

More faithful than any disciple or friend,  
 That Mother accompanied Him to the end !  
 She witnessed His miracles, heard Him when preaching,  
 Believed in His word, meekly followed His teaching—  
 She grieved at His sorrows, rejoiced at His joy,  
 Though her Saviour and God, He was still her sweet Boy  
 O bitterly, bitterly that Mother grieved,  
 At the barbarous treatment her Jesus received !  
 Bruised, broken and bleeding, her motherly heart !  
 Of each wound He received, she, too, felt the smart !  
 No other disciple, no martyr can know  
 How poignant, intense, was that poor Mother's woe  
 At the foot of the cross when she saw nailed thereon,  
 In agony writhing, her own murdered Son !  
 When she heard His last words unto her and to John  
 "Behold thy Mother !"—"Behold thy Son !"\*  
 When she saw Him expire ; beheld the red tide  
 That flowed out from His heart through the wound in His side !  
 Received in her arms, and laid in the tomb  
 His body, which once she had borne in her womb—  
 Him wrapped up in swaddling clothes—laid in a manger—  
 Now dead !—wrapped in sheets—in the tomb of a stranger.  
 O surely her prayer must prevail much with Him,  
 More than that of Apostles or bright Cherubim !  
 When He 'rose from the dead, her heart was delighted,  
 She also was with His disciples united,  
 When He in the midst of them sudden appeared  
 And, with "Peace be unto you," their spirits he cheered ;  
 When from Mount Olivet Jesus ascended,  
 Mary was there. When The Spirit descended  
 Upon the Apostles, there, also, with John  
 Was that Spouse of the Spirit, that loved, honoured One !  
 In a word, from her God she was never apart—  
 To accomplish His will was the joy of her heart ;  
 Though the other disciples had nearly all fled,  
 She never abandoned Him, living or dead,  
 Then how could her prayer unto Him be rejected ?  
 O no, no !—that Holy One's prayer is respected,  
 Her welcome petitions are honoured above  
 By the God who accepted her faith and her love.  
 Ah then, Holy Mary, to thee do we pray !  
 Thou knowest the snares that beset our way,  
 The trials and toils of this weary life,  
 For thou too hast suffered its terrible strife.  
 O Mother of God ! intercede with thy Son  
 For us poor sinners, ere we are undone ;  
 Ask of Him mercy, and pardon, and grace

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\* John XIX. 26, 27.