


The Season Now for Sighing

Tune: Pavane, Arbeau
Text: Michael T. Hiller




The sea - son now for sigh - - - ing; for in - ward
The gen - tle Mar - y la - - - dy made still her
And Eye the in lad - y's mo - - - ther had her own
Da - vid in prince - ly glo - - - ry, he saw a
With sob - bing cries see pon - - - ter, the first of
With Mar - y now we pon - - - der, our mem - or -




sense of mind, Comes with a heart of pray -
heart for prayer, And with a qui - et spir -
mo - ment true; For all earth's men and wo -
la - dy too, With thoughts of earth - ly plea -
Christ the Lord, Re - - - mem - ber his own fail -
ies prick deep. Both con - science and soul's sor -




er, true - pen - i - tence to her find, Our knees are
it re - called the Child to her heir; Her sav - ior
men would call her mo - ther too, sue, With Ad - am
sure, He sought her love to al's sword. And sent her
ing, His words, de - ni - al's sweep. To The stran - gers
row We watch with her, we weep. The tears of



bent so low - - - ly, our hands up lift - ed high;
and her sto - - - ry, her mind her king;
in the gar - - - den, Caught in the the Ser - pent's thrall,
man U - ri - ah, to death's cold bat - tle field,
and the maid - en, Could not bring to his mind,
re - cog - ni - tion, The sight of things un - done;



And mouths in si - lence mov - ing, make man - i -
All fut - ures now in glo - ry, Cre - a - tion
All now in small re - bel - lion, A - gainst God's
God's own sought - out mes - si - ah, Thinks on his
The bur - dened Christ now la - den With sins of
The heart's true in - tu - i - tion of hearts for -



fest joins our sigh.
joins to for sing.
dreams for re - all.
sin re - - - vealed.
hu - - - man - kind,
gi - - - ven won!