Greater Love

Janèt Sullivan Whitaker

INTRO \((\text{q} = \text{ca. 80})\)

VERSE 1: Cantor

1. A-long the way of tears,
   love walked a-lone

VERSE 2: Cantor

2. A-long the way of tears,
   love walks to-day,

1. and saw the people stop and stare,
   hearts turn to

2. reaching into hearts of stone,
   taking sin a-

© 1998, 2007, Janèt Sullivan Whitaker. Published by OCP, 5536 NE Hassalo, Portland, OR 97213. All rights reserved.
1. stone.

2. way.

Cm

D♭

Ab

1. love found a way.

2. love cries “Sur-ren-der!”

Words of hate grew si-ent

Bids us turn to fol-low,

Eb

C

Fm

D♭

Ab

1. ___

when some-one turned to say:

2._
calls us to re-mem-

ber:

Db

Ebsus4

Eb

Ab

Db

Ebsus4

Eb
REFRAIN

Melody

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Great-er love there will nev-er be through-out all
time.

Great-er love, great-er sor-row.

Greater Love

Edition #20464
Greater Love

Turn your eyes, all of you who pass a-

Oo__ Turn your eyes, Oo__

Elong this way. Greater love you will nev-

(buffer)

Fm Eb to Coda  

(Csus4 C Fm Eb Dm Eb Fm to Coda 

pass a-

 Española

Preview

Edition #20464

Greater Love
Greater Love

(a few altos)

*Vi - a Do - lo - ro - sa,

E-flat

F-sharp

D-flat

E-flat

*English translation: Way of Suffering
Greater Love

Oh greater love,

there will never be throughout all time.

Great-er love, great-er
Greater Love

* Cue notes are an alternative melody.
Greater Love

You will never see, you will never see,

You will never see.
Greater Love
*(Guitar/Vocal)*

Janèt Sullivan Whitaker

**INTRO** (*q* = ca. 80)

*Capo 1: (G)*

1. A-long the way of tears, love walked a-lone

1. and saw the peo-ple stop and stare, hearts turn to stone.

**VERSE 1: Cantor**

1. A-long the way of tears, love walked a-lone

1. way of tears, love found a way Words of hate grew

1. si-lent when some-one turned to say,

**REFRAIN: All**

Great-er love there will nev-er be through-out all time.

eyes, all of you who pass a-long this way.

Great-er love, great-er sor-row.

**Edition #20464**

© 1998, Janèt Sullivan Whitaker. Published by OCP, 5536 NE Hassalo, Portland, OR 97213. All rights reserved.
2. A-long the way of tears, love walks to-day, reaching into
hearts of stone, taking sin away.

2. way of tears, love cries “Sur-render!”
Bids us turn to
fol-low, calls us to re-mem-ber:

Great-er love there will nev-er
be through-out all time. Great-er love, great-er sor-row.

Turn your eyes, all of you who pass a-long this
way. Great-er love you will nev-er see, you will nev-er
see, you will nev-er see, you will nev-er see.

*Cue notes are an alternative melody.
Assembly Edition

GREATER LOVE

Janêt Sullivan Whitaker

© 1998, Janêt Sullivan Whitaker. Published by OCP, 5536 NE Hassalo, Portland, OR 97213. All rights reserved.

Refrain: All 

> Great-er love, there will nev-er be through-out, all time. 

Verse 1: Cantor

Along the way of tears, love walked alone 
and saw the people stop and stare, hearts turn to stone. 
But on the way of tears, love found a way. 
Words of hate grew silent when someone turned to say:

> Turn your eyes, all of you who pass a-long this way. 

Verse 2: Cantor

Along the way of tears, love walks today, 
reaching into hearts of stone, taking sin away. 
Along the way of tears, love cries “Surrender!” 
Bids us turn to follow, calls us to remember: (to Refrain)

> Great-er love you will nev-er see. 

For reprint permissions, please visit OneLicense.net or contact us at 1-800-663-1501.

Composer Notes

This song was written in 1998 for the community of All Saints Parish in Hayward, California. It is their Good Friday tradition to venerate an enormous, heavy wormwood cross by bearing it aloft and passing it over the upraised hands of the assembly. My vantage point was always in the choir area, and this spectacle remains for me a powerful and passionate memory of my time with that community.

One Good Friday, it occurred to me just how much the sight of the cross moving over the surging crowd resembled the mosh pit tradition seen at rock concerts of the day. I also realized that the people, fully engaged in the physical act of devotion and interaction with the cross as they were, were not particularly disposed to holding a printed worship resource. A memorized song for veneration was needed.

After years of accompanying this ritual with the beautiful, but repetitive, strains of Jacques Berthier’s “Jesus, Remember Me,” I wrote this song. The refrain is strong enough to remember from year to year, and the verses match the emotional weight of the ritual. It does require a soloist with a fairly low voice and a sense of contemporary delivery. I suggest listening to the recording for one possible way of shaping the overall piece. Its rock-anthem-like quality was directly inspired by the ritual I experienced at All Saints Parish.

—Janêt Sullivan Whitaker