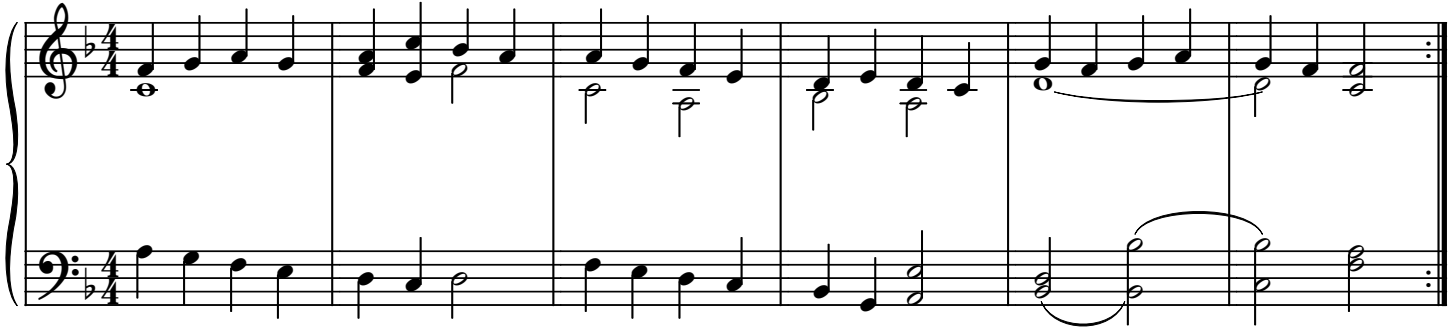


# At the cross her station keeping

from Mainz Gesangbuch, 1661

Mainz  
887.D



At the cross her station keeping,  
stood the mournful mother weeping,  
close to Jesus at the last,  
Through her soul, of joy bereavèd,  
bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,  
now at length the sword hath passed.

O, that blessed one, grief-laden,  
blessed Mother, blessed Maiden,  
Mother of the all-holy One;  
O that silent, ceaseless mourning,  
O those dim eyes, never turning  
from that wondrous, suffering Son.

Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing,  
in her trouble 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, in anguish,  
there she saw the victim languish,  
bleed in torments, bleed and die.  
Saw the Lord's anointed taken,  
saw her Child in death forrsaken,  
heard his last expiring cry.

Jesus, may thy cross defend me,  
and thy saving death befriend me,  
cherished by thy deathless grace:  
when to dust my dust returneth,  
grant a soul that to thee yearneth  
in thy paradise a place.

Latin, 13th Cent