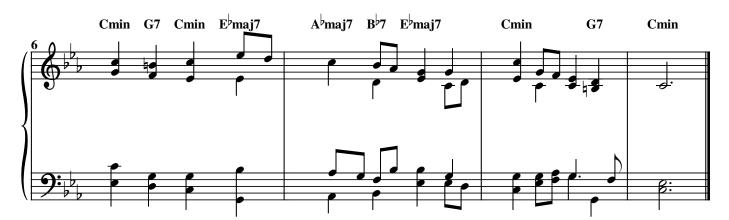
## Alone now going forth, O Lord

William Tans'ur, 1706-1783

Bangor
C.M.





Alone now going forth, O Lord, in sacrifice to die; is all your sorrow naught to us who pass unheeding by?

Our sins, not yours, you bear, dear Lord; make us your sorrow feel, till through our pity and our shame love answers love's appeal.

This is earth's darkest hour, but you can light and life restore; then let all praise be given to you who lives for evermore.

Grant us to suffer with you, Lord, that, as we share this hour, your cross may bring us to your joy and resurrection power.

Peter Abelard, 1079-1142

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