

## AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING

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 - jus á - ni - mam ge - mén - tem, Con - tri - stá - tam  
 3. O quam tri - stis et af - flí - cta Fu - it\_\_ il - la

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.
5. Is there one who would not weep,  
Whelmed in miseries so deep,  
Christ's dear Mother to behold?
6. Can the human heart refrain  
From partaking in her pain,  
In that Mother's pain untold?
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! Font of love,  
Touch my spirit from above,  
Make my heart with thine accord.

4. *Quae maerébat et dolébat,  
Pia Mater, dum vidébat  
Nati poenas íncliti.*
5. *Quis non posset contristári,  
Piam Matrem contemplári  
Doléntem cum Fílio?*
6. *Quis est homo qui non fletet,  
Matrem Christi si vidéret  
In tanto supplicio?*
7. *Pro peccátis suae gentis  
Vidit Jesum in torméntis,  
Et flagéllis súbditum.*
8. *Vidit suum dulcem Natum  
Moriéntem desolátum,  
Dum emisit spíritum.*
9. *Eia Mater, fons amóris,  
Me sentíre vim dolóris  
Fac, ut tecum lúgeam.*

AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING, cont. (2)

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,  
Crucifixi fige plagas  
Cordi meo válide.*
  12. *Tui Nati vulneráti,  
Tam dignáti pro me pati,  
Poenas mecum dívide.*
  13. *Fac me vere tecum flere,  
Crucifixo 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.*

Text: 88 7; *Stabat Mater dolorosa*; Jacopone da Todi, 1230–1306; tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878, alt.  
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