

~ Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin Mary ~
Sequence from the Tridentine Mass

At the cross her station keeping, Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.
Through her heart His sorrow sharing, All his bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had pass'd.
Oh how sad and sore distress'd, Was that Mother highly blest,
Of the Sole-Begotten One!
Christ above in torment hangs, She beneath beholds the pangs,
Of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep? Whelm'd in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold.
Can the human heart refrain, From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?
Bruis'd, derided, curs'd, defil'd, She beheld her tender Child,
All with bloody scourges rent.
For the sins of His own nation, Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His Spirit forth He sent.

O thou Mother font of love! Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord.
Make me feel as thou hast felt, Make my soul to glow and melt,
With the love of Christ our Lord.
Holy Mother pierce me through, In my heart each wound renew,
Of my Savior crucified.
Let me share with thee His pain, Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

Let me mingle tears with thee, Mourning Him who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live.
By the Cross with thee to stay, There with thee to weep and pray,
Is all I ask of thee to give.
Virgin of all virgins best, Listen to my fond request,
Let me share thy grief divine.
Let me to my latest breath, In my body bear the death,
Of that dying Son of thine.

Wounded with His every wound, Steep my soul till it hath swoon'd,
In His very Blood away.
Be to me O Virgin nigh, Lest in flames I burn and die,
In His awful Judgment day.
Christ when Thou shalt call me hence, Be Thy Mother my defense,
Be Thy Cross my victory.
While my body here decays, May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in paradise with Thee.