

# Calvary

Transcribed from Swan's *New England Harmony*, 1801.

Tr. C. T. B.

In-fi-nite grief! a - ma - zing woe! Be - hold my blee - ding Lord! Hell and the Jews con-spired his death, And

5 10

Detailed description: This system contains the first 10 measures of the hymn. It features four staves: Treble (Tr.), Alto (C.), Tenor (T.), and Bass (B.). The music is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "In-fi-nite grief! a - ma - zing woe! Be - hold my blee - ding Lord! Hell and the Jews con-spired his death, And". Measure numbers 5 and 10 are indicated above the Treble staff.

Tr. C. T. B.

used the Ro - man sword. O, the sharp pangs, O, the sharp pangs of smar - ting pain My dear Re -

15 20

Detailed description: This system contains measures 11-20. The lyrics are: "used the Ro - man sword. O, the sharp pangs, O, the sharp pangs of smar - ting pain My dear Re -". Measure numbers 15 and 20 are indicated above the Treble staff.

Tr. C. T. B.

-dee-mer bore, When knotty whips and ragged thorns His sacred bo - dy tore! But knotty whips and ragged

25 30

Detailed description: This system contains measures 21-30. The lyrics are: "-dee-mer bore, When knotty whips and ragged thorns His sacred bo - dy tore! But knotty whips and ragged". Measure numbers 25 and 30 are indicated above the Treble staff.

Tr. <sup>35</sup> <sup>40</sup>

C.

T. <sub>8</sub>

B.

thorns In vain do I ac - cuse; In vain I blame the Ro - man bands, And more in - sul - ting Jews. 'Twas

Tr. <sup>45</sup> <sup>50</sup>

C.

T. <sub>8</sub>

B.

you, my sins, my cru - el sins, My cru - el sins His chief tor - men - tors were; Each of my

Tr. <sup>55</sup> <sup>60</sup>

C.

T. <sub>8</sub>

B.

crimes be - came a nail, And un - be - lief the spear. 'Twere you that pulled the ven - geance down Up -

Tr. <sup>65</sup> <sup>70</sup> <sup>75</sup>

C.

T. <sub>8</sub>

B.

-on his guilt - less head: Break, break, my heart! O burst, mine eyes, mine eyes, And let my sor - rows bleed,

80

85

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

bleed, bleed; Strike, strike, mighty grace, my flin - ty soul, Till mel - ting wa - ters flow, And

90

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

deep re - pen - tance drown mine eyes In un - dis - sem - bled woe, woe, woe.