19. Stabat Mater dolorosa



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

- Cujus ánimam geméntem, Contristátem et doléntem Pertransívit gládius.
- Quæ mærébat et dolébat,
 Pia Mater, dum vidébat
 Nati pœnas ínclyti.
- 5. Quis est homo qui non fleret, Matrem Christi si vidéret In tanto supplício?
- 6. Quis non posset contristári, Christi Matrem contemplári Doléntem cum Fílio?
- Pro peccátis suæ gentis,
 Vidit Jesum in torméntis,
 Et flagéllus súbditum.
- Vidit suum dulcem Natum Moriéndo desolátum,
 Dum emísit spíritum.
- Eia Mater, fons amóris, Me sentíre vim dolóris
 Fac, ut tecum lúgeam.

- Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
 All His bitter anguish bearing,
 Now at length the sword had pass'd.
- 3. Oh, how sad and sore distresséd Was that mother highly blesséd Of the sole-begotten One!
- 4. Christ above in torment hangs; She beneath beholds the pangs Of her dying glorious Son.
- 5. Is there one who would not weep, Whelm'd in miseries so deep, Christ's dear Mother to behold?
- 6. Can the human heart refrain From partaking in her pain In that Mother's pain untold?
- 7. Bruis'd, derided, curs'd, defil'd, She beheld her tender Child, All with bloody scourges rent.
- 8. For the sins of His own nation, Saw Him hang in desolation, Till His spirit forth He sent.
- O thou Mother! fount of love!
 Touch my spirit from above,
 Make my heart with thine accord.

Passiontide 23

- Fac ut árdeat cor meum In amándo Christum Deum, Ut sibi compláceam.
- Sancta Mater, istud agas, Crucifíxi fige plagas Cordi meo válide.
- Tui Nati vulneráti,
 Tam dignáti pro me pati,
 Pœnas mecum dívide.
- Fac me tecum pie flere, Crucifíxo condolére, Donec ego víxero.
- 14. Juxta Crucem tecum stare, Et me tibi sociáre In planctu desídero.
- 15. Virgo vírginem præclára, Mihi jam non sis amára: Fac me tecum plángere.
- 16. Fac ut portem Christi mortem Passiónis fac consórtem, Et plagas recólere.
- 17. Fac me plagis vulnerári, Fac me Cruce inebriári, Et cruóre Fílii.
- 18. Flammis ne urar succénsus, Per te, Virgo, sim defénsus In die judícii.
- 19. Christe, cum sit hinc exíre, Da per Matrem me veníre Ad palmam victóriæ.
- 20. Quando corpus moriétur, Fac ut ánimæ donétur Paradísi glória. Amen.

10. Make me feel as thou hast felt: Make my soul to glow and melt With the love of Christ my Lord.

- Holy Mother, pierce me through, In my heart each wound renew Of my Saviour crucified.
- Let me share with thee His pain, Who for all my sins was slain, Who for me in torments died.
- Let me mingle tears with thee.
 Mourning him who mourned for me,
 All the days that I may live.
- 14. By the Cross with thee to stay, There with thee to weep and pray, All the days that I may live.
- 15. Virgin of all virgins blest, Listen to my fond request: Let me share thy grief divine.
- 16. Let me, to my latest breath, In my body bear the death Of that dying Son of thine.
- 17. Wounded with His every wound, Steep my soul till it has swoon'd In His very Blood away.
- Be to me, O Virgin, nigh
 Lest in flames I burn and die,
 In His awful Judgement day.
- 19. Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,Be Thy Mother my defence,Be Thy cross my victory.
- 20. While my body here decays, May my soul Thy goodness praise, Safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

Ascribed to Jacapone da Todi, 13th century Translation Fr. E. Caswall 1814–1878