

AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING

Stabat mater

Jacopone da Todi, d. 1306

Tr. Fr. E. Caswall, d. 1878

Unison, or S w/ any parts

Mainz, 1661

(A.B.)

1. At the cross her sta - tion keep - ing, Stood the mourn - ful
 2. Through her heart, His sor - row shar - ing, All His bit - ter
 3. O how sad and sore dis - tress'd, — Was that Moth - er
 4. Christ a - bove in tor - ments hangs; — She be - neath be -
 5. Is there one who would not weep, Whelmed in mi - se -
 6. Can the hu - man heart re - frain — From par - tak - ing

7. Moth - er weep - ing, Close to Je - sus to the last.
 2. an - guish bear - ing, Now at length the sword had passed.
 3. high - ly blest — Of the sole - be - got - ten One! A - men.
 4. holds the pangs — Of her dy - ing glo - rious Son.
 5. ries so deep, — Christ's dear Moth - er to be - hold?
 6. in her pain: — In that Moth - er's pain un - told?

7. Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
 She beheld her tender Child,
 All with bloody scourges rent.
8. For the sins of His own nation,
 Saw Him hang in desolation,
 Till His spirit forth He sent.
9. O thou Mother! fount of love!
 Touch my spirit from above;
 Make my heart with thine accord.
10. Make me feel as thou hast felt;
 Make my soul to glow and melt,
 With the love of Christ my Lord.
11. Holy Mother! pierce me through;
 In my heart each wound renew,
 Of my Savior crucified.
12. Let me share with thee His pain,
 Who for all my sins was slain,
 Who for me in torments died.
13. Let me mingle tears with thee,
 Mourning Him who mourned for me,
 All the days that I may live.
14. By the cross with thee to stay;
 There with thee to weep and pray;
 Is all I ask of thee to give.
19. Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
 Be Thy Mother my defense,
 Be Thy cross my victory.