

## THE SEVEN DOLOURS.

In this world of sin and sorrow,  
Tears to-day and grief to-morrow,  
Joys but few and far between,  
Though at times, with voice sonorous,  
We unite in joyful chorus  
On the triumphs of our Queen.

Sombre are our usual colours,  
And the feast of Mary's Dolours  
Seems to suit our life of trial;  
For our days are full of anguish  
While afar from God we languish,  
Drinking tears from sorrow's phial.

In the midst of fear and danger,  
Joyous feasts to us seem stranger  
Than the days of sadder hue;  
Glorious are the feasts in heaven—  
Here our Mother's Dolours Seven  
Are more fit to keep in view.

## DOLOUR I.

When with meekness she consented  
That her child should be presented  
In the house of God of old,  
In the midst of all her gladness,  
She foresaw the future sadness  
Which by Simeon was foretold.

So when God gives consolation,  
And our hearts with jubilation  
Seem to feel that heav'n is near,  
Let us think we're not exempted  
From the risk of being tempted,  
Though no enemy appear.

## DOLOUR II.

When the Innocents were dying,  
Mary saved her child by flying  
From the cruel king's decree,  
But her sorrows still o'ertook her  
Not in Egypt they forsook her  
Or from hardship left her free.

During life, where'er we travel,  
Ne'er can we the bonds unravel  
Which our hearts to sorrow tie;  
But, if Jesus still be near us,  
We shall find His presence cheer us,  
When in direst grief we sigh.

## DOLOUR III.

Who can tell the grief which tried her  
When no longer close beside her  
Mary found her Son adored!  
Nor amid the crowd she found Him,  
But with priests and doctors round Him  
In the temple of the Lord.

When, to cure pride's effervescence,  
God withdraws His special presence,  
Seek Him not where men abound;

But within the sanctuary  
Look for Jesus, where with Mary  
In the temple He is found.

## DOLOUR IV.

Oh! the sorrow! ah! the anguish!  
When she saw her Jesus languish  
As the heavy cross He bore,  
While to Calvary she slowly  
Followed in His footprints holy,  
Saw His sacred life-blood pour.

Let us, in our desolation,  
Meditate upon the Passion  
Of the dying Son of God,  
Let the world no longer please us;  
Taking up our cross like Jesus,  
Let us follow Calvary's road.

## DOLOUR V.

Through the heart of Mary, weeping,  
Close beside the Cross still keeping,  
Passed the lance the soldier fierce  
In the side of Jesus planted;  
But the Mother stood undaunted,  
Though her soul the sword did pierce.

Oh! that from her we might borrow  
Grace to feel the sword of sorrow  
Wound and break our stubborn hearts;  
Be it henceforth our petition  
That a perfect, true contrition  
Penetrate us with its darts.

## DOLOUR VI.

Now is paid the debt eternal,  
And in Mary's arms maternal  
Soft are laid those limbs divine,  
Covered with the blood which dyed them,  
And the Cross which stands beside them  
Has become Redemption's Sign.

Oh! that we, with Jesus dying,  
All our passions crucifying  
To the Cross where He was slain,  
May beneath that cross dwell ever,  
And from out its shadow never  
Wander into sin again.

## DOLOUR VIII.

Now, the tomb her Son enclosing,  
Where, in solitude reposing,  
He awaits the Easter morn,  
In the grave with Jesus buried  
Mary has her heart interred  
Which deep sorrow's sword has torn.

Let us, to the tomb descending,  
Bury there our hearts unbending,  
Soon with Him to rise to life—  
Life which knows no termination,  
Sin or sorrow or temptation,  
Death or suffering or strife.