

# WEDNESDAY OF THE FIFTH WEEK

SUNG AT 'LORD, I HAVE CRIED'

Mode  $\overset{\Delta}{\pi} \overset{\Delta}{\rho} \overset{\Delta}{\eta} \rho$

<sup>(N)</sup>  
I n my wretch- ed - ness, I have fal- len a - -  
mong the thieves of my own  
thoughts. My mind has been de - spoiled, and  
cruel- ly have I been beat - - en; all  
my <sup>(\Delta)</sup> soul is wound - - ed, <sup>(N)</sup> and stripped of the vir  
- - tues I lie nak- ed up- on the high  
way of life. See- ing me in bit- ter  
pain and think- ing that my wounds could not  
be healed, <sup>(N)</sup> the priest ne - - glect- ed

me and would not look at me.

Un-able to en-dure my soul-de-stroy-ing a-

gon-y, the Le-vite when he saw

me passed by on the oth-er side. But

Thou, O Christ my God, wast pleased to

come, not from Sa-mar-i-a but in-car-nate

from Ma-ry: in Thy love for

man-kind, grant me heal-ling and

pour up-on me Thy great mer-cy.