Jordan.
I'm only going over home.

I'll soon be free of earthly trials
My body rest in the old church yard
I'll drop this cross of self-denial
And I'll go singing home to God

I'm going there to meet my Savior
Dwell with him and never roam.
I'm only going over Jordan.
I'm only going over home.
Real Key  
    G#m  
I am a poor wayfaring stranger    G#m  
    C#m                                        G#m  
Traveling through this world of woe    G#m  
But there's no sickness, toil, or danger  
    E    F#  G#m  
In that bright land to which I go.  

    E  
I'm going there to meet my mother    B  
    E  
Said she'll meet me when I come  
    E    D#7  
I'm only going over Jordan  
    G#m  
I'm only going over home.
Poor Wayfaring Stranger

Capo IV (Real Key: G# minor)

Emin

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
I know dark clouds will gather 'round me
I'll soon be free of earthly trials

Amin

Traveling through this world of woe
I know my way will be rough and steep
My body rest in the old church yard

Emin

But there's no sickness, toil, or danger
But beautiful fields lie just before me
I'll drop this cross of self-denial

C D Emin

In that bright land to which I go. I'm going
Where God's redeemed their vigil keep. I'm going
And I'll go singing home to God. I'm going

C G Emin

there to meet my mother. Said she'll meet me when I come
there to meet my loved ones. Gone on before
there to meet my Savior. Dwell with him

B7 Emin

me one by one. I'm only going over
and never roam. I'm only going over

C D Emin

Jordon. I'm only going over home.
Jordon. I'm only going over home.
Jordon. I'm only going over home.

www.redmountainmusic.com
Psalm 126

Words: Watts Psalter (published 1852)
Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2009

© 2010 Red Mountain Music | redmountainmusic.com
When God revealed His gracious name
And changed my mournful state
The Lord can clear the darkest skies
Can give us day for night
Let those who sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come

My rapture seemed a pleasing dream
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
They shall confess their sheaves are great

The grace appeared so great
The world beheld the glorious change
To rivers of delight
And shout the blessings home
Though seed lie buried long in dust

And did thy hand confess
And owned the pow'r divine
It shan't deceive their hope
My tongue broke out

And sung surprising grace
And be thy glory thine
For grace ensures the crop
Sanctus

Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2009

C Am F C Am

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord God of pow'r and might
Heav-en and Earth are full of Your glo-ry

F F C G

Ho-san-na Bless-ed is he who comes In the name of the Lord

F C G C

Ho-san-na in the high-est
Clara T. Williams, 1875

Karl Digerness, 1997

Satisfied

Guitar - capo 3

Chord Symbols:

Intro

Chadd\(^9\) G Chadd\(^9\) G

1. All my life__ long__ I had pant__ ted__
2. Feed__ ing on__ the__ filth a__ round__ me__
3. Poor I was__ and__ sought for rich__ es__
4. Well of wa__ ter__ ever spring__ ing__

3

Chadd\(^9\) Em\(^7\) Dsus D

for a drink__ from some cool spring
'till my strength was almost gone.
some__ thing that__ would sat__ is__ fy.
Bread of Life__ so rich and free.

5

Chadd\(^9\) G Chadd\(^9\) G

that I hoped__ would__ quench the burn__ ing__
Longed my soul__ for__ some__ thing bet__ ter__
But the dust__ I__ gathered__ round__ me__
Un__ told wealth__ that__ never fail__ eth__

7

Chadd\(^9\) Em\(^7\) Dsus D

of the thirst__ I felt with__ in.
on__ ly still__ to hun__ ger on.
on__ ly mocked my soul’s sad cry.
my Redeemer is to me.

CHORUS

Em G Am G

Hal__ le__ lu__ jah! He has found me__

11

C Em Dsus D

the One my soul__ so long has craved!

13

C G Am G

Je__ sus sat__ is__ fies__ all my long__ ings__

15

C Em D

through his blood__ I now am saved
tag: repeat last 2 measures 2X

© Copyright 1997 Karl Digerness Music
The Secret Place

Words: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
Music: Clint Wells, Brian T. Murphy, 2005

Oh that I knew the secret place, Where He knows what arguments I'd take. Where I'd place, take segments secret I'd spread, plead my wants be -

I might find my God; I'd spread my wants be -

fore his face, And pour my woes a - broad. And for my Sa - vior's blood. And for my Sa - vior's blood.

I'd tell Him how my sins a - rise. What sor - rows I sus - tain. What sor - rows I sus - tain. I'd spread my wants be -

But stay my soul till hope gives place He'll ba - nish ev - 'ry fear! He'll ba - nish ev - 'ry fear! And pour my woes a - broad. And pour my woes a - broad. And pour my woes a - broad.

How grace re - cedes and com - fort dies And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain. Oh that I knew the strengths and com - fort of grace And To leaves my heart in pain.
The Secret Place

Capo I

Words: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
Music: Clint Wells, Brian T. Murphy, 2005

© 2010 Red Mountain Music | redmountainmusic.com
Soon and Very Soon
Words - Andrae Crouch, 1976.

B
Soon and very soon
C#m
We’re going to see the King
B
Soon and very soon
C#m
We’re going to see the King

E C#m
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
A E/G# E
We are going to see the King

No more crying there
We’re going to see the King
No more crying there
We’re going to see the King

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
We are going to see the King

Key Change:
Db
No more dying there
Ebm
We’re going to see the King
Db
No more dying there
Ebm
We’re going to see the King

Gb Ebm
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Cb Gb Db
We are going to see the King

© 2004 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Soon and Very Soon

Words - Andrae Crouch, 1976.

Soon and ver - y soon We're going to see the King
No more cry - ing there We're going to see the King
No more dy - ing there We're going to see the King

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
We are go - ing to see the King
Spread Thy Wings

Words: E. Thompson Baird, 1821-1887
Music: Clint Wells, 2009

Spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

© 2010 Red Mountain Music | redmountainmusic.com
Streams of Living Water Flow
*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 932*
Words: Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.
Music: Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Capo II
G/B    A/C#    D
See, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow.
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the plains below.

Em         D/F#        G
They are blessed, They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.

Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way.
Life and health and joy bestowing
Making all around *unstained*.

O believer, O believer
All thy sins are washed away.

Gladdened by the flowing treasure
All enriching as it goes.
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure
Buds and blossoms as the rose.

Every sinner, every sinner
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

Trees of life the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around.
Those who eat are saved from mourning,
Pleasure comes and hopes abound.

Fair their portion, Fair their portion
Endless life with glory crowned.

© 2004 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Real Key:
A/C#       B/D#       E
See, from Zion's sacred mountain,  
Streams of living water flow  
God has opened there a fountain  
That supplies the plains below

F#m       E/G#       A
They are blessed, They are blessed  
Who its sovereign virtues know

© 2004 Red Mountain Music  
www.redmountainmusic.com
Streams of Living Water Flow
from the Gadsby Hymnal # 932

words: Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855
music: Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

See, from Zion's sacred mountain
Through thousand sand channels flowing
Gladen by the flowing treasure
Trees of life the banks adorn

Streams of living water flow,
Streams of mercy find their way
All enriching as it goes
Yield their fruit to all around

God has opened there a fountain
Life and health and joy bestowing
Lo the desert smiles with pleasure
Those who eat are saved from mourning

That supplies the plains below.
They are blessed
Makin all around unstained
O be lie ver

Buds and blossoms as the rose
Ev'ry sinner
Pleasure comes and hopes abound
Fair their portion

Who its sovereign
They are blessed
Ev'ry sinner
All thy sins

Virtues flow
Obeliever

where 'er it flows
Ev'ry sin

reign
Fair their por

are washed away
Obeliever

with glory crowned
Ev'ry sin
There Forever Stay

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 483
Words - Gospel Mag, 1804
Music - Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Dm    C                F
I soon shall be landed
Dm    C                            G
On yonder shores of bliss
Dm          C                           F
There, with my powers expanded
Dm        C                         G
Shall dwell where Jesus is.

Bb                          F
I soon shall be seated

With Jesus on his throne,
Jesus on his Throne
Bb                         F
My foes all defeated

And sacred peace made known,
sacred peace made known

With Father, Son and Spirit
I shall forever reign,
Sweet joy and peace inherit
And every good obtain

I soon shall reach the harbor
To which I speed my way
To which I speed my way
Shall cease from all my labor
And there forever stay
And there forever stay

Sweet spirit guide me over
This life's tempestuous sea
Keep me, O holy Lover,
For I confide in Thee

© 2004 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
O that in Jordan's swelling
I may be helped to sing
May be helped to sing
And pass the river telling
The triumphs of my King
The triumphs of my King.

© 2004 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
There Forever Stay
from the Gadsby Hymnal #483

words: Gospel Mag, 1804
music: Brian T. Murphy, 2004

© 2004 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
There is a Fountain

Guitar - capo 2

Karl Digerness, 1997

1. There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day.
3. Dear dying Lamb thy precious blood shall never lose its power
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream thy flowing wounds supply

and sinners plunged beneath that flood loose all their
and there may I though vile as he wash all my
'till all the ransomed church of God be saved to
re-deeming love has been my theme and shall be

guilty stains; and sinners plunged beneath that_
sins away; and there may I though vile as_
sin no more; 'till all the ransomed church of_
'till I die; re-deeming love has been my_

flood loose all their guilty stains.
he, wash all my sins away.
God be saved to sin no more.
theme and shall be 'till I die.

© 1997 Karl Digerness Music
There Is A Land of Pure Delight

* Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 1022
* Words – Issac Watts, 1707

Am
There is a land of pure delight,
   C
Where saints, immortal reign.
F   C   G   Dm
Infinite day excludes the night
   F   G   Am
And pleasures banish pain.

Chorus:

   C   G
Could we but climb where Moses stood
   Dm   F
And view the landscape o'er.
   C   G
Not Jordan's streams north death's cold flood
   Dm   F
Should fright us from this shore.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes!

© 2007 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
There is a Land of Pure Delight

words by Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.
music by Benj Pocat and Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

© 2007 Red Mountain Music

www.redmountainmusic.com
This Breaks My Heart of Stone  
*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 390*  
Words – Charles Wesley, 1749  

Am     G     F     C
Jesus let thy pitying eye
    F     C     G
Call back a wandering sheep.
Am     G     F     C
False to Thee like Peter, I
    F     C     G
Would fain, like Peter, weep.
Dm
Let me be by grace restored;
    C     G
On me be all it’s freeness shown
Dm
Turn and look upon me Lord;
    C     Am     F
And break my heart of stone
    C     Am     F
And break my heart of stone.

Savior, Prince, enthroned above,  
Repentance to impart,  
Give me, through Thy dying love,  
The humble, contrite heart;  
Give what I have long implored,  
A portion of Thy love unknown;  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.  
And break my heart of stone.

Look, as when Thy pitying eye  
Was closed that we might live;  
“Father,” at the point to die  
My Savior cryed, “forgive!”
Surely, with that dying word,  
He turns, and looks, and cries, “Tis done!”
O my bleeding, loving Lord,  
This breaks my heart of stone!  
This breaks my heart of stone!

© 2007 Red Mountain Music  
www.redmountainmusic.com
This Breaks My Heart of Stone

words by Charles Wesley, 1707-1788.
music by Benj Pocta, 2006.

© 2007 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Thou Poor, Afflicted, Tempted Soul
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #705
Words: John Berridge, 1716-1793.

C        F
Thou poor, afflicted, tempted soul,
C         G
With fears, and doubts, and tempests tossed.
C              F
What if the billows rise and roll,
C       G
And dash thy ship, it is not lost;
Am                 F
The winds and waves and fiends may roar,
C                   G
But Christ will bring thee safe on shore.
Am                  F
The winds and waves and fiends may roar,
C                   G
But Christ will bring thee safe on shore.

What ails those eyes bedewed with tears?
Those laboring sighs that heave thy breast?
Those oft repeated, broken prayers?
Dost thou not long for Jesus' rest?
And can the Lord pass heedless by,
And see a mourning sinner die?
And can the Lord pass heedless by,
And see a sad and mourning sinner die?

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Thou Poor, Afflicted, Tempted Soul

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #705

Words: John Berridge, 1716-1793.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
To Thee I Come

Words: Samuel Medley, 1738-1799
Music: Clint Wells, 2006

© 2010 Red Mountain Music | redmountainmusic.com
Weary of Earth, Myself and Sin

*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #386*

Words: Samuel Medley, 1738-1799.
Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2005.

Bm                G
Weary of earth, myself and sin,
D               A
Dear Jesus set me free,
Bm             G
And to Thy glory take me in,
D               A
For there I long to be.

*Chorus:*

D              G
Let a poor laborer here below,
D  \     A
When from his toil set free;
D              G
To rest and peace eternal go;
D               A
For there I long to be.

Burdened, dejected and oppressed,
Ah! Whither shall I flee,
But to Thy arms for peace and rest?
For there I long to be.

Empty, polluted, dark and vain,
Is all this world to me;
May I the better world obtain;
For there I long to be.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Weary of Earth, Myself, and Sin
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #386

Words: Samuel Medley, 1738-1799.
Music: Brian T. Murphy, 2005.

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
WEDDING DRESS
Words and Music - derek webb, 2002

If you could love me as a wife
and for my wedding gift, your life.
Should that be all I'd ever need,
or is there more I'm looking for?

And should I read between the lines,
and look for blessings in disguise?
To make me handsome, rich, and wise
Is that really what you want?

Chorus

I am a whore I do confess.
I put you on just like a wedding dress
and I run down the aisle,
and I run down the aisle.
I'm a prodigal with no way home.
I put you on just like a ring of gold
and I run down the aisle to you.

So could you love this bastard child?
Though I don't trust you to provide.
With one hand in a pot of gold
and with the other in your side.

I am so easily satisfied
by the call of lovers so less wild
that I would take a little cash
Over your very flesh and blood.

chorus

Because money can not buy
a husband's jealous eye,
When you have knowingly deceived his wife.

chorus
We Love Thy Holy Name
*Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #854*
Words - Joseph Hart, 1712-1768
Music - Wendell Kimbrough, Brian T. Murphy and Clint Wells, 2004

Capo 1
F
Jesus, Lord of life and peace,
    G
To thee we lift our voice;
F
Teach us at thy holiness
    G
To tremble and rejoice.
Dm          C              G
Sweet and terrible's thy word;
Dm      C         G
Thou and thy word are both the same
Am              C
Holy, holy, holy Lord
F                    G
We love thy holy name
Am              C
Holy, holy, holy Lord
F                    G
We love thy holy name.

Saints in whom thy Spirit dwells,
Pour out their souls to thee;
Each his tale in secret tells,
And sighs to be set free.
Christ admired, themselves abhorred,
They cry with awe, delight and shame,
Holy, holy, holy Lord
We love thy holy name.

Just and righteous is our king;
Glorious holiness;
Though we tremble while we sing,
We would not wish it less.
Souls by whom the truth's explored
Wonders of mercy best proclaim.
Holy, holy, holy Lord
We love thy holy name.

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Je - sus, Lord of life and peace, To thee we lift our voice; Saints in whom thy Spirit dwells, Pour out their souls to thee; Just and righteous is our king; Glorious holiness; Teach us at thy holiness To tremble and rejoice. Sweet and terrible's thy word; to be set free. Christ admired, them selves abhorred, not wish it less. Souls by whom the truth's explored

Thou and thy word are both the same
They cry with awe, delight and shame,
Wonders of mercy best proclaim.

Holy, holy, holy Lord We love thy holy name

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
Were You There?

Words: Anonymous
Music: Clint Wells, 2009

Wren you there when they crucified my Lord? Were you there

Sometimes it causes me to tremble, Were you there

When they crucified my Lord? Were you there

When they nailed Him to a tree? Were you there

Sometimes I feel like shouting

Glory, Were you there when they nailed Him to a tree?

Were you there when they laid Him in a tomb?
Some times it caus es me to trem -
wle, _ Were you there when they laid Him in a tomb?_  

___ Were you there when He rose up from the dead? ___  

__ Some-times ______ I feel like shout ing ___  

glo - ry, _ Some-times______ I feel like shout ing ___  

glo - ry, _ Were you there when He rose up from the dead? ___  

____ Were you there when they laid Him in a tomb? ___
What Solemn Tidings
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 664
Words - Gadsby Hymnal, 1838
Music - Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

D                              G
What solemn tidings reach our ears!
D                              G
How awful how grand!
D                              G
A brother landed safe from fears,
D                              G
On Canaan's happy land.

D                    A/E                          G
No clouds shall now obstruct his sun,
D                    A/E                          G
But all be life and peace;
D                    A/E                          G
With him 'tis ever, ever noon,
D                    A/E                          G
Nor can his joy decrease.

Refrain
Bm                              G
He's gone in endless bliss to dwell,
Bm                              G
And I am left below,
Bm                              G
To struggle with the powers of hell,
Bm                              G
Till Jesus bids me go.

Though he's more happy I'm secure.
God's promise cannot fail;
O may I patiently endure,
My heavenly Father's will.

The counsel of the Lord shall stand,
And all his will be done;
I'll therefore wait in Meshech's land,
Until he fetch me home.

Refrain

There the weary be at rest.

© 2004 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
What Solemn Tidings  
from the Gadsby Hymnal #664

words: Gadsby Hymnal 1838  
music: Jeff Koonce and  
Brian T. Murphy, 2004

What Solemn tidings reach our ears!  
Though he’s more happy I’m secure.

Though he’s more happy I’m secure!  
How awful how grand!

God’s promise cannot fail;

A brother landed safe from fears,  
O may I patiently endure,

A Canaan’s happy land.

My heav’nly Father’s will.

No clouds shall now obstruct his sun,  
The counsel of the Lord shall stand,

But all be life and peace;

And all his will be done;

With him ‘tis ever, ever noon,  
I therefore wait in Meshech’s land,

Nor can his joy decrease.

Until He fetch me home.

He’s gone in endless bliss to dwell,  
And I am left below,

And I am left below,

To struggle with the pow’rs of hell,  
Till Jesus bids me go.

Tag ending

And there the weary be at rest.  
And there the weary be at rest.

© 2004 Red Mountain Music  
www.redmountainmusic.com
Why So Heavy

Words: Edward Caswall, 1873
Music: Clint Wells, 2009

Oh why so heavy, Oh my soul? Thus to myself I've willed

His goodness made thee what thou art And yet will he redeem

Oh why so heavy, Oh my heart? And so sorrow filled?

Oh be thou of a contrite heart And put your trust in him

Hope thou in God, He still shall be Thy Glory

and thy endless praise His saving grace shall comfort thee

Through ever lasting days.
**Why Should I Fear?**
Words - William Williams, 1717-1791
Music - Brian T. Murphy and Benj Pocta, 2006

Capo II

Am D G  
My soul thou art immersed in sin,  
D/F# C C/B  
So deep that none can trace;  
Am D G  
Look to the ransom God decreed  
D/F# C  
To clear the guilty race

**Chorus:**

G D/F# Em  
Had I the guilt of all the world  
C D  
He's able to forgive;  
G D/F# Em  
Why should I fear? The debt is paid,  
C D  
If only I'd believe.

The atonement once made on the tree,  
Can balance many more  
Than all the sins of Adam's race,  
If number'd o'er and o'er.

He paid the mighty sum and died  
For sinners yet unborn;  
From men, the works of his own hands,  
He suffer'd shame and scorn.

© 2007 Red Mountain Music  
www.redmountainmusic.com
Why Should I Fear

words by William Williams, 1717-1791.
music by Benj Pocta and
Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

© 2007 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
Will The Lord Indeed Appear?
_Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal # 722_
Words - William Gadsby, 1773-1844
Music - Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

C/F      G
What am I, and where am I?
C/F      G
Strange myself and paths appear;
C/F      G
Scarce can lift a thought on high,
C/F      G
Or drop one heart feeling tear.

Am  C
Yet I feel I'm not at home,
F              G
But know not which way to move:
Am      C
Lest I farther yet should roam
F    G
From _my blessed_ love.

Some small glimmering light I have,
Yet too dark to see my way;
Jesus' presence still I crave;
When, O when will it be day?

Is the evening time at hand?
Will it then indeed be light?
Will the sun its beams extend,
_To chase away the night?_

Will the Lord indeed appear,
Give me light and joy and rest,
Drive away my gloomy fear,
Draw me to his lovely breast?

Then his love is rich and free;
Jesus, let me feel its power,
And my soul will cling to thee,
Love and praise thee and adore.
Will the Lord Indeed Appear?

Words - William Gadsby, 1773-1844
Music - Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #722

© 2005 Red Mountain Music

Words - William Gadsby, 1773-1844
Music - Jeff Koonce and Brian T. Murphy, 2004

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #722

© 2005 Red Mountain Music

© 2005 Red Mountain Music

© 2005 Red Mountain Music
Jesus, let me feel its power. And my soul will cling to thee. Love and praise thee and adore.

Will the Lord indeed appear. Give me light and joy and rest?
Windows of Thy Grace
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #478
Words - Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.
Music - Benj Pocta and Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

Dm         F
I love the windows of thy grace,
    F/A, F4/G, F, C      Bb
Through which my Lord is seen, which my Lord is seen,
Dm         F
And long to meet my Saviour’s face,
    F/A, F4/G, F, C      Bb
Without a glass between, without a glass between.

O that the happy hour come,
To change my faith to sight, change my faith to sight.
I shall behold my Lord at home,
In a diviner light, a diviner light.

Haste my Beloved and remove,
These interposing days, interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my powers be praise, all my powers be praise.

I love the windows of thy grace,
Through which my Lord is seen, which my Lord is seen,
Windows of Thy Grace

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #478

words by Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.
music by Benj Pocta and Brian T. Murphy, 2006.

© 2007 Red Mountain Music

Windows of Thy Grace

I love the windows of thy grace,
Through which my

O that the happy hour come,
To change my

Haste my beloved and remove,
These inter-

Lord is seen, which my Lord is seen,
faith to sight, change my faith to sight.
posing days, interposing days;

And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my

glass between, without a glass between.
vin - ber light, a div - er light.
pow'rs be praise, all my pow'rs be praise.

3rd time To Coda

I love the windows of thy grace,
Through which my

Lord is seen, which my Lord is seen.
With Melting Heart and Weeping Eyes

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #238

Words: John Fawcett, 1740-1817.
Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

A           E
With melting heart and weeping eyes,
A           E
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
D               E  F#m
What shall I do, or whither flee,
D       E                 F#m
To rid the vengeance due of me?
D      E                 A
To rid the vengeance due of me?

Till late I saw no danger nigh,
I lived at ease nor feared to die;
Wrapped up in self-conceit and pride,
“I shall have peace at last,” I cried.
“I shall have peace at last,” I cried.

But when great God thy light divine,
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld with trembling awe,
The terrors of Thy holy law.
The terrors of Thy holy law.

Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid this dying sinner live.
And bid this dying sinner live.

Does not Thy sacred word proclaim,
Salvation free in Jesus’ name?
To him I look and humbly cry,
“Lord, save a wretch condemned to die!”
“Lord, save this wretch condemned to die!”
“Lord, save this wretch condemned to die!”

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com
With Melting Heart and Weeping Eyes
Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #238

Words: John Fawcett, 1740-1817.
Music: Clint Wells, 2005.

With melting heart and weeping eyes,
Till late I saw no danger nigh,
But when great God thy light divine,
Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Does not Thy sacred word proclaim,

My guilty soul for mercy cries;
I lived at ease nor feared to die;
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Death and destruction are my due;
Salvation free in Jesus’ name?

What shall I do, or whither flee,
Wrapped up in self-conceit and pride,
Then I beheld with trembling awe,
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
To him I look and humbly cry,

To rid the vengeance due of me?
“I shall have peace at last,” I cried.
The terrors of Thy holy law.
And bid this dying sinner live.
“Lord, save a wretch condemned to die!”

To rid the vengeance due of me?
“I shall have peace at last,” I cried.
The terrors of Thy holy law.
And bid this dying sinner live.
“Lord, save this wretch condemned to die!”

© 2006 Red Mountain Music
www.redmountainmusic.com