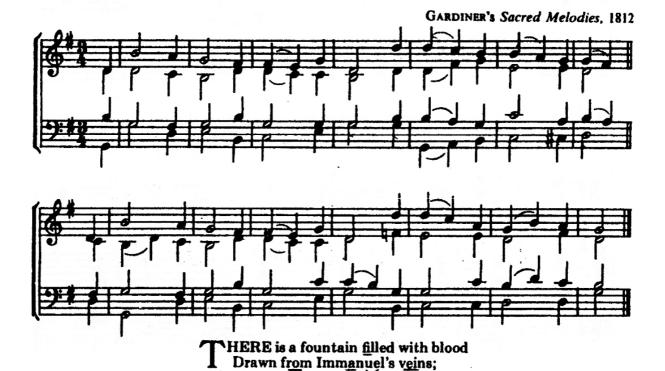
## Ter toelichting:

- 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 lisping, stammering tongue', stammering klinkt dan als: stam'ring.)

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



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.



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!

- 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.



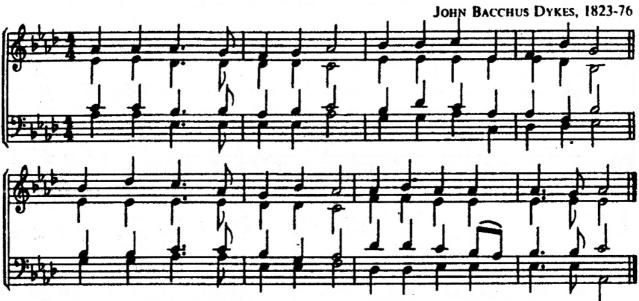
HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

- 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 () 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







I ARK, 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!



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.