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What A Sea Of Tears And Sorrows.

Tr.FR.CAMPBELL.

(O quot undis lacrymarum.)

Our Lady's Sorrows.

Ad. from Gregorian.

1. What a sea of tears and sorrows Did the soul of
2. Oh, that mourn-ful Vir-gin Moth-er! See her tearshow

Ma-ry toss To and fro up - on its bil - lows,
fast they flow Down up - on His man - gled bo dy,

While she wept her bit - ter loss; In her arms her
Wound-ed side and thorn-y brow; While His hands and

Je - sus hold - ing, Torn but new - ly from the Cross.
feet she kis - ses, Pic - ture of im - mort - al woe!

Oft and oft His arms and bosom
Fondly straining to her own;
Oft her pallid lips imprinting
On each wound of her dear Son,
Till at last, in swoons of anguish,
Sense and consciousness are gone.

Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,
By thy tears and troubles sore;
By the death of thy dear Offspring;
By the bloody wounds He bore;
Touch our hearts with that true sorrow
Which afflicted thee of yore.

5.

To the Father everlasting,
And the Son, who reigns on high,
With the coeternal Spirit,
Trinity in Unity,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Now and through eternity.