

## Tone VIII

Christopher Holwey

*Ison*  
*p* I weep and I wail when I think up-on

death, and behold our beauty, fashioned after the image of

God, lying in the tomb disfigured, dis-

honor- ed, be- reft of form. O mar- vel!

What is this mys- ter- y which doth be- fall us?

Why have we been giv- en o- ver un- to cor- rup- tion, and

why have we been wed- ded un- to death? Tru- ly,

as it is writ- ten, by the com- mand of God, who

*rit.*  
*p* giv- eth the de- part- ed rest.