Come, Mortals, Come Behold

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: QUAM DILECTA

| m - | f - m - m - r - | d - - - - - s - |
Come, mortals, come be- hold! He

| l - m - r - d - | r - - - - - r - |
hangs upon the tree, Who

| m - s - s - l - | s - - - - - r - |
made the rolling sea The

| m - f - m - - r | d - - - - - |
new formed earth up- hold.

The other verses

2 See! He is crowned with thorns,
The King of angels great,
Who in His high estate
A glorious crown adorns.

3 Derided, see Him wear
A robe of purple dye,
Who robes the noon-day sky
With clouds that float on air.

4 The Bridegroom of the Bride,
The Son of Virgin born —
With nails His hands are torn,
With cruel spear His side.

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