

**Darkly Rose the Guilty Morning**

Words: Joseph Anstice, 1836.

Music: Joseph Barnby, 1872.

Darkly rose the guilty morning,  
When, the King of glory scorning,  
Raged the fierce Jerusalem;  
See the Christ, His cross upbearing,  
See Him stricken, spit on, wearing  
The thorn-plated diadem.

Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him,  
Nor the hands that rudely nailed Him,  
Slew Him on the cursed tree;  
Ours the sin from Heav'n that called Him,  
Ours the sin whose burden galled Him  
In the sad Gethsemane.

For our sins, of glory emptied,  
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,  
He was slain on Calvary;  
Yet He for His murderers pleaded;  
Lord, by us that prayer is needed,  
We have pierced, yet trust in Thee.

In our wealth and tribulation,  
By Thy precious cross and passion,  
By Thy blood and agony,  
By Thy glorious resurrection,  
By Thy Holy Ghost's protection,  
Make us Thine eternally.