

Deepen the shadows round the dying Saviour,
 And o'er His spirit like the stormy sea,²
 Rush the deep waves—oh! hear that moan of anguish,
 "My God! why hast Thou thus forsaken Me?"

Trembling the Mother gazes on her loved One,
 Sees the parched lips she cannot moisten now,
 "I thirst, I thirst!" His Sacred Head is drooping,
 And blood is flowing from His thorn-pierced Brow.

Now, "All is finished!" Like the golden sunset,
 Is fading fast that life of love divine,
 And to the eyes of faith bright rays of glory
 E'en now around that holy Cross entwine.

Once more He speaks, it is the last sweet sighing
 Of those dear lips whose thrilling melody
 Is murmured now in tones of deepest sadness,
 "My Father, I commend my spirit unto Thee."

Now in the lonely depths of Mary's spirit,
 Sink the last echoes of those words divine.
 Like to the boundless ocean is thy sorrow,
 What can comfort thee, O Mother mine?

Soon in her loving arms they gently laid Him,
 Ah! 'twas his first and latest place of rest:
 Sad are the waves of memory round her flowing
 Of a fair Infant on her tender breast.†

Now in the garden tomb her Son is lying;
 Slowly the mourning Mother turns away
 Waiting in faith, and hope, and patient longing
 For the glad dawning of the Easter-day.

² "Salvum me fac Deus, quoniam intraverunt
 aquae usque ad animam meam." Ps. iv., 18.

† "Has Bethlehem come back to thee, my Mother, and the days of His beautiful
 childhood?"—Faber "Foot of the Cross."