When he saw Thee hanging on the Tree, O my Savior,
then did the sun clothe himself in darkness and gloom;
then the regions under the earth were terror-struck; and the dead rose up from their graves;
the rocks rent asunder; and all things in Heaven were beside themselves with fear.
And as the immaculate Maiden stood nearby Thy Cross, she was weeping,
singing Thee a hymn of praise, O Friend of man.