

DARKLY ROSE THE GUILTY MORNING.*

"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree."—1 Peter ii. 24.



DARKLY rose the guilty morning,
 When, the King of glory scorning,
 Raged the fierce Jerusalem ;
 See the Christ his cross upbearing,
 See him stricken, mocked, and wearing
 The thorn-plaited diadem.

Not the crowd whose cries assailed him,
 Not the hands that rudely nailed him,
 Slew him on the accursed tree ;
 Ours the sin, from heaven that called him,
 Ours the sin, whose burden galled him,
 In the dark 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 the Holy Ghost's protection,
 Make us thine eternally !

* From "Hymns for the Worship of God, selected and arranged for the use of congregations connected with the Church of Scotland."