

Lamentation

Transcribed from *The New American Melody*, 1789.

A minor

Jacob French, 1789

Tr. 5 10
1. O, if my soul were formed for woe, How would I vent my sighs! Repentance should like ri-vers flow From both my strea - ming eyes. 'Twas for my sins my

C.

T. 8
2. O, how I hate those lusts of mine That cru - ci - fied my God! Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh Fast to the fa - tal wood! Yes, my Redeemer,

B.

Tr. 15 20 1. 25 2.
1. dearest Lord Hung on the cursed tree, And groaned away a dy - ing life For thee, my soul, for thee, For thee, my soul, for thee. 'Twas

C.

T. 8
2. they shall die, My heart has so decreed; Nor will I spare the guil - ty things That made my Sa - vior bleed, That made my Sa - vior bleed. Yes,

B.