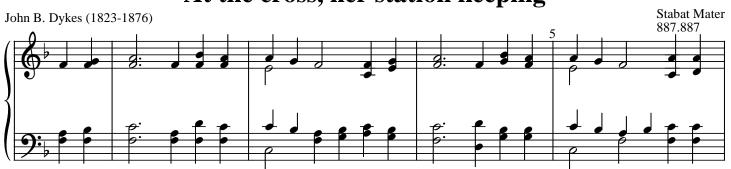
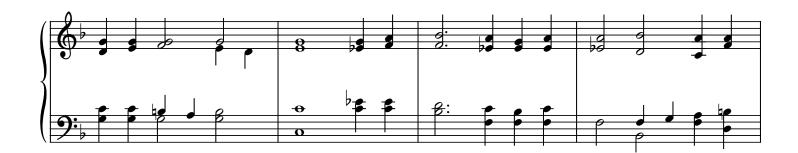
At the cross, her station keeping







At the cross, her station keeping, Stood the mournful mother weeping, Where He hung, the dying Lord; For her soul of joy bereaved, Bowed with anguish, deeply grieved, Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

Oh, 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 judgment taken, And in death by all forsaken, Till His Spirit He resigned.

Jesu, may her deep devotion Stir in me the same emotion, Fount of love, Redeemer kind, That my heart fresh ardor gaining, And a purer love attaining, May with Thee acceptance find.

From the Latin.