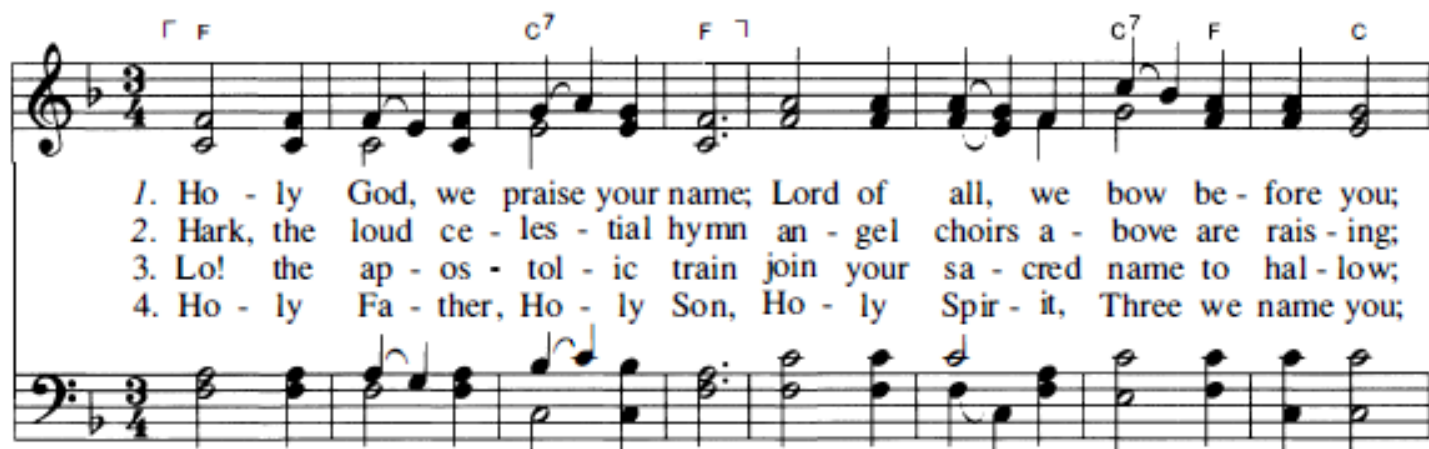
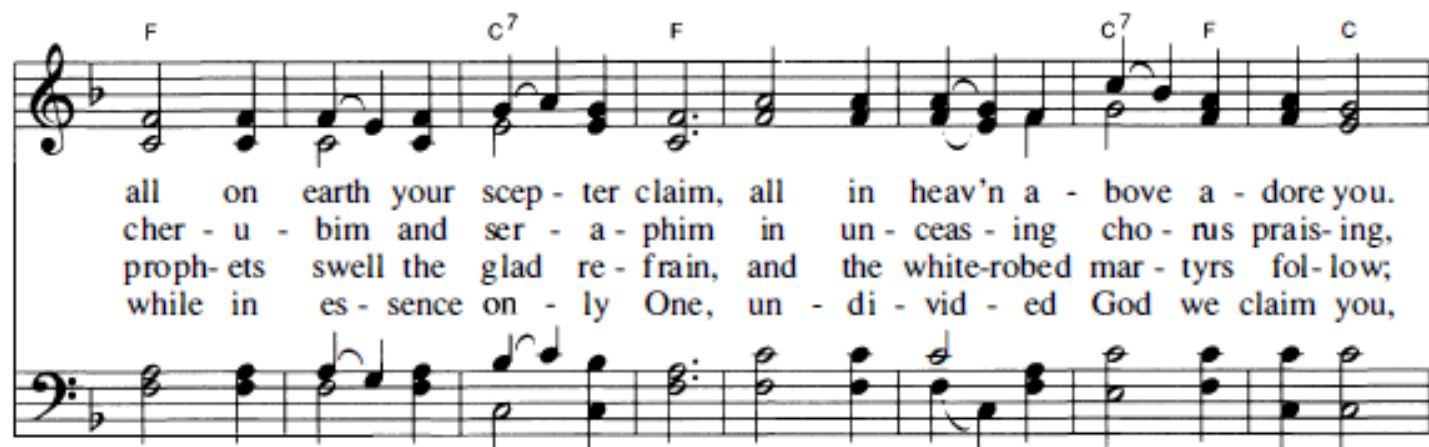


Holy God, We Praise Your Name

103

Holy, holy, holy is the LORD Almighty; the whole earth is full of his glory. Is. 6:3


1. Ho - ly God, we praise your name; Lord of all, we bow be - fore you;
 2. Hark, the loud ce - les - tial hymn an - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;
 3. Lo! the ap - os - tol - ic train join your sa - cred name to hal - low;
 4. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three we name you;



all on earth your scep - ter claim, all in heav'n a - bove a - dore you.
 cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim in un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,
 proph - ets swell the glad re - frain, and the white-robed mar - tyrs fol - low;
 while in es - sence on - ly One, un - di - vid - ed God we claim you,



In - fi - nite your vast do - main, ev - er - last - ing is your reign.
 fill the heav'ns with sweet ac - cord: "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord."
 and from morn to set of sun, through the church the song goes on.
 and a - dor - ing bend the knee, while we sing this mys - ter - y.

Jesus Paid It All

308

Though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they are red as crimson, they shall be like wool. Is. 1:18

D G D A Bm A D

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Your strength in - deed is small,
 2. Lord, now in - deed I find your power, and yours a - lone,
 3. For noth - ing good have I where - by your grace to claim—
 4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in him com - plete,

G D G D/A A⁷ D

child of weak - ness, watch and pray, find in me your all in all."
 can change the lep - er's spots, and melt the heart of stone.
 I'll wash my gar - ments white in the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb.
 "Je - sus died my soul to save," my lips shall still re - peat.

REFRAIN
 D G D G D A

Je - sus paid it all, all to him I owe;

D G D D⁷ G E⁷ D/A A⁷ D⁷

sin had left a crim - son stain, he washed it white as snow.

How Deep The Father's Love For Us

Stuart Townend



1. How deep the Fa - ther's love for us, how
 2. Be - hold the man u - pon a cross, My
 3. I will not boast in a - ny - thing, No



vast be - yond all mea - sure, that He should give His on - ly
 sin up - on His should - ers: A - shamed, I hear my mock - ing
 gifts, no power, no wis - dom; But I will boast in Je - sus



Son to make a wretch His trea - sure. How
 voice call out a - mong the scof - fers. It
 Christ, His death and re - sur - rec - tion. Why



great the pain of sear - ing loss, the Fa - ther turns His face a -
 was my sin that held Him there un - til it was ac - com -
 should I gain from His re - ward? I can - not give an an -



- way, as wounds which mar the Cho - sen One bring
 - plished: His dy - ing breath has brought me life. I
 - swer, but this I know with all my heart, His



ma - ny sons to glo - ry.
 know that it is fin - ished.
 wounds have paid my ran - som.

276

Up from the Grave He Arose

An angel of the Lord came down from heaven and, going to the tomb, rolled back the stone and sat on it. Matt. 28:2

Capo 1: (A) (D/A) (A) (E) (E⁷) (D/A) (A)

1. Low in the grave he lay— Je - sus, my Sav - ior,
 2. Vain - ly they watch his bed— Je - sus, my Sav - ior;
 3. Death can - not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - ior;

(D) (A) (F#m) (E/B) (B⁷) (E)

wait - ing the com - ing day— Je - sus, my Lord.
 vain - ly they seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord.
 he tore the bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord.

REFRAIN
 (A) *Faster*

Up from the grave he a - rose, He a - rose!

(D) (A)

with a might - y tri - umph o'er his foes. He a - rose!

HIS RESURRECTION

He a - rose a vic - tor from the dark do - main, and he

lives for - ev - er with his saints to reign. He a - rose!

He a - rose!

He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!

Robert Lowry, 1874

CHRIST AROSE 11.10.ref.
Robert Lowry, 1874