

2. Too bitter far for us, the wormwood and the gall; no wine of joy is there, no cup of festival.

3. We dare not touch one drop in that sad, solemn cup, which thou for us didst take, in love to drink it up.

4. Oh, teach us, teach us, Lord, what that deep bitterness contained in it for us of sweetness and of peace!

5. To thee the cup of wrath, to us the cup of love, emptied of all but joy and healing from above!

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