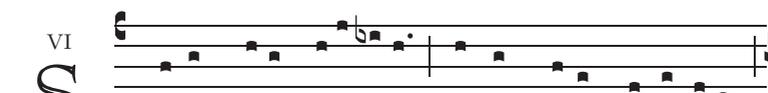
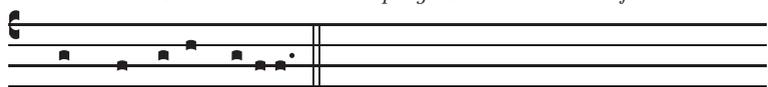


Stabat Mater dolorosa

VI
S



Tabat Mater dolo-rósa Juxta Crucem lacrimósa,
At the Cross her station keeping Stood the mournful mother weeping,



Dum pendébat Fí-li-us.
Close to Jesus to the last.

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| 2. Cujus ánimam geméntem,
Contristátam et doléntem
Pertransívit gládius. | 2. <i>Through her heart, His sorrow
sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had pass'd.</i> |
| 3. O quam tristis et afflícta
Fuit illa benedícta
Mater Unigéniti! | 3. <i>Oh, how sad and sore distresséd
Was that mother highly blesséd
Of the sole-begotten One!</i> |
| 4. Quæ mærébat et dolébat,
Pia Mater, dum vidébat
Nati pœnas ínclyti. | 4. <i>Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.</i> |
| 5. Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si vidéret
In tanto supplício? | 5. <i>Is there one who would not weep,
Whelm'd in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold?</i> |
| 6. Quis non posset contristári,
Christi Matrem contemplári
Doléntem cum Fílio? | 6. <i>Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain
In that Mother's pain untold?</i> |
| 7. Pro peccátis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in torméntis,
Et flagéllis súbditum. | 7. <i>Bruis'd, derided, curs'd, defil'd,
She beheld her tender Child,
All with bloody scourges rent.</i> |
| 8. Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriéndo desolátum,
Dum emísit spíritum. | 8. <i>For the sins of His own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.</i> |
| 9. Eia Mater, fons amóris,
Me sentíre vim dolóris
Fac, ut tecum lúgeam. | 9. <i>O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord.</i> |

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| <p>10. Fac ut árdeat cor meum
In amándo Christum Deum,
Ut sibi compláceam.</p> <p>11. Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifíxi fige plagas
Cordi meo válide.</p> <p>12. Tui Nati vulneráti,
Tam dignáti pro me pati,
Poenas mecum dívide.</p> <p>13. Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifíxo condolére,
Donec ego víxero.</p> <p>14. Juxta Crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociáre
In plactu desídero.</p> <p>15. Virgo vírginum præclára,
Mihi jam non sis amára:
Fac me tecum plángere.</p> <p>16. Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passiónis fac consórtem,
Et plagas recólere.</p> <p>17. Fac me plagis vulnerári,
Fac me Cruce inebriári,
Et cruóre Fílii.</p> <p>18. Flammis ne urar succénsus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defénsus
In die judícii.</p> <p>19. Christe, cum sit hinc exíre,
Da per Matrem me veníre
Ad palmam victóriæ.</p> <p>20. Quando corpus moriétur,
Fac ut ánimæ donétur
Paradísi glória. Amen.</p> | <p>10. <i>Make me feel as thou hast felt:
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.</i></p> <p>11. <i>Holy Mother, pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified.</i></p> <p>12. <i>Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.</i></p> <p>13. <i>Let me mingle tears with thee.
Mourning him who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live.</i></p> <p>14. <i>By the Cross with thee to stay,
There with thee to weep and pray,
All the days that I may live.</i></p> <p>15. <i>Virgin of all virgins blest,
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine.</i></p> <p>16. <i>Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.</i></p> <p>17. <i>Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it has swoon'd
In His very Blood away.</i></p> <p>18. <i>Be to me, O Virgin, nigh
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In His awful Judgement day.</i></p> <p>19. <i>Christ, when Thou shalt call me
hence,
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy cross my victory.</i></p> <p>20. <i>While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen.</i></p> |
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Ascribed to Jacapone da Todi, 13th century
Translation Fr. E. Caswall 1814–1878