

1. **There is a green hill far away,
without a city wall,
where the dear Lord was crucified,
who died to save us all.**

**We may not know, we cannot tell,
what pains he had to bear,
but we believe it was for us
he hung and suffered there.**

**He died that we might be forgiven,
he died to make us good;
that we might go at last to heaven,
saved by his precious blood.**

**There was no other good enough
to pay the price of sin;
he only could unlock the gate
of heaven, and let us in.**

**O dearly, dearly has he loved,
and we must love him too,
and trust in his redeeming blood,
and try his words to do.**

*Words: C.F Alexander (1818-1895)
Tune: Horsley*

2. **My song is love unknown,
my Saviour's love to me,
love to the loveless shown,
that they might lovely be.
O, who am I,
that for my sake
my Lord should take
frail flesh and die?**

He came from his blest throne,
salvation to bestow:
but men made strange, and none
the longed-for Christ would know.
But, O my friend,
my friend indeed,
who at my need
his life did spend!

Sometimes they strew his way,
and his sweet praises sing;
resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King.
Then 'Crucify!'
is all their breath,
and for his death
they thirst and cry.

They rise, and needs will have
my dear Lord made away;
a murderer they save,
the Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful he
to suffering goes,
that he his foes
from thence might free.

Here might I stay and sing,
no story so divine;
never was love, dear King,
never was grief like thine!
This is my Friend,
in whose sweet praise
I all my days
could gladly spend.

Words: Samuel Crossman (1624-1683)
Tune: Love Unknown

3. **Meekness and majesty manhood and deity**
In perfect harmony the Man who is God
Lord of eternity dwells in humanity
Kneels in humility and washes our feet
O what a mystery meekness and majesty
Bow down and worship for this is your God
This is your God

Father's pure radiance perfect in innocence
Yet learns obedience to death on a cross
Suffering to give us life
Conquering through sacrifice
And as they crucify prays Father forgive
O what a mystery meekness and majesty
Bow down and worship for this is your God
This is your God

Wisdom unsearchable God the invisible
Love indestructible in frailty appears
Lord of infinity stooping so tenderly
Lifts our humanity to the heights of His throne
O what a mystery meekness and majesty
Bow down and worship for this is your God
This is your God
This is your God

Words: Graham Kendrick (b. 1950)

Tune: Meekness and Majesty

Words and music © 1986 Thank You Music Ltd.

4. **When I survey the wondrous cross,**
On which the prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

**His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.**

**Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.**

*Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
Tune: Rockingham*

- 5. Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?**

**Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Oh, sometimes...**

**Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Oh, sometimes...**

**Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Oh, sometimes...**

**Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when laid him in the tomb?
Oh, sometimes...**

*Words: American Folk Hymn
Tune: Were You There*

6. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame,
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

*So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it, some day, for a crown.*

Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me,
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above,
To bear it to dark Calvary.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross...

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross...

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
It's shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me, some day, to my home far away,
Where His glory for ever I'll share.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross...

Words: George Bennard (1873-1958)

Tune: The Old Rugged Cross

7. From heaven you came helpless babe
Entered our world, your glory veiled
Not to be served but to serve
And give Your life that we might live
This is our God, The Servant King
He calls us now to follow Him
To bring our lives as a daily offering
Of worship to The Servant King

There in the garden of tears
My heavy load he chose to bear
His heart with sorrow was torn
'Yet not My will but Yours, ' He said
This is our God...

Come see His hands and His feet
The scars that speak of sacrifice
Hands that flung stars into space
To cruel nails surrendered
This is our God...

So let us learn how to serve
And in our lives enthrone Him
Each other's needs to prefer
For it is Christ we're serving
This is our God...

Words: Graham Kendrick (b 1950)

Tune: The Servant King

Words and music © 1983 Thank You Music Ltd.

**8. *Lift high the cross, the love of Christ proclaim
till all the world adore his sacred name!***

**Come let us follow where our captain trod,
our King victorious, Christ the Son of God.
*Lift high the cross...***

**O Lord, once lifted on the glorious tree,
as thou hast promised, draw us unto thee.
*Lift high the cross...***

**Let every race and every language tell
of him who saves our souls from death and hell.
*Lift high the cross...***

**From farthest regions let them homage bring,
and on his cross adore their Saviour King.
*Lift high the cross...***

**For thy blest cross which doth for all atone
creation's praises rise before thy throne.
*Lift high the cross...***

*Words by G W Kitchin
Tune: Crucifer*

Derby Cathedral, like many places, is suffering from a drop in venue income, visitor income, service collections and income from trading. If your income is keeping up, please consider using the QR code below to make a donation to the work of the Cathedral. Alternatively, if you contact us at office@derbycathedral.org we can supply you with our bank details to make a donation through BACS.

Thank you.

