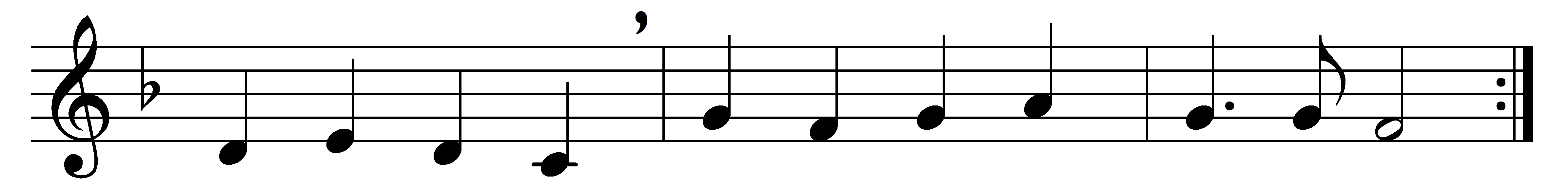
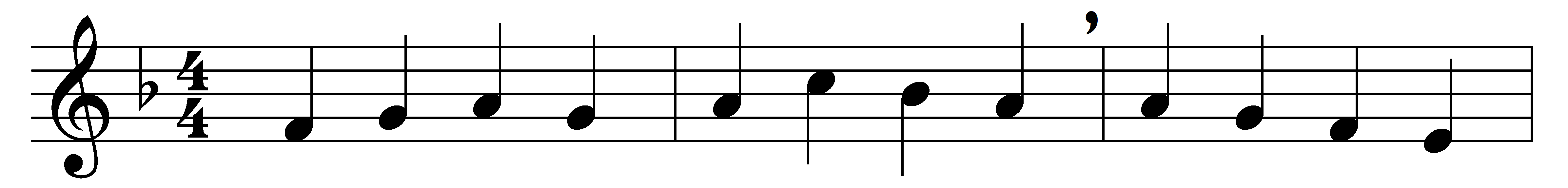
At the cross her station keeping AMNS 69 Melody: Stabat Mater 8 8 7.



At the cross her station keeping

stood the mournful Mother weeping,

where he hung, the dying Lord;

for her soul, of joy bereavèd,

bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,

felt the sharp and piercing sword.

O how sad and sore distressèd

now was she, that Mother blessèd

of the sole-begotten one!

Deep the woe of her affliction,

when she saw the crucifixion

of her ever-glorious Son.

Who, on Christ’s dear Mother gazing

pierced by anguish so amazing,

born of woman, would not weep?

who, on Christ’s dear Mother thinking

such a cup of sorrow drinking,

would not share her sorrows deep?

For his people’s sins chastisèd,

she beheld her Son despisèd,

scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;

saw him then from judgement taken,

and in death by all forsaken,

till his spirit he resigned.

O good Jesu, let me borrow

something of thy Mother’s sorrow,

fount of love, Redeemer kind,

that my heart fresh ardour gaining,

and a purer love attaining,

may with thee acceptance find.

Words: Ascribed to Jacopone da Todi (d. 1306), translated by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

Music: Adapted from *Mayntzisch Gesangbuch*, 1661