

448 O Darkest Woe

- 1 O darkest woe!
Ye tears, forth flow!
Has earth so sad a wonder?
God the Father's only Son
Now is buried yonder.
- 2 O sorrow dread!
Our God is dead,
Upon the cross extended.
There His love enlivened us
As His life was ended.
- 3 O child of woe:
Who struck the blow
That killed our gracious Master?
"It was I," thy conscience cries,
"I have wrought disaster!"
- 4 Thy Bridegroom dead!
God's Lamb has bled
Upon thy sin forever,
Pouring out His sinless self
In this vast endeavor.

- 5 Such innocence!
His countenance
A fount of faith undying!
Worlds on worlds cannot contain
Grief at Him here lying.
- 6 O Virgin's Son,
What Thou hast won
Is far beyond all telling:
How our God, detested, died,
Hell and devil felling.
- 7 O Jesus Christ,
Who sacrificed
Thy life for lifeless mortals:
Be my life in death and bring
Me to heaven's portals!

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