The Cross is the guardian of the whole world;

the Cross is the support and staff of the faithful;

the Cross is the beauty of the Church of Christ;

the Cross is the mighty strength of kings;

the Cross is the glory of Angels;

it is the wounding of demons.
As she that seed-less-ly bare Thee

stood at Thy Cross in great mourning, she cried: Alas! O belov'd Son, my sweet-est

Child, how hast Thou now set from the eyes of Thy Mother? How art Thou reckoned with dead men?