

Ter toelichting:

- een onderstreepte lettergreep wordt op 2 noten gezongen, een zgn. melisme. Om verwarring en ongelijkheid te voorkomen zijn deze lettergrepen onderstreept.

- Soms worden twee lettergrepen samengetrokken, dit wordt aangegeven met een boogje.

(zie bv. There is a fountain filled with blood, het vijfde couplet: 'When this poor lisp^{ing}, stammer^{ing} tongue', stammering klinkt dan als: stam'ring.)

graag deze liederen kopieëren en verspreiden in uw/jouw omgeving!



THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper, 1731-1800



O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His Word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1731-1800



- H**OW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 O Je - sus, Shep-herd, Guard-ian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death!

John Newton, 1725-1807

1 Glo - rious things of you are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y
 2 See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, spring - ing from e -
 3 Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - ering, see the cloud and
 4 Sav - ior, since of Zi - on's cit - y I through grace a

of our God. He whose word can - not be bro - ken formed you
 ter - nal love, well sup - ply your sons and daugh - ters and all
 fire ap - pear for a glo - ry and a cov - ering, show - ing
 mem - ber am, let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will

for his own a - bode. On the Rock of A - ges
 fear of want re - move. Who can faint while such a
 that the Lord is near. Thus de - riv - ing from their
 glo - ry in your name. Fad - ing are the world's best

found-ed, what can shake your sure re - pose? With sal -
 riv - er ev - er will their thirst as - suage? Grace which,
 ban - ner light by night and shade by day, safe they
 plea - sures, all its boast - ed pomp and show; sol - id

va - tion's walls sur - round-ed, you may smile at all your foes.
 like the Lord, the giv - er, nev - er fails from age to age.
 feed up - on the man - na which God gives them on their way.
 joys and last - ing trea - sures none but Zi - on's chil - dren know.

1 Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven, to
 2 Come, Al - might-y to de - liv - er, let us all thy
 3 Fin - ish, then, thy new cre - a - tion; pure and spot - less

earth come down; fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, all thy
life re - ceive; sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, nev - er -
let us be; let us see thy great sal - va - tion per - fect -

faith - ful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion,
 more thy tem - ples leave. Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing,
 ly re - stored in thee: changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry,

pure, un - bound - ed love thou art; vis - it us with
 serve thee with thy hosts a - bove, pray and praise thee
 till in heaven we take our place, till we cast our

thy sal - va - tion, en - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.
with - out ceas - ing, glo - ry in thy per - fect love.
crowns be - fore thee, lost in won - der, love, and praise.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-76



HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?
2 'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
5 'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'
6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1731-1800



Alternative tunes, London New, 39; Stracathro, 108

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1731-180