Seq. Y the Cross her station keeping, stood the mournful Mother weeping, Where he hung, her dy- ing Lord. A **^ ^** 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, 1 Born of woman, would not weep? Who, on Christ's dear Mo-Ē ther thinking, Such a cup of sorrow drinking, Would not . share her sorrow deep? For his people's sins chasti-sed, A A She her Je-sus saw despi-sed, Torn with nails, with thorns **R R** A A 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 2 . · · A 7 1 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. A . True repentance, Mother, win me: Print my Saviour's wounds -within me, Brand them on my stubborn heart. As he bought, G through tri-bu-lation, In his Passion my salvation, Let me bear therein my part. Let me mourn with thee be-side him N. 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-A A Pa so-lation So unite my-self with thee. Virgin, great be-yond * <u>*</u> * * * * **–** A 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

