

## 0310. At the Cross Her Station Keeping

T.: Jacopone da Todi, tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814-1878, M.: M. Gesangbuch, 1661



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. 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!

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.
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.