

# Good Friday Hymn

344c Solesmes

Moderate ♩ = 120




Faith - ful Cross the Saints re - ly on,  
Sing, my tongue, in ex - ul - ta - tion  
For, when Ad - am first of - fend - ed,  
Thus the tempt - er was out - wit - ted  
So the Fa - ther, out of pit - y  
Hear a ti - ny ba - by cry - ing,  
So he came, the long - ex - pect - ed,  
No dis - grace was too ab - hor - rent:  
Loft - y tim - ber, smooth your rough - ness,  
No - blest tree of all cre - at - ed,  
Wis - dom, pow - er, and ad - o - ra - tion



No - ble tree be - yond com - pare! Nev - er was there  
Of our ban - ner and de - vice! Make a  
Eat - ing that for - bid - den fruit, Not all hopes  
By a wis - dom deep - er still: Rem - e - dy  
For our self - in - flict - ed doom, Sent him from the heav -  
Found - er of the seas and strands; See his vir -  
Not in glo - ry, not to reign; On - ly born to  
Nailed and mocked and parched he died; Blood and wa -  
Flex your boughs for blos - som - ing; Let your fi -  
Rich - ly jew - elled and em - bossed: Post by Lamb's  
To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty For re - demp -




such a sci - on, Nev - er leaf or flow -  
sol - emn proc - la - ma - tion Of a tri - umph  
of glo - ry end - ed With the ser - pent  
and ail - ment fit - ted, Means to cure and  
en - ly cit - y When the ho - ly  
gin Moth - er ty - ing Cloth a - round his feet  
be re - ject - ed, Choos - ing hun - ger,  
ter, dou - ble war - rant, Is - sue from his  
bres lose their tough - ness, Gent - ly let your  
blood con - se - crat - ed; Spar that saves the tem -  
tion and sal - va - tion Through the Pas - chal



er so rare. Sweet the tim - ber, sweet the  
 and its price: How the Sav - ior of cre -  
 at the root: Bro - ken na - ture would be  
 means to kill; That the world might be  
 time had come: He, the Son and the  
 and hands; See him in a man -  
 toil and pain, Till the scaf - fold was e -  
 wound - ed side, Wash - ing in a might - y tor -  
 ten - drils cling; Lay a - side your na - tive  
 - pest tossed; Scaf - fold - beam which el - e -  
 Mys - ter - y, Now, in eve - ry gen - er -



i - ron, Sweet the bur - den that they  
 - a - tion Con - quered by his sac - ri -  
 mend - ed By a sec - ond tree and  
 ac - quit - ted, Christ would do his Fa - ther's  
 Al - might - y, Took our flesh in Mar - y's womb.  
 - ger ly - ing Tight - ly wrapped in swad - dling  
 - rect - ed And the Pasch - al Lamb was  
 - rent Earth and stars and o - cean -  
 gruff - ness, Clasp the bod - y of your  
 - va - ted, Car - ries what the world has  
 - a - tion, And for all e - ter - ni -



bear!  
 fice!  
 shoot.  
 will.

bands!  
 slain.  
 tide.  
 King!  
 cost!  
 ty.

A - - - men,