

## 13 To the Disciples

Thomas, Martha, Chorus

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text by Rob Gardner

MARTHA: The same day at evening, many of the disciples were gathered.

As they communed together, though the doors were shut, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

With reverent awe ♩ = 80

MARTHA:

But they were afraid, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled?  
and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see.

*p*

*poco rit.*

*mp*

*poco rit.*

13 *a tempo*  
MARTHA:

And when he had so said, he showed unto them his hands and his side.  
Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.

S  
A

*a tempo*

*mp* Je - sus, my Sa - vior, Lord, and

*a tempo*

*p*

21

S  
A

King, What great - er name could e'er I \_\_\_ sing? \_\_\_ What great - er

27

S  
A

joy than from \_\_\_ Thee I know? *mp* What great - er debt than mine to \_\_\_

**With more motion**

33

S  
A

owe? \_\_\_ *mp* O how my words in vain im -

**With more motion**

33

40 *poco rit.* *mf*

S A part What glows with - in my grate - ful heart. No tongue could

T B

40 *poco rit.* *a tempo*

46 *poco rit.* *mp*

S A e - ver right de - clare What ten - der love is writ - ten

T B

46 *poco rit.* *mp*

52 *pushing forward* *mf* there. *poco rit.*

S A

T B

52 *pushing forward* *mf* *poco rit.*

57 *pushing forward*

S  
A

T  
B

*f* Ten thou - sand gifts could

57 *pushing forward*

*f*

3

62 *poco rit.*

S  
A

T  
B

I em - ploy To show my praise, my thanks, my joy! *ff*

62 *poco rit.*

**A little slower** *poco rit.*

S  
A  
T  
B

68

All of my life, yea, all my days, *mf* Still not en - nough to sing Thy *mp*

*mf*

**A little slower** *poco rit.*

68

*ff* *mf*

*a tempo* *poco rit.*

S  
A  
T  
B

75

praise. *mp* E - ver I'll sing Thy

*a tempo* *poco rit.*

75

*mp* *mp*

Hesitantly ♩ = 62

81

MARTHA:

But Thomas was not with the other disciples when Jesus came.  
Then they therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord.

S  
A

T  
B

*p*  
praise.

Hesitantly ♩ = 62

81

*p*

86

THOMAS:

You've seen the Lord? You've seen Him ri - sen?

86

90

You've seen His hands and touched His side, And you are cer - tain? But I've not

90

93

seen Him. And I must see Him. Un - til I've seen His wound - ed side, Un - til my

96

hands have felt His hands, I will not know. nor yet be - lieve.

*rit.*

*p*

With majesty ♩ = 62

99

MARTHA: MARTHA:

A week later, on the following Sunday, the disciples were again assembled, and Thomas with them.

Then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing.

S A

*mp* Oh... Oh...

T B

With majesty ♩ = 62

99

*mp*

105 THOMAS:  
8 My Lord and my God.

S  
A Oh... Oh...

T  
B

105 Sweetly, a little faster

110 8 Touch my lips \_\_\_\_\_ and bid them sing \_\_\_\_\_ Words my

Sweetly, a little faster

110 *p*

113 8 tongue \_\_\_\_\_ would not con - ceive, \_\_\_\_\_ That my soul \_\_\_\_\_ might join in praise \_\_\_\_\_ And for -

113



117 *poco rit.* *a tempo* *rit.*

8 e - ver-more be - lieve! Oh, touch my heart and bid it know Thou hear - est

*poco rit.* *a tempo* *rit.*

3

121 *ten.*

8 ev - 'ry plea, And though I may not see, Yet Thou wilt make me whole...

*mf*

3

125 **Rubato, not too slow** ♩ = 76

8 Not now, but in the co-ming years, It may not be when we de -

**Rubato, not too slow** ♩ = 76

*mp*

129  
8  
mand, We'll read the mean-ing of our tears, And there, some-time, we'll un-der-

133  
8  
stand Why what we long for most of all E-ludes our o-pen, plead-ing

137  
8  
hand; Why e-ver si-lence meets our call, Some-

140  
8  
where, some-time, we'll un-der-stand. So trust in God through all thy

*poco rit.* *a tempo* *pushing forward*

*poco rit.* *a tempo* *pushing forward*

*mf*

143 *poco rit.*

days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand; Though dark thy way, still sing and

143 *poco rit.* *p*

147 *a tempo* *poco rit.*

praise, ——— Some - time, some-time we'll un-der - stand.

147 *a tempo* *poco rit.* *mf* *mp* *p*

152 *a tempo*

Some-time, we'll fall on ben - ded knee, And feel there, gra - ven on His hand; Some -

152 *a tempo*

156

time with tear - less eyes we'll see ——— What, here, we could not un-der-

156 *mp*

159 *poco rit.* *a tempo pushing forward*

stand. So trust in God through all thy days; Fear

159 *poco rit.* *a tempo pushing forward*

*mf*

162 *ten.*

not, for He doth hold thy hand; Though dark thy way, still sing and praise, — Some-

162 *p*

166 *rit.* *ten.*

time, some-time we'll un-der-stand. *rit.* Though dark thy way, still sing and praise, — Some-

166 *mf* *p*

170 *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.*

time, some - time we'll un - der - stand.

170 *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.*