


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 - sus, may those pre - cious foun - tains Drink to thirst - ing



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



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



1. love was of - fered, Sin - less was for sin - ners slain.
 2. gent - ly sooth - ing, Bind - ing up the bleed - ing sore.
 3. nails which nail Him Nail us al - so to the tree.
 4. guilt to cleanse us, Blood to win us crowns on high.
 5. world shall ev - er Praise Thee, its re - deem - ing Lord.

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

Music: ST. THOMAS 87 87 87, John Francis Wade, 1751, alt. American traditional