Hymn for Good Friday

A Compleat Book of Psalmody, 1757

James Evison

Dear Saviour, O what ails this heart? Sure, 'tis of stone, it
Thy back with whips and scourges torn, Thy sacred temples
O then sweet Je-su, call to mind How of thy pains I

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

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

Whose death alone could ransom me. Can I behold thy
And all thy body drown'd in blood. Canst thou pour forth such
That I one of thy company With those whom thou dost

Pains so great, Thy dying sighs, thy bloody sweat.
Streams for me, And I not drop one tear for thee?
Justify, May live in bless'd eternity.

Originally in G with alto and tenor parts in their respective clefs an octave above sung pitch. HTI no. 1878.