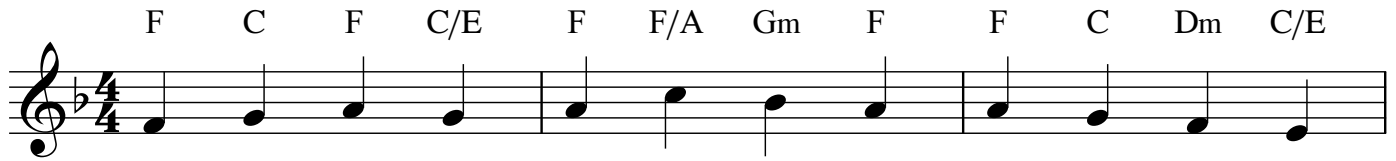


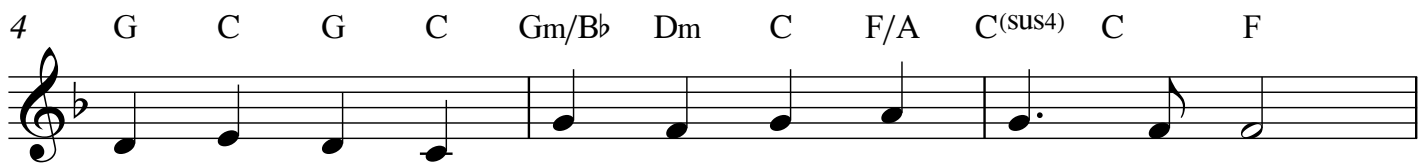
At The Cross, Her Vigil Keeping

Jacopone da Todi

Maintzisch Gesangbuch



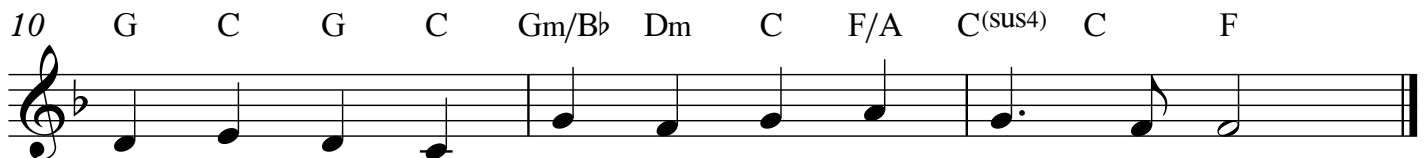
At the cross, her vig - il keep - ing, Stood the mourn - ful
Who, up - on that moth - er gaz - ing, In her an - guish
For His peo - ple's sins chas - tis - ed, She be - held her
Near your cross, O Christ, a - bid - ing, Grief and love my



moth - er weep - ing Where He hung, the dy - ing Lord;
so a - maz - ing, Born of wo - man, would not weep?
Son de - spis - ed, Scourged and crowned with thorns en - twined,
heart di - vid - ing, I with her would take my place;



Through her soul of joy be - reav - ed, Bowed with sor - row,
Who, of Christ's dear moth - er think - ing While her Son that
Saw Him then from judge - ment tak - en, And in death by
By your sav - ing cross up - hold me, In your dy - ing,



deep - ly griev - ed, Passed the sharp and pierc - ing sword.
cup is drink - ing, Would not share her sor - row deep?
all for - sak - en, Till His Spir - it He re - signed.
Christ, en - fold me With the death - less arms of grace.