

# THE CRUSADERS.

Wm. Duthrie.

Ciro Pinsuti.

1. On steep Mount Car-mel's height we stand, And gaze far o'er the  
 2. Tho' bleach - ing bones be - strew the shore, Where Chris-tian men have

Ho - ly Land; Our mail - clad war - riors throug be - neath, 'Gainst  
 march'd be - fore, We'll smite in death the hea - then brood, And

Mos - lem foe or - dained to death! Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem!  
 plant the cross in Mos - lem blood! Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem!

ru - - - - sa - lem!  
 ru - - - - sa - lem!

Je - ru - sa - lem! we lift our eyes, we lift our eyes,  
 Je - ru - sa - lem! thou ci - ty blest! thou ci - ty blest!

where . . . . thy sa - cred tow - ers rise,  
 tem . . . . ple is our place of rest!

To where thy sa - cred, thy tow - ers rise, While  
 Thy tem - ple is our place of rest! And

*cres. e animando.*

bra - zen trum - pet's mar - tial sound Pro - claims the vow that  
as we scale thy ram - parts high, The heav'ns shall ech - o

*cres. e animando.*

*ff* *rall. e dim.* *pp a tempo.* *pp*

swells a - round, . . . Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - men!  
to our cry: . . . Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - men!

*ff* *pp a tempo.* *pp*

*cres.* *pp*

Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - - men! . . .

*cres.* *pp*

Save! Save! . . .

Save! O save, O save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre!

Save, . . .

Save, save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - - men!