

Franklin Kyrie

Gregory D Wilbur, 2009

Text: Luke 18:13

C min B^b A^b C min B^b A^b C min B^b A^b F min G min C min

Lord, have mer-cy. Lord, have mer - cy. Lord, have mer-cy, have mer-cy, Lord.

C min B^b A^b C min B^b A^b C min B^b A^b F min G min C min

Christ, have mer-cy. Christ, have mer-cy. Christ, have mer-cy, have mer-cy, Lord.

C min B^b A^b C min B^b A^b C min B^b A^b F min G min C min

Lord, have mer-cy. Lord, have mer - cy. Lord, have mer-cy, have mer-cy, Lord.

Chide Me, O LORD, No Longer

NE VEUILLES PAS, Ô SIRE (776.776)
Genevan Psalter, 1542
harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564; alt.

Psalm 6

W. W. J. VanOene, 1972; rev.

1. Chide me, O LORD, no long - - - er, Nor chas - ten
2. My soul is trou - bled great - - - ly. O has - ten
3. *How can the dead a - dore Thee* Or bring their
4. *All night, in - stead of sleep - - - ing,* I drench my
5. De - part from me, trans - gres - - - sors. Flee now, all
6. The LORD heard when I plead - - - ed And my ap -

me in an - ger. In mer - cy hear my groans;
Thou to aid - me. Why dost Thou tar - ry, LORD?
thanks be - fore Thee, Or praise Thy ho - ly Name?
couch with weep - ing, With grief my eyes grow weak,
you op - pres - sors: The LORD did heed my cry!
peals He heed - ed. My foes shall be a - shamed,

O LORD, see how I lan - guish. Heal Thou
Turn back and show Thy fa - vor; Me in
I'm wea - ry with my moan - ing, Worn out
Since foes with hate sur - round me And with -
He heard my sup - pli - ca - tion, My plea -
For sud - den fear shall shake them, And pan -

my bit - ter an - guish, For trou - bled are my bones.
Thy love de - liv - er, Ac - cord - ing to Thy word!
with con - stant groan - ing And o - ver - come with shame.
out ceas - ing hound me; My ru - in they all seek.
for con - so - la - tion, And with His help is nigh.
ic o - ver - take them. Their doom has He pro - claimed.

What Wondrous Love Is This

WONDRIOUS LOVE (12 9. 6 6. 12 9)
William Walker's *The Southern Harmony*, 1843

American folk hymn

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

won-drous love is this, O my soul! What won-drous love is
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

this That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread-ful curse for my
Lamb, Who is the great I AM, While mil-lions join the theme, I will
free, I'll sing and joy-ful be, And through e-ter-ni-ty I'll sing

soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul!
sing, I will sing, While mil-lions join the theme, I will sing!
on, I'll sing on, And through e-ter-ni-ty I'll sing on!

Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended

Surely he took up our infirmities and carried our sorrows, yet we considered him stricken by God, smitten by him, and afflicted. Is. 53:4

1. Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed,
 2. Who was the guilt - y who brought this up - on thee?
 3. Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered;
 4. For me, kind Je - sus, was thine in - car - na - tion,
 5. There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee,

that man to judge thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de -
 A - las, my trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord
 • the slave hath sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered: for man's a -
 thy mor - tal sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion: thy death of
 I do a - dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee, think on thy

rid - ed, by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.
 Je - sus, I it was de - nied thee: I cru - ci - fied thee.
 • tone - ment, while he noth - ing heed - eth, God in - ter - ced - eth.
 an - guish and thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.
 pit - y and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME (PS. 51)

Words by Richard Redhead
Music by Christopher Miner

Real Key

1. God, be mer - ci - ful to me, _____
 2. My trans - gres - sions I con - fess, _____
 3. I am e - vil, born in the sin; _____
 4. Bro - ken, hum - bled to the dust _____

3 On thy grace I rest my plea;
 Grief and guilt sir - my soul op - press;
 Thou de - sir - wrath - est and truth with in;
 By thy wrath and judge - ment just,

5 Plen - teous in com - pas - sion thou, _____
 I have a - sinned lone a - gainst thy grace _____
 Thou let my con - trite heart re - iour art, _____
 Let my con - trite heart re - iour art, _____

7 Blot out my trans - gres - sions now;
 And thy pro - voked thee to hear thy face;
 Teach thy wis - dom to hear my thy heart;
 And in glad - ness hear thy thy voice;

9 Wash me, Make me pure, with in, _____
 I con - fess thy sins O grace hide be - stow, _____
 Make me pure, thy O grace hide be - stow, _____
 From my sins O thy face, _____

11 Cleanse, O cleanse me from my sin.
 Speech - less, I thy mer - cy trust.
 Wash me whit - er than the snow.
 Blot them out in bound - less grace.

5. Gracious God, my heart renew,
 Make my spirit right and true
 Cast me not away from thee,
 Let thy Spirit dwell in me;
 Thy salvation's joy impart,
 Steadfast make my willing heart.

6. Sinners then shall learn from me,
 And return O God to Thee
 Savior all my guilt remove,
 And my tongue shall sing Thy love
 Touch my silent lips O Lord,
 And my mouth shall praise accord

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

We considered him stricken by God, smitten by him, and afflicted. Is. 53:4

1. Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, see him dy - ing on the tree!
2. Tell me, ye who hear him groan - ing, was there ev - er grief like his?
3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly nor sup - pose the e - vil great
4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, here the ref - uge of the lost;

'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; yes, my soul, 'tis he, 'tis he!
Friends thro' fear his cause dis - own - ing, foes in - sult - ing his dis - tress;
here may view its na - ture right - ly, here its guilt may es - ti - mate.
Christ's the Rock of our sal - va - tion, his the name of which we boast.

'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed Proph - et, Da - vid's son, yet Da - vid's Lord;
man - y hands were raised to wound him, none would in - ter - pose to save;
Mark the sac - ri - fice ap - point - ed, see who bears the aw - ful load;
Lamb of God, for sin - ners wound - ed, sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt!

by his Son God now has spo - ken: 'tis the true and faith - ful Word.
but the deep - est stroke that pierced him was the stroke that Jus - tice gave.
'tis the Word, the Lord's A - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.
None shall ev - er be con - found - ed who on him their hope have built.

From Depths of Woe

Martin Luther, 1483-1546
Tr. by Richard Massie, 1800-87

Psalm 130

DEPTHS OF WOE
Gregory D Wilbur

Em C Am7 G Em C Am7 G D/F#

From depths of woe I raise to Thee The voice of lam - en - ta - tion; Lord,
To wash a - way the crim - son stain, Grace, grace a - lone a - vail - eth; Our
There - fore my trust is in the Lord, And not in mine own mer - it; On
What though I wait the live - long night, And till the dawn ap - pear - eth, My
Al - though our sin is great in - deed, God's mer - cies far ex - ceed it; His

Am G/B C Em Bm7 C7 Em

turn a gra - cious ear to me, And hear my sup - pli - ca - tion. If
works, a - las! are all in vain; In much the best life fail - eth: No
Him my soul shall rest, His word up - holds my faint - ing spir - it: His
heart still trust - eth in His might; It doubt - eth not, nor fear - eth: So
hand can give the help we need, How - ev - er much we need it: He

C/E C C2 G Em C D/F# G Bm

Thou shouldst be ex - treme to mark Each se - cret sin and mis - deed dark, O
man can glo - ry in Thy sight, All must a - like con - fess Thy might, And
pro - mised mer - cy is my fort, My com - fort and my sweet sup - port; I
let the Is - rael - ite in heart, Born of the Spir - it, do his part, And
is the Shep - herd of the sheep Who Is - ra - el doth guard and keep, And

A/C# Em Bm7 Am-sus Am

who could stand be - fore Thee? O who could stand be - fore Thee?
live a - lone by mer - cy. And live a - lone by mer - cy.
wait for it with pa - tience. I wait for it with pa - tience.
wait till God ap - pear - eth. And wait till God ap - pear - eth.
shall from sin re - deem him. And shall from sin re - deem him.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

HAMBURG (L.M.)
Lowell Mason, 1824

Isaac Watts, 1707

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

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,

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.