

## Good Friday

**A**T the foot of the Cross is the Mother of God,  
And Her tears are like rain to enliven the sod,  
While the Blood of the LORD from His Body that runs  
Is the heat of the summer, the fire of its suns.

In the darkness and fear of the torturing hours,  
The Mother brings life in the strength of Her showers ;  
The Son with the fire of His Passion withdrawn  
Enkindles the night to the life of the Dawn.

In the cup of the world, as pure water and wine,  
His sorrow is mingled and mixed into Thine,  
For a liquor to heal us the children of night,  
The Immaculate Light, the Immaculate Light !

*Amen.*