As the all-pure Sovereign Lady looked on Christ being put to death and thus slaying the crafty one, she

mourned Him as Sovereign Lord, as she sang the praises of the Child Who came from her womb; and she was sore amazed as she beheld His extreme long suffering. My most beloved Child, do not forget Thy handmaid, she cried to Him. Do not tarry, O Friend of man; quickly end my despondency.