

MATTHEW 16:24

IF ANY MAN
WILL COME
AFTER ME,
LET HIM DENY
HIMSELF
AND TAKE UP
HIS CROSS,
AND

*follow
me.*

Worship Music

4.13.25



The Power Of The Cross

Words and Music by
Keith Getty and Stuart Townend

VERSE

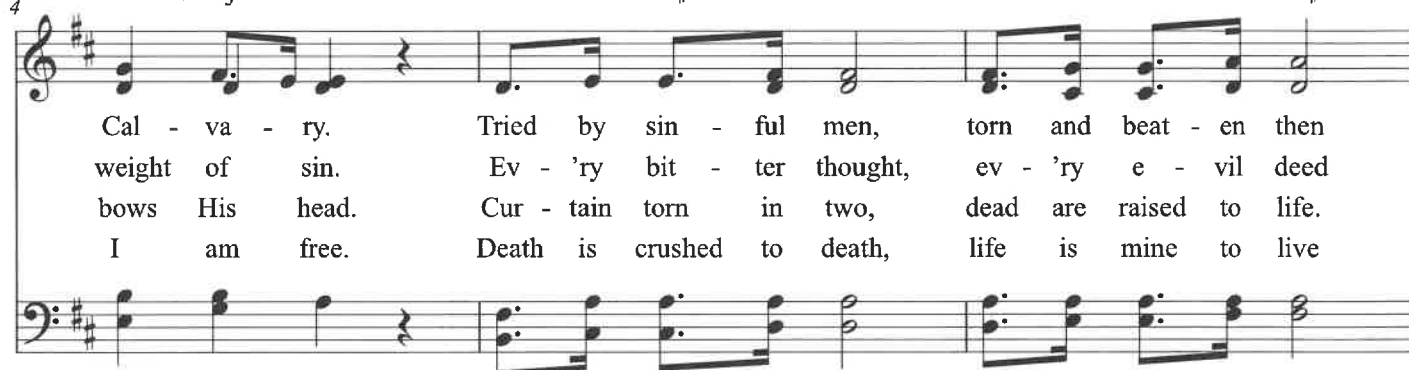
♩ = 68

G/B A/C# D A7/E D/F# G D/F#



1. Oh to see the dawn of the dark - est day. Christ on the road to
 2. Oh to see the pain writ - ten on Your face, bear - ing the awe - some
 3. Now the day - light flees, now the ground be - neath quakes as its Mak - er
 4. Oh to see my name writ - ten in the wounds, for through Your suf - f'ring

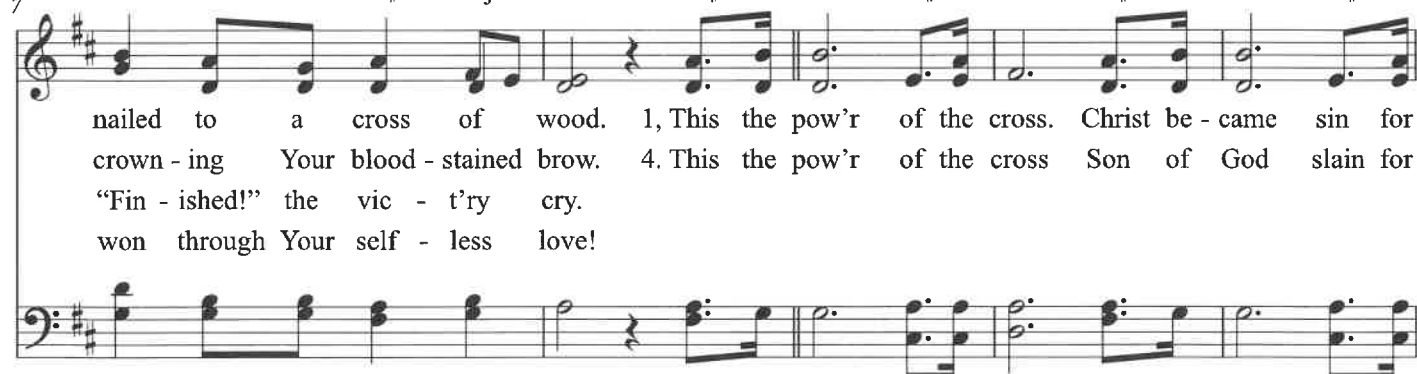
4 Em7 Gmaj7 Asus A G/B A/C# D A7/E D/F#



Cal - va - ry. Tried by sin - ful men, torn and beat - en then
 weight of sin. Ev - 'ry bit - ter thought, ev - 'ry e - vil deed
 bows His head. Cur - tain torn in two, dead are raised to life.
 I am free. Death is crushed to death, life is mine to live

CHORUS

7 G D/F# Gmaj7 Asus A/G D/F# G A/C# D D/F# G A/C#



nailed to a cross of wood. 1, This the pow'r of the cross. Christ be - came sin for
 crown - ing Your blood - stained brow. 4. This the pow'r of the cross Son of God slain for
 "Fin - ished!" the vic - t'ry cry.
 won through Your self - less love!

CCLI Song # 4490766

© 2005 Thankyou Music Ltd

For use solely with the SongSelect® Terms of Use. All rights reserved. www.ccli.com

CCLI License # 387557

INSTRUMENTAL**1, 2, 3**

12 D D/F# G E/G# A A/G D/F# G Asus A G/B A/C# D

us. Took the blame, bore the wrath. We stand for - giv - en at the cross.
 us. What a love, what a cost. We stand for - giv - en at the

ENDING

17 Gmaj7 Em7 Asus A Asus A G/B A/C# D D A/C# D/F# Gmaj7 Em7 G/A

(1, 2, 3) | 4

at the cross.
 at the

22 D

How Deep The Father's Love For Us

Words and Music by
Stuart Townend

♩ = 54

E F#m E/G# A E/G# E/B B

1 How deep the Fa - ther's love for us, how vast be - yond all meas - ure that
2 Be - hold the Man up - on a cross, my sin up - on His shoul - ders. A -
3 I will not boast in an - y - thing: No gifts, no pow'r, no wis - dom. But

3

E F#m E/G# A E/G# B E

He should give His on - ly Son to make a wretch His treas - ure. How
shamed, I hear my mock - ing voice call out a - mong the scof - fers. It
I will boast in Je - sus Christ: His death and res - ur - rec - tion. Why

5

F#m E/G# A E/G# C#m B

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

How Deep The Father's Love For Us - 2

7

E F#m E/G# A E/G# B

wounds which mar the Cho - sen One bring man - y sons to glo -
 dy - ing breath has brought me life. I know that it is fin -
 this I know with all my heart: His wounds have paid my ran -

9

1, 2 E A/C# E/B E A2 3 E

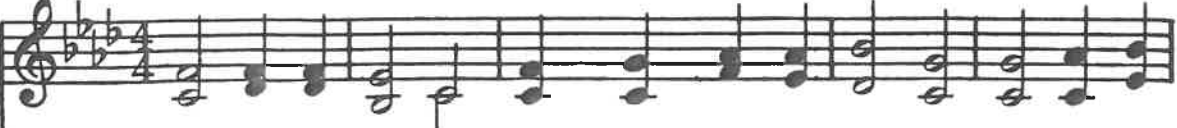
ry.
 ished.

2 Be - som.
 3 I

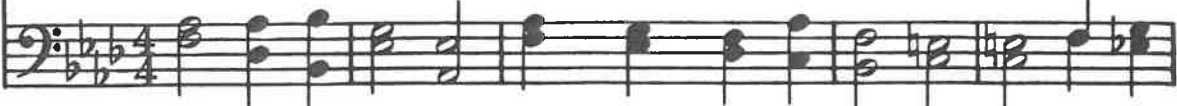

351 Ah, Dearest Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended

HERZLIEBSTER JESU 11 11 11 5



Johann Crüger, 1640




1 Ah, dear-est Je-sus, how hast Thou of-fend-ed, That man to
 2 Who was the guilt-y? Who brought this up-on Thee? A - las, my
 3 For me, dear Je-sus, was Thine in - car - na-tion, Thy mor-tal

judge Thee hath in hate pre-tend - ed? By foes de-rid - ed,
 trea - son, Je-sus, hath un - done Thee! 'Twas I, Lord Je - sus,
 sor - row, and Thy life's o - bla - tion; Thy death of an - guish

by Thine own re-ject - ed, O most af-flict - ed!
 I it was de-nied Thee; I cru - ci - fied Thee.
 and thy bit-ter pas - sion, For my sal - va - tion. A - men.



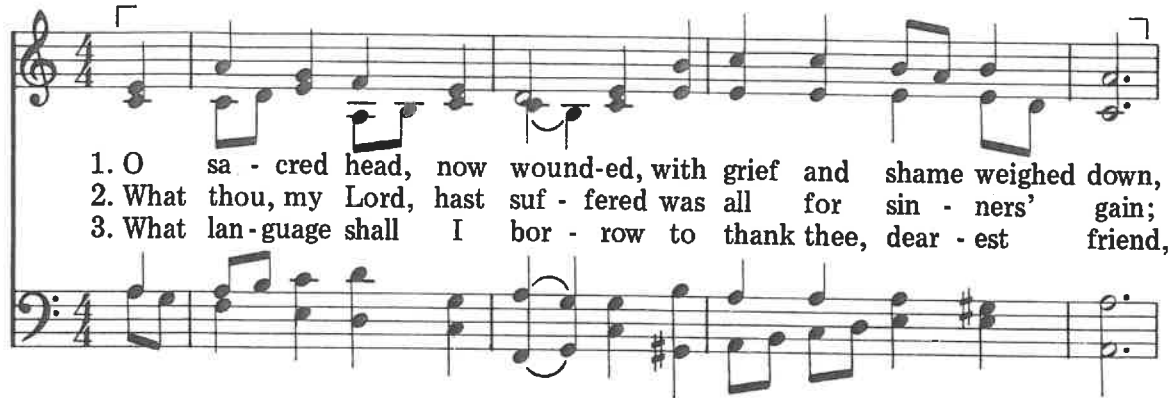
Words Copyright: Reprinted by permission of the Oxford University Press, London

4 Therefore, dear Jesus, since I cannot pay Thee,
 I do adore Thee, and will ever pray Thee,
 Think on Thy pity and Thy love unswerving,
 Not my deserving. Amen.

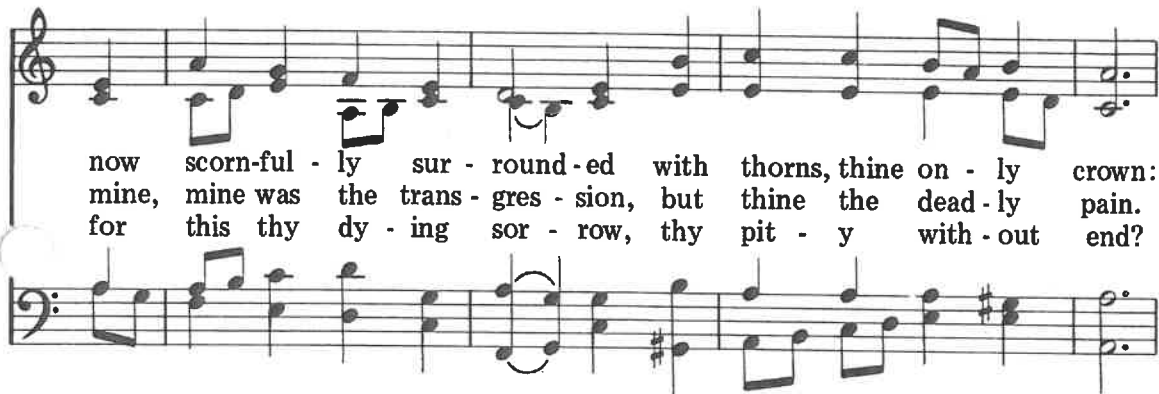
Johann Heermann, 1630
 Tr. Robert Bridges, 1899

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded 221

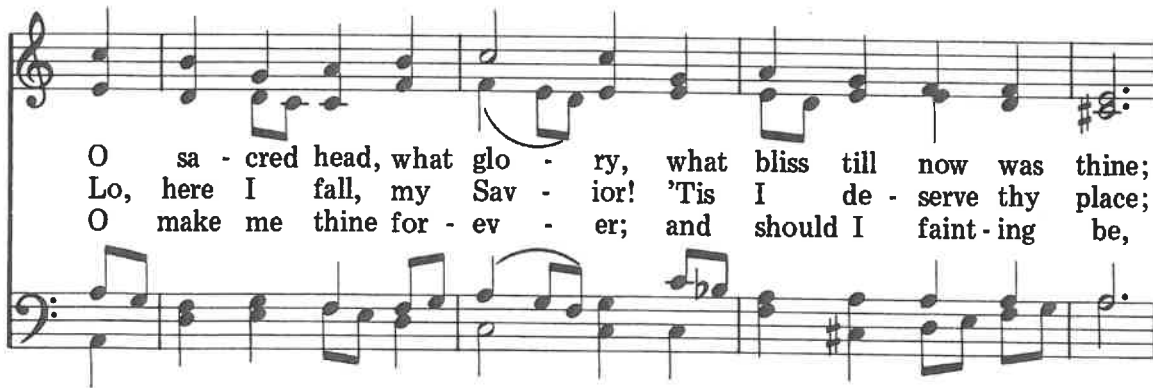
They . . . twisted together a crown of thorns and set it on his head. Mt. 27:36



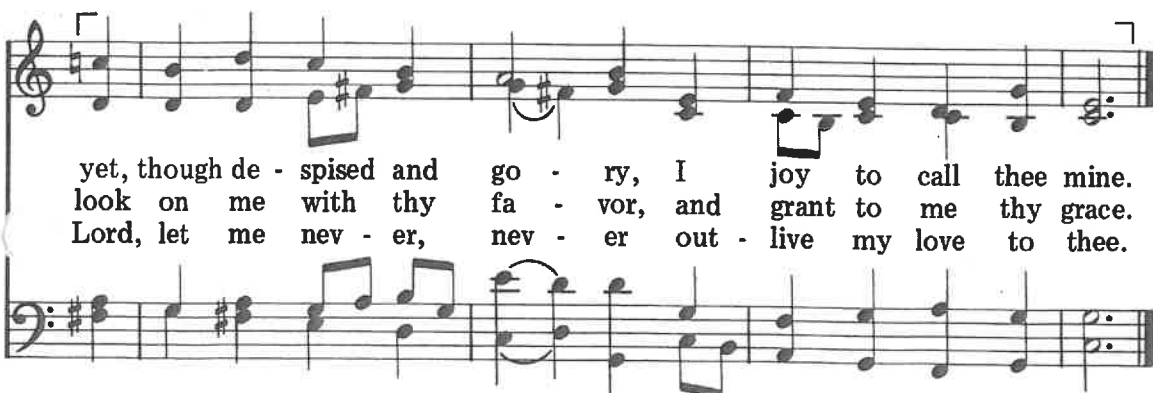
1. O sa - cred head, now wound-ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
 2. What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,



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 this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?



O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine;
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;
 O make me thine for - ev - er; and should I faint - ing be,



yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.
 look on me with thy fa - vor, and grant to me thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross 213

Whatever was to my profit I now consider loss for the sake of Christ. Phil. 3:7

Descant

4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a

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

pres - ent far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
 death of Christ, my God; all the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down. Did e'er such love and
 pres - ent far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

so di - vine, de-mands my soul, my life, my all.

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.