

COME, O SINNER

Music and words by Jordan Kauflin.

♩ = 54

Am G Dm F Am G Dm Fmaj7

3 **VERSE**

Am G Dm F² Am G Dm F²

1. Come, O sin - ner, come and see Christ the Lord up - on a tree. See the
 2. Come, O sin - ner, come and mourn, for He calls your sin His own. Do you
 3. Come, O sin - ner, come re - joice. Mer - cy fills this place of scorn. For He

5

Am C Em F Am C G F²

crown of thorns a - dorn the King who la - bors to breathe in ag - o - ny.
 feel the weight of jus - tice served? He suf - fers the wrath that you de - serve.
 dies to save His en - e - mies, that all who draw near may know His peace.

7

Am G Dm F² F Am G 1. C 2.3. C

Come, O sin - ner, come and see what our God be - came to set us free.
 Come, O sin - ner, come and mourn, for He bears the curse for all you've done.
 Come, O sin - ner, come re - joice, through the death of Christ, death is de - stroyed.

11 **CHORUS**

F C/E Am G Am F C Dm C/E F

Oh, the won - der of this awe - some scene where our Sav - ior bleeds.

15

F C/E Am G Am F C Dm C/E G

Oh, the pow - er of the love of God. Come and stand in awe.

19

Am G⁶ Dm F Am G Dm Fmaj7

3rd time to Coda

21 Am C Em F Am C G F

23 Am G Dm F² F² Am⁷ G C D.S.

26 CODA Am G Dm F² F² Am⁷ rit.. G C

How Deep the Father's Love for Us 80

F B \flat $\frac{F}{A}$ Dm C

• 1. How deep the Fa-ther's love for us, How vast be - yond all meas - ure,
 • 2. Be - hold the Man up - on a cross, My sin up - on His should - ers.
 • 3. I will not boast in an - y - thing, No gifts, no pow'r, no wis - dom;

F B \flat $\frac{F}{C}$ C7 F

That He should give His on - ly Son To make a wretch His treas - ure.
 A - shamed, I hear my mock - ing voice Call out a - mong the scof - fers.
 But I will boast in Je - sus Christ, His death and res - ur - rec - tion.

F $\frac{Gm}{D}$ $\frac{F}{C}$ B \flat $\frac{B\flat}{D}$ F $\frac{Gm}{F}$ F Dm7 C

How great the pain of sear - ing loss, The Fa - ther turns His face a - way
 It was my sin that held Him there Un - til it was ac - com - plished.
 Why should I gain from His re - ward? I can - not give an an - swer;

F B \flat $\frac{F}{C}$ C7sus C7 F

As wounds which mar the cho - sen One Bring man - y sons to glo - ry.
 His dy - ing breath has brought me life. I know that it is fin - ished.
 But this I know with all my heart, His wounds have paid my ran - som.

Words and Music: Stuart Townend

What Wondrous Love Is This 190

Dm
 $\frac{Dm}{A}$
Am
G
F
C
Dm
C
Am

1. What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What
 2. When I was sink-ing down, sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When
 3. To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing; To
 4. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on; And

Fmaj⁷
G
Am
 $\frac{G}{B}$
Am
Asus
 $\frac{Am}{7}$
C
Dm
 $\frac{G}{B}$
Am
 $\frac{G}{B}$
 $\frac{Am}{C}$
Am

won-drous love is this, O my soul! What won-drous love is
 I was sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When I was sink-ing
 God and to the Lamb, I will sing. To God and to the
 when from death I'm free, I'll sing on. And when from death I'm

$\frac{Dm}{F}$
Dm
Am
Am⁷
Dm
D²sus
Dm
 $\frac{Dm}{A}$
Am
G
F

this That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread-ful curse
 down Be - neath God's right-eous frown, Christ laid a - side His crown
 Lamb Who is the great "I AM"; While mil-lions join the theme,
 free I'll sing and joy - ful be; And through e - ter - ni - ty,

G
Am
Dm
 $\frac{Dm}{F}$
Dm
Am
 $\frac{Dm}{F}$
 $\frac{Em}{G}$
AmEm⁷
F
 $\frac{G}{B}$
C
Dm

for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul.
 for my soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side His crown for my soul.
 I will sing, I will sing; While mil-lions join the theme, I will sing.
 I'll sing on, I'll sing on; And through e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing on.

Gethsemane Hymn

Words and Music by
Keith Getty and Stuart Townend

Bm F#m/A Em/G Bm/F# Em⁷ F#m⁷



1. To see the King of heav - en fall in an - guish to His
 (2. To) know each friend will fall a - way, and heav - en's voice be
 (3. What) took Him to this wretch - ed place, what kept Him on this

4 B⁵ Bm F#m/A Em/G Bm/F# Em⁷ F#m⁷



knees, the Light and Hope of all the world now o - ver - whelmed with
 still, for hell to have its venge - ful day up - on Gol - go - tha's
 road? His love for A - dam's curs - ed race, for ev - 'ry bro - ken

8 B⁵ D A/C# Bm Em/G F#m/A D A/C# Bm



grief. What name - less hor - rors must He see, to cry out in the
 hill. No words de - scribe the Sav - iour's plight, to be by God for -
 soul. No sin too slight to o - ver - look, no crime too great to

12 Em/G F#m/A Bm F#m/A Gmaj⁷ Bm/F# Em⁷ F#m⁷ G² G



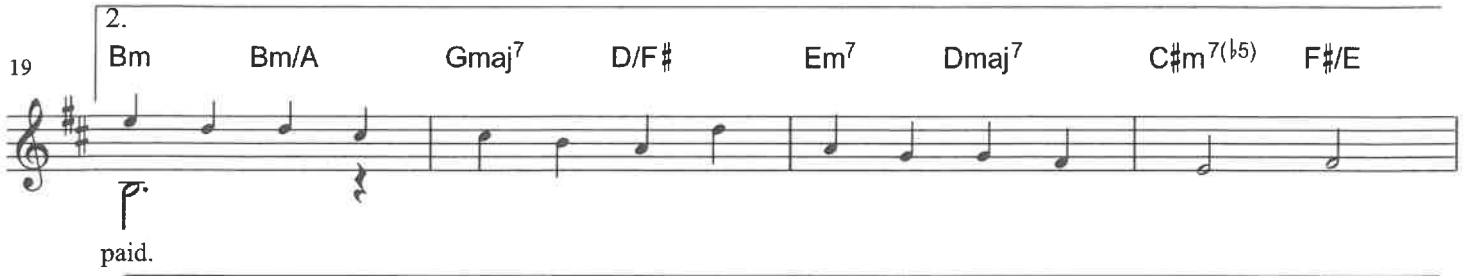
gar - den: "Oh, take this cup a - way from Me! Yet
 -sak - en, till wrath and love are sat - is - fied, and
 car - ry, all min - gled in this poi - soned cup, and

15 Em⁷ F#m⁷ G² G Em⁷ F#m⁷ B⁵



not My will but Yours, yet not My will but Yours." 2. To
 ev - 'ry sin is paid, and ev - 'ry sin is
 yet He drank it all, the Sav - iour drank it

19 2.
 Bm Bm/A Gmaj⁷ D/F# Em⁷ Dmaj⁷ C#m^{7(b5)} F#/E

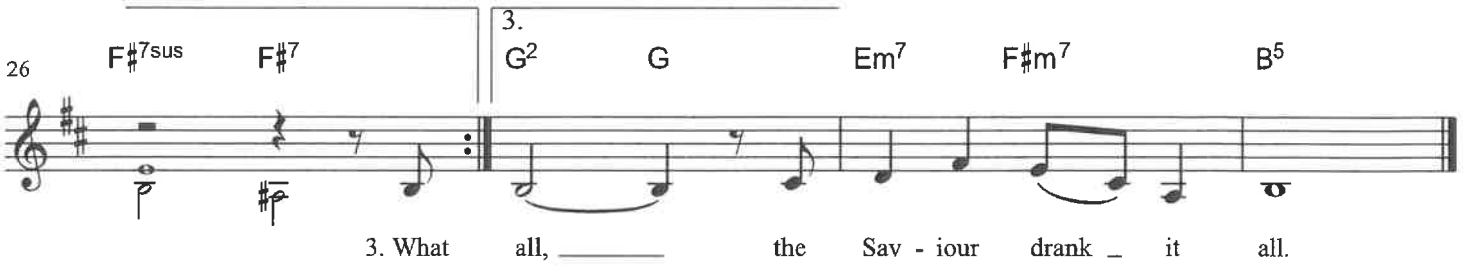


paid.

23 Bm/D F#m/A Gmaj⁷ D/F# Em⁷ Dmaj⁷



26 F#7^{sus} F#7 3. G² G Em⁷ F#m⁷ B⁵



3. What all, _____ the Sav - iour drank _ it all.

271 O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Am⁷ F C/E Dm C F⁶ G C E/G# Am Esus E Am

• 1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
 • 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain:
 3. My bur - den in Thy Pas - sion, Lord, Thou hast borne for me,
 4. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,

Am F C/E Dm C F⁶ G C E/G# Am Esus E Am

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;
 Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain;
 For it was my trans - gres - sion Which brought this woe on Thee.
 For this, Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?

Am Dm C/E F G⁷/D E/C C Dm A/C# Dm A

How pale Thou art with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
 I cast me down be - fore Thee, Wrath were my right - ful lot;
 O make me Thine for - ev - er, And should I faint - ing be,

D⁷/F# G D/F# C/E G/D C⁶ D G C E/A C/E F⁶ G C

How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor, As - sist me with Thy grace.
 Have mer - cy, I im - plore Thee; Re - deem - er, spurn me not!
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.

Words: Paul Gerhardt, based on Medieval Latin Poem; tr. James W. Alexander

Music: Hans Leo Hassler; harm. Johann Sebastian Bach; Last stanza setting by Russell Mauldin

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There Is a Fountain 301

B \flat B \flat $\frac{E\mathbb{b}}{B\mathbb{b}}$ B \flat $\frac{B\mathbb{b}}{D}$ E \flat B \flat B \flat $\frac{E\mathbb{b}}{B\mathbb{b}}$ B \flat F

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day,
 3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
 4. When this poor lisp - ing, stam - m'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

B \flat B \flat $\frac{E\mathbb{b}}{B\mathbb{b}}$ B \flat $\frac{B\mathbb{b}}{D}$ E \flat B \flat $\frac{B\mathbb{b}}{F}$ F7 B \flat

And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains:
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way:
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
 Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing Your pow'r to save:

B \flat B \flat F7 B \flat E \flat B \flat $\frac{E\mathbb{b}}{B\mathbb{b}}$ B \flat F

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
 Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
 I'll sing Your pow'r to save, I'll sing Your pow'r to save;

B \flat B \flat $\frac{E\mathbb{b}}{B\mathbb{b}}$ B \flat $\frac{B\mathbb{b}}{D}$ E \flat B \flat $\frac{B\mathbb{b}}{F}$ F7 B \flat

And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing Your pow'r to save.

Jesus Paid It All 281

D D $\frac{G}{D}$ D D A Asus A D

• 1. I hear the Sav-ior say, "Thy strength in-deed is small,
 • 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone
 • 3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim;
 • 4. And when, be-fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete,

D D $\frac{G}{D}$ D D $\frac{D}{A}$ $\frac{Dsus}{A}$ A7sus A7 D

Child of weak-ness, watch and pray; Find in Me thine 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.

D $\frac{G}{D}$ D D D $\frac{G}{D}$ D A

Je-sus paid it all; All to Him I owe.

D $\frac{G}{D}$ D D G G#dim7 $\frac{D}{A}$ A7sus A7 D

Sin had left a crim-son stain; He washed it white as snow.