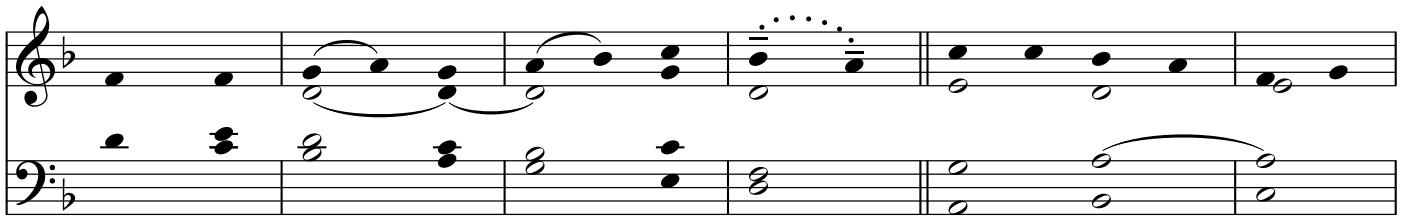


342 • At The Cross Her Station Keeping

Tune: COUTURE (887) Text: Stabat Mater Dolorosa

1. At the Cross her sta - tion keep - ing, stood the mourn - ful Moth - er
 2. Through her heart, His sor - row shar - ing, all His bit - ter an - guish
 3. O how sad and sore dis - tressed was that Moth - er, high - ly
 4. Christ a - bove in tor - ment hangs, she be - neath be - holds the
 5. Is there one who would not weep, whelmed in mis - er - ies so
 6. Can the hu - man heart re - frain from par - tak - ing in her
 7. Bruised, de - rid - ed, cursed, de - filed, she be - held her ten - der
 8. For the sins of His own na - tion, saw Him hang in des - o -
 9. O thou Moth - er! fount of love! Touch my spir - it from a -
 10. Make me feel as thou hast felt; make my soul to glow and
 11. Ho - ly Moth - er! pierce me through, in my heart each wound re -
 12. Let me share with thee His pain, who for all my sins was
 13. Let me min - gle tears with thee, mourn - ing Him who mourned for
 14. By the Cross with thee to stay, there with thee to weep and
 15. Vir - gin of all vir - gins blest! Lis - ten to my fond re -
 16. Let me, to my lat - est breath, in my bod - y bear the
 17. Wound - ed with His eve - ry wound, steep my soul till it hath
 18. Be to me, O vir - gin, night, lest in flames I burn and
 19. Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence, be Thy Moth - er my de -
 20. While my bod - y here de - cays, may my soul Thy good - ness



weep - ing, close to Je - sus to the last.
 bear - ing, now at length the sword has passed.
 blest, of the sole - be - got - ten One.
 pangs of her dy - ing glo - rious Son.
 deep, Christ's dear Moth - er to be - hold?
 pain, in that Moth - er's pain un - told?
 Child All with blood - y scour - es rent;
 la - tion, Till His spir - it forth He sent.
 bove, make my heart with thine ac - cord:
 melt with the love of Christ my Lord.
 new of my Sav - ior cru - ci - fied:
 slain, who for me in tor - ments died.
 me, all the days that I may live:
 pray, is all I ask of thee to give.
 quest: let me share thy grief di - vine;
 death of that dy - ing Son of thine.
 swooned, in His ver - y Blood a - way;
 die, in His aw - ful Judg - ment Day.
 fense, be Thy Cross my vic - to - ry;
 praise, safe in par - a - dise with Thee.

A - men.

