

Love, that made Thee a mourner
 In this sad world of woe,
 Made wretched man a scorner
 Of grace, that brought Thee low ;

Still in Thee, love's sweet savour
 Shone forth in every deed,
 And showed God's loving favour
 To every soul in need.

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I pause :—for, in Thy vision,
 The day is hastening now,
 When, for our lost condition,
 Thy holy head shall bow ;

When, deep to deep still calling,
 The waters reach Thy soul,
 And, death and wrath appalling,
 Their waves shall o'er Thee roll.

O day of mightiest sorrow,
 Day of unfathomed grief !
 When Thou should'st taste the horror
 Of wrath, without relief :

O day of man's dishonour !
 When, for Thy love supreme,
 He sought to mar Thine honour,
 Thy glory turn to shame :

O day of our confusion !
 When Satan's darkness lay,
 In hatred, and delusion,
 On ruined nature's way.

Thou soughtest for compassion,
 Some heart Thy grief to know,
 To watch Thine hour of passion,
 For comforters in woe.