

# So boundless is her sorrow

HOLY WEEK



1. So bound - less is her sor - row, her eyes no  
2. O who would not share her sor - row, her pain and



lon - ger can shed tears as her Son hangs up - on the cross.  
bit - ter tears, when they see her be - neath his cross.



With a bro - ken heart she stands there all a - lone.  
Now we know the price of his re - deem - ing grace,



Now the pro - phe - cy is ful - filled that a sword would  
paid to free us from the pow - er of the sins we



pierce her heart.  
all com - mit.

Text: English translation of *Stala Mati zarmuščenna* by Fr. William Levkulić  
Melody: traditional