

# Piedmont

Transcribed from *The Columbian Repository*, 1803.

Tr. <sup>5</sup> <sup>10</sup> <sup>15</sup>

1. Now let our lips with holy fear And mournful pleasure sing The suff'rings of our great high priest, The sorrows of our King. He sinks in floods of deep distress; How

C.

2. "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son, Nor hide thy shining face; Why should thy fav'rite look like one For-sa- ken of thy grace? With rage they persecute the man That

3. "They tread my honor to the dust, And laugh when I complain; Their sharp in-sul-ting slanders add Fresh anguish to my pain. All my reproach is known to thee, The

T. <sup>8</sup>

4. "I looked for pity, but in vain; My kindred are my grief: I ask my friends for comfort round, But meet with no re-lief. With vinegar they mock my thirst, They

B.

5. "Shine into my distressed soul, Let thy compassions save; And though my flesh sink down to death, Redeem it from the grave. I shall arise to praise thy name, Shall

Tr. <sup>20</sup> <sup>25</sup> <sup>30</sup> <sup>tr 35</sup>

1. high the wa - ters rise! While to his heav'nly Father's ear He sends per-pe-tual cries, While to his heav'nly Fa - ther's ear He sends per-pe-tual cries.

C.

2. groans be - neath thy wound, While for a sac-ri-fice I pour My life up - on the ground, While for a sac-ri - fice I pour My life up - on the ground.

3. scan - dal and the shame; Reproach has broke my bleeding heart, And lies defiled my name, Reproach has broke my bleeding heart, And lies defiled my name.

T.

4. give me gall for food; And sporting with my dying groans, They triumph in my blood, And sporting with my dying groans, They tri - umph in my blood.

B.

5. reign in worlds un - known; And thy sal - va - tion, O my God, Shall seat me on thy throne. And thy sal - va - tion, O my God, Shall seat me on thy throne."