

Now, My Soul, Thy Voice Upraising
Claude de Santeuil, 1680.
William Monk, 1861.

Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Tell in sweet and mournful strain
How the Crucified, enduring
Grief, and wounds, and dying pain,
Freely of His love was offered,
Sinless was for sinners slain.

Scourged with unrelenting fury
For the sins which we deplore,
By His livid stripes He heals us,
Raising us to fall no more;
All our bruises gently soothing,
Binding up the bleeding sore.

See! His hands and feet are fastened
So He makes His people free;
Not a wound whence blood is flowing
But a fount of grace shall be;
Yea the very nails which nail Him
Nail us also to the tree.

Through His heart the spear is piercing,
Though His foes have seen Him die;
Blood and water thence are streaming
In a tide of mystery,
Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
Blood to win us crowns on high.

Jesu, may those precious fountains
Drink to thirsting souls afford:
Let them be our cup and healing,
And at length our full reward;
So a ransomed world shall ever
Praise Thee, its redeeming Lord.