

# 13 To The Disciples

THOMAS, MARTHA

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MARTHA:

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

9 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.

18 CHOIR:

Je - sus, my Sa - vior, Lord, and King, What grea - ter name could e'er I sing?

26 CHOIR:

What grea-ter joy than from Thee I know? What grea-ter debt than mine to owe?

35 CHOIR:

O how my words in vain im - part What glows with - in my grate - ful

44 CHOIR:

heart. No tongue could e - ver right de - clare What ten-der love is writ - ten

52 CHOIR:

there.

60 CHOIR:

Ten thou - sand gifts could I em - ploy To show my praise, my thanks, my

67 CHOIR:

joy! All of my life, yea, all my days, Still not e - nough to sing Thy

75 CHOIR:

praise. E - ver I'll sing Thy

81 MARTHA:

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

CHOIR:

praise.

86 THOMAS:

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

91 THOMAS:

hands and touched His side, And you are cer - tain? But I've not seen Him. And I must see Him. Un - til I've

95 THOMAS:

seen His wound - ed side, Un - til my hands have felt His hands, I will not know, nor yet be - lieve..

99 MARTHA:

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

100 MARTHA:

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.

CHOIR:

108 THOMAS:

My lord and my God. Touch my lips and bid them sing Words my

CHOIR:

113 THOMAS:

tongue would not conceive, That my soul might join in praise And for-

117 THOMAS:

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

121 THOMAS:

ev - ery plea, — And though I may not see, Yet Thou wilt made me whole

125 THOMAS:

Not now, but in the co-ming years, — It may not be when we de - mand, We'll

130 THOMAS:

read the mean - ing of our tears, — And there, some - time, we'll un - der - stand

134 THOMAS:

Why what we long for — most of all E - ludes our o - pen, plead - ing hand; Why

138 THOMAS:

e - ver si - lence meets our call, \_\_\_\_\_ Some - where, some - time, we'll un - der - stand. So trust in

142 THOMAS:

God \_\_\_\_\_ through all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand; Though

146 THOMAS:

dark thy way, still sing and praise, \_\_\_\_\_ Some - time, some - time we'll un - der - stand.

150 THOMAS:

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

155 THOMAS:

hand; Some - time with tear less eyes we'll see \_\_\_\_\_ What, here, we could not un-der - stand. So trust in

160 THOMAS:

God \_\_\_\_\_ through all the days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand; Though dark thy way, still sing and

165 THOMAS:

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

169 THOMAS:

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