

Behold Thy Mother



STABAT MATER SPECIOSA

By the crib wherein reposing
with His eyes in slumber closing
lay serene her Infant-boy

Stood the beautiful Mother feeling
bliss that could not bear concealing
so her face o'erflowed with joy

Who would not with gratulation
see the happy consolation
of Christ's Mother undefiled

For a sinful world's salvation
Christ her Son's humiliation
She beheld and brooded o'er

Since He came, thy Son, the Holy
to a birth-place, ah, so lowly
all His pains with me divide

Let me bear Him in my bosom
Lord of life, and never lose Him
since His birth doth death subdue

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

At the Cross her station keeping
stood the mournful Mother weeping
close to Jesus to the last

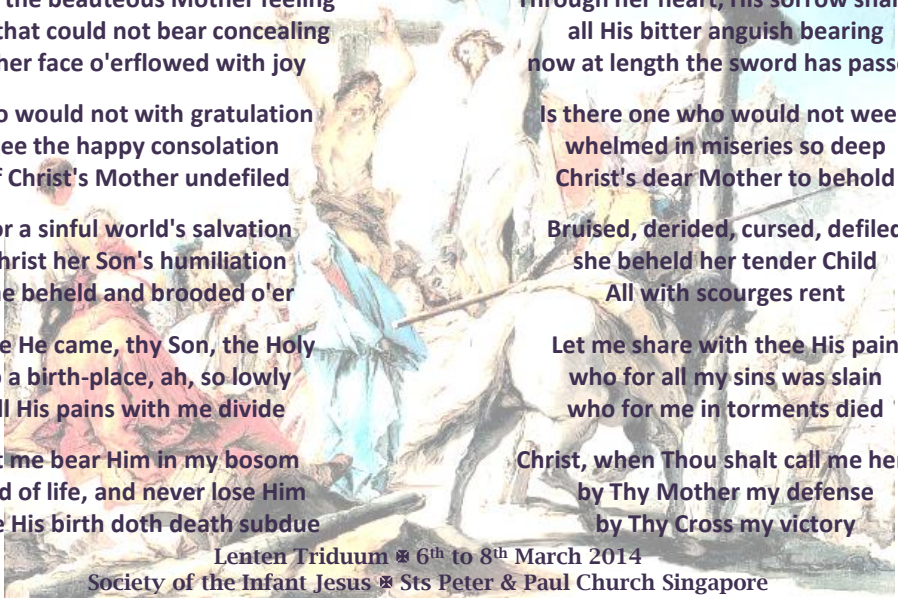
Through her heart, His sorrow sharing
all His bitter anguish bearing
now at length the sword has passed

Is there one who would not weep
whelmed in miseries so deep
Christ's dear Mother to behold

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled
she beheld her tender Child
All with scourges rent

Let me share with thee His pain
who for all my sins was slain
who for me in torments died

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence
by Thy Mother my defense
by Thy Cross my victory



Lenten Triduum ✕ 6th to 8th March 2014

Society of the Infant Jesus ✕ Sts Peter & Paul Church Singapore

