



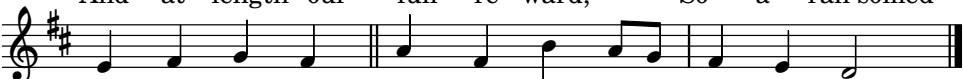
1. Now, my soul, thy voice up - rais - ing, Tell in sweet and
 2. Scourged with un - re - lent - ing fu - ry For the sins which
 3. See! His hands and feet are fast - ened So He makes His
 4. Through His heart the spear is pierc - ing, Though His foes have
 5. Je - su, may those pre - cious foun - tains Drink to thirst - ing



mourn - ful strain How the Cru - ci - fied, en - dur - ing
 we de - plore, By His liv - id stripes He heals us,
 peo - ple free; Not a wound whence blood is flow - ing
 seen Him die; Blood and wa - ter thence are stream - ing
 souls af - ford: Let them be our cup and heal - ing,



Grief, and wounds, and dy - ing pain, Free - ly of His
 Rais - ing us to fall no more; All our bru - is - es
 But a fount of grace shall be; Yea the ve - ry
 In a tide of mys - ter - y, Wa - ter from our
 And at length our full re - ward; So a ran - somed



love was of - fered, Sin - less was for sin - ners slain.
 gent - ly sooth - ing, Bind - ing up the bleed - ing sore.
 nails which nail Him Nail us al - so to the tree.
 guilt to cleanse us, Blood to win us crowns on high.
 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