

# AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING

(Stabat Mater Dolorosa)

F C F C/E F C7 F C Dm C/E

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 - tressed, — Was that Moth - er
1. *Sta - bat Ma - ter do - lo - ró - sa Ju - xta cru - cem*  
 2. *Cu - ius á - ni - mam ge - mén - tem, Con - tri - stá - tam*  
 3. *O quam tri - stis et af - flí - cta Fu - it il - la*

Dm/F C/G G7 C Gm/Bb Dm C F/A Gm/Bb Bb/D F

1. Moth - er weep - ing, Close to Je - sus to the last.  
 2. an - guish bear - ing, Now at length the sword has passed.  
 3. high - ly blest — Of the sole be - got - ten One!
1. *la - cri - mó - sa, Dum pen - dé - bat Fí - li - us.*  
 2. *et do - lén - tem, Per - tran - sí - vit glá - di - us.*  
 3. *be - ne - dí - cta Ma - ter U - ni - gé - ni - ti!*

4. Christ above in torment hangs,  
 She beneath beholds the pangs  
 Of her dying, glorious Son.
4. *Quae maerébat et dolébat,  
 Pia Mater, dum vidébat  
 Nati poenas íncliti.*
5. Is there one who would not weep,  
 Whelmed in miseries so deep,  
 Christ's dear Mother to behold?
5. *Quis non posset contristári,  
 Piam Matrem contemplári  
 Doléntem cum Fílio?*
6. Can the human heart refrain  
 From partaking in her pain,  
 In that Mother's pain untold?
6. *Quis est homo qui non fleret,  
 Matrem Christi si vidéret  
 In tanto supplício?*
7. Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,  
 She beheld her tender Child,  
 All with bloody scourges rent.
7. *Pro peccátis suae gentis  
 Vidit Jesum in torméntis,  
 Et flagéllis súbditum.*
8. For the sins of his own nation  
 Saw him hang in desolation  
 Till his spirit forth he sent.
8. *Vidit suum dulcem Natum  
 Moriéntem desolátum,  
 Dum emísit spíritum.*
9. O thou Mother! Font of love,  
 Touch my spirit from above,  
 Make my heart with thine accord.
9. *Eia Mater, fons amóris,  
 Me sentíre vim dolóris  
 Fac, ut tecum lúgeam.*

Text: 88 7; *Stabat Mater dolorosa*; Jacopone da Todi, 1230–1306; tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878, alt.  
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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 torment 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,  
All I ask of thee to give.
15. Virgin of all Virgins best!  
Listen to my fond request:  
Let me share thy grief divine.

10. *Fac ut árdeat cor meum  
in amándo Christum Deum,  
ut sibi compláceam.*
11. *Sancta Mater, istud agas,  
Crucifíxi fige plagas  
Cordi meo válide.*
12. *Tui Nati vulneráti,  
Tam dignáti pro me pati,  
Poenas mecum dívide.*
13. *Fac me vere tecum flere,  
Crucifíxo condolére,  
Donec ego víxero.*
14. *Juxta crucem tecum stare,  
Ac me tibi sociáre  
In planctu desídero.*
15. *Virgo vírginum praeclára,  
Mihi jam non sis amára:  
Fac me tecum plángere.*

Preview