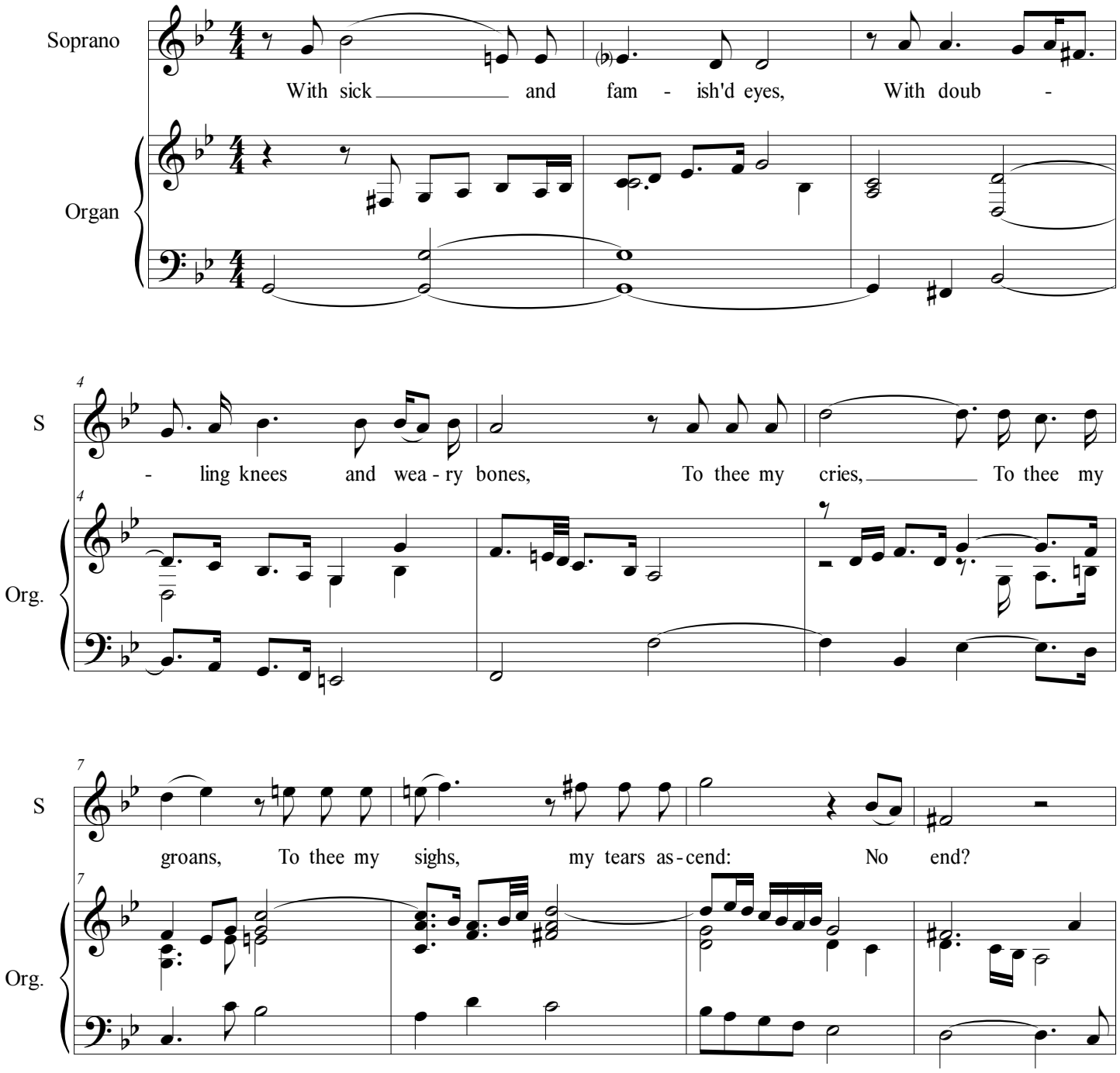
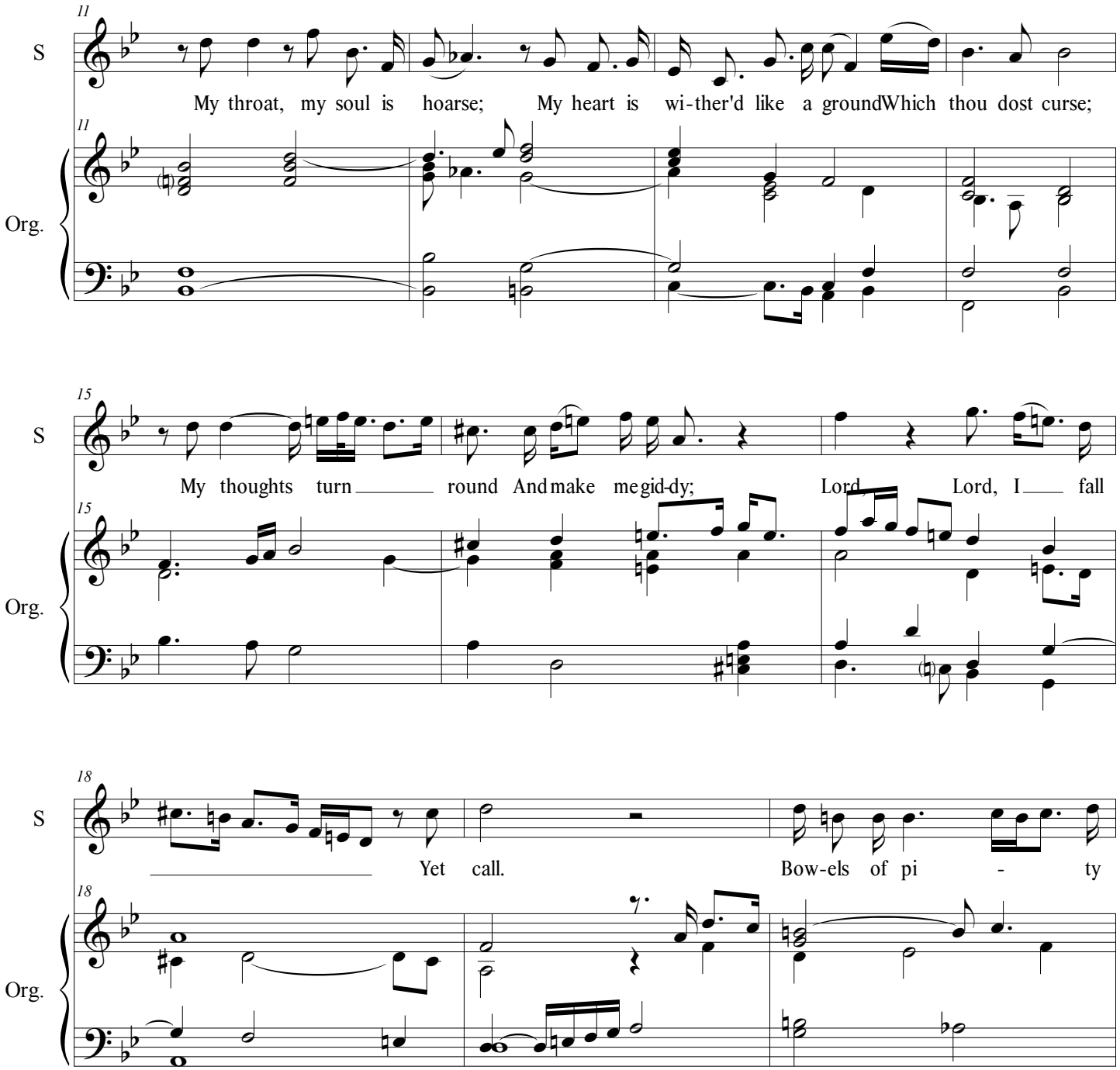
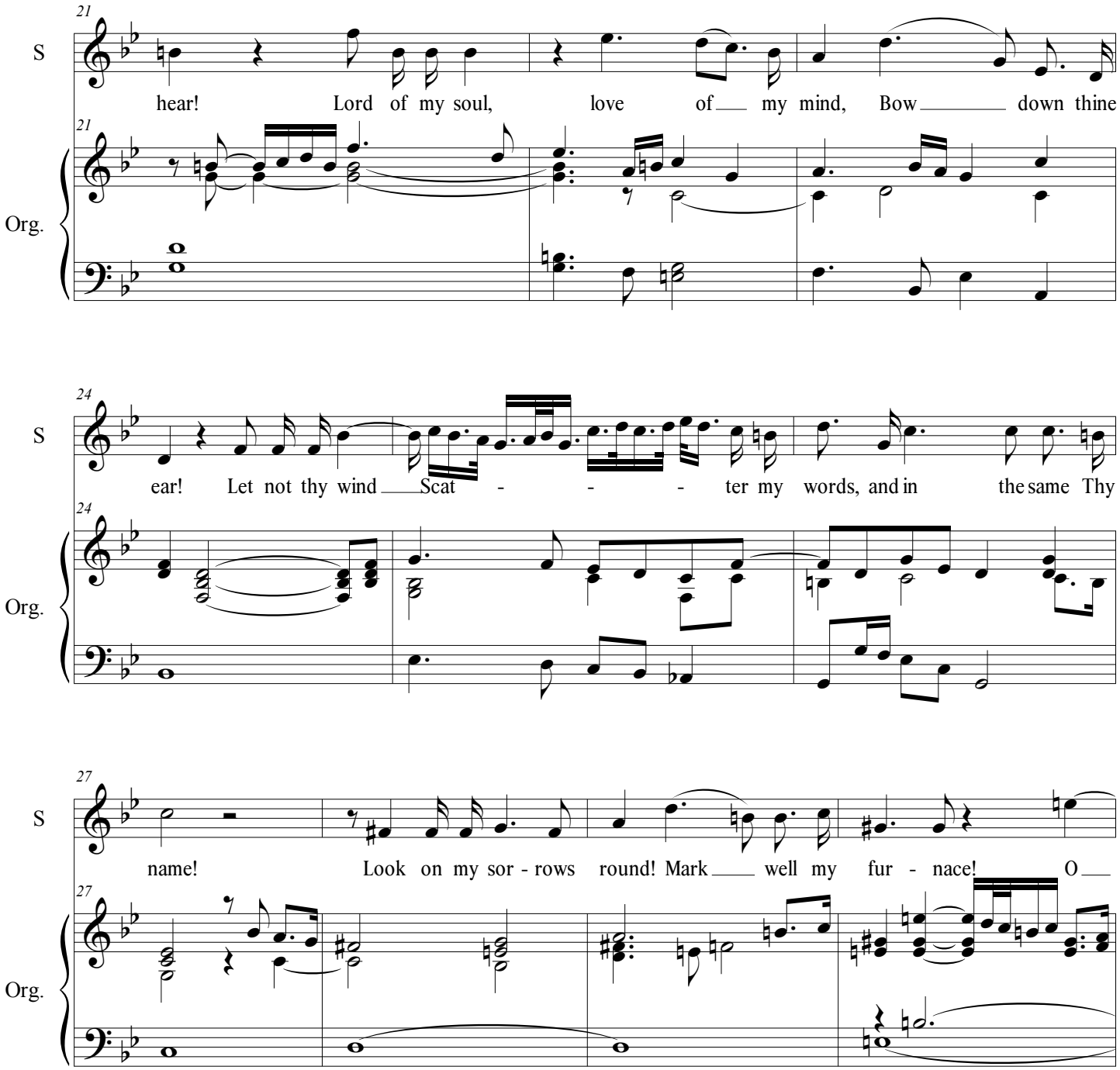
With sick and famish'd eyes

Henry Purcell




11
S
My throat, my soul is hoarse; My heart is wi-ther'd like a groundWhich thou dost curse;
Org.
15
S
My thoughts turn round And make me gid-dy; Lord, Lord, I fall
Org.
18
S
Yet call. Bow-els of pi - ty
Org.


21
S
hear! Lord of my soul, love of my mind, Bow down thine
Org.
24
S
ear! Let not thy wind Scat - - - ter my words, and in the same Thy
Org.
27
S
name! Look on my sor - rows round! Mark well my fur - nace! O
Org.

31

S

what flames, What heats a - bound! What griefs, what shames! Con - si - der, Lord, Lord,

31

Org.

34

S

bow thine ear And hear! Lord Je - su, thou didst bow Thy dy - ing head

34

Org.

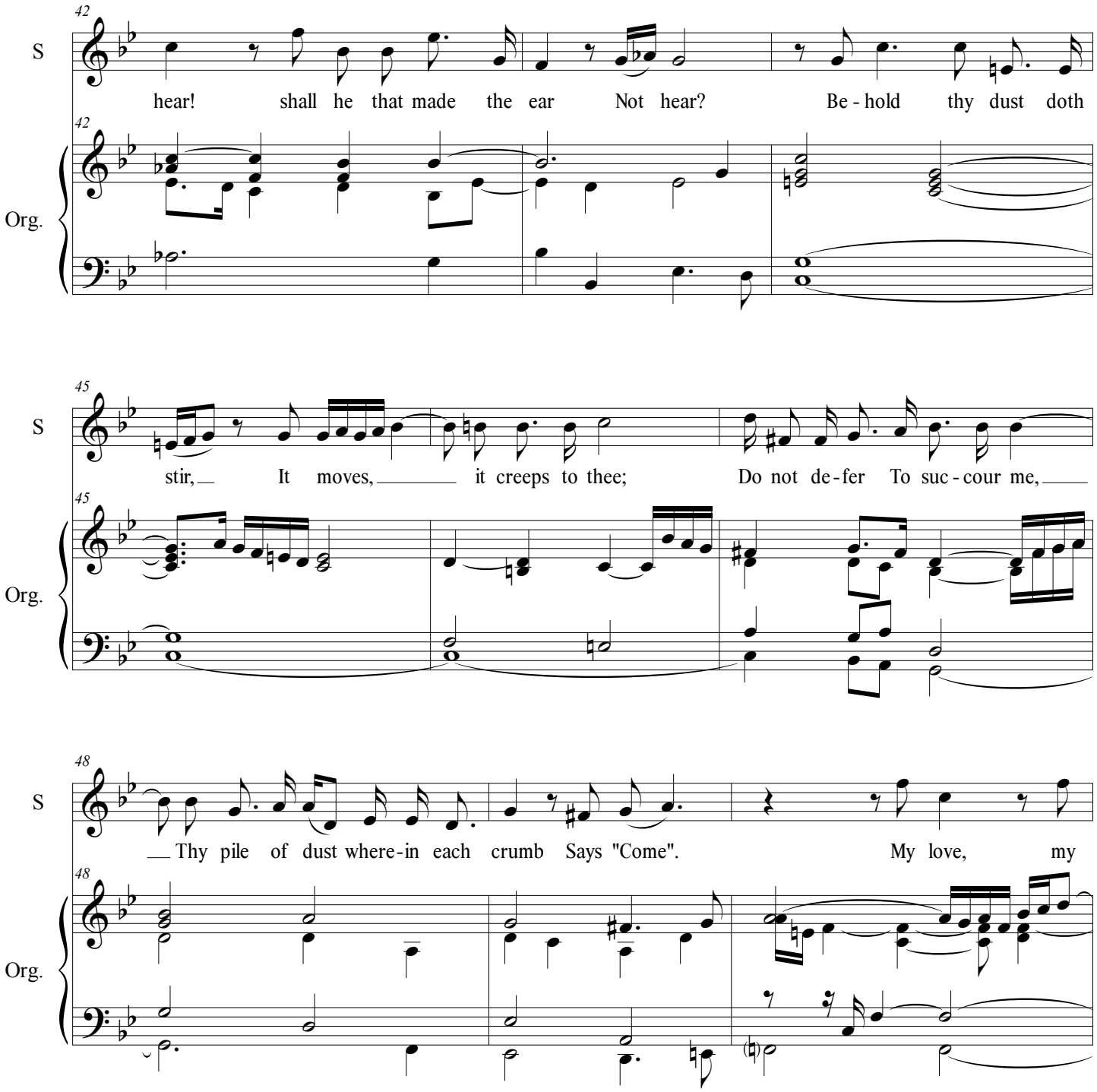
38

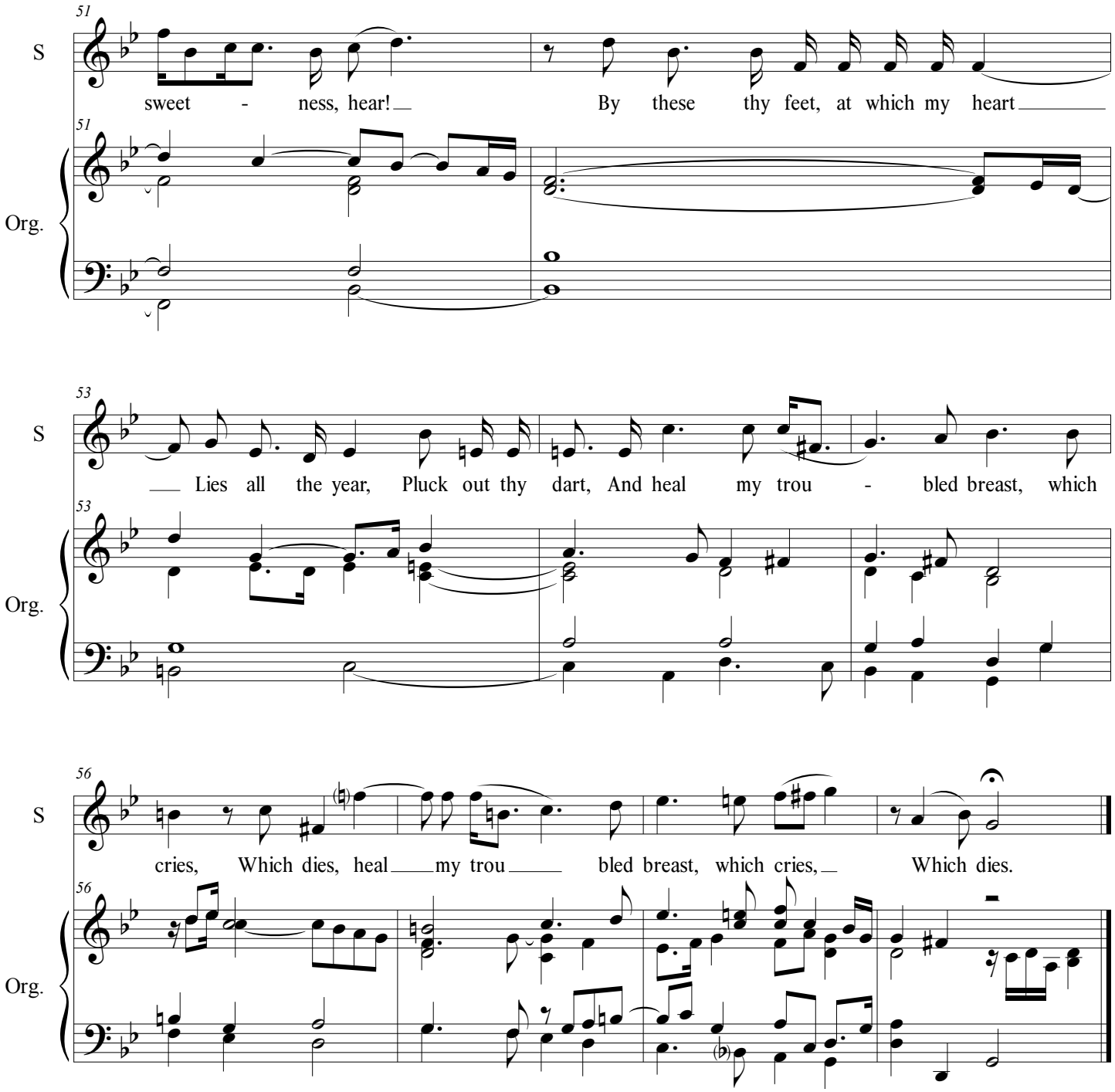
S

up - on the tree; O be not now More dead to me! Lord, hear! Lord,

38

Org.


42
S
hear! shall he that made the ear Not hear? Be - hold thy dust doth
Org.
45
S
stir, It moves, it creeps to thee; Do not de - fer To suc - cour me,
Org.
48
S
Thy pile of dust where - in each crumb Says "Come". My love, my
Org.


51
S
sweet - ness, hear! By these thy feet, at which my heart
Org.
53
S
Lies all the year, Pluck out thy dart, And heal my trou - bled breast, which
Org.
56
S
cries, Which dies, heal my trou bled breast, which cries, Which dies.
Org.