SONGS OF THE CROSS

A Collection of Songs to Remember His Sacrifice

JAY ROUSE



Arranged by Jay Rouse

Editor: Chrislyn Reed Cover Design: Ashley Donahue Music Engraving: David Thibodeaux

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EASTER SONG

Words and Music by ANNIE HERRING

Arr. by Jay Rouse



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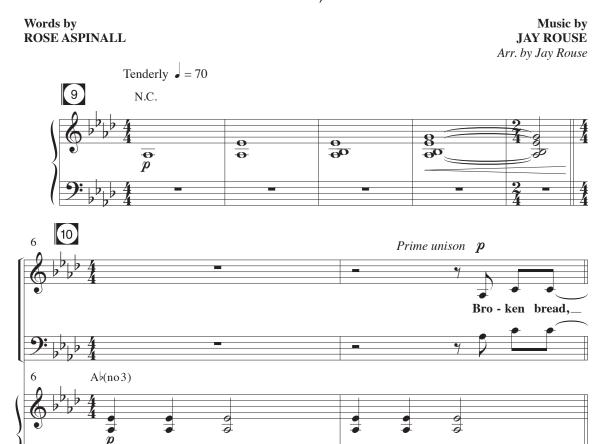
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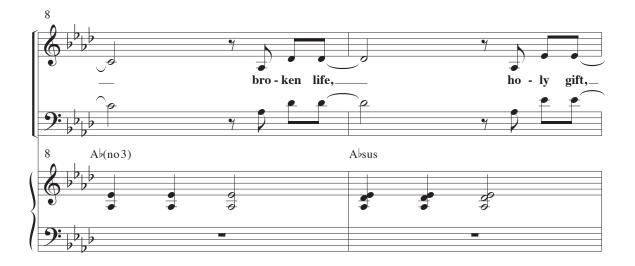




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BROKEN BREAD, BROKEN LIFE



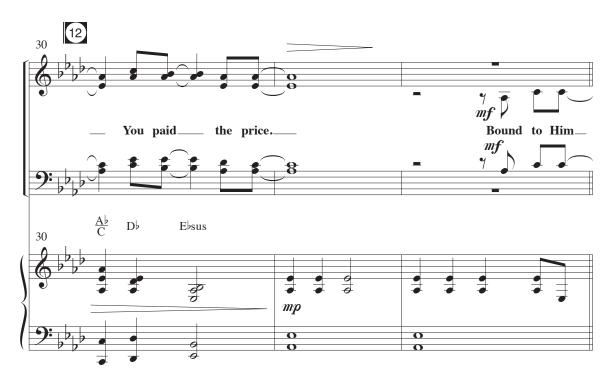


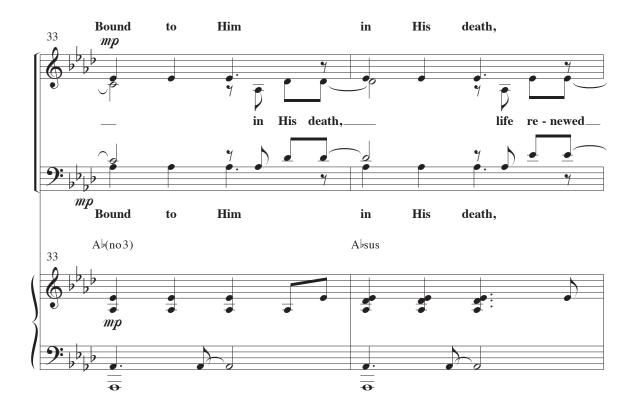
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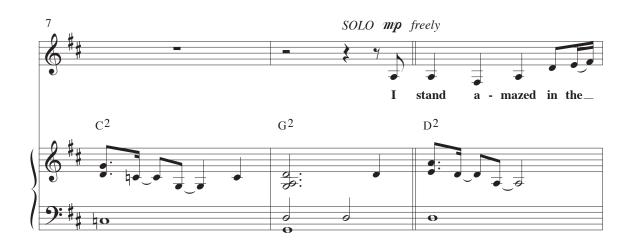
MY SAVIOR'S LOVE

Words and Music by CHARLES H. GABRIEL

Arr. by Jay Rouse







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JESUS CRUCIFIED

Words and Music by PAULA STEFANOVICH

Arr. by Jay Rouse



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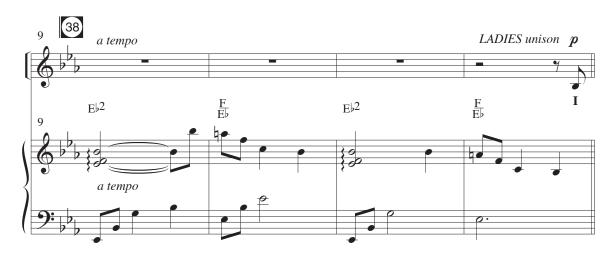
I WILL GLORY IN THE CROSS

Words and Music by DOTTIE RAMBO

Arr. by Jay Rouse







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BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS

Words by ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE

Music by FREDERICK C. MAKER

Arr. by Jay Rouse



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Easter Song

Then the angel spoke to the women. "Don't be afraid!" he said. "I know you are looking for Jesus, who was crucified. He isn't here! He is risen from the dead, just as He said would happen.

Come, see where His body was lying. And now, go quickly and tell His disciples that He has risen from the dead, and He is going ahead of you to Galilee. You will see Him there. Remember what I have told you."

The women ran quickly from the tomb. They were very frightened but also filled with great joy, and they rushed to give the disciples the angel's message. (Matthew 28:5-8 NLT)

Oh, come and see what love has done! The grave is empty and we are restored! The Savior took our greatest enemy and defeated it.

And in a miraculous turn of events, He used death to defeat death, robbing the grave of its victory!

Never before has the light of victory shined brighter! Our debt has been paid! Now, every bell is ringing! We have been made new!

Broken Bread, Broken Life

While they were eating, Jesus took bread, and when He had given thanks, He broke it and gave it to His disciples, saying, "Take and eat; this is My body." Then He took a cup, and when He had given thanks, He gave it to them, saying, "Drink from it, all of you. This is My blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins." (Matthew 26:26-28 NIV)

At this table is the invitation of God.

At this table is the brokenness of God in the gift of His Son.

And here in this community of gathered believers, we are all witnesses to the beauty of broken things.

Now, because of Jesus' sacrifice, the Father looks at the righteousness of His Son and not our sins.

The death of our Lord and His broken life has transformed us and the beauty of belonging to Him is ours again. Are you hungry? Come and eat. Are you thirsty? Come and drink. Are you needy? Come, there's room at the table for you. Come and be nourished at the table of God.

My Savior's Love

He withdrew about a stone's throw beyond them, knelt down and prayed, "Father, if you are willing, take this cup from me; yet not my will, but yours be done." (Luke 22:41-42 NIV)

What is there in us that He should so faithfully pursue us? What fierce passion brought Him to such a lowly place, to this unimaginable sorrow?

Love. Indestructible love. His was a lifelong journey to the cross.

This is the King who left His throne. This is the King who laid down His rights, who saw death and embraced it and by doing so—defeated it.

And just as each disciple who stood there that day in the shadow of that cross left with its image burned into their minds, so we too must keep His cross, His death and the resurrection love of our Savior always before us.

Oh, radiant Light, that bought us our freedom, how marvelous is Your love!

IESUS CRUCIFIED

... and He Himself bore our sins in His body on the cross, so that we might die to sin and live to righteousness; for by His wounds you were healed. (1 Peter 2:24 NASB)

Jesus betrayed. Jesus arrested, beaten, a crown of thorns on His head. The hands of Jesus nailed to a cross! Jesus crucified! His was the anguish, the heartbreak, the pain.

Nailed to a cross! Crucified! The worst possible kind of death. For it is written, cursed is anyone who hangs on a tree.

He died on Friday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The ground erupted. The skies grew dark.

But oh, my soul, listen! Listen to the wondrous story!

When they carried out all that was written concerning Him, they removed His body from the cross and placed Him in a grave. It was finished. Finished!

But oh, my soul, listen! My God, He raised Him from the dead! He returned to life on Sunday!

Wounded for our transgressions—bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was on Him; And by His stripes we are healed.

Now, sing! Sing hallelujah! Sing the wondrous story! For the One who was dead is alive! Jesus, the crucified alive!

I WILL GLORY IN THE CROSS

But far be it from me to boast except in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by which the world has been crucified to me, and I to the world. (Galatians 6:14 ESV)

There's an eternal mystery in the cross, that instrument of death and grace. Hanging there by His own choosing, the Son of God purchases life for you and me.

It was at the place of the skull that the hands of Christ met the rough wood of the cross and the iron nails of Calvary. And there stretched out, mercy and justice meet at last—and we are redeemed.

We would turn our face away from such awful suffering, except it is our means of reconciliation.

The cross is God's justice for an unjust world. And so, we glory in the cross! For the preaching of the cross is to those that perish foolishness; but to us who are saved, it is the power of God for the forgiveness of our sin!

BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS

And being found in appearance as a man, He humbled Himself by becoming obedient to death—even death on a cross! (Philippians 2:8 NIV)

The cross of Christ, that wooden cruciform and agent of our peace, on whose foundation we rest, has become our joy and delight.

Christ's blood—Christ's sufferings have made it holy. Once terrifying and shameful, now a refuge to all who trust in its work.

The cross of Christ is medicine for the soul, the reason for our hope and the instrument of our belonging.

And on that holy ground we take our place—beneath its shelter. Oh, Son of God incarnate, our glory, all the cross!