

old traditional hymn

217 • Jesus Wept

1. Who is this in si-lence bend-ing O-ver this dark bur-ial cave,
 2. Je-sus wept! Those tears are o-ver, But His heart is still the same;
 3. When the pangs of tri-al seize us, When the waves of sor-row roll,
 4. Je-sus wept! and still in glo-ry He can mark each mourn-er's tear,
 5. Je-sus wept! That tear of sor-row Is a leg-a-cy of love;

Modernized pronouns and verbs
 in older and unfamiliar hymns.

Sym-pa-thet-ic sor-row blend-ing With the tears a-round that grave?
 Kins-man, Friend, and eld-er Broth-er Is His ev-er-last-ing name.
 I will lay my head on Je-sus, Ref-uge of the trou-bled soul.
 Lov-ing to re-trace the sto-ry Of the hearts sol-aced here.
 Yes-ter-day, to-day, to-mor-row, He the same does ev-er prove.

Christ the Lord is stand-ing, At the tomb of Beth-a-ny.
 Sav-ior, who can love like You, Gra-cious one of Beth-a-ny?
 Sure-ly, none can feel like You, Weep-ing one of Beth-a-ny!
 Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth-a-ny.
 You are all in all to me, Liv-ing one of Beth-a-ny!

Hymn: 8.7.8.7.7.7. • John Ross MacDuff (1853)
 Tune: ST. JOSEPH • H. Heathcote Statham

F - 2 - MI

contemporary hymn

Hosanna • 218

1. Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the high-est;
 2. Glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry to the King of kings;

Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the high-est.
 Glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry to the King of kings.

CHORUS

Lord, we lift up Your name, With hearts full of praise.
 Lord, we lift up Your name, With hearts full, hearts full of praise.

Be ex-alt-ed, O Lord, my God; Ho-san-na in the high-est.
 So be ex-alt-ed, O Lord, my God; Ho-san-na in the high-est.

Hymn: Irr. • Carl Tuttle (1985)
 Tune: HOSANNA • Carl Tuttle (1985), arr. Reid Lancaster
 © 1985 Mercy/Wineyard Publishing

G - 4 - DO