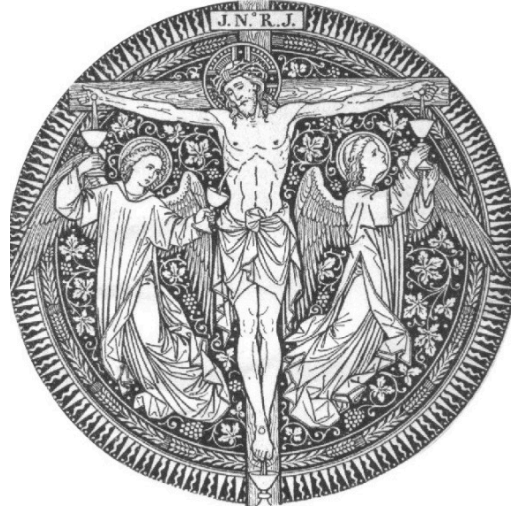


ROMAN CATHOLIC DIOCESE OF ROCHESTER

STATIONS OF THE CROSS



**THE FIRST STATION**

*At the cross her station keeping  
stood the mournful Mother weeping,  
close to Jesus to the last.*

**THE SECOND STATION**

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

**THE THIRD STATION**

*Oh, how sad and sore distressed  
was that Mother highly blessed,  
of the sole-begotten One!*

**THE FOURTH STATION**

*Christ above in torment hangs,  
she beneath beholds the pangs  
of her dying, glorious Son.*

**THE FIFTH STATION**

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

**THE SIXTH STATION**

*Can the human heart refrain  
from partaking in her pain,  
in that Mother's pain untold?*

**THE SEVENTH STATION**

*Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,  
she beheld her tender Child  
all with bloody scourges rent.*

**THE EIGHTH STATION**

*For the sins of His own nation,  
saw Him hang in desolation,  
till His spirit forth He sent.*

**THE NINTH STATION**

*O sweet Mother! fount of love!  
Touch my spirit from above,  
make my heart with thine accord.*

**THE TENTH STATION**

*Make me feel as thou hast felt;  
make my soul to glow and melt  
with the love of Christ, my Lord.*

**THE ELEVENTH STATION**

*Holy Mother! pierce me through,  
in my heart each wound renew  
of my Savior crucified.*

**THE TWELFTH STATION**

*Let me share with thee His pain,  
who for all our sins was slain,  
who for me in torments died.*

**THE THIRTEENTH STATION**

*Let me mingle tears with thee,  
mourning Him who mourned for me,  
all the days that I may live.*

**THE FOURTEENTH STATION**

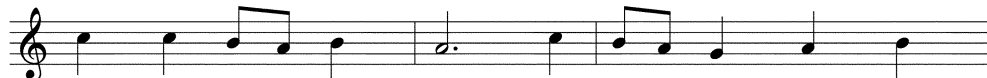
*By the Cross with thee to stay,  
there with thee to weep and pray,  
is all I ask of thee to give.*



1. O Sa - cred Head sur - round - ed By crown of pierc - ing  
 2. I see your strength and vig - or All fad - ing in the  
 3. In this, your bit - ter pas - sion, Good Shep - herd, think of



thorn! O bleed - ing Head, so wound - ed, Re -  
 strife, And death with cru - el rig - or, Be -  
 me With your most sweet com - pas - sion, Un -



viled and put to scorn! The pow'r of death comes  
 reav - ing you of life; O ag - o - ny and  
 worth - y though I be: Be - neath your cross a -



o'er you, The glow of life de - cays, Yet  
 dy - ing! O love to sin - ners free! Je -  
 bid - ing For ev - er would I rest, In



an - gel hosts a - dore you, And trem - ble as they gaze.  
 sus, all grace sup - ply - ing, O turn your face on me.  
 your dear love con - fid - ing, And with your pres - ence blest.

Text: *Salve caput cruentatum*; ascr. to Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153; tr. by Henry Baker, 1821-1877  
 Tune: PASSION CHORALE, 7 6 7 6 D; Hans Leo Hassler, 1564-1612; harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685-1750