

# Thus Far Did I Come

S/A *mp* Thus far did I come load - en with my sin, Nor could aught else

T/B

S/A ease the grief that I was in, Till I came hith - er.

T/B

S/A *poco rall.* What a place is this! Must here be the be - ginn - ing of my

T/B

S/A *a tempo* bliss? Must here the bur - den fall from off my back? Must

T/B *accel. e cresc.*

S/A here the strings that bound it to me, crack? *mp* Bless - ed Cross!

T/B *meno mosso*

S/A Bless - ed Sep - ul - chre! Bless - ed rath - er be the

T/B

S/A *ten.* man that there was put to *sub. pp* shame *p* for me.

T/B