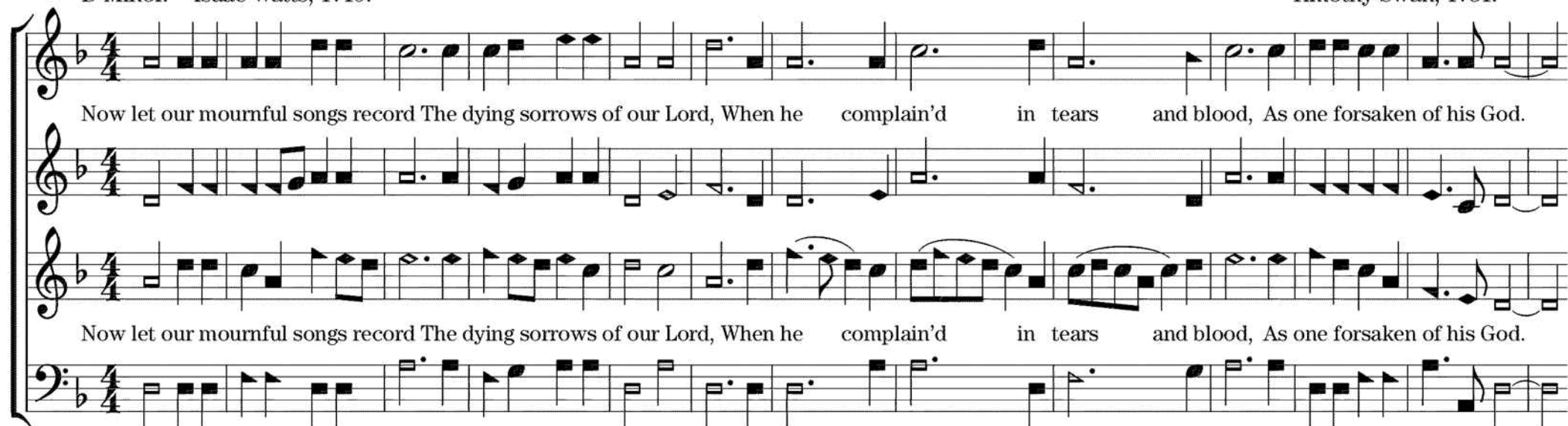


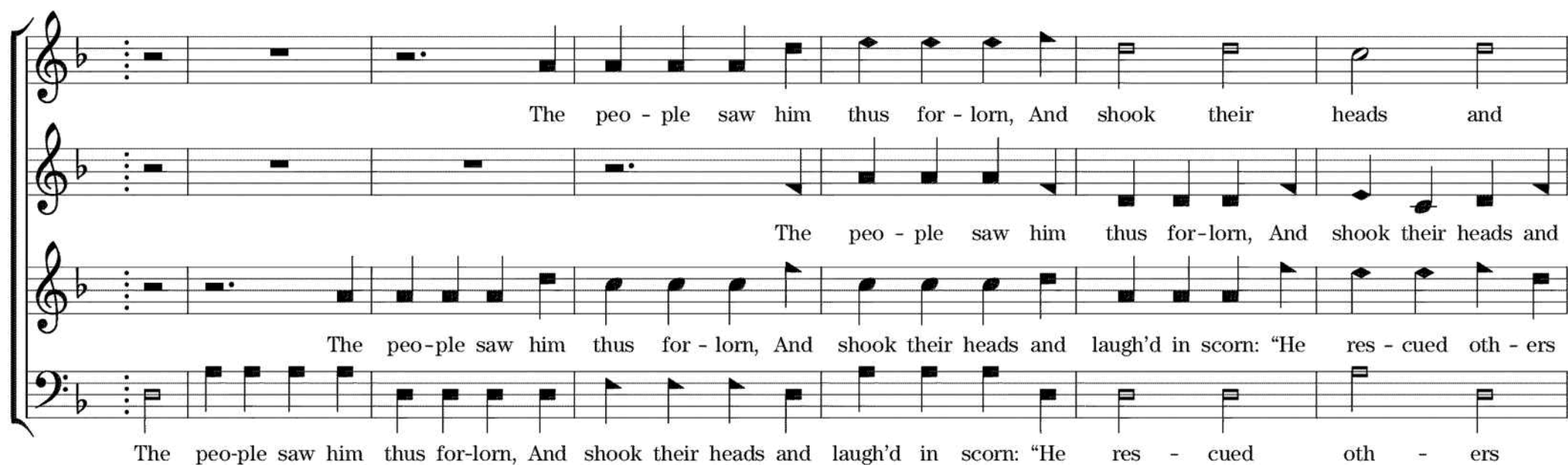
D Minor. Isaac Watts, 1719.

Timothy Swan, 1781.



Now let our mournful songs record The dying sorrows of our Lord, When he complain'd in tears and blood, As one forsaken of his God.

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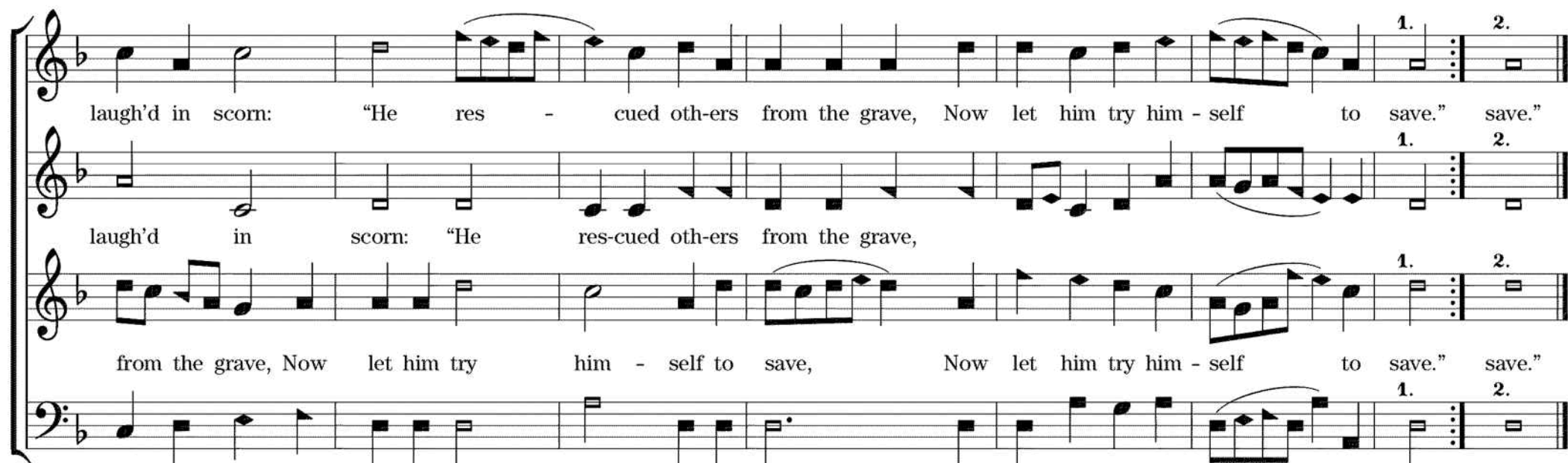


The peo - ple saw him thus for - lorn, And shook their heads and

The peo - ple saw him thus for - lorn, And shook their heads and

The peo - ple saw him thus for - lorn, And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn: "He res - cued oth - ers

The peo - ple saw him thus for - lorn, And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn: "He res - cued oth - ers



laugh'd in scorn: "He res - cued oth - ers from the grave, Now let him try him - self to save." save."

laugh'd in scorn: "He res - cued oth - ers from the grave,

from the grave, Now let him try him - self to save, Now let him try him - self to save." save."