

Hymn for Good Friday

H 96

A Compleat Book of Psalmody, 1757

James Evison

Treble

Alto

Tenor

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,

8

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

8

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

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.

8

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.