Power of the Cross
SAB with Optional Full Orchestra*

Isaac Watts and Lew King

Isaac Watts
Quoting HAMBURG
by Lowell Mason

1. Mysteriously $q = 72$

SA unison poco rit. mp a tempo

A dy-ing man____ hung on a cross to set us free,____ He paid the cost.

God sac-ri-ficed____ His ho-ly Lamb, His pre-cious Son,____ the great I

☐ indicates track number for accompaniment CD.

*Also available: Optional Full Orchestral score and parts (30/1911M); Performance/Accompaniment CD (99/1798M).

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SABC-03-14-2

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There was a cross that bore Your name, scarred by sin and stained with shame.

But, on that cross, if eyes could see, He took your place on Cal-va-

on that cross, if eyes could see, He took your place on Cal-va-
O the power of the cross! Lift it high to draw the world to Him. For our gain, He suffered loss. O the power of the cross.

Somewhat faster \( f = 78 \)
From *Who Do You Say That I Am?* (55/1146L)

**Man of Sorrows**

Words by **Lloyd Larson**  
Based on *Isaiah 53:4-6*  
And **Philip P. Bliss**

Music by  
**Lloyd Larson**

**Incorporating**: *HALLELUJAH! WHAT A SAVIOR*  
by **Philip P. Bliss**

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**Expressively**  
\( \text{mp} = \text{ca. 58} \)

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**SA**  
Surely He has borne our griefs.

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**B**  
Surely He has borne our sorrows.

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He was wounded for us, and rejected for us.

He was wounded for us, bruised and rejected for us.

The chastisement of our sin was placed on Him.

Surely He has borne our griefs.
Surely He has borne our griefs.

Surely He has borne our sorrows.

He was chosen for us, alone, He has borne our griefs. He was chosen for us,
stands there for us. The sins of all the world were placed on Him.

All we like sheep have gone a-stray, we’ve turned to our own way, yet by His stripes we have been healed.
Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

John of Damascus (ca. 675-749),
Trans. by John M. Neale (1818-1886)

Arranged by Mary McDonald
Tune: ST. KEVIN
by Arthur S. Sullivan (1842-1900)

With joy $d = 112$

SA + opt. Cong. on melody

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain

of triumphant gladness; God hath brought His

of triumphant gladness; God hath brought His

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Come, ye faithful, raise the strain

People forth into joy from sadness.

"Allelujas!" with the Son, God the Father praising; "Allelujas!" yet again
to the Spirit raising!

rit.

molto rit.

rit.

molto rit.
“Al-leluia!” now we sing to our King immortal

Who, triumphant, burst the bars of the tomb’s dark portal.

“Al-leluia!”