

LENT AND PASSIONTIDE

O'erwhelmed in depths of woe

Sævo dolorum turbine

Tr. Rev E Caswall

Nicola A. Montani

Moderato

mf

1. O'er - whelmed in depths of woe, — Up - on the
2. See! how the nails those Hands — And Feet so

Tree of scorn — Hangs the Re - deem - er
ten - der rend; — See! down His Face, and

of man - kind, With rack - ing an - guish torn. —
Neck, and Breast, His sa - cred Blood de - scend. —

Ped.

3. Hark! with what awful cry,
His Spirit takes its flight;
That cry, it smote His Mother's heart
And wrapt her soul in night.
4. Come, fall before His Cross,
Who shed for us His Blood;
Who died, the Victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.
5. Jesu! all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest;
Be Thou our Guide while pilgrims here,
Our Crown amid the blest.