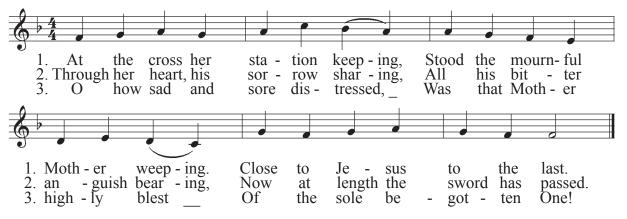
0330. Stabat Mater Dolorosa

T.: Jacapone da Todi, 1230-1306; tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814-1878, M.: Maintzisch Gesangbuch, 1661.



- 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.
- 15. Virgin of all Virgins best! * Listen to my fond request: Let me share thy grief divine.