

Alas! and Did my Saviour Bleed

Hymn
Isaac Watts

Melody
Keith Cox

HC

A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And
Was it for sins that I have done, He
Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And
Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While
But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The

i V6 i iv6 P6/4 iv ii6 V# i

IAC

did my Sov - ereign die? Would He de - vote that
suf - fered on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y!
shut his glo - ries in, When Christ, the great Re -
His dear cross ap - pears; Dis - solve my heart in -
debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I give my -

iv6 i iv6 V4-----# i i6 iv i6

DC PAC

sa - cred head For sin - ners such as I?
Grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
deem - er, died For man the crea - ture's sin.
thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
self a - way - 'Tis all that I can do.

ii6 V# iv6 iv i ii6 V# i5/3-----6/4-----5/3#

The Swing

Music: Valerie Varner, 2005
Text: Robert Lewis Stevenson

HC

How do you like it up in a swing.
Up in the air and on the ver-der wall.
Til I look down on the gar-den green.

I I I V6 I I6 P64 I V

5

Up in the air so blue?
Til I can see roof so wide.
Down on the roof so brown.

I I I V vi V IV6

9

Oh, Riv'rs I think it the plea-sant-est thing
Up and in trees the air and the go cat-tle and a-gain.

IV IV6 IV ii I6 IV V V V I

13

Ev-er a child can do!
ov-er in the coun-try and side!
Up in the air and down!

V V I I V I53 - 64 - 53

Jerusalem

Katie Gill

HC

And did those feet in an - cient — time Walk up on Eng land's moun tains green? And
 And did the coun - ten - ance di - vine shine forth up - on our clou - ded hills? And
 Bring me my bow of bur - ning gold! Bring me my arr - ows of de - sire! Bring
 I will not cease from men - tal fight, nor shall my sword sleep in my hand, Till

V I I6 vi V6 IV6/4 viio7-6 I V6 IV6/4 I viio6 I6 V vi V6 V

5

PAC

was the ho ly lamb of — God On Eng land's pleas ant pas tures seen?
 was Je - ru - salem buil - ded here Am - ong these dark Sat - an - ic mills?
 me my spear! O clouds, un - fold! Bring me my char - i - ot of fire!
 we have built Je - ru - sa - lem In Eng - land's green and pleas - ant land.

I I6 vi V6 IV6/4 viio7-6 I IV6 I6/4 V vi I ii6 V I

Hope's a Thing With Feathers

Jillian Carpenter

Words by Emily Dickinson

Piano

For hope's the thing with fea - thers soft that per - ches in the soul - And
 And sweet - est in the gale is heard and sore must be the storm - That
 I've heard it in the strang - est land and on the far - thest sea - But

V I IV I IV V6 vii'6 I6 I vii'6 I V6/5 V6 I V

5

sings the tune with - out the words and ne - ver stops at
 could a - bash the li - ttle bird that kept so ma - ny warm - -
 ne - ver in ex - trem - i - ty it asked a crumb of me - -

I I iii IV V I6/4 I6 P6/4 I I vii' V6/5 I 5/3---6/4--5/3

Awake, my soul, and with the sun

Stephen T. Britt
Text: Thomas Ken (1637-1711)

Piano

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run: Shake
 2. Re - deem thy mis - spent mo - ments past, And live this day as if thy last; Thy
 3. Let all thy con - verse be sin - cere, Thy con - science as the noon - day clear; For

I I V⁶₄ I⁶ I IV⁶ IV⁶₄ I iii⁶ IV⁶₄ I I I V⁵⁻⁻⁻⁶⁻⁻⁻⁵₃₋₋₋₄₋₋₋₃ V⁶

5
 off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise, to pay thy mor - ning sa - cri - fice.
 ta - lents to im - prove take care; For the great day thy self pre - pare.
 God's all - see - ing eye sur - veys Thy se - cret thoughts, thy words and ways.

I V⁶₄ I⁶ I IV IV vii^{o6} I V⁶ IV⁶ V I IV V⁸⁻⁻⁻⁷₆₋₋₋₅₋₋₋₄ I

*Parallel errors kept to preserve voice-leading.

When All Thy Mercies

Music: Daniel Ousley, 2005
 Text: Joseph Addison, 1712
 altered,
 Public Domain

HC

1. When all thy mer - cies, oh my God, my
 2. Un - numb - ered com - forts, to my soul, your
 3. When worn thou - with sick - ness, oft pre - cious thou gifts
 4. Ten sand thou sand gifts
 5. Through - ev' - ry per - iod of my life
 6. Through all et - er - ni - ty to thee my thy

I I V7/vi vi V6/vi vi6 IV6 V I

HC

ris - ing soul sur - eys, en - rapt - ured in re -
 ten - der care be stowed, be - fore my in - fant -
 health re - newed my face, and when is in sins and
 dai - ly thanks my em - ploy; nor and af - ter death in
 good - ness I'll pur - sue; and for oh, et - er - ni -
 joy - ful song I'll raise; for oh, et - er - ni -

I6 I6 IV vii / V V V6 I V6 vi iii6

HC PAC

deem - ing grace, I'm lost in love and praise;
 heart con - ceived from whom those com - forts flowed;
 sor - row sunk, re - that - newed my soul with grace;
 cheer - ful heart, re - that - newed my soul with joy;
 dis - tant worlds, the to - tastes those gifts with joy;
 ty's too short to glor - ious theme re - new praise

IV ii V V6/5 I V V7 I 5/3 - 6/4 - 5/3

A Hymn of Temporary Separation

Curtis Riddle

Piano

Prone to grief and led to pon - der, Such tis pain that holds me
 Though you are gone my — hope is fix'd, That a - gain I'll see your

I I6 - 5 - 5/3 vii°6 vi V6 ii ii I6

4 HC IAC PAC

still. Dis - be lief I dread to won - der, Much my soul longs to ful - fill —
 face. Heav'n con - fined, our souls be twi - xt And lain 'fore our Sav-ior's grace —

V I I6 iii I6/4 vii°6 I vii°6 V6/4 6 5/3 I 5/3-6/4-5/3

Save Me

njekwanoji S. beasnael

Piano

HC

Save me, here my cry o Fa ther. For
How I, love your name o Je - sus. Re

V I P^{6/4} I IV V⁶---5/3 V⁶ I

4 HC

I am lost and in need, e ven though I may se em far
dee mer of my soul, to sing of the love you gave

IV⁶ V V^{6/4} IV⁶ V 6 V 6---5/3 I⁶ IV V^{6/4} I IV⁶

8 PAC

ther, let me be the one you feed.
us, Ho ly Spi rit make me whole.

IV I V I V V^{6/4} I

The Road Not Taken

Maria de Leon

Soprano

Two roads di - verged in a ye - llow road and
 Then took the o - ther as just as fair, and -
 And both that mor - ning e - qua - lly lay In
 I shall be te - lling this with a sigh that

Bass

I V6 vi V6 I vii6 I V6 I vi

S

so - rry I could not tra - vel both and be one tra - ve - ler long I
 ha - ving per - haps the be - tter claim. 'cause it was gra - ssy and wan - ted
 leaves no step had tro - dden blaek oh, I kept the first for a - no - ther
 some - where a - ges and a - ges hence: Two roads di - verged in a wood, and

B

ii V6 I V6 V6 vi6 I V6 vi6 I IV I vi6 V6 vi ii6/4

S

stood and looked down - one as far as I could to where
 wear, though and as - for that the pa - ssing ther had worn
 day! Yet know - ing - how way leads on to way, I doubt
 I and I took - the one less tra - veled by and that

B

V6 I6 vii I vii I iii IV IV V I I6 ii6