What a sword pierced through thy heart, even as Symeon told thee! when thou sawest Him Who shone forth from thee ineffably, raised up on the Cross by the iniquitous like any condemned man,
given gall to drink with vinegar;
His holy side was pierced, and His hands and feet were transfixed with nails;
as thou beheldest all these things,
O all holy Lady, in bitter grief
and a mother's sorrow didst thou cry out with wailing and lament: O my beloved and sweetest Child,

what is this strange mystery?