

STABAT MATER ... DOMINICAN

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Y the Cross her station keeping, stood the mourn-

ful Mother weeping, Where he hung, her dy- ing Lord.

For her soul, of joy bereaved, Torn with anguish, deeply

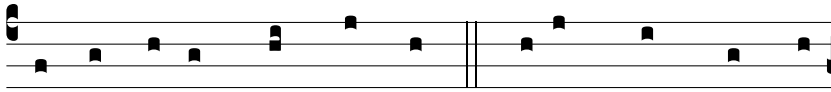
grieved, Felt the sharp and piercing sword. O how sad and

sore distressed Then was she, that Mother blessed Of the

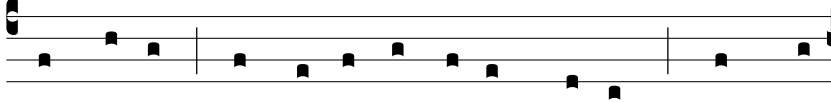
solebegotten One: Deep the woe of her affliction When she

saw the cru-ci-fixion Of her e- ver glorious Son. Who, on

Christ's dear Mother ga-zing, Torn by anguish so ama-zing,



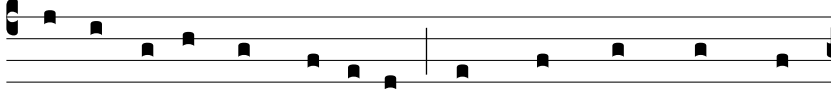
Born of woman, would not weep? Who, on Christ's dear Mo-



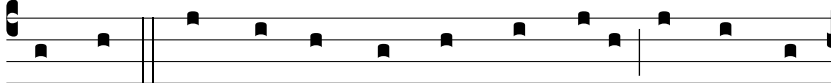
ther thinking, Such a cup of sorrow drinking, Would not



share her sorrow deep? For his people's sins chasti-sed,



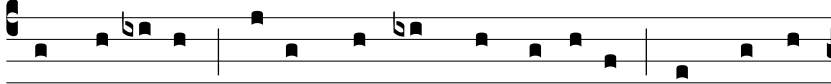
She her Je-sus saw despi-sed, Torn with nails, with thorns



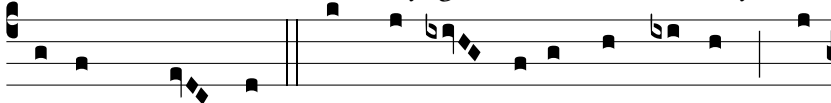
entwin'd. Saw her Son from judgment taken And in death



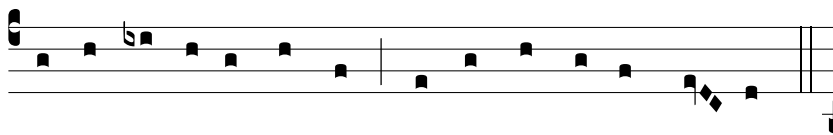
by all forsaken Till his spi-rit be re-sign'd. Mother, fount of



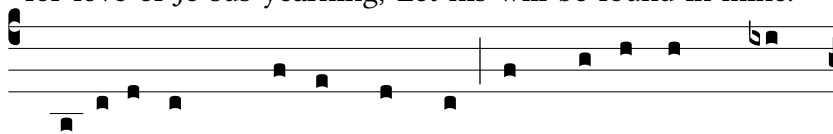
all de-votion, Stir in me thy grief's emotion, Let my tears



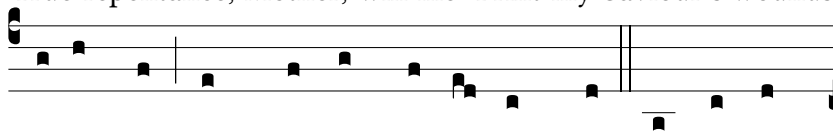
be join'd with thine. Let my heart be always burning, Still



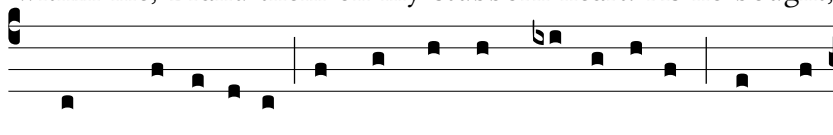
for love of Je-sus yearning, Let his will be found in mine.



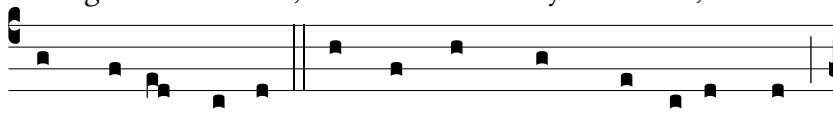
True repentance, Mother, win me: Print my Saviour's wounds



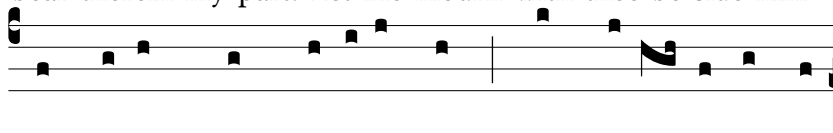
within me, Brand them on my stubborn heart. As he bought,



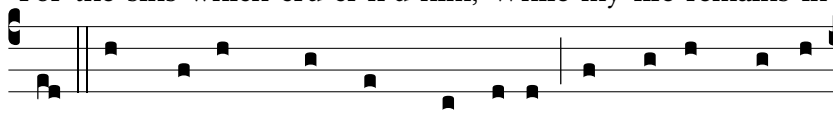
through tri-bu-lation, In his Passion my salvation, Let me



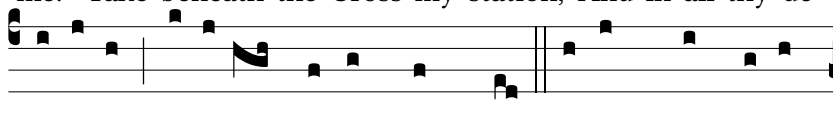
bear therein my part. Let me mourn with thee be-side him



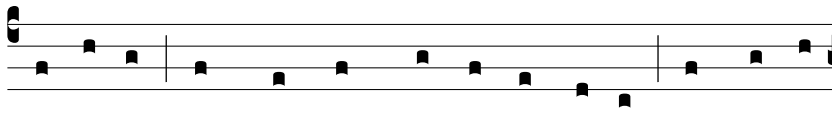
For the sins which cru-ci-fi'd him, While my life remains in



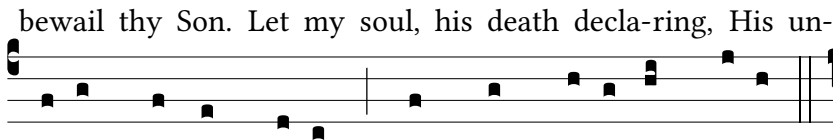
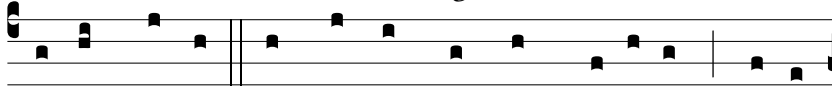
me. Take beneath the Cross my station, And in all thy de-



so-lation So unite my-self with thee. Virgin, great be-yond



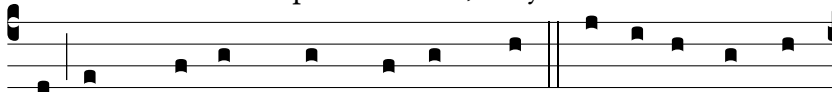
all other, Turn not from me, gentle Mother, Let me too



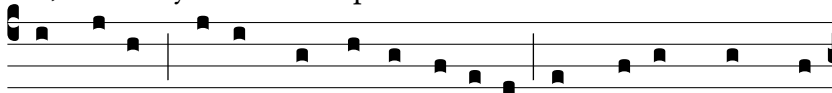
bewail thy Son. Let my soul, his death decla-ring, His un-



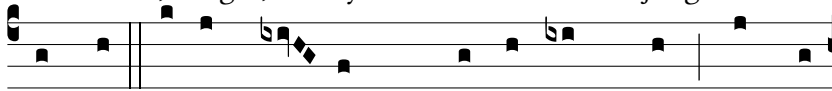
spa-ring Passion sha-ring, Count his brui-ses one by one.



Let the five wounds penetrate me, May the Cross i-nebri-ate



me, And thy Son's most precious blood. Lest I burn in hell's



damnation, Virgin, be my conso-lation At the judgment seat



of God. Je-su, when earth's troubles leave me, Thro' thy

Mother's pray'rs receive me To the crown of victo-ry.



When my bo- dy lies forsaken, May my soul by him be



taken Into heav'n's high compa- ny. A-men, alle-lu- ya.