Stretched on the Cross, the Saviour Dies

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Stretched on the cross, the Saviour

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
dies, Hark! his expiring

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
groans arise; See, from his

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
hands, his feet, his side, De-

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
scends the sacred, crimson tide.

The other verses

2 And didst thou bleed? — for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No; he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain, —
Unmoved by either love or pain!

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Anne Steele (1717–1778). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.