

Near the Cross Was Mary Weeping
Jacopone da Todi, 13th Century.
H. Knight.

Near the cross was Mary weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
Gazing on her dying Son;
There in speechless anguish groaning,
Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,
Through her soul the sword had gone.

When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He His love and power displayed:
By His stripes He wrought our healing,
By His death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

Jesus, may Thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In Thy griefs may deeply grieve;
Thee our best affections giving,
To Thy glory ever living,
May we in Thy glory live.