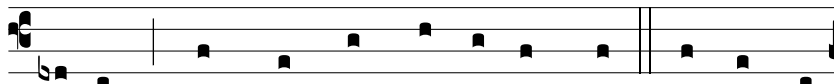


STABAT MATER

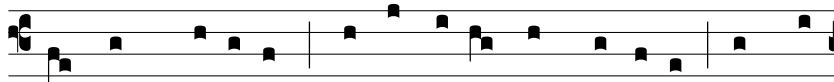
ij.
B Y the Cross her station keeping, stood the mourn-
ful Mother weeping, where he hung, her dy-ing Son.
Through her soul of joy bereaved, torn with anguish, deep-
ly grieved, lo! the piercing sword hath run. O, how sad
and sore distressed then was she, that Mother blessed of
the solebegotten One! Torn with grief and de-so-lation,
Mother meek, the bitter passion, saw she of her glorious
Son. Who, on Christ's dear Mother ga-zing, bow'd with sor-
row so ama-zing, born of woman, would not weep? Who,



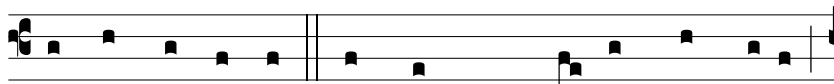
on Christ's dear Mother thinking, with her Son in sorrow



sinking, would not share her sadness deep? For his peo-



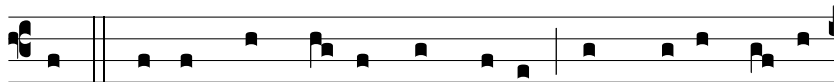
ple's sins chasti-sed, she her Je-sus saw despi-sed, saw him



by the scourges rent. Saw her own sweet offspring taken,



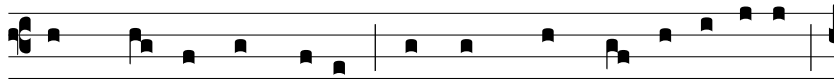
and in death by all forsaken, while his spi-rit forth he



sent. Mother, fount of love o'erflowing, ah, that I, thy sor-



row knowing, in thy grief may mourn with thee. That my



heart, fresh ardour gaining, love of Christ my God attaining,



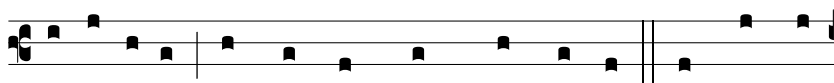
unto him may pleasing be. Ho-ly Mother, be there written



ev'ry wound of Je-sus smitten, in my heart, and there re-



main. As thy Son through tri-bu-lation deign'd to purchase



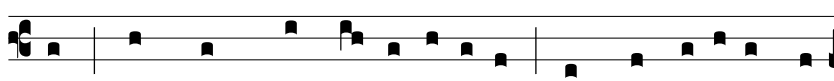
my salvation, let me share with thee the pain. Let me weep



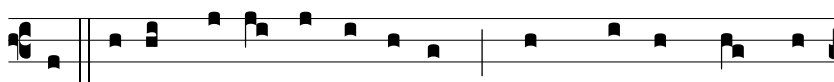
with thee be-side him for the sins which cru-ci-fi'd him,



while my life remains in me. Take beneath the Cross my sta-



tion, share with thee thy de-so-lation, humbly this I ask of



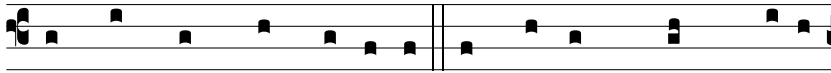
thee. Virgin, virgins all excel-ling, spurn me not, my pray'r



repel-ling: make me weep and mourn with thee. So Christ's



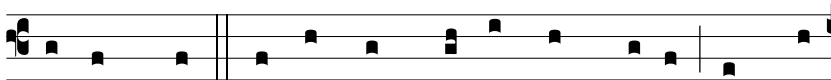
death with-in me bearing, let me, in his passion sha-ring,



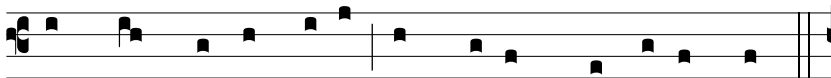
keep his wounds in memo-ry. Let thy Son's wounds pene-



trate me, let the Cross i-nebri-ate me, and his own most



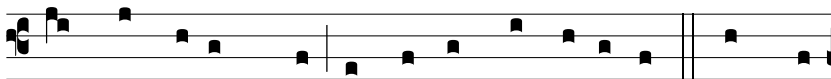
precious blood. Lest in flames I burn and pe-rish on the



judgment day, O che-rish and de-fend me, Virgin good.



Christ, when'er the world shall leave me, through thy Mo-



ther then receive me to the palm of victo-ry. When the



bonds of flesh are ri-ven, glo-ry to my soul be gi-ven



in thy Pa-ra-dise with thee. A-men. (Alle-lu-ya.)