

Hymn Lyrics

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O'erwhelmed in depths of woe

O'erwhelmed in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn,
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

See how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend;
See down His face, and neck, and breast
His sacred blood descend.

Oh, hear that last, loud cry
Which pierced His mother's heart,
As into God the Father's hands
He bade His soul depart.

Earth hears, and trembling quakes
Around that tree of pain;
The rocks are rent;
The graves are burst;
The veil is rent in twain.

Shall man alone be mute?
Have we no griefs, or fears?
Come, old and young,
Come, all mankind,
And bathe those feet in tears.

Come, fall before His cross,
Who shed for us His blood,
Who died, the Victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

Jesu, all praise to Thee,
Our Joy and endless Rest;
Be Thou our Guide while pilgrims here,
Our Crown amid the blest.