

Stabat Mater

Edward Caswall (lyrics)
Rebecca De La Torre (music)

1. At the Cross her sta - tion 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

- 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?

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

- 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?



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Psalmist



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



___ 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:



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



- 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. ___





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



— 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;



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 -



— 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.

