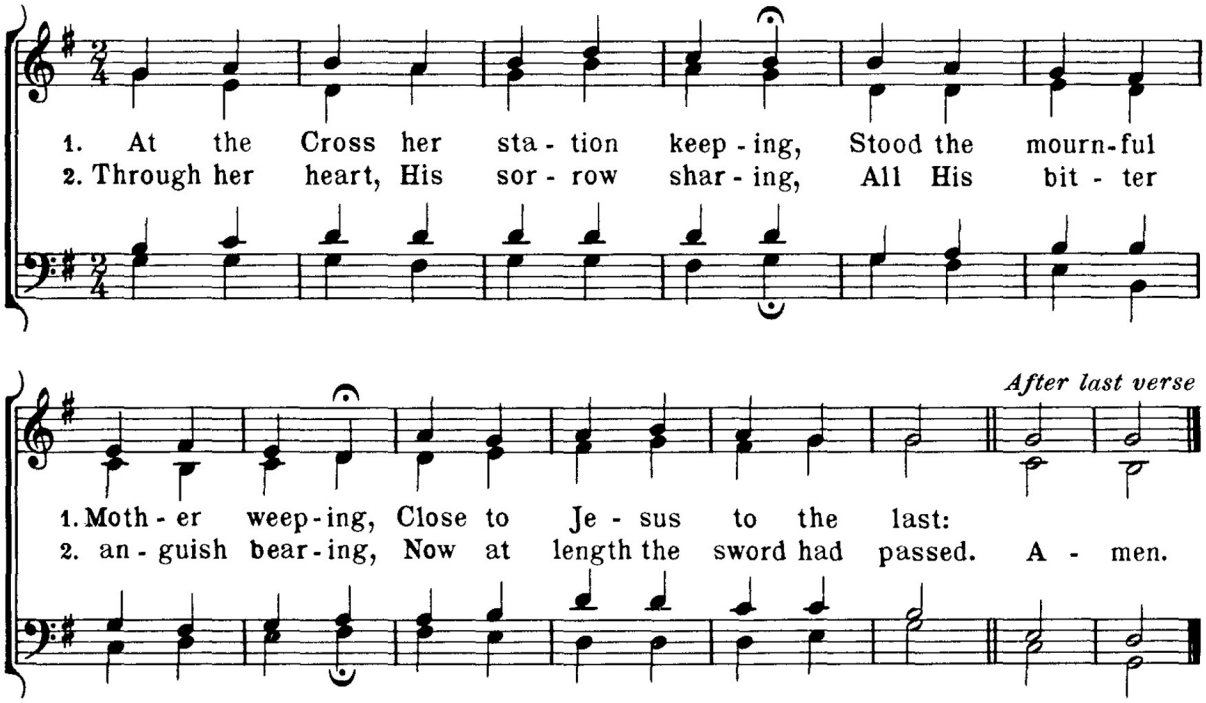
At the Cross Her Station Keeping

Tr. E. Caswall + 1878

Mainz, 1661
(A.B.)



3. Oh, how sad and sore distress'd
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One!

4. Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.

5. Is there one who would not weep,
Whelmed in miseries so deep
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

6. Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?

7. Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child
All with bloody scourges rent;

8. For the sins of His own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His Spirit forth He sent.

9. O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord:

10. Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.

11. Holy Mother! pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified:

12. Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

13. Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live:

14. By the Cross with thee to stay;
There with thee to weep and pray;
Is all I ask of thee to give.

15. Virgin of all virgins blest!
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine;

16. Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.

17. Wounded with His ev'ry wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swooned
In His very Blood away.

18. Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In that awful Judgment day.

19. Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy Cross my victory;

20. While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen

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