

Is it not strange, the darkest hour

"Softer power"
8.8.8.8.10.10

John Keble, *The Christian Year*, 1827 (1792-1866)

G.C.F., 2019

1. Is it not strange, the dark-est hour That ev - er
2. Yet so it is: for du - ly there The bit - ter
3. O shame be - yond the bit - 'tr'st thought That e - vil
4. Lord of my heart, by Thy last cry Let not Thy
5. Wash me and dry these bit - ter tears, O let my

dawn'd on sin - ful earth Should touch the heart with sof - ter
herbs of earth are set, Till tem - per'd by the Sav - ior's
spir - it ev - er framed That sin - ners know what Je - sus
blood on earth be spent Lo at Thy feet I faint - ing
heart no furth - er roam. 'Tis Thine by vows, and hopes and

pow'r For com - fort than an an - gel's mirth?
pray'r And with the Sav - ior's life - blood wet,
wrought, Yet feel their haught - y hearts un - tam'd
lie, Mine eyes u - pon Thy wounds are bent
fears Long since - O call Thy wand - 'rer home.

That to the Cross, The mourn - ers' eye should turn?
 They turn to sweet - ness and drop ho - ly balm,
 That souls in ref - uge, hold - ing by the cross,
 U - pon thy stream - ing wounds my wear - y eyes
 To that dear home, safe in Thy woun - ded side,

Soon - er than where the stars of Christ - mas burn?
 Soft as im - pris - on'd mar - tyr's death - bed calm.
 Should wince and fret at this world's lit - tle loss.
 Wait like the parch - ed earth on Ap - ril skies.
 Where bro - ken hearts their sin and shame may hide.

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