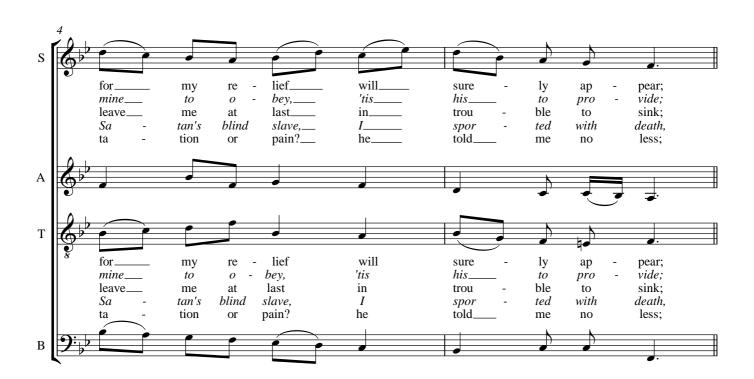
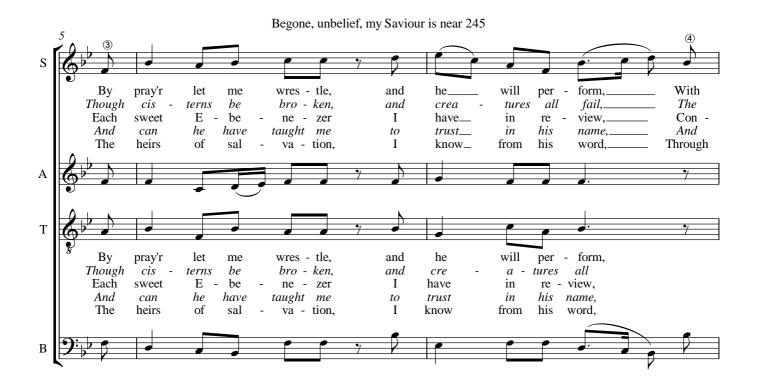
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- 6. How bitter that cup no heart can conceive, Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live! His way was much rougher and darker than mine; Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?
- Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
 And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

Edited from William Blundell's *Sacred Music* (1813) BL H.1663.(49.) Transposed down a tone; Circled numbers correspond with lines of text.