Treble
Alto
Tenor
Bass

At the Cross her station keeping
For her soul of joy be reaved

Stood the mournful Mother weeping, Where He hung, the dying Lord:
Bow'd with anguish, deeply grieved, Felt the sharp and piercing sword.
No I continued.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, that Mother blessed
Of the sole-begetten 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,
Sour'gd, and crown'd with thorns entwin'd;
Saw Him then from judgement taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His Spirit He resign'd.

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

THE FOLLOWING VERSES FROM THE DIES IESU MAY BE SUNG TO THIS TUNE DURING ADVENT OR AT FUNERALS WHEN THE PROPER SEQUENCE IS NOT USED.

Ang. & Mod. 398.

Day of Wrath! O day of mourning!
See full'd the prophets' warning!
Heav'n and earth in ashes burning!

Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth
When from heav'n the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth!

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

Think, good Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suff'reng bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

With Thy favour'd sheep O place me,
Nor among the goats abuse me,
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

Low I kneel, with heart-submission,
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

Ah that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning
Man for judgement must prepare him:

Lord, all pitying Jesu blest,
Grant them Thine eternal rest,
Grant them Thine eternal rest.