


# More Marred Than Any Man's

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Behold, my servant shall deal prudently, he shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high. As many were astonished at thee; his visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men: So shall he sprinkle many nations; the kings shall shut their mouths at him: for *that* which had not been told them shall they see; and *that* which they had not heard shall they consider. (*Isaiah 52:13-15*)

<p><b>Words:</b> William Russell, 1861, Revised: Ebenezer Baptist Church, 2015.</p> <p><b>Music:</b> "Dedication (Gilding), SM," Edmund Gilding, 1762, modified by CM Droddy, 2015, Ebenezer Baptist Church.</p>	
<p><a href="#">(midi)</a> <a href="#">(mp3)</a></p>	<p><a href="#">More Marred Than Any Man's</a> </p>

More marred than any man's  
The Savior's visage see;  
Was ever sorrow like to His,  
Endured on Calvary!

Oh, hear that piercing cry!  
What can its meaning be?  
My God! My God! Oh, why hast Thou,  
My God, forsaken Me?

Oh 'twas because our sins  
On Him by God were laid;  
He who Himself had never sinned,

For sinners, sin was made.

Thus sin He put away  
By His one sacrifice.  
Then, Conqueror o'er death and hell,  
He mounted to the skies.

Therefore let all men know  
That God is satisfied;  
And sinners all who Jesus trust,  
Through Him are justified.


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## Sinners, Will You Scorn the Message

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But I *am* a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people. All they that see me laugh me to scorn: they shoot out the lip, they shake the head, *saying*, He trusted on the LORD *that* he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him. (*Psalms 22:6-8*)

For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel: not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect. For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God. For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. (*I Corinthians 1:17-19*)

<p><b>Words:</b> Attributed to Jonathan Allen, 1806.</p> <p><b>Music:</b> "Alvan," Lowell Mason, 1854.</p>	
<p><a href="#">(midi)</a> <a href="#">(mp3)</a></p>	<p><a href="#">Sinners, Will You Scorn the Message</a> </p>

Sinners, will you scorn the message

Sent in mercy from above?

Every sentence, O how tender!

Every line is full of love:

Listen to it, listen to it,

Every line is full of love.

Hear the heralds of the Gospel

News from Zion's king proclaim:

"Pardon to each rebel sinner,

Free forgiveness in His name":

How important, how important,

"Free forgiveness in His name."

Tempted souls, they bring you succor;

Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,

And, with news of consolation,

Chase away the falling tears:

Tender heralds, tender heralds,

Chase away the falling tears.

False professors, groveling wordlings,

Callous hearers of the Word,

While the messengers address you,

Take the warnings they afford;

We entreat you, we entreat you,

Take the warnings they afford.

O ye angels, hovering round us,

Waiting spirits, speed your way;

Haste ye to the court of Heaven,

Tidings bear without delay,

Rebel sinners, rebel sinners,


Glad the message will obey.

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## [God is Our Refuge and Defense](#)

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Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust. *O my soul*, thou hast said unto the LORD, Thou *art* my Lord: my goodness *extendeth* not to thee; *But* to the saints that are in the earth, and *to* the excellent, in whom *is* all my delight. Their sorrows shall be multiplied *that* hasten *after* another *god*: their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips. The LORD *is* the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant *places*; yea, I have a goodly heritage. (Psalm 16:1-6)

<p><b>Words:</b> James Montgomery (1771-1854). <b>Music:</b> "Mendon", German tune, arranged by Samuel Dyer, Supplement of Samuel Dyer's Third Edition of Sacred Music, 1828.</p>	
<p><a href="#">(midi)</a> <a href="#">(mp3)</a></p>	<p><a href="#">God is Our Refuge and Defense</a> </p>

God is our refuge and defense;  
In trouble our unfailling aid;  
Secure in His omnipotence,  
What foe can make our souls afraid?

Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,  
And mountains down the gulf be hurled,  
His people smile amid the shock:  
They look beyond this transient world.

There is a river pure and bright,  
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;  
Where, in eternity of light,  
The city of our God remains.


Built by the Word of His command,  
With His unclouded presence blest,  
Firm as His throne the bulwarks stand,  
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

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## All People That on Earth Do Dwell

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Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands. Serve the LORD with gladness: come before his presence with singing. Know ye that the LORD he *is* God: *it is* he *that* hath made us, and not we ourselves; *we are* his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, *and* into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, *and* bless his name. For the LORD *is* good; his mercy *is* everlasting; and his truth *endureth* to all generations. (*Psalms 100:1-5*)

<p><b>Words:</b> From Fourscore and Seven Psalms of David (Geneva, Switzerland: 1561); attributed to William Kethe.</p> <p><b>Music:</b> "Old 100<sup>th</sup>," attributed to Louis Bourgeois, in Four Score and Seven Psalms of David (Geneva, Switzerland: 1551)</p>	<p>Listen to the hymn melody</p>
<p><a href="#">(midi)</a> <a href="#">(mp3)</a></p>	<p><a href="#">All People That on Earth Do Dwell</a> </p>

All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.  
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make;  
We are His folk, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise;  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good;  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom Heaven and earth adore,  
From men and from the angel host  
Be praise and glory evermore.


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# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

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And the word of Samuel came to all Israel. Now Israel went out against the Philistines to battle, and pitched beside Ebenezer: and the Philistines pitched in Aphek. . . . And the Philistines fought, and Israel was smitten, and they fled every man into his tent: and there was a very great slaughter; for there fell of Israel thirty thousand footmen. And the ark of God was taken; and the two sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas, were slain. (*I Samuel 4:1, 10-11*)

And the children of Israel said to Samuel, Cease not to cry unto the LORD our God for us, that he will save us out of the hand of the Philistines. And Samuel took a sucking lamb, and offered it for a burnt offering wholly unto the LORD: and Samuel cried unto the LORD for Israel; and the LORD heard him. And as Samuel was offering up the burnt offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel: but the LORD thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them; and they were smitten before Israel. And the men of Israel went out of Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them, until they came under Bethcar. Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the LORD helped us. (*I Samuel 7:8-12*)

<p><b>Words:</b> Robert Robinson, 1758.  <b>Music:</b> "Nettleton", by John Wyeth, 1813.</p>	<p>Listen to the hymn melody</p>
<p><a href="#">(midi)</a> <a href="#">(mp3)</a></p>	<p><a href="#">Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing</a> </p>

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, tune my heart to sing Thy grace;

Streams of mercy, never ceasing, call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above.  
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it, mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise mine Ebenezer; Hither by Thy help I've come;  
And I will, by Thy good pleasure, be brought safely to Thy home.

Rescued now from sin and danger, Purchased by the Saviour's blood;

I would walk on earth a stranger, As becomes a son of God.

O to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be.

Let that grace, now like a fetter, bind my yielded heart to Thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;

Here's my heart, LORD Thou hast sealed it, sealed it for Thy courts above.

O that day when freed from sinning, I shall see Thy lovely face;

Clothed then in blood washed linen how I'll sing Thy wond'rous grace;

Come, my Lord, no longer tarry, take my ransomed soul away;

Send thine angels now to carry me to realms of endless day.

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# 0 Sinner, Lift the Eye of Faith

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And there were also two other, malefactors, led with him to be put to death. And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left. Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment, and cast lots. (*Luke 23:32-34*)

Be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand here before you whole. This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved. (*Acts 4:10-12*)

<p><b>Words:</b> Author unknown (Atolle paula lumina); translated from Latin to English by John M. Neale in Medieval Hymns, 1851. Lyrics modified by Paul W. Davis, 2005 Music: "Nyberg," Mikael Nyberg. Music modified by Ebenezer Baptist Church, 2013.</p>	
<p>(<a href="#">midi</a>) (<a href="#">mp3</a>)</p>	<p><a href="#">0 Sinner, Lift the Eye of Faith</a></p> 

0 sinner, lift the eye of faith,  
To true repentance turning;

Bethink thee of the curse of sin,  
Its awful guilt discerning;  
Upon the Lord Jesus look,  
And thou shalt read, as in a book,  
What well is worthy thy learning.  
Look on His head, that bleeding head,  
With crown of thorns surrounded;  
Look on His hands and feet  
Which piercing nails have wounded;  
See every limb with scourges rent:  
On Christ, the Just, the Innocent,  
What malice hath abounded!

'Tis alone those limbs are racked,  
Yes, friends too have forsaken Him;  
And, more than all, for thankless man  
That tender heart is aching;  
Oh, fearful was the pain and scorn,  
By Jesus, Son of God, borne,  
The peace for sinners making.

None ever knew such pain before,  
Such infinite affliction,  
None ever felt a grief like His  
Alone in that dread sacrifice;  
For us He bare those bitter throes,  
For us those agonizing woes,  
In once suffered infliction.

O sinner, mark, and ponder well  
Sin's awful condemnation;  
Think what a sacrifice it cost  
To purchase Thy salvation;  
Had Jesus never bled and died,  
Then what could thee and all betide  
But everlasting damnation?

Lord, grant us strength to flee from sin,  
And Satan's wiles ensnaring,


Saved from those everlasting flames  
For unrepentant ones prepared.  
Jesus, we thank Thee, and desire  
To rest forever at Thy feet,  
Thy heavenly glory sharing.

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## People of the Living God

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And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, *or* to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people *shall be* my people, and thy God my God: Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the LORD do so to me, and more also, *if ought* but death part thee and me. (*Ruth 1:16-17*)

<b>Words:</b> James Montgomery, 1829. <b>Music:</b> "Ennius", from Harmonia Sacra, by Joseph Funk (1778-1862).	
<a href="#">(midi)</a> <a href="#">(mp3)</a>	<a href="#">People of the Living God</a> 

People of the living God,  
I have sought the world around;  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found:  
Now to you my spirit turns—  
Turns a fugitive unblest;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,

Oh, receive me into rest.  
Lonely I no longer roam  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave;  
Mine the God whom you adore;  
Your Redeemer shall be mine;  
Earth can fill my soul no more—  
Every idol I resign.

Tell me not of gain and loss,  
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and pow'r;  
Welcome poverty and cross,  
Shame reproach, affliction's hour.  
"Follow Me"—I know Thy voice;  
Jesus, Lord, Thy steps I see;  
Now I take Thy yoke by choice,  
Light Thy burden now to me.

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## Ere the Blue Heav'ns Were Stretched Abroad

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Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou *art* God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight *are but* as yesterday when it is past, and as a

watch in the night. (*Psalms 90:1-4*)

Come ye near unto me, hear ye this; I have not spoken in secret from the beginning; from the time that it was, there *am* I: and now the Lord GOD, and his Spirit, hath sent me. Thus saith the LORD, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; I *am* the LORD thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way *that* thou shouldest go. (*Isaiah 48:16-17*)

<p><b>Words:</b> Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Book I, 1707, number 2. Modified by Cynthia M. Droddy, 2012.</p> <p><b>Music:</b> "Truro", from Psalmodia Evangelica, by Thomas Williams, 1789. (<a href="#">midi</a>, <a href="#">mp3</a>)</p>	Listen to the hymn melody
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Ere the blue heav'ns were stretched abroad,  
From everlasting is the Word:  
With God He was; the Word is God,  
And must divinely be adored.  
By His own power were all things made;  
By Him supported all remain;  
He is the whole creation's Head,  
And angels fly at His command.

Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,  
He led the host of morning stars:  
Thy generation who can tell,  
Or count the numbers of Thy years?

Mortals with joy beheld His face,  
The Father's own Begotten Son;  
How full of truth! how full of grace!  
God is with us, Immanuel.

The Lamb from the foundation slain,  
For all His children, ransom paid;  
And now in Heav'n exalted high,  
Our Lord, our Savior and our King.

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# Redeemed, and With the Price of Blood

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But Christ being come an high priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building; Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption *for us*. For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh: How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God? (*Hebrews 9:11-14*)

<p><b>Words:</b> Fanny Crosby, in <i>The Wells of Salvation</i>.</p>	Listen to the hymn melody
<p><b>Music:</b> "Austin-M," Clara H. Fiske Scott, 1896. Modified by Cynthia M. Droddy, 2012. (<a href="#">midi</a>, <a href="#">mp3</a>)</p>	

Redeemed, and with the price of blood,  
Which Thou hast shed for me,  
I stand, a monument of grace,  
A witness, Lord, for Thee.  
*Redeemed, and made by simple faith*  
*An heir of heaven above!*  
*Oh, love surpassing human thought!*  
*Oh, vast, unmeasured love!*

Redeemed, no longer dead in sin,  
But raised by pow'r divine,  
My tongue, rejoicing, cries aloud,  
All glory, Lord, be Thine.

*Redeemed, and made by simple faith  
An heir of heaven above!  
Oh, love surpassing human thought!  
Oh, vast, unmeasured love!*

Redeemed, my heart is filled with praise,  
My soul true comfort knows,  
And daily feels the calm of peace  
That like a river flows.

*Redeemed, and made by simple faith  
An heir of heaven above!  
Oh, love surpassing human thought!  
Oh, vast, unmeasured love!*

Redeemed, I'll tell it o'er and o'er;  
Redeemed my song shall be,  
My watchword through the vale of death,  
My passport home to Thee.

*Redeemed, and made by simple faith  
An heir of heaven above!  
Oh, love surpassing human thought!  
Oh, vast, unmeasured love!*

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## 0 My Blessed Jesus

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I looked on *my* right hand, and beheld, but *there was* no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul. I cried unto thee, O LORD: I said, Thou *art* my refuge *and* my portion in the land of the living. Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low: deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I. Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about; for thou shalt deal bountifully with me. (*Psalms 142:4-7*)

<b>Words:</b> Unknown.	Listen to the hymn melody
<b>Music:</b> "Here is Love," Robert Lowry, 1876. ( <a href="#">midi</a> , <a href="#">mp3</a> )	

O my blessed, blessed Jesus,  
Lone companion of my soul,  
In all worries, tribulations,  
Give my spirit thy support;  
While I'm cast upon life's ocean,  
On the sea's unstable waves,  
Steadfastly, O hold and keep me  
In thine all embracing arms.  
Let me tread where'er I wander  
On this ever moving earth,  
All the land beneath me trembles,  
Dust and ruins all around;  
If I could but keep my foothold  
Despite tempest, despite storm,  
On the eternal Rock of Ages:  
This the ground that never quakes.

Oft times leaning on my dear ones,  
Then I lose them one by one;  
Lean again on friends, companions,  
Very soon they're also gone:  
Lean on pleasure-none is stable,  
All my word, it changes so,



Lean on Jesus – here is true strength  
Which will hold the world's whole weight.