

# O darkest woe! Ye tears, forth flow!

Paderborn and Maine, 1628

O Traurigkeit  
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O darkest woe!  
Ye tears, forth flow!  
Has earth so sad a wonder?  
God the Father's only Son  
Now lies buried yonder.

O Ground of faith,  
Laid low in death,  
Sweet lips, now silent sleeping!  
Surely all that live must mourn  
Here with bitter weeping.

O sorrow dread!  
God's Son is dead!  
But by His expiation  
Of our guilt upon the cross  
Gained for us salvation.

O blest shall be  
Eternally  
Who oft in faith will ponder  
Why the glorious Prince of Life  
Should be buried yonder.

O sinful man,  
it was the ban  
Of death on thee that brought Him  
Down to suffer for thy sins,  
And such woe hath wrought Him.

O Jesus blest,  
my Help and Rest!  
With tears I pray, Lord hear me,  
Make me love Thee to the last,  
And in death be near me.

Behold thy Lord,  
the Lamb of God  
Blood sprinkled lies before thee,  
Pouring out His life that He  
May to life restore thee.

Johann Rist