



Without Blood Is No Remission

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And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission. It was therefore necessary that the patterns of things in the heavens should be purified with these; but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices than these. For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us: Nor yet that he should offer himself often, as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others; For then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world: but now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. (*Hebrews 9:22-26*)

<p>Words: Thomas Kelly. Words modified by Ebenezer Baptist Church, 2013.</p> <p>Music: "Hebrews", Cynthia M. Droddy, Ebenezer Baptist Church, 2013.</p>	<p>Listen to the hymn melody</p>
<p>(midi) (mp3) </p>	<p>Without Blood Is No Remission </p>

Without blood is no remission,
Life for life the sentence is;

Pardon comes on this condition,
Tremble we when hearing this:
Make Him known the sacrifice;
Say ye, is his life His own?
He can deal with it as one who
No superior owns, or has;
This belongs to Him alone, who
Fills the throne that ever was,
And forever will remain,
His an everlasting reign.

But will He whose voice is thunder,
And whose bolt the lightning is,
Whom the angels view with wonder,
Majesty and glory his;
He will do what He alone
Able is, else we're undone.

See thou One, who, more than others,
Seems to know what sorrow is;
Love is His beyond a brother's;
Grace, and pow'r and truth are his,
Yet He comes, and dwells with men,
Dies, and takes His life again.

Could a man redeem another?
None whose life is not his own.
How could one redeem his brother?
Could he for his sin atone?
Were his life a gift bestowed,
He could give but what he owed.

But the Lord who comes from heaven,
Is the Holy One of God;
Life is His—His own—not given,
Hence the value of His blood,
Hence He could atone for sin,
Hence impart new life within.

Sing we then, it well befits us,
'Tis a sweet, a blessed theme;
Wonder upon wonder meets us,
Tracing God's all glorious plan;
Sing of Him who came to save,
Who His life for sinners gave.

0 Bless the Lord, My Soul

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Bless the LORD, O my soul: and all that is within me, *ble*ss his holy name. Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies; Who satisfieth thy mouth with good *things*; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's. (*Psal*m 103:1-5)

<p>Words: James Montgomery, in Selection of Psalms and Hymns, by Thomas Cotterill, 1819.</p> <p>Music: "St. Thomas (Williams)", Aaron Williams, The New Universal Psalmist, 1770. (midi, mp3)</p>	Listen to the hymn melody
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0 bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim!
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy name!
0 bless the Lord, my soul!

His mercies bear in mind!
Forget not all His benefits!
The Lord to thee is kind.

He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

He pardons all thy sins;
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

He clothes thee with His love;
Upholds thee with His truth;
And like the eagle He renews
The vigor of thy youth.

Then bless His holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose lovingkindness crowns thy days!
O bless the Lord, my soul!

[How Sweet the Hour](#)

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So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed

up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord. (*I Corinthians 15:54-58*)

<p>Words: Fanny Crosby (1820-1915). Music: "Auld Lang Syne", traditional Scottish folk. (midi, mp3)</p>	Listen to the hymn melody
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How sweet the hour of praise and prayer,
When our devotions blend,
And on the wings of faith divine
Our songs of joy ascend!
'Tis then we hear in tones more clear
The gracious promise giv'n,
That, though we part from friends on earth,
We all shall meet in Heav'n.
*We all shall meet in Heav'n at last,
We all shall meet in Heav'n;
Through faith in Jesus' precious blood,
We all shall meet in Heav'n.*

How sweet the tie of hallowed love
That binds our hearts in one;
When gathered in the blessed Name
Of Christ, the Father's Son!
And though the parting soon may come,
Yet in His Word is giv'n
The blessed hope that by and by
We all shall meet in Heav'n.

*We all shall meet in Heav'n at last,
We all shall meet in Heav'n;
Through faith in Jesus' precious blood,*

We all shall meet in Heav'n.

Yes, soon our worn and weary feet
Will reach the golden strand,
Where those we love our coming wait
In yonder summerland;
A few more days, a few more years,
By storm and tempest driv'n,
With songs and everlasting joy
We all shall meet in Heav'n.

*We all shall meet in Heav'n at last,
We all shall meet in Heav'n;
Through faith in Jesus' precious blood,
We all shall meet in Heav'n.*

[From Depths of Woe I Raise to Thee](#)

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Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O LORD. Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications. If thou, LORD, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But *there is* forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the LORD, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. My soul *waiteth* for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: *I say, more than* they that watch for the morning. Let Israel hope in the LORD: for with the LORD *there*

is mercy, and with him *is* plenteous redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities. (*Psalms 130*)

Words: Martin Luther, 1523 (Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir); composite translation.

Music: "Aus Tiefer Not," , melody by Martin Luther, 1524, arranged in Gesangbüchlein, by Johann Walter, 1524. ([midi](#), [mp3](#))

Listen to the hymn melody

From depths of woe I raise to Thee
The voice of lamentation;
Lord, turn a gracious ear to me
And hear my supplication;
If Thou iniquities dost mark,
Our secret sins and misdeeds dark,
O who shall stand before Thee?
To wash away the crimson stain,
Grace, grace alone availeth;
Our works, alas! are all in vain;
In much the best life faileth:
No man can glory in Thy sight,
All must alike confess Thy might,
And live alone by mercy.

Therefore my trust is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit;
On Him my soul shall rest, His Word
Upholds my fainting spirit:
His promised mercy is my fort,
My comfort, and my sweet support;
I wait for it with patience.

What though I wait the livelong night,
And till the dawn appeareth,
My heart still trusteth in His might;
It doubteth not nor feareth:
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,

Ye of the Spirit born indeed;
And wait till God appeareth.

Though great our sins and sore our woes,
His grace much more aboundeth;
His helping love no limit knows,
Our utmost need it soundeth.
Our Shepherd good and true is He,
Who will at last His Israel free.
From all their sin and sorrow.

Blessed Assurance (Revised)



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Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

(John 10:1-5)

<p>Words: Based on “Blessed Assurance” by Fanny Crosby, 1873. Cynthia M. Droddy, Ebenezer Baptist Church, 2013.</p> <p>Music: “Hazel Valley”, Cynthia M. Droddy, 2013.</p>	
<p>(midi) (mp3) </p>	<p>Blessed Assurance </p>

Blessèd assurance, Jesus is mine,
Kept by His faith never more to repine;
Saved by His grace and held by His pow’r
My soul He keeps ev’ry day, ev’ry hour.

*This is my glory, my joy, my song,
One with my Lord, e’er to Him I belong;
I know my Savior and He knows me,
Secure forever with Jesus to be.*

Perfect submission, in Him I rest,
Safely He holdeth me close to His breast;
When dangers threaten able is He
To shield and comfort me eternally.

*This is my glory, my joy, my song,
One with my Lord, e’er to Him I belong;
I know my Savior and He knows me,
Secure forever with Jesus to be.*

Perfect obedience, I know His voice,
By name He calls to me, and I rejoice;
I hear Him call me safe to the fold,
Close to my Shepherd His face to behold.

*This is my glory, my joy, my song,
One with my Lord, e’er to Him I belong;
I know my Savior and He knows me,
Secure forever with Jesus to be.*

Forever With the Lord

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Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? *shall* tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. (*Romans 8:35-39*)

<p>Words: James Montgomery, Poet's Portfolio, 1835.</p> <p>Music: "Nearer Home", Isaac B. Woodbury, 1852; harmony by Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874. Modified by Cynthia M. Droddy, 2011. (midi, mp3)</p>	Listen to the hymn melody
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"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from His death is in that word
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent

A day's march nearer home
My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of Heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower;
Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

"Forever with the Lord!"
Forever in His will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Lord, here in me fulfill.
With You at my right hand,
Then I shall never fail;
Uphold me, Lord, and I shall stand,
Through grace I will prevail.

So when my latest breath

Breaks through the veil of pain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
That resurrection word,
That shout of victory:
Once more, "Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!

He Giveth More Grace

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Do ye think that the scripture saith in vain, The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy? But he giveth more grace. Wherefore he saith, God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble. Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. (*James 4:5-7*)

<p>Words: Annie J. Flint (1866-1932). Music: "Blacklands", Ray Steadman-Allen. (midi, mp3)</p>	<p>Listen to the hymn melody</p>
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He giveth more grace as our burdens grow greater,
He sendeth more strength as our labors increase;
To added afflictions He addeth His mercy,
To multiplied trials he multiplies peace.
When we have exhausted our store of endurance,
When our strength has failed ere the day is half done,
When we reach the end of our hoarded resources
Our Father's full giving is only begun.

His love has no limits, His grace has no measure,
His power no boundary known unto men;
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus
He giveth, and giveth, and giveth again.

[At the Name of Jesus](#)

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Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of *things* in heaven, and *things* in earth, and *things* under the earth; And *that* every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ *is* Lord, to the glory of God the Father. (*Philippians 2:5-11*)

Words: Caroline M. Noel, The Name of Jesus, and Other Verses for the Sick and Lonely, 1870. Music: "Urswicke", George J. Elvey, 1881.	
(midi) (mp3)	At the Name of Jesus 

At the Name of Jesus, every knee shall bow,

Every tongue confess Him King of glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure we should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning was the mighty Word.

Mighty and mysterious in the highest height,
God from everlasting, very light of light:
In the Father's bosom with the spirit blest,
Love, in love eternal, rest, in perfect rest.

At His voice creation sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces, all the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations, stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders, in their great array.

Humbled for a season, to receive a name
From the lips of sinners unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it, spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious when from death He passed.

Bore it up triumphant with its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures, to the central height,
To the throne of Godhead, to the Father's breast;
Filled it with the glory of that perfect rest.

Name Him, brothers, name Him, with love strong as death
But with awe and wonder, and with bated breath!
He is God the Savior, He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped, trusted and adored.

In your hearts enthrone Him; there let Him subdue
All that is not holy, all that is not true;
Crown Him as your Captain in temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you in its light and power.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus shall return again,
With His Father's glory, with His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him King of glory now.

Let Every Mortal Ear Attend

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Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for *that which is* not bread? and your labour for *that which* satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye *that which* is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. (*Isaiah 55:1-2*)

<p>Words: Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 1707.</p> <p>Music: "Woodstock (Dutton)", Deodatus Dutton, Jr., in American Psalmody, by Deodatus Dutton and Elam Ives, Jr., 1829. (midi, mp3)</p>	<p>Listen to the hymn melody</p>
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Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
Lo! all ye hungry, starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your sin,

Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepared by God,
Wrought by the labors of His Son,
And dyed in His own blood.

Dear God! the treasures of Thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

The happy gates of Gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Come, Let Us Sing the Song of

Songs

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And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not: behold, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof. And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven Spirits of God sent forth into all the earth. (*Revelation 5:5-6*)

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. (*Revelation 5:9-12*)

Words: James Montgomery, in the Sunday School Teachers' Magazine, May 1841, p. 35, as one of the "Original Hymns for the Sheffield S. S. Union Festival, Whitsunday, May 31, 1841.

Music: "Russia," adapted from Dmitri S. Bortniansky, 1825.

[\(midi\)](#) [\(mp3\)](#)

[Come, Let Us Sing the Song of Songs](#) 

Come, let us sing the song of songs—
The angels first began the strain—
The homage which to Christ belongs;
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

To Him Who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in Heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in Heaven with Him we reign,
This song our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"