

O, Come And Mourn With Me Awhile

Fr. Frederick Faber (1814-1863)

Lent

1872 Peters' Sodality
St. Basil's, 1918

Andante

1. O come, and mourn with me a - while; See
2. How fast His hands and feet are nailed; His
3. His Mo - ther can - not reach His face; She
4. Seven times He spoke, seven words of love, And
5. Come, take thy stand be - neath the Cross, And

Ma - ry calls us to her side; Oh, come and let us
Bless - ed Tongue with thirst is tide; His fail - ing Eyes are
stands in help - less - ness be - side; Her heart is mar - tyred
all three hours His si - lence cried; For mer - cy on the
let the Blood from out that Side, Fall gent - ly on thee

mourn with her, Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.
blind with blood; Je - sus our Love, is cru - ci - fied.
with her Son's; Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.
souls of men: Je - sus our Love, is cru - ci - fied.
drop by drop; Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.

Chorus
Have we no tears to shed for Him While

13

E $\flat$ E $\flat$ 7 A $\flat$ B $\flat$ m Fm7 E $\flat$ A $\flat$ D $\flat$ A $\flat$ E $\flat$ 7 Fm

sol - diers scoff and Jews de - ride? Ah! look how pa-tient-ly He

16

D $\flat$ B $\flat$ 7 A $\flat$ E $\flat$ 7 D $\flat$ (add9) E $\flat$ 7 A $\flat$

hangs, Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.