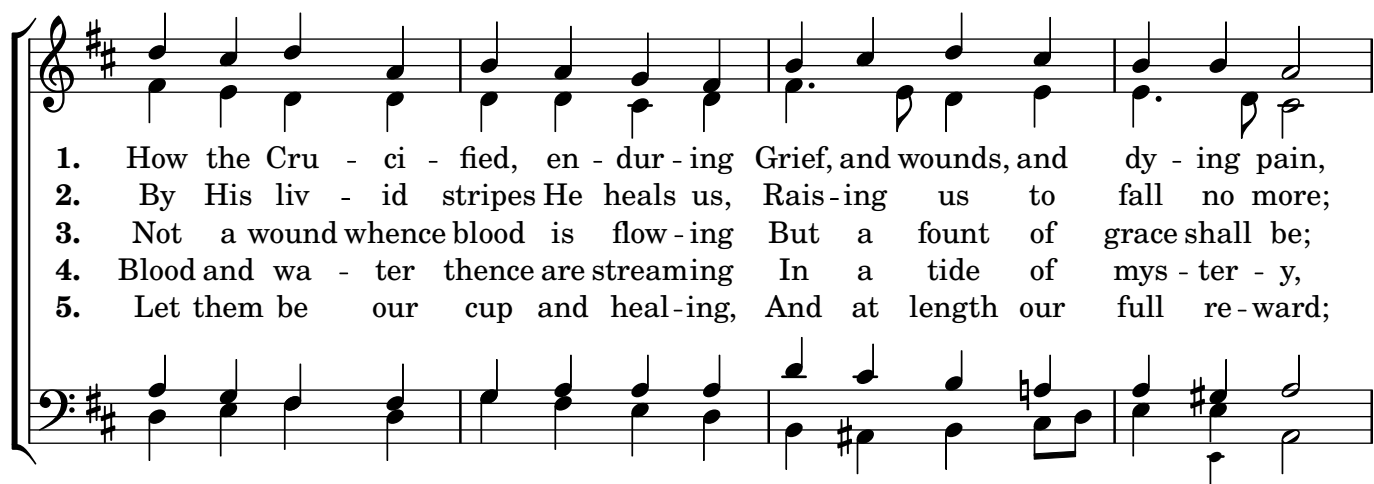
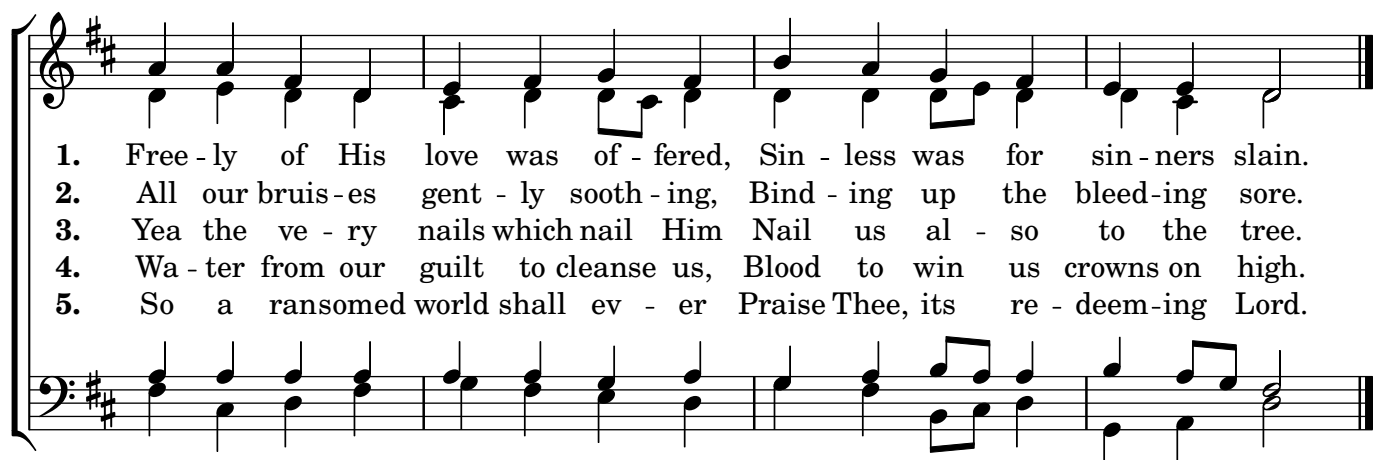


1. Now, my soul, thy voice up - rais - ing, Tell in sweet and mourn - ful strain  
 2. Scourged with un - re - lent - ing fu - ry For the sins which we de - plore,  
 3. See! His hands and feet are fast - ened So He makes His peo - ple free;  
 4. Through His heart the spear is pierc - ing, Though His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



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



1. Free - ly of His love was of - fered, Sin - less was for sin - ners slain.  
 2. All our bruis - es gent - ly sooth - ing, Bind - ing up the bleed - ing sore.  
 3. Yea the ve - ry nails which nail Him Nail us al - so to the tree.  
 4. Wa - ter from our guilt to cleanse us, Blood to win us crowns on high.  
 5. So a ransomed 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