

O Queen of Sorrows, Weeping Rose

p $\text{♩} = 50$ rit. $\text{♩} = 50$

O Queen of sor - rows, weep - ing Rose That blooms at hea - ven's door. How
O sin - less Mar - y, hum - ble maid And good St. Jo - seph's bride, When
O The - o - to - kos, bear - ing God In lone - ly cat - tle stall, The

5 rit. *pp* $\text{♩} = 50$

stead - i - ly your sad - ness grows When we, your child - ren, dare op -
ea - ger souls for sil - ver trade These minds and bo - dies God has
un - born in - no cents — we trod In si - lence, now with an - gels

8 *f* *p* rit. $\text{♩} = 50$ rit.

pose The God whom once You bore. — And wound you more and more. —
made, Your Son, who wil ling died, — A - new is cru - ci - fied.
laud Their Friend and Lord of all, — De - fen - der of — the small.

O Sov'reign Lady, Wisdom high,
Whose head with stars is crowned,
In word and deed we would deny
Our family beneath the sky,
The seat of God, Who found
In Eden welcome ground.

O Holy Mother, throned above,
We seek You nonetheless;
Help us to listen and to love,
To be obedient servants of
Our Jesus, and to bless
The God Whom we confess.

Hail Mary, spotless Bloom that grows
Entwined at Heaven's door;
We pray to You, O sumptuous Rose,
To see the day the whole world knows
And loves the God You bore,
That You might weep no more.