How Kind the Good Samaritan

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
How kind the good Sa- maritan To

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
him who fell a- mong the thieves! Thus

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
Jesus pities fallen man, And

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
heals the wounds the soul receives.

The other verses

2 O! I remember well the day,
When sorely wounded, nearly slain;
Like that poor man I bleeding lay,
And groaned for help, but groaned in vain.

3 Men saw me in this helpless case,
And passed without compassion by;
Each neighbor turned away his face,
Unmoved by my mournful cry.

4 But he whose name had been my scorn,
(As Jews Samaritans despise)
Came, when he saw me thus forlorn,
With love and pity in his eyes.

5 Gently he raised me from the ground,
Pressed me to lean upon his arm;
And into every gaping wound
He poured his own all-healing balm.

6 Unto his church my steps he led,
The house prepared for sinners lost;
Gave charge I should be clothed and fed;
And took upon him all the cost.

7 Thus saved from death, from want secured,
I wait till he again shall come,
(When I shall be completely cured)
And take me to his heav'nly home.

8 There through eternal boundless days,
When nature's wheel no longer rolls,
How shall I love, adore, and praise,
This good Samaritan to souls!

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