

The Sacrifice (tune)

Daniel Stipe

Voice

1. O all ye who passe by, whose eyes and mind to world - ly things are
 2. The Prin - ces of my they come. ple make a head A - gainst their Ma - ker; they
 3. A - rise, a - rise, they seek fly; fear puts a bar, who be - twixt my friends and
 4. With clubs and staves they seek fly; fear puts a bar, who be - twixt my friends and
 5. All my dis - ci - ples true to those who are my great - est grief.
 6. The Priest and - ru - lers all' false wit - ness seek 'gainst him, who seeks and not
 7. Some said that I the Tem - ple still, CRU - CI - FIE: in three days raz'd, and
 8. Heark how they cry a loud still, CRU - CI - FIE: in three days raz'd, and
 9. O all ye who death their spite, shall fur - ther go; see; man stole the fruit, he
 10. Nay, af - ter death their spite, shall fur - ther go; see; man stole the fruit, he

Piano

5

sharp, but to me blinde; To me, who took eyes that I might you finde: Was e - ver - grief like
 they do wish me dead; Who can - not wish, ex - cept I give them bread:
 make to be un - done! How with their lan - terns they do seek the sonne!
 Truth, the true re - lief; most true to those who are my great - est grief.
 me. They leave the star, that brought the wise men of the East from far.
 life, but is the meek, and rea - die Pas - chal Lamb of this great week:
 rai - sed as be - fore. Why, he that built the World can do much more:
 live a day, they crie; Who can - not live less than e - ter - nal - ly:
 I side, I full well know; That as sinne came, so sac - ra - ments might flow:

Pno.

10

Heavier, slower

10 mine? 11. But now I die; now all is fin - i - shed. My woe, man's weal: and now I bow my

Pno.

16

16 head. On - ly let oth - ers say when I am dead, Ne - ver was grief like mine.

Pno.