

Hymn for Good Friday

A Compleat Book of Psalmody, 1757

James Evison

Treble

Alto

Horn in F

Bass

Dear Sa - viour, O what ails this heart? Sure, 'tis of stone, it
Thy back with whips and scour - ges torn, Thy sac - red tem - ples
O then sweet Je - su, call to mind How of thy pains I

⑥

can - not smart; Nor yet re - lent the death of thee;
crown'd with thorns; Thy hands and feet nail'd to the wood,
was the end; But let me fa - vour that day find,

can - not smart; Nor yet re - lent the death of thee;
crown'd with thorns; Thy hands and feet nail'd to the wood,
was the end; But let me fa - vour that day find,

⑫

Whose death a - lone could ran - some me. Can I be - hold thy
And all thy bo - dy drown'd in blood. Canst thou pour forth such
That I one of thy com - pan - y With those whom thou dost

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⑱

pains so great, Thy dy - ing sighs, thy bloo - dy sweat.
streams for me, And I not drop one tear for thee?
just - i - fy, May live in bless'd e - ter - ni - ty.

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