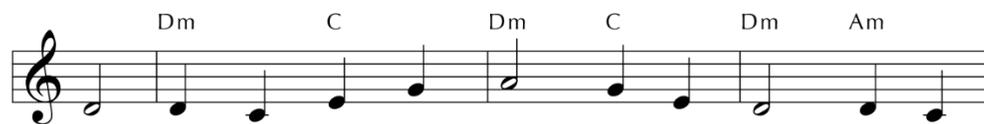


What Wondrous Love Is This 215



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



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



won - drous love is this that caused the Lord of
 I was sink - ing down be - neath God's righ - teous
 God and to the Lamb who is the great I
 when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joy - ful



bliss to bear the dread - ful curse for my soul, for my
 frown, Christ laid a - side his crown for my soul, for my
 AM, while mil - lions join the theme, I will sing, I will
 be, and through e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing on, I'll sing



soul, to bear the dread - ful curse for my soul!
 soul, Christ laid a - side his crown for my soul!
 sing; while mil - lions join the theme, I will sing!
 on; and through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing on.

With its ballad-like repetitions before and after each stanza's central narrative lines, this meditative text needs performance in order to be effective. Its haunting melody proves the means of convincing us that the only adequate response to "wondrous love" is "sing on."

In the Bulb There Is a Flower 250

Hymn of Promise

Capo 3: (D) (Em)
F Gm

1 In the bulb there is a flow - er; in the seed, an ap - ple tree;
2 There's a song in ev - ery si - lence, seek - ing word and mel - o - dy;
3 In our end is our be - gin - ning; in our time, in - fin - i - ty;

(A7) (D)
C7 F

in co - coons, a hid - den prom - ise: but - ter - flies will soon be free!
there's a dawn in ev - ery dark - ness, bring - ing hope to you and me.
in our doubt there is be - liev - ing; in our life, e - ter - ni - ty.

(D7) (G) (Em) (D) (Bm) (Em) (F#) (Bm)
F7 Bb Gm F Dm Gm A Dm

In the cold and snow of win - ter there's a spring that waits to be,
From the past will come the fu - ture; what it holds, a mys - ter - y,
In our death, a res - ur - rec - tion; at the last, a vic - to - ry,

(G) (Em) (D) (Bm) (Em) (A7) (D)
Bb Gm F Dm Gm C7 F

un - re - vealed un - til its sea - son, some - thing God a - lone can see.

The writing of this hymn was spurred by a line from the poet T. S. Eliot: "In my end is my beginning."
Shortly after this piece was completed, the author/composer's husband was diagnosed with what proved to be a terminal malignancy, and the original anthem version of this hymn was sung at his funeral.

785

In Deepest Night

Capo 1: (D) (Em7) (D)

E^b Fm7 E^b



1 In deep - est night, in dark - est days, when harps are hung,
 2 When friend was lost, when love de - ceived, dear Je - sus wept,
 3 When through the wa - ters winds our path, a - round us pain,

(Em7) (Bm) (D) (G)
 Fm7 Cm E^b A^b



no songs we raise, when si - lence must suf - fice as praise,
 God was be - reaved; so with us in our grief God grieves,
 a - round us death, deep calls to deep, a sav - ing breath,

(D) (Dmaj7)(E) (Em7) (G)(A7)(Dsus)(D)
 E^b E^bmaj7 F Fm7 A^b B^b7 E^bsus E^b



yet sound - ing in us qui - et - ly there is the song of God.
 and round a - bout us mourn - ful - ly there are the tears of God.
 and found be - side us faith - ful - ly there is the love of God.

If we are honest about the range of human experience, not everything we sing in church can be loud or joyful. The author describes this hymn as "a song of quiet hope in the middle of intense sorrow." It speaks eloquently of God's presence with us through our most difficult times.

TEXT: Susan Palo Cherwien, 1995
 MUSIC: David Schwoebel, 2008
 Text © 1995 Susan Palo Cherwien (admin. Augsburg Fortress)
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ROSE MARY
 8.8.8.8.6

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Steal Away

Refrain

Steal a-way, steal a-way, steal a-way to Je-sus!

Steal a-way, steal a-way home; I ain't got long to stay here.

Fine

1 My Lord, he calls me; he calls me by the thun-der.
 2 Green trees are bend-ing; poor sin-ners stand a trem-bling.
 3 My Lord, he calls me; he calls me by the light-ning.

The trum-pet sounds with-in my soul; I ain't got long to stay here.

to Refrain

This spiritual illustrates the double meanings at work in many African American slave songs: it is both a call for a direct encounter with Jesus and a summons to slip away from servitude to freedom. Nat Turner reportedly used this song to call together his followers in 1831.