

## 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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| <p>2. Cujus ánimam geméntem,<br/>Contristátem et doléntem<br/>Pertransívit gládium.</p> <p>3. O quam tristis et afflícta<br/>Fuit illa benedícta<br/>Mater Unigéniti!</p> <p>4. Quæ mærébat et dolébat,<br/>Pia Mater, dum vidébat<br/>Nati poénas ínclity.</p> <p>5. Quis est homo qui non fleret,<br/>Matrem Christi si vidéret<br/>In tanto supplício?</p> <p>6. Quis non posset contristári,<br/>Christi Matrem contemplári<br/>Doléntem cum Fílio?</p> <p>7. Pro peccátis suæ gentis,<br/>Vidit Jesum in torméntis,<br/>Et flagéllus súbditum.</p> <p>8. Vedit suum dulcem Natum<br/>Moriéndo desolátum,<br/>Dum emísit spíritum.</p> <p>9. Eia Mater, fons amórís,<br/>Me sentíre vim dolórís<br/>Fac, ut tecum lúgeam.</p> | <p>2. <i>Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,</i><br/><i>All His bitter anguish bearing,</i><br/><i>Now at length the sword had pass'd.</i></p> <p>3. <i>Oh, how sad and sore distresséd Was that mother highly blesséd Of the sole-begotten One!</i></p> <p>4. <i>Christ above in torment hangs;</i><br/><i>She beneath beholds the pangs Of her dying glorious Son.</i></p> <p>5. <i>Is there one who would not weep, Whelm'd in miseries so deep, Christ's dear Mother to behold?</i></p> <p>6. <i>Can the human heart refrain From partaking in her pain In that Mother's pain untold?</i></p> <p>7. <i>Bruis'd, derided, curs'd, defil'd, She beheld her tender Child, All with bloody scourges rent.</i></p> <p>8. <i>For the sins of His own nation, Saw Him hang in desolation, Till His spirit forth He sent.</i></p> <p>9. <i>O thou Mother! fount of love! Touch my spirit from above, Make my heart with thine accord.</i></p> |
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10. Fac ut árdeat cor meum  
In amándo Christum Deum,  
Ut sibi compláceam.
11. Sancta Mater, istud agas,  
Crucifíxi fige plagas  
Cordi meo válide.
12. Tui Nati vulneráti,  
Tam dignáti pro me pati,  
Poenas mecum dívide.
13. Fac me tecum pie flere,  
Crucifíxo condolére,  
Donec ego víxero.
14. Juxta Crucem tecum stare,  
Et me tibi sociáre  
In planctu desídiero.
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 Fílli.
18. Flammis ne urar succénsus,  
Per te, Virgo, sim défensus  
In die judícii.
19. Christe, cum sit hinc exíre,  
Da per Matrem me veníre  
Ad palmam victóriæ.
20. Quando corpus moriéтур,  
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.*
11. *Holy Mother, pierce me through,  
In my heart each wound renew  
Of my Saviour crucified.*
12. *Let me share with thee His pain,  
Who for all my sins was slain,  
Who for me in torments died.*
13. *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.*
18. *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