

MOUNT GALVARY.

♩ = 56.

mp
1. Thy life, O Lord, is ebb-ing fast, Thine eyes are grow-ing

pp
dim at last; How near to death Thou art! I hear Thee heave one

mf
heav-y sigh; It is the last, the loud-est cry That broke thy

Sa-cred Heart, That broke thy Sa-cred Heart.

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2. The scene, the dreadful scene is o'er—
The wicked men can do no more,
Thy head is on thy breast;
The thorns, the nails Thou dost not fear,
The cruel scoff, the bitter jeer—
Thy Heart is now at rest.
3. Thy voice, that made the demons flee,
That waked the dead and calmed the sea,
Itself in death is hushed;
But O, we have this comfort sweet—
Our foes lie prostrate at thy feet,
The serpent's head is crushed.
4. Thy corpse is hanging on the tree,
While mocking crowds in impious glee
The murd'rous act applaud;
But quiv'ring earth and darkened skies,
The crumbling rocks, the dead that rise,
Proclaim Thee to be God.
5. Yes, Jesus, bruised and marked with blood,
And fastened to the dripping wood,
To me Thou art the same,
As throned on Thabor's shining mount,
Or in the heavens, of bliss the Fount,
In glory and in shame.
6. O, may thy last, thy piercing cry,
The Blood that pleaded loud on high,
For me be not in vain!
O, make me treat the world as dross,
And glory only in the Cross,
On which Thou wouldst be slain!