He has Triumphed

ARRANGED BY:

Dave Williamson and Bruce Green

WRITTEN BY:

Regi Stone and Friends

Easy 30 Minutes



He Has Triumphed Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

(with opt. Children's Choir and Brass)



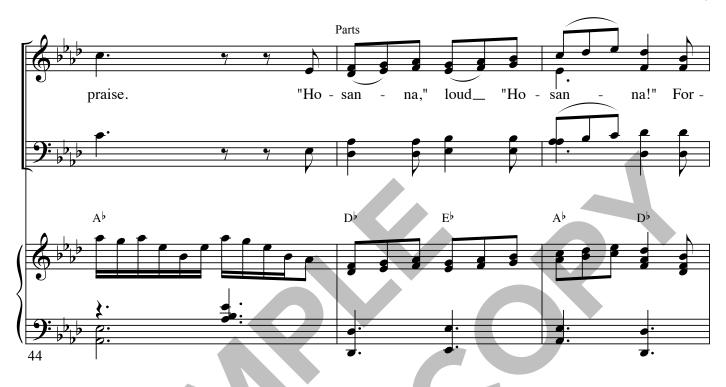


















Hosanna, Loud Hosanna - 8



Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

WOMAN AT THE WELL: I met Jesus as He traveled the Samaritan Road. I wasn't looking for conversation or help; I simply wanted to fill this empty jug to take to my family. People don't talk to women like me, and I am okay with that. But He was unlike anyone I've ever met; He spoke to me without shrinking in the shadows out of embarrassment or shame. You think He spoke to me simply because He didn't know about my past? You're wrong! He told me things about myself that no one knows. So how do you explain that?

No sooner than we started speaking to each other did He, a Jew, ask me, a Samaritan woman, to draw Him some water. And I did. Just like that, and without worrying what others would say, I did as He asked.

That day at the well was more than just another conversation for me. I was changed. Somewhere between brokenness and healing, I found the Messiah.

I started my day looking to fill this jug with water, and came away with living water over-flowing with grace!

JOHN: "Broken," He said. "This is My body, which is broken for you." Then He blessed the loaf of bread in His hands and cracked it into pieces, passing it to each of us. We ate the dry unleavened bread, all of us wondering what lesson He meant for us to be taking in.

"This cup is my blood." He said, "which is shed for you." Then He poured the rich red wine into a cup and passed it to us. And we drank, the wine washing away the taste of broken bread.

"Do this in remembrance of Me."

And while we sat, perplexed, He filled the silence with another mystery when He said: "Behold, the hand of him that betrayeth Me is with me at the table."

Betrayal? By one of His own?

We're all asking ourselves who the traitor could be, but stronger than suspicion and beneath it all is this gnawing, nagging fear. The fear that Jesus is somehow saying goodbye.

And I can't help but wonder what's waiting for us outside, in the dark of the night. How much we may stand to lose before the light of dawn. What could lead to His body being broken, His blood being shed...

...and if we're truly bound to eat of that same bread, and drink of that same cup...?

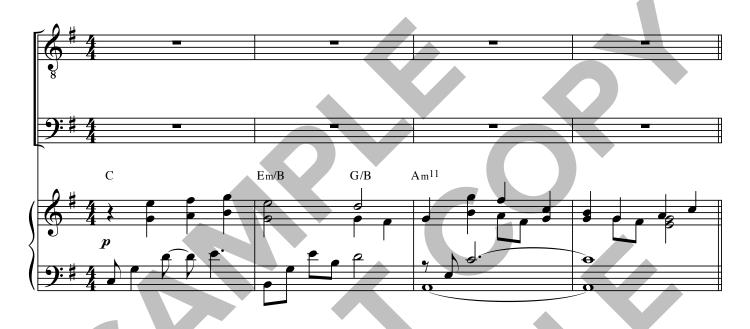
We Love You, Lord

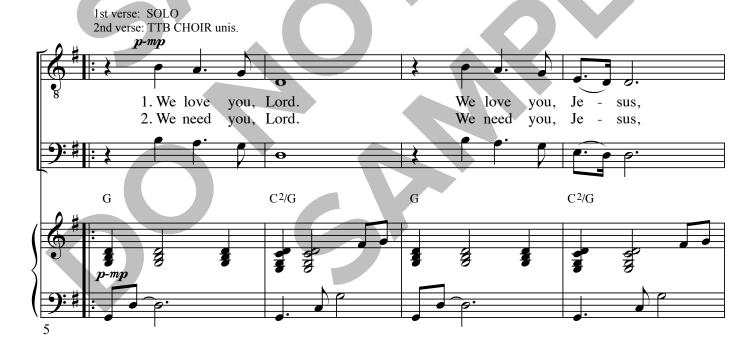
(TTB with opt. Congregation)

From DiscoverWorship.com

Words and Music by REGI STONE and FERGUSON Arranged by DAVE WILLIAMSON

Smooth, quietly ($\sqrt{=70}$)











We Love You, Lord - 13





We Love You Lord

PETER: Tonight I raised a sword to defend my Master's life. I stood brave and strong when the men came to take Him away—would've fought them all, if Jesus hadn't staid my hand. And then? Then what did fearless Peter do? Peter the rock?

It happened so fast. James, John, and I huddled in our cloaks, trying to stay warm in the chill night air. Jesus, a stone's throw away—His shoulder rising and falling in great heaving sobs. I tried to pray, tried to understand what He was saying—what He'd meant by His strange words at the table—but the night grew long and my eyes grew heavy and the next thing I know, He's gently waking me. And the look in His eyes. Like I'd already denied Him.

"Peter. Could you not watch and wait with Me for one hour?" There was blood dappled in tiny drops on His forehead, and I wanted to ask Him if He'd been hurt, but then I saw the torches coming up the garden path. A legion of soldiers, with Judas in the front, and I didn't understand what was happening but there was a kiss and then Jesus said something about betrayal and then men stepped forward to grab Him and it's like I was frozen, rooted to the spot. And the blood is pounding in my ears and a voice inside my head is screaming 'Do something! They're taking Him!"—and then my sword is in my hand and I'm swinging it like a hammer at the first man I can reach, and I would have killed him...God forgive me, I would have killed him if he hadn't turned his head. Just a little. So the blow struck him in the ear. And Jesus said "Stop." With the same voice that calmed the storm, he said, "Peter. Stop. Put up your sword." Then He touched that poor man's ear and made it whole again.

I didn't put up my sword. It just tumbled from my hand. All the strength had gone out of me. I felt lost. After everything the Lord had shown and taught me, there I stood in His hour of need with nothing on my mind but murder and rage. I looked up and met His eyes. Those eyes. Then the Roman guards surged forward like a tide, the torchlight gleaming off their breastplates, and what did I do? What could I do?

Peter the rock. Peter the faithful. Peter who swore he would die for his Master—I turned on my heels and I ran like a frightened child. Olive branches tearing at my clothes, heart hammering in my chest, I ran as fast as my legs could carry me. Away from the firelight, away from the Romans and the others and the look in my Master's face. Kept running while my heart thundered in my chest and my sides began to ache—would've gone on running, too, if John hadn't caught me. "Stop," he said. "For mercy's sake, stop."

John said we should follow Him into the city, and I was too lost to refuse. He led me by the hand, like a parent with a wayward child. Right up to the gate of the chief priest's house, where we huddled over a fire, our hoods pulled down over our eyes for fear of being recognized.

But we were recognized. The people knew us—we'd spent three years at Jesus' side. Someone said "You were with him, weren't you?" and I pulled my hood lower and said I didn't know Him. Another said "You're one of His followers." and I repeated I didn't know Him. Then a girl said, "You're a follower of Jesus," and I cursed and I screamed: "I SAID I NEVER KNEW THE MAN!"

Dear God...forgive me....

Was This Friday Really Good?

(with opt. Brass and Cello)

From DiscoverWorship.com

Words and Music by REGI STONE, KRISTIE BRASELTON and RANDY COX Arranged by BRUCE GREER







Was This Friday Really Good? - 18















Was This Friday Really Good

ROMAN SOLDIER: I have never felt remorse for blood spilled on the hills of Golgotha. I have looked into the eyes of the dying and seen death in its most deplorable form, and have felt nothing. But there was something in the eyes of this Jesus that held me. It wasn't anger or hate for I know them well.

At first I thought He was looking at the blood that soaked my clothes—blood that poured from His side caused by me, but He looked beyond as though He saw straight to my heart. I have never felt that from anyone in my life. I wanted to raise my hand and wipe the blood from His face, but I couldn't. Not with the crowds watching and not with the other soldiers standing so close. He took His final breath, and I could do nothing about it.

What have I done? What have I done?

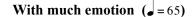


He Has Triumphed Jesus Paid It All

(with opt. Cello)

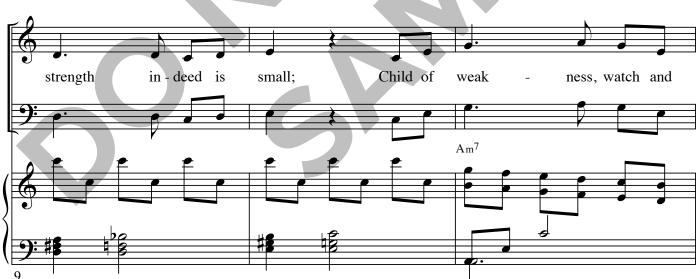
From DiscoverWorship.com

Words by ELVINA M. HALL Music by JOHN T. GRAPE Arranged by BRUCE GREER











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Jesus Paid It All - 30

Jesus Paid It All

MARY MAGDALENE: He looked into the dark places that I kept shut tight, hidden away. He knew me. And He didn't turn away. Didn't turn His back in anger or disgust, and somehow, in the light of His gaze, I found the strength to not turn away from Him.

I saw Him give sight to the blind, watched as He raised crippled men up on their trembling knees to walk again.

I followed Him into a bedroom where a young girl lay dead; watched as He lay His hand on her cold forehead. "Don't cry," He said. "She's only sleeping." And then He told her to rise up, and she took a deep gasping breath and opened her eyes to new life.

Then I followed Him. Out of Magdala, out of my old life, away from everything I'd ever known and into His life.

Giving new life—it's what He does. I'm living proof of that.

And now, after all that's happened, I know how the others are tempted to doubt. I watched as the whip bit into His tender back. Watched as they hung Him on that cruel cross. Watched as they thrust a spear into His side, and then tucked Him away into a cold stone tomb.

But do they really imagine that a tomb can hold a man like Him? Can the darkness of the grave extinguish the one true Light?

Can Death claim victory over the Giver of Life?

Don't cry. He's only sleeping. And when He opens His eyes to new life, I'll be there to follow. Wherever He leads.

He Has Triumphed Love Rolled the Stone Away







Love Rolled the Stone Away - 34



Love Rolled the Stone Away - 35



Love Rolled the Stone Away - 36



He Has Triumphed He Has Triumphed

with Christ the Lord Is Risen Today Words and Music by

From DiscoverWorship.com (with opt. Children's Choir and Brass)

REGI STONÉ and KRISTIE BRASELTON Arranged by **DAVE WILLIAMSON**









He Has Triumphed - 40









He Has Triumphed - 44



He Has Triumphed - 45







He Has Triumphed - 47