

## **HYMN: *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*** (*The Sorrowful Mother was Standing*)

The Stabat Mater is a 13th-century Christian hymn to Mary, which portrays her suffering as Jesus Christ's mother during his crucifixion. Its author may be either the Franciscan friar Jacopone da Todi or Pope Innocent III. The title comes from its first line, "Stabat Mater dolorosa", which means "the sorrowful mother was standing". Following the lyrics you will find, below, a link to a recording of this beautiful hymn.

1. At the cross her station keeping,  
stood the mournful mother weeping,  
close to Jesus to the last

2. Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,  
all his bitter anguish bearing,  
now at length the sword had passed.

3. Oh how sad and sore distressed  
was that mother highly blessed,  
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. For the sins of His own nation  
saw Him hang in desolation,  
all with bloody scourges rent.

8. Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,  
she beheld her tender child,  
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 has felt;  
make my soul to glow and melt  
with the love of Christ our 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,  
this I ask of thee to give.

15. Virgin, of all virgins blest,  
O refuse not my request:  
let me in thy weeping share

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

17. Wounded with his every 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 defense,  
be Thy cross my victory.

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

Here is a link to a recording of this hymn:

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qzOmPUu-F\\_M](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qzOmPUu-F_M)