

OUR MOTHER OF SORROWS

Passiontide and B.V.M.

What a Sea of Tears and Sorrows

O quot undis lacrymarum

Tr. by Rev. F. Campbell

Andante religioso

Ch. Gounod
Adapted and Arr. by N.A.M.

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

Ma - ry toss To and fro up - on its bil - lows
fast they flow Down up - on His man - gled Bod - y

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 so new - ly from the Cross.
Feet she kiss - es, Pic - ture of im - mor - tal woe.

3. 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.
4. Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,
By thy tears and troubles sore;
By the death of thy dear Off-spring,
By the bloody Wounds He bore;
Touch our hearts with that true sorrow
Which afflicted thee of yore.