

At the Cross, Her Station Keeping
Words: From the Latin.
Music: John Dykes, 1875.

At the cross, her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Where He hung, the dying Lord;
For her soul of joy bereaved,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grieved,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, that mother blessed
Of the sole begotten One;
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever glorious Son.

Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing
Pierced by anguish so amazing
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking
Such a cup of sorrow drinking
Would not share her sorrows deep?

For His people's sins chastised,
She beheld her Son despised,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His Spirit He resigned.

Jesu, may her deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind,
That my heart fresh ardor gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find.