Our Blessed Virgin Mother

Her Triumph

Benedictines of Mary, Queen of Apostles

http://benedictinesofmary.org

1. The crowds that waved palms now deride. He is by Peter thrice denied. And faithless the apostles flee. God ruined, who could stay to hate. When His commands none will teach, His blood cannot His members remains, extinguished by the blindness of sin and the betrayals from within. I will not dwell in faithless gloom, nor hasten to an empty place?

2. Crucified in sorrow great, His truths are posed as crimes of thrill. Disfigured and of beauty rent, He sees below a remnant in. O Mother will your triumph be, now when His foes claim victory? He came all glorious to you, His wounded hands outstretched again, defiled by ruthless hands, in blows and curses, spit and bands. The passion of the Church begun, His body Mystic set up on, defiled by ruthless hands, in blows and curses, spit and bands. And I believe with my whole heart, I believe, His body will rise and receive the victory!

3. Three days of darkness He lies slain. No semblance of His Church remains, extinguished by the blindness of sin and the betrayals from within. I will not dwell in faithless gloom, nor hasten to an empty place?

4. While it appears the faith is gone, alone in you the faith lives on. The passion of the Church begun, His body Mystic set up on, defiled by ruthless hands, in blows and curses, spit and bands. And I believe with my whole heart, I believe, His body will rise and receive the victory!

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