

Why droops my soul with grief oppressed?

Thomas Clark

Text: Elizabeth Scott
Expressive

GILEAD. L.M. Hy 279 Mr Deacon's Collecn.

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January 2016.

Why droops my soul with grief op press'd? Whence these wild tu - mults in my breast?
Raise to the cross thy tear - ful eyes; Be - hold, the Prince of Glo - ry dies!
Dear Sa - viour, at thy feet I lie, Here to re - ceive a cure, or die:
Thou wilt ex - tract the poi - son'd dart, Bind up and heal the woun-ded heart;

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9

Is there no balm to heal my wound, No kind phy - si - cian to be found?
He dies, ex - ten - ded on the tree, Thence sheds a sov - 'reign balm for me.
But grace for - bids that pain - ful fear, In - fi - nite grace, which tri - umphs here!
With bloom-ing health my face a - dorn, And change the gloo - my night to morn.

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Now give a loose, my soul, to joy,
Hosannas be thy blest employ;
Salvation thy eternal theme,
And swell the song with Jesu's name.

Notes: The order of staves in the source is Tenor - [Alto] - Air - [Bass], with the alto part printed in the treble clef an octave above sounding pitch. The first verse only of the text is given in the source; subsequent verses have here been added editorially. The last bar is printed in the source containing the last note (a minim) only, followed by a closing repeat barline: a crotchet rest has been editorially added to this bar.