


1 For - ty days and for - ty nights thou wast fast - ing in the wild;
 2 Should not we thy sor - row share and from world - ly joys ab - stain,
 3 Then if Sa - tan on us press, Je - sus, Sa - vior, hear our call!
 4 So shall we have peace di - vine: ho - lier glad - ness ours shall be;
 5 Keep, O keep us, Sa - vior dear, ev - er con - stant by thy side;



1 for - ty days and for - ty nights tempt - ed, and yet un - de - filed.
 2 fast - ing with un - ceas - ing prayer, strong with thee to suf - fer pain?
 3 Vic - tor in the wil - der - ness, grant we may not faint nor fall!
 4 round us, too, shall an - gels shine, such as min - is - tered to thee.
 5 that with thee we may ap - pear at the e - ter - nal Eas - ter - tide.

Words: George Hunt Smytten (1822-1870), alt.

Music: *Aus der Tiefe rufe ich*, melody att. Martin Herbst (1654-1681), alt.;
 harm. William Henry Monk (1823-1889)

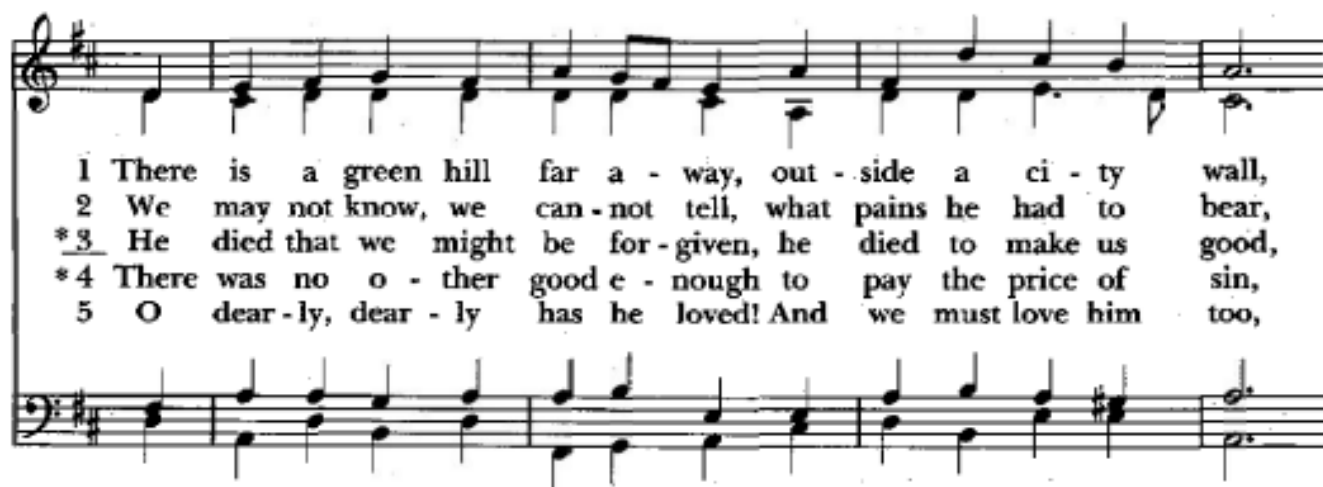
1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross where the young
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sor - row and
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were an

Prince of Glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
 cross of Christ, my God: all the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and
 of - fering far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

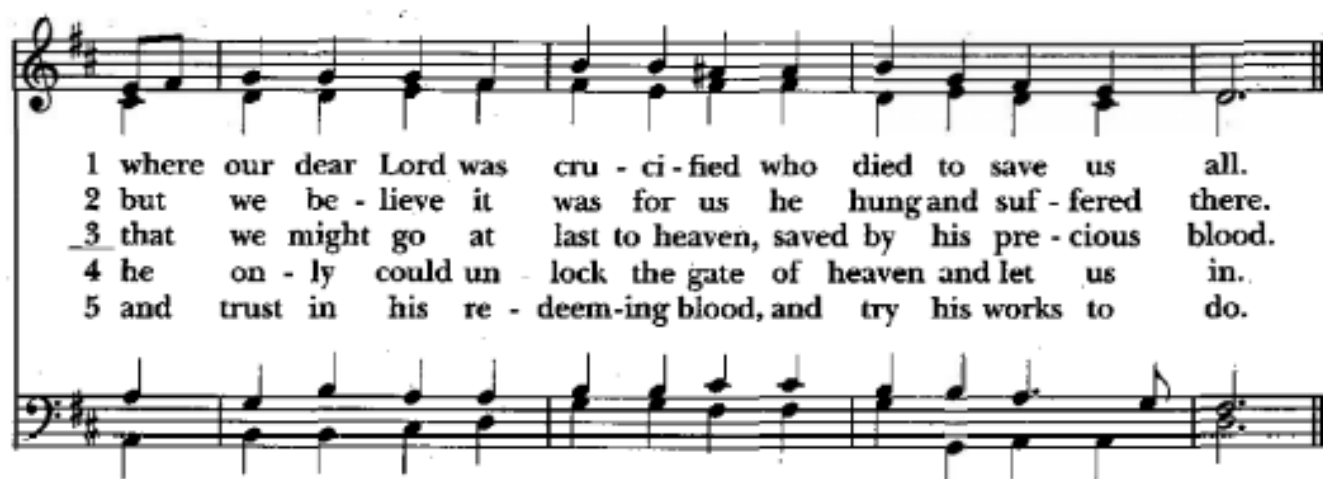
count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: Rockingham, from *Second Supplement to Psalmody in Miniature*, ca. 1780; harm. Edward Miller (1731-1807) LM



1 There is a green hill far a - way, out - side a ci - ty wall,
 2 We may not know, we can - not tell, what pains he had to bear,
 *3 He died that we might be for - given, he died to make us good,
 *4 There was no o - ther good e - nough to pay the price of sin,
 5 O dear - ly, dear - ly has he loved! And we must love him too,



1 where our dear Lord was cru - ci - fied who died to save us all.
 2 but we be - lieve it was for us he hung and suf - fered there.
 3 that we might go at last to heaven, saved by his pre - cious blood.
 4 he on - ly could un - lock the gate of heaven and let us in.
 5 and trust in his re - deem - ing blood, and try his works to do.

Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895), alt.
 Music: *Horsley*, William Horsley (1774-1858)

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