

TERESA HIGGINSON'S MEDITATIONS.
ON THE
FIVE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.



1st Sorrowful Mystery.

Soul of a sinner—turn aside with me,
To walk awhile in sad Gethsemane!
Shut out the world—let every care depart!
Bring nothing with thee, but a humble heart!
Wash in the wave of Cedron—as it flows:
Just cross'd by Him—who has endur'd thy
woes:

For see yon garden with the dew-drops wet
That Paradise of pain—Mount Olivet!
There hath the "Man of Sorrows" entered
now

With the calm victim's sign upon His brow.
That hour is come which none but He could
bear,

Wrapt in His crimson agony of prayer:
Nature may sink through sadness into sleep,

But love at least shall watch, and wail and
weep

2nd Sorrowful Mystery

Soul of a sinner—child of guilt and shame,
Now let another sight thy heart inflame!
With arms uplifted—merciless and bare.
See the sweet Victim in His love reveal'd,
By whose rich stripes alone our souls are
heal'd:

Wrapt in His purple of descending gore,
He yields Him to the smiters more and more!
Dread Flagellation! shall its tortures tell
In vain—how we should have the doom of
hell,

Had not for us the Word Incarnate trod
The doleful winepress of the Wrath of God!
Hail, Thou Rejected Lamb! in all Thy woe;
Let the hot tears of deep contrition flow:
Till sin, and self, and sense, be all abhorr'd,
Lost in the wounds of our once suffering
Lord!

3rd Sorrowful Mystery.

Soul of a sinner—subject to a Lord
For thee once mock'd and crown'd and yet
abhorr'd;

Come to this coronation; lo! the scorn
With which they weave His diadem of thorn!
Eye the vile splendour of that scarlet robe
Vesting the veil'd Creator of the globe!

Hear the rude jest—behold the bended knee,
The mirth infernal—and the homage see:
That Hand—once reach'd to each one in his
need,

Now spurn'd by all—and sceptr'd with a reed;

That Brow of majesty and might divine,
A throne of woe—with love in every line!
Here let me linger through life's pensive day,
Till this poor heart in tears shall melt away:
And death approach with liberation sweet
To let me fall—and worship at His feet!

4th Sorrowful Mystery.

Soul of a sinner—here without a home,
Art thou a pilgrim for the world to come?
See, then, thy Great Exemplar on His way
A path of colours—cloth'd in red array!

The sight of Calvary His heart inspires
And lights eternal love with ardent fires.
Lo! where His Holy Mother stands opprest,
The sword of sorrow piercing through her
breast!

See where the Cross—that purchase of the
Crown

Weights on His wounded frame, and sinks it
down!

See where yon woman wipes His sacred
face,

And wins a likeness of the King of Grace!
Hear where the daughters of sad Salem wail,
While Siloa's brook sighs softly through the
vale;

These with sweet sympathy dissolv'd in
fears,

That to be shortly swollen with their tears!
Lord! let each eye o'erflow with contrite
grief,

And in the road to Calvary, seek relief!

5th Sorrowful Mystery.

Soul of a sinner—turn with me once more
Upon a scene excelling all before!

And as the mighty Moses, when he saw
The Burning Bush with overwhelming awe,
Put off his shoes, before the fire of God,
That he might worship on the sacred sod;
So thou from sin, and self, and sense set
free,

Ascend the Holy Hill of Calvary!
Behold the Cross, in wreaths of sable furl'd,
The atoning Altar of a guilty world!
Look on thy Jesus in His final hour,
Till the look thrills thee with transforming
power:

Hear His last words—the prayer—the bitter
cry
That rends the Veil—and rocks the earth
and sky:

Lo! how He bows—when He resigns His
breath,
That Head—which holds the crown of life
and death.

And now the spear hath pierc'd His rifted
side,
Whence flows for sinful man a double tide:
Oh! Glorious Cross! the "Tree of Love" art
Thou!

To Thee I kneel—beneath Thy shade I bow:
To Him—whom thou didst lift from earth
to heaven,

Be my whole heart in sweet affection given!

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