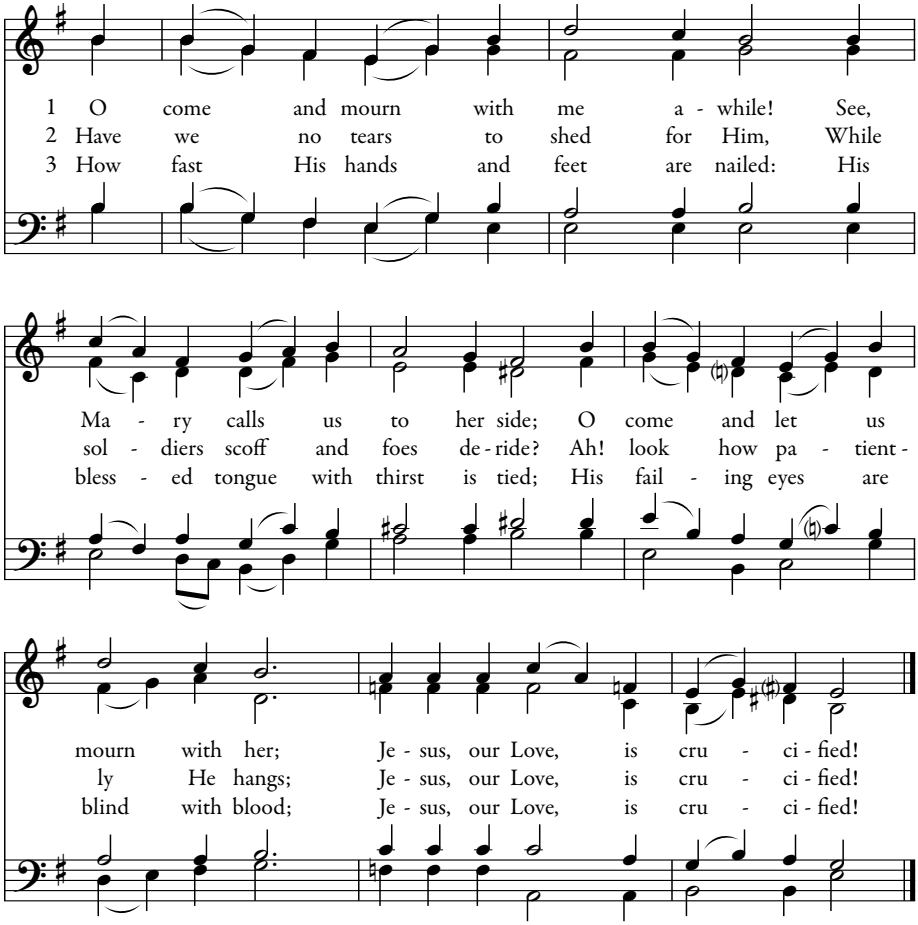
178 O Come and Mourn With Me Awhile

88 88

Nicola A. Montani, 1880–1948



4 His Mother cannot reach His face;
She stands in helplessness beside;
Her heart is martyred with her Son's:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

5 Sev'n times He spoke, sev'n words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

6 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

7 A broken heart, a fount of tears;
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

8 O Love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love:
For He, our Love, is crucified.

Frederick W. Faber, 1814–1863