

68 *mf* *f* *rall.*

breath, then "Cru - ci - fy! Cru - ci - fy! Cru - ci - fy!" is all our breath, and

74 *molto rall.* *Slower, deliberate* *ff*

for his death we thirst and cry!

Chancel Choir:

4. *Unheeding, we will have, our dear Lord made away...*

78 *...that he his foes from thence might free.*

26 *p*

5. Here might I stay and sing, no

107 *mf*

sto - ry so div - ine: ne - ver was love, dear King, ne - ver was grief like thine.

113 *f* *mp*

This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could

119

glad - ly spend.

124 *p*

Love un - known.