

# Lower Falls

Treble  
1. Now let our mourn-ful songs re - cord The dy - ing sor-rows of our

Counter  
2. "This is the man did once pre - tend God was his Fath - er and his

Tenor  
3. They wound his head, his hands, his feet, Till streams of blood each oth - er

Bass

Tr.  
Lord, When he com-plain-ed in tears and blood, As one for - sa-ken of his

C.  
friend; If God, the bles-sed, loved him so, Why doth he fail to help him

T.  
meet; By lot his gar-ments they di - vide, And mock the pangs in which he

B.

Tr.  
God. The Jews be-held him thus for - lorn, And shake their

C.  
now?" Bar - ba-rous peo-ple! Cru - el priests! How they stood

T.  
died. But God, his Fa - ther, heard his cry; Raised from \_\_\_\_\_ the

B.

20

Tr. heads, and laugh in scorn: "He res-cued oth - ers from the grave; Now let \_\_\_\_\_ him

C. round like sav-age beasts! Like li - ons ga - ping to de - vour, When God had

T. dead, he reigns on high; The na-tions learn his right-eous-ness, And hum - ble

B.

Tr. try \_\_\_\_\_ him - self to save."

C. left \_\_\_\_\_ him in their power.

T. sin - ners taste his grace.

B.