

SUCH grief was Thine, such deep distress,
Such pain, O Christ, intense and real,
Subject to all the pangs of death,
And such forsakenness to feel.

2 The powers of darkness hem Thee round,
Malice with rage and hatred roar,
And human nature melts like wax,
As life and strength to death outpour.

3 No sorrows more, no greater hurt,
No more humiliation sore,
No greater judgement, heavier stroke,
Has ever been, nor evermore.

4 For Thou hast borne a host of hells
To raise our souls to life above;
That we may glorify Thy name
And feed upon Thy glorious love.

5 Such sorrows never shall be mine!
My Lord has borne them all away;
O may this heart to all declare
Thy lovingkindness every day.

Evangelical Psalter