O Woeful Hour! When from the Night

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
O woeful hour! when from the

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
night E- merged in wrath Sa-

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
tanic might, To crush the

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
Christ, whom God in heaven, To

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
raise our fallen race, had given.

The other verses

2 O woeful hour! when, with the scorn
Of sinful men, His soul was torn;
When sin exulting bowed the knee,
And stung the Christ with mockery.

3 O woeful hour! when to the tree
The Christ was nailed in agony;
When anguish for our sin He bore,
And thorns His throbbing temples tore.

4 O woeful hour! O darkest day!
The God-Man, still, entombed lay,
For death his cruel shaft had driven
To quell the hope our God had given.

5 O saddened soul! the night is past,
The morn, bright morn, has come at last;
The rage of sin its worst hath done,
Yet lives in power th' eternal Son.

6 The dark hath vanished in the light;
O futile now, Satanic might;
Sin wounded lies, and death is slain
By Him who lives in power again.

7 Hail, glorious morn! the Christ hath risen;
Hail Victor from the darkest prison!
Up, up, my soul! thy praises pour
To Christ, Thy God, for evermore.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Traditional Greek; translated by John Brownlie (1857–1925). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.