O come and mourn with me







O come and mourn with me awhile; And tarry here the cross beside; O come, together let us mourn; Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him, While soldiers scoff and foes deride? Ah! look how patiently He hangs; Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love; And all three hours His silence cried For mercy on the souls of men; Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Come, let us stand beneath the cross; So may the blood from out His side Fall gently on us drop by drop; Jesus, our Lord, is crucified. A broken heart, a fount of tears, Ask, and they will not be denied; A broken heart love's cradle is: Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

O love of God! O sin of man! In this dread act Your strength is tried; And victory remains with love; For Thou our Lord, art crucified!

Frederick W. Faber