

9 I Cannot Watch Them

Rob Gardner
text by Rob Gardner

WOMAN (con't): And Peter remembered the words of Jesus. And he went out, and wept bitterly.

Piano

Tragically ♩=72 *mf* *poco rit.*

Pet. *a tempo* *Very rubato*

PETER:

What have I done? De - nied Him?

Pno. *a tempo* *Very rubato* *f* *mp*

Pet. *Very rubato*

What have I done? So now am I no dif - ferent from the men Who

Pno. *Very rubato*

13 *poco rit.*

Pet. 8 take Thy bread then turn a-gain? Oh... What have I done? What have I done? I hear their

Pno. 13 *mf* *poco rit.*

16 Pushing forward

Pet. 8 fil-thy tongues, their vi-cious scorn, The lies they spin with Sa-tan's yarn, I watch them spit and strike Thy face, They

Pno. 16 *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

19

Pet. 8 mock Thy name in foul dis-grace. And when Thou look-est for a friend, Thou find-est none, for I have fled! Oh

Pno. 19 $\frac{3}{4}$

22 *rit.* *a tempo* 3

Pet. 8 God! _____ What have I done?

Pno. *f* 3 *rit.* *a tempo* 3

26 *rit.*

Pet. 8 As Thou hast ta-ken stripes for me, Could I not take but one for Thee?

Pno. *rit.* *p*

30 Sorrowful ♩=68

Pet. 8 I can-not watch them take my

Pno. 30 Sorrowful ♩=68 *sim.*

35
 Pet. Lord. I can't en dure their cru el hands u pon Him, While His own hands are tied with

Pno. *mp*

39
 Pet. cord, Those hands with pow'r to raise the dead, Com - mand the storm, now bound in - stead, and

Pno. *sim.* *p*

42
 Pet. I can not hear them mock His name. I can not bear their fo ul breath u pon Him.

Pno. *mp* *sim.*

46
 Pet. I dare not look u pon His face And see the ve ry Son of God, His

Pno. *mf* *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

Pushing forward

49
 Pet. *8*
 brow so bruised and stained with blood His eyes that shed my sor row's tears, And watch as all hope dis ap pears. I

Pno.

52
 Pet. *8*
 will not watch them cru - ci - fy my Lord! _____ For

Pno.

rit.

56
 Pet. *8*
 I know this Man! _____ I know Him! I know this Man!

Pno.

f *a tempo* *p*

62
 Pet. *8*
 I can-not watch what He must bear. For sure-ly He must ca-rry

Pno.

sim.

67
8
Pet. all my bur - den. For - give me, Lord, that I'm _____ not there... But,

67
Pno. *mp*

71 *rit.*
8
Pet. when my eyes are closed in death, These words will hang on my last breath: I know Him.

71 *rit.*
Pno. *p*