

James George Deck (1802-1884)

A. Hall (1785-1827)

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. Oh so - lemn hour ! that hour a - lone In so - li - ta - ry might,
2. O mys - te - ry of mys - te - ries ! Of life and death the tree ;

When God the Fa - ther's on - ly Son, As man for sin - ners
Cen - tre of two e - ter - ni - ties, Which look, with rapt, a -

to a - tone, Ex - pires — a - maz - ing sight ! The
dor - ing eyes, On - ward and back to Thee. O

Lord of glo - ry cru - ci - fied ! The Prince of life has bled and died !
cross of Christ, where all His pain And death is our e - ter - nal gain.

3. Oh, how our inmost hearts do move
While gazing on that cross !
The death of the Incarnate Love !
What shame, what grief, what joy we prove,
That He should die for us !
Our hearts were broken by that cry,
« Eli, lama sabachthani ? »

4. Worthy of death, O God, we were ;
Thy judgment was our due ;
In grace Thy spotless Lamb did bear
Himself our sins and guilt and shame ;
Justice our surety slew,
With Him our surety we have died,
With Him we there were crucified.