

Now Let Our Mournful Songs Record
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: Georg Joseph, 1657.

Now let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When He complained in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

The Jews beheld Him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn:
He rescued others from the grave;
Now let him try himself to save.

This is the man did once pretend
God was his Father and his Friend;
If God the blessed loved him so,
Why doth He fail to help him now?

Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left Him in their power.

They wound His head, His hands, His feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot His garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which He died.

But God, the Father, heard His cry;
Raised from the dead, He reigns on high;
The nations learn His righteousness,
And humble sinners taste His grace.