

# Stabat Mater

Edward Caswall (lyrics)  
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1. At the Cross her station keep - ing, stood the mourn-ful Moth -  
2. O how sad and sore dis - tressed, was that Moth - er high -  
3. Is there one who would not weep, whelmed in mi - se - ries  
4. For the sins of His own nat - tion, She saw Je - sus wracked  
5. O thou Moth - er! fount of love! Touch my spi - rit from  
6. Ho - ly Moth - er! pierce me through in my heart each wound  
7. Let me min - gle tears with thee, mourn - ing Him who mourned  
8. Vir - gin of all vir - gins blest!, Lis - ten to my fond  
9. Wound - ed with his ev' - ry wound, steep my soul till it  
10. Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence, be Thy Moth - er my



- er weep - ing, close to her Son to the last.  
- ly blest, of the sole - be - got - ten One.  
- so deep, Christ's dear Moth - er to be - hold?  
- with tor - ment, All with scour - ges rent:  
- a - bove, make my heart with thine ac - cord:  
- re - new of my Sav - ior cru - ci - fied:  
- for me, all the days that I may live:  
- re - quest: let me share thy grief di - vine;  
- hath swooned, in His ve - ry Blood a - way;  
- de - fense, by Thy Cross my vic - to - ry;



1. Through her heart, His sor - row shar - ing, all His bit - ter an -  
2. Christ a - bove in tor - ment hangs, she be - neath be - holds  
3. Can the hu - man heart re - frain from par - tak - ing in  
4. She be - held her ten - der Child, saw Him hang in de -  
5. Make me feel as thou hast felt; make my soul to glow  
6. Let me share with thee His pain, who for all my sins  
7. By the Cross with thee to stay, there with thee to weep  
8. Let me, to thy lat - est breath, in my bo - dy bear  
9. Be to me, O Vir - gin, nigh, lest in flames I burn  
10. While my bo - dy here de - cays, may my soul Thy good -

10

Dm C Dm

- guish bear - ing, \_\_\_ now at \_\_\_ length the \_\_\_ sword \_\_\_ has \_\_\_ passed.  
 \_\_\_ the \_\_\_ pangs of her \_\_\_ dy - ing \_\_\_ glo - rious Son. \_\_\_  
 \_\_\_ her \_\_\_ pain, \_\_\_ in that \_\_\_ Moth - er's \_\_\_ pain \_\_\_ un - told? \_\_\_  
 - so - la - tion, \_\_\_ till His \_\_\_ spi - rit \_\_\_ forth \_\_\_ He \_\_\_ sent. \_\_\_  
 \_\_\_ and \_\_\_ melt with the \_\_\_ love \_\_\_ of \_\_\_ Christ \_\_\_ my \_\_\_ Lord.  
 \_\_\_ was \_\_\_ slain who for \_\_\_ me \_\_\_ in \_\_\_ tor - ment died. \_\_\_  
 \_\_\_ and \_\_\_ pray, \_\_\_\_\_ is all I \_\_\_ ask \_\_\_ of \_\_\_ thee \_\_\_ to \_\_\_ give. \_\_\_  
 \_\_\_ the \_\_\_ death of that \_\_\_ dy - ing \_\_\_ Son \_\_\_ of \_\_\_ thine.  
 \_\_\_ and \_\_\_ die, in His \_\_\_ aw - ful \_\_\_ Judge - ment Day. \_\_\_  
 - ness \_\_\_ praise, Safe in \_\_\_ Pa - ra - dise \_\_\_ with \_\_\_ Thee. \_\_\_