



At The Cross Her Station Keeping

At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.

Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword has passed.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole begotten One!

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

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

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

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

For the sins of his own nation,
Saw him hang in desolation
Till his spirit forth he sent.

O sweet Mother! fount of love,
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with yours accord.

Make me feel as you have felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ, my Lord.

Holy Mother, pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Savior crucified.

Let me share with you his pain,
Who for all our sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

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

By the cross with you to stay,
There with you to weep and pray,
This I ask of you to give.