

Alas! alas! what deep, what poignant grief
Felt the fond Mother of her only born,
In that sad hour, when sunk beyond relief,
She view'd the sufferings of her Son forlorn!
Her trembling frame with fear and horror
shook,

At every wound she writh'd with deadly pain,
Her piteous eye express'd in every look
Her woes too big for nature to sustain.

Ah! say what mortal could unmov'd behold
Christ's sweetest Mother thus with grief oppress'd?

Who would not weep to see the tears that
roll'd

Amid the storm that heav'd her sacred breast?
Who could the burst of pious grief restrain,
To view her tender sympathizing eye
Speak all the anguish of his bitter pain,
And hear her answer to each groan and sigh?

In expiation of our guilty race,
Her Son she saw with cruel wounds assail'd,
She saw him scourg'd, while blood ran down
space,

Through hands and feet she saw sweet Jesus
naïf'd;

She heard him breathe his last sad parting
sigh,

A sound that harrowed up her soul anew,
She saw him close his godlike beaming eye,
And saw the spear send forth the heav'nly dew

Fond Mother! thou whose love was love indeed!

Oh! give me by one sweet resistless pray'r,
Whilst meditation sees thy Jesus bleed,
In thy vast agony of grief to share!
Give me in loving Christ, my God, my all,
To feed the ever-glowing sacred flame!
And whilst unwearied at his shrine I fall,
To make his love my sole, my glorious aim!

O holiest Mother of my God, fix deep
Within my breast the cruel wounds he bore;
O let my soul the sacred furrows keep,
And sink them deeply ever more and more!

Let thy sweet Son my every-thought possess;
His wounds be ever present to my sight!
O let me make his cruel burthen less,
Whilst suffering with him is my sole delight!
To weep true tears of anguish from my soul,
Such as thy sorrow once was seen to pour;
And with my crucified dear Lord condole,
Is the sole grace my vows and sighs implore!
Yes! this sole favour let thy bounty give,
Close by the cross with thee to take my stand!
And feel new sorrow every day I live,
Whilst contemplation treads the sacred land!

O Virgin, high above all virgin's crown'd,
Spurn not the suppliant that now breathes a
pray'r;

Give me to shed my tears in every wound,
And all his pangs with thee in thought to bear
Day after day, each night, its silent hour,
Christ's death be still my mind's eternal food!
Let grief still pour the unexhausted shower,
Fed with his wounds, his sighs, his groans, his
blood!

Oh! could I feel sore wounded with his wounds!

Oh! could his cross inebriate my soul!

By that sweet love for him that knows no bounds
And those fond thoughts that in my bosom roll!
With love of Him let my wrapt senses glow;
Let the sweet flame dissolve, consume my heart!
And when I hear the last loud trumpet-blow,
To him who lov'd thy Son thy aid impart!

O be my guard the shadow of his cross! in
Christ's death be my strong bulwark and
fence:

Let not my soul e'er know the deadly loss,
Of grace procured me at his blood's expense,
And oh! when Death o'er casts its mourn-
gloom,

Extinguishing this body's vital heat,
In the bright regions of eternal bloom
May my glad soul its great Redeemer meet!
Amen.