

Via Dolorosa

Moderato ♩ = 72

They tore the palms to

8

strew his way, they tore down branch - es in ec - sta - sy And our hearts are torn when we hear the cry of 'Ho-

13

sa - nna' torn to, 'Cru cify' - They slept 'midst Geth - se ma - ne's ol - ive gnarled breath,

19

They slept while he drank from the cup of death; And hearts are a - sleep to the trials of the

25

day till the trum - pet blows life's - blind - ness a - way. They

32

smote and scourged with birch and thong, They smote the right_ set free the wrong and hearts are smit - ten with

37

blows of fate. And the trials of life that ir - ri - tate. They pressed the thorns in - to a ring, They

43

pressed them down like crown on king; And hearts are pressed with scorn and spite and the chal - lenge of life to stand up -

48

right. They nailed the wood midst dust of the street they nailed each hand they nailed both

53

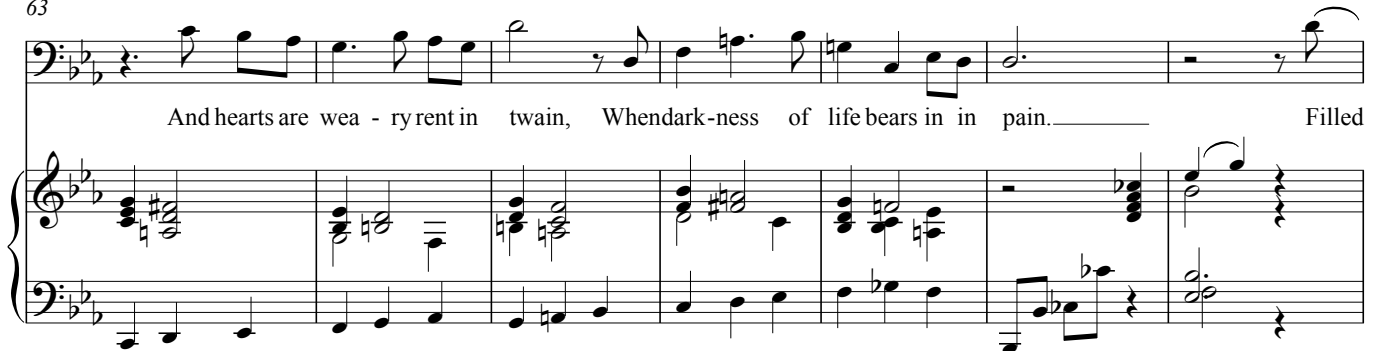
feet; And hearts are nailed with di - stress and woe When bur - dens weigh down which

58



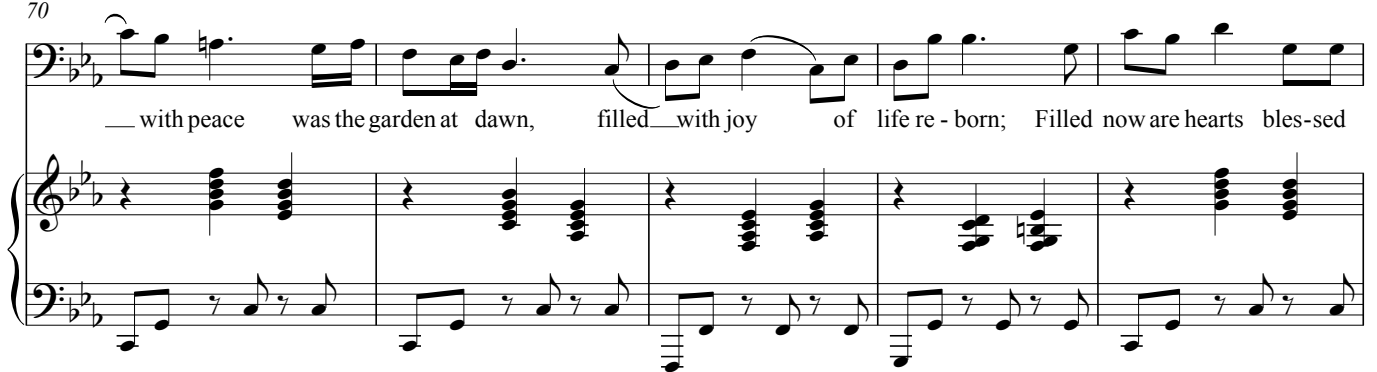
life may be-stow They rent his gar - ments at the foot of the cross, there they lay, rent, on the foot crush-ed moss.

63



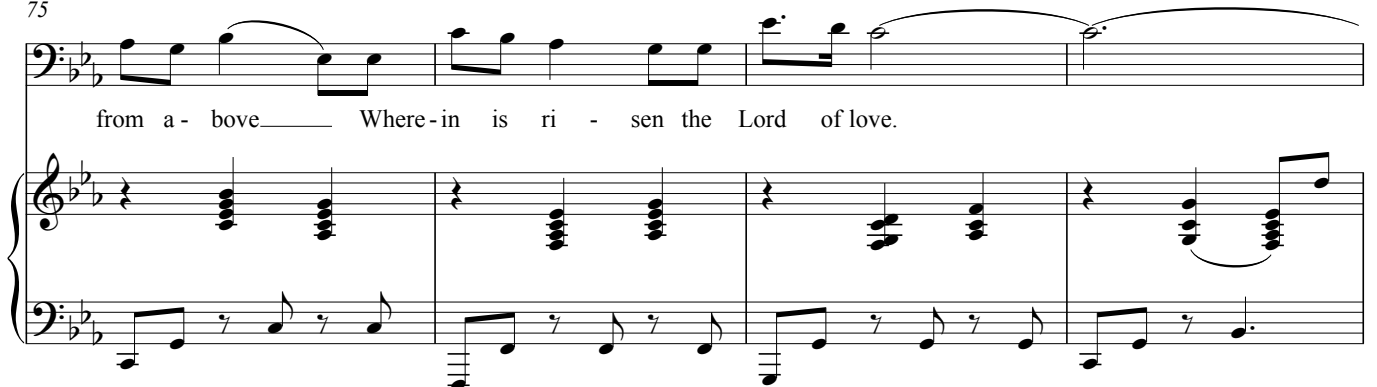
And hearts are wea - ry rent in twain, Whendark-ness of life bears in in pain. Filled

70



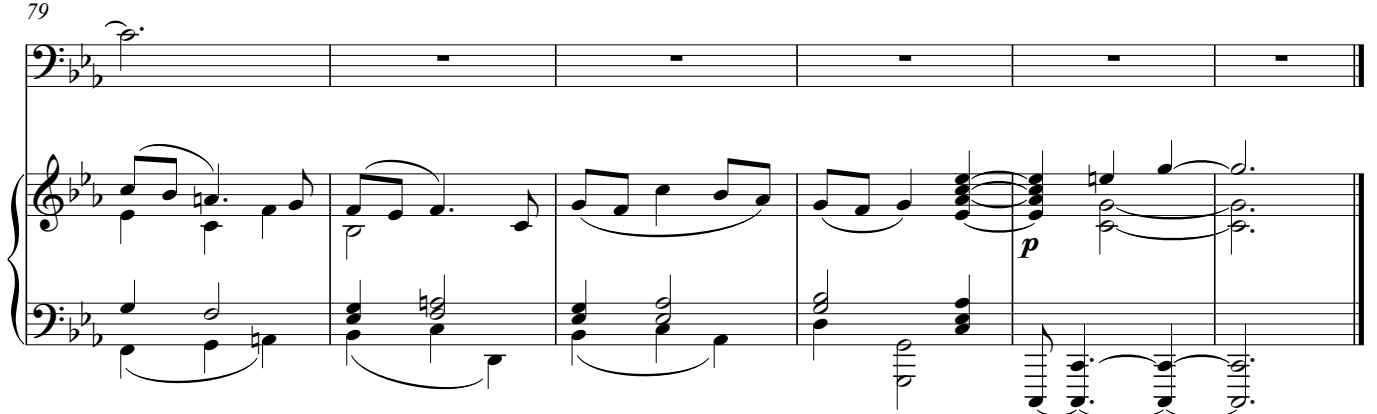
___ with peace was the garden at dawn, filled ___ with joy of life re - born; Filled now are hearts bles-sed

75



from a - bove Where - in is ri - sen the Lord of love.

79



from a - bove Where - in is ri - sen the Lord of love.