

COLLECT FOR XV. SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. Ecclesiam. May thy continual mercy purify and defend thy church: and since without thee it cannot be safe, may it always be directed by the influence of thy grace. Through.

COLLECT FOR CEMETERY. O God, in whose mercy the souls of the faithful repose, appoint, we beseech thee, O Lord, thy holy angel as a guardian over this Cemetery, and loosen from all the chains of sin, the souls of those whose bodies are here interred, that they may everlastingly rejoice with Thee in the company of thy Saints. Through our Lord, &c.

LESSON. *Judith* xiii. 22. 25. The Lord hath blessed thee by his power, because by thee he hath brought our enemies to nought. Blessed art thou, O daughter, by the lord, the most high God, above all women upon the earth. Blessed be the lord who made heaven and earth. Because he hath so magnified thy name this day, that thy praise shall not depart out of the mouth of men, who shall be mindful of the power of the lord for ever, for that thou hast not spared thy life, by reason of the distress and tribulation of the people, but hast prevented our ruin in the presence of our God.

GRADUAL. *Dolorosa*. Thou art overwhelmed with grief and tears, O Virgin Mary, standing by the cross of our Lord Jesus, thy Son, thy Redeemer.

TRACT. *Sabat*. Holy Mary, the Queen of Heaven, and lady of the world, stood full of grief by the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. V. O all you that pass by the way, attend and

see if there be any sorrow like unto mine.

### THE SEQUENCE, OR PROSE.

Beneath the world's redeeming wood  
The most afflicted Mother stood,  
Mingling her tears with her Son's blood.  
As that flow'd down from ev'ry part,  
Of all his wounds she felt the smart,  
What pierc'd his body pierc'd her heart.  
Who can with tearless eyes look on,  
When such a Mother, such a Son,  
Wounded and gasping, does bemoan!  
O worse than Jewish heart that could,  
Unmov'd, behold the double flood  
Of Mary's tears, and Jesu's blood.  
Alas! our sins, they were not his

In this atoning sacrifice,  
For which he bleeds, for which he dies.  
When graves were open'd, rocks were rent,  
When nature and each element  
His torments and her grief resent:  
Shall man, the cause of all his pain  
And all his grief, shall sinful man  
Alone insensible remain?

Ah, pious mother, teach my heart,  
Of sighs and tears the holy art,  
And in thy grief to hear a part.  
The sword of grief, which did pass through  
Thy very soul, O may it now  
Upon my heart a wound bestow  
Great Queen of Sorrows, in thy train  
Let me a mourner's place obtain,  
With tears to cleanse all sinful stains.

To heal the leprosy of sin,  
We must the cure with tears begin,  
All flesh's corrupt without their brine.

Refuge of sinners, grant that we  
May tread thy steps, and let it be  
Our sorrow not to grieve like thee.  
O may the wounds of thy dear Son  
Our contrite hearts possess alone,  
And all terrene affections drown.  
Those wounds, which now the stars outshine  
Those furnaces of love divine,

May they our drossy souls refine;  
And on us such impressions make,  
That we of suffering for his sake  
May joyfully our portion take.  
Let us his proper badge put on,  
Let's glory in the cross alone,

By which he marks us for his own.  
That when the dreadful trial's come,  
For every man to hear his doom,  
On his right hand we may find room.  
O hear us, Mary! Jesu! hear!  
Our humble pray'rs secure our fear,  
When thou in judgment shalt appear.