

## DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE.

"And so Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified."—Mark 15: 15.

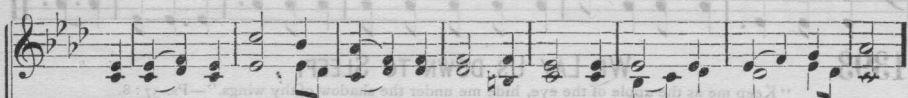
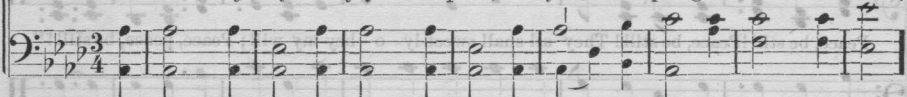
ANON.

(May be sung as a Solo.)

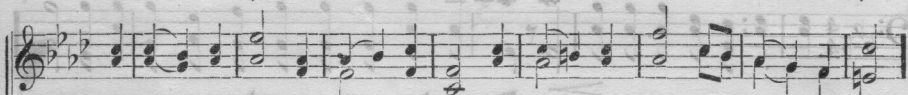
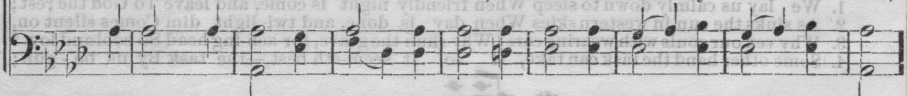
ARRANGED.



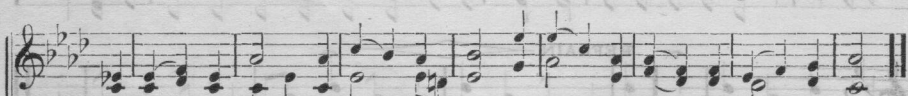
1. It was not sleep that bound my sight Up - on that well re - membered night;
2. Be - fore my wond'ring eyes therestood A vast, a count-less mul - ti - tude;
3. As o'er the crowd-ed scene I gazed, A - gainst the lu - rid, east - ern sky,
4. Then soft - ly from that gath'ring throng A - rose the sound of sol - emn song;
5. I woke; thou wast not by my side, I heard a loud ex - ult - ing cry;
6. Our ear - ly days of joy are past; Our youth - ful spring is with - ered all;



It was not fan - cy's fit - ful power Beguiled me in that sol - emn hour:  
The ho - ry sire, the prat - tling child, The mother, and the maid - en mild,  
I saw the shameful cross upraised, I saw the suf - ferer doomed to die,  
And while I caught the swell - ing lay, The myr - iad voic - es seemed to say—  
I heard the scorn - ful priests de - ride, The el - ders mur - mur, "Cru - ci - fy!"  
A - far from Rome our lot is cast, Beneath the sun - ny skies of Gaul;



But o'er the vis - ion of my soul The mys - tie fu - ture seemed to roll;  
The gladsome youth, and man of care— All tribes, all a - ges, min - gled there;  
'Twas He whom late with sorrowing mien, In Zi - on's streets I oft had seen;  
"And we be - lieve in Him that died, By Ponti - us, Pi - late cru - ci - fied—  
O Pilate! hadst thou marked my prayer, That guilt - less blood to shield and spare,  
The thoughts that memory treasures yet Of oth - er days, be - gin to flee;



And in the deep, prophet - ic trance, Revealed its treas - ures to my glance.  
And all, wher - e'er I turned to see, In hum - ble si - lence bent the knee.  
And now in blood and ag - o - ny, He turned a dy - ing look on me.  
That he shall come, when time is fled, To judge the liv - ing and the dead."  
That deed of hor - ror would not be A stain to thine— a curse to thee!  
But nev - er shall my heart for - get The Cru - ci - fied of Gal - i - lee!

