

RECIT. *Accompanied.*—(TENOR.)—MR. WHITE.

Thy rebuke hath broken His heart; He is full of heaviness. He looked for some to have pity on Him, but there was no man, neither found He any to comfort Him.

AIR.—(TENOR.)

Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow.

RECIT. *Accompanied.*—(TENOR.)—MR. REDFERN.

CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory?

The Lord, strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory?

The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

He was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgression of Thy people was He stricken.

AIR.—(TENOR.)

But Thou didst not leave His soul in hell; nor didst Thou suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption.

CHORUS.

The Lord gave the word, great was the company of the preachers.

AIR.—(SOPRANO.)—MRS. DENNIS HARRIS.

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.

CHORUS.

Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

AIR.—(BASS.)—MR. T. GORE.

Why do the nations so furiously rage together, and why do the people imagine a vain thing?