Hymn for Good Friday

A Compleat Book of Psalmody, 1757

James Evison

Bb instruments

Tenor

Dear Saviour, O what ills this heart? Sure, 'tis of stone, it
Thy back with whips and scourges torn, Thy sacred temples I

Alto

can-not smart; Nor yet relent the death of thee;
crown'd with thorns; Thy hands and feet nail'd to the wood,

Tenor

Was the end; But let me favour that day find,

Bass

Whose death alone could ransom me. Can I behold thy
And all thy body drown'd in blood. Canst thou pour forth such

Tenor

That I one of thy company With those whom thou dost

Bass

Whose death alone could ransom me. Can I behold thy
And all thy body drown'd in blood. Canst thou pour forth such

Tenor

pains so great, Thy dying sighs, thy bloody sweat.
streams for me, And I not drop one tear for thee?

Bass

pains so great, Thy dying sighs, thy bloody sweat.
streams for me, And I not drop one tear for thee?