

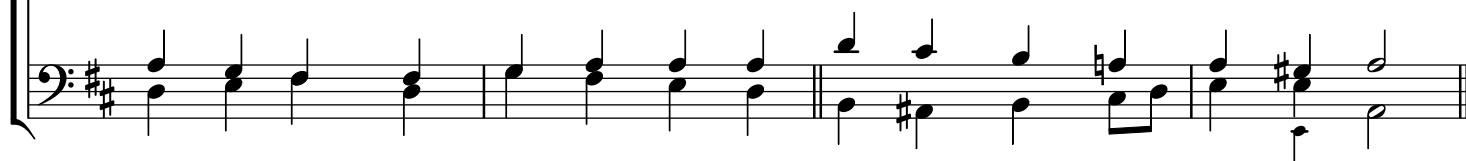
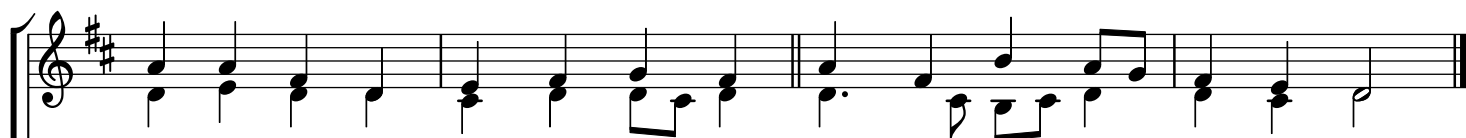



1. Now, my soul, thy voice up - rais - ing, Tell in sweet and mourn - ful strain
 2. Scourged with un - re - lent - ing fu - ry For the sins which we de - plore,
 3. See! His hands and feet are fast - ened So He makes His peo - ple free;
 4. Through His heart the spear is pierc - ing, Though His foes have seen Him die;
 5. Je - su, may those pre - cious fountains Drink to thirst - ing souls af - ford:

How the Cru - ci - fied, en - dur - ing Grief, and wounds, and dy - ing pain,
 By His liv - id stripes He heals us, Rais - ing us to fall no more;
 Not a wound whence blood is flow - ing But a fount of grace shall be;
 Blood and wa - ter thence are stream - ing In a tide of mys - ter - y,
 Let them be our cup and heal - ing, And at length our full re - ward;

Free - ly of His love was of - fered, Sin - less was for sin - ners slain.
 All our bruis - es gent - ly sooth - ing, Bind - ing up the bleed - ing sore.
 Yea the ve - ry nails which nail Him Nail us al - so to the tree.
 Wa - ter from our guilt to cleanse us, Blood to win us crowns on high.
 So a ransomed world shall ev - er Praise Thee, its re - deem - ing Lord.



Prome vocem, mens, canoram
 Claude de Santeuil; tr. H.W. Baker and J. Chandler