

At The Cross, Her Station Keeping

STABAT MATER NO. 1 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

Slowly and with expression

1. At the Cross, her sta - tion keep - ing, Stood the mourn - ful moth - er
2. O how sad and sore dis - tress - ed Now was she, that moth - er
3. Who, on Christ's dear moth - er gaz - ing, Pierced by an - guish so a -
4. For His peo - ple's sins chas - tis - ed, She be - held her Son de -
5. Je - sus, may her deep de - vo - tion Stir in me the same e -

weep - ing, Where He hung, the dy - ing Lord; For her soul, of
bless - ed Of the sole be - got - ten One; Deep the woe of
maz - ing, Born of wom - an, would not weep? Who, on Christ's dear
spis - ed, Scourged, and crowned with thorns en - twined; Saw Him then from
mo - tion, Fount of love, Re - deem - er kind; That my heart fresh

joy be - reav - ed, Bowed with an - guish deep - ly
her af - flic - tion, When she saw the cru - ci -
moth - er think - ing, Such a cup of sor - row
judg - ment tak - en, And in death by all for -
ar - dor gain - ing, And a pur - er love at -

griev - ed, Felt the sharp and pierc - ing sword.
fix - ion Of her ev - er - glo - rious Son.
drink - ing, Would not share her sor - row's deep?
sak - en, Til His Spir - it He re - signed.
tain - ing, May with Thee ac - cept - ance find. A - men.

Words: Latin, Tr. R. Mant (1776) & E. Caswell (1814)
Music: Rev. J. B. Dykes (1861)