

¹ **Stabat mater dolorosa juxta crucem***Stood mother sorrowful beside cross***lacrimosa, dum pendeat Filius.***tears while hanging Son*² **Cujus animam gementem, contristatam***whose soul sighing saddened***et dolentem pertransivit gladius.***and grieving pierced sword*³ **O quam tristis et afflicta fuit illa***O how sad and afflicted was that***benedicta mater unigeniti!***blessed mother sole-begotten*⁴ **Quae maerebat et dolebat, pia mater,***she mourning and grieving tender mother***dum videbat nati poenas inclyti.***while saw child pains noble*⁵ **Quis est homo, qui non fleret, matrem***Who is man who not weep mother***Christi si videret in tanto supplicio?***Christ if saw in such suffering*⁶ **Quis non posset contristari, Christi***Who not able grieve Christ***matrem contemplari dolentem cum Filio?***mother contemplate grieving with Son*⁷ **Pro peccatis suae gentis vidit Jesum in***For sins his nation saw Jesus in***tormentis et flagellis subditum.***torments and scourges beaten*⁸ **Vidit suum dulcem natum moriendo***saw her dear child dying***desolatum, dum emisit spiritum.***forsaken while breathed forth spirit*⁹ **Eia mater, fons amoris, me sentire vim***Dear mother fount love me feel weight***doloris fac, ut tecum lugeam.***sorrow grant that with you weep*¹ At the Cross her station keeping, stood the mournful Mother weeping, close to Jesus to the last.² Through her heart, His sorrow sharing, all His bitter anguish bearing, now at length the sword has passed.³ O how sad and sore distressed was that Mother, highly blest, 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, whelmed in miseries so deep, Christ's dear Mother to behold.⁶ Can the human heart refrain from partaking in her pain, in the Mother's pain untold?⁷ Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled, she beheld her tender Child all with scourges rent.⁸ For the sins of His own nation, saw Him hang in desolation, till His spirit forth He sent.⁹ O thou Mother! fount of love! Touch my spirit from above, make my heart with thine accord.Interlinear translation adapted from the *Holy Family Hymnal*, pp. 468–471.

Parallel translation taken from the Servants of the Holy Family Stations of the Cross handout.

¹⁰ **Fac ut ardeat cor meum in amando**
Grant that fervent heart my in loving

Christum Deum, ut sibi complaceam.
Christ God that him pleasing

¹¹ **Sancta mater, istud agas, crucifixi fige**
Holy mother this do crucified fix

plagas cordi meo valide.
wounds heart my indelibly

¹² **Tui nati vulnerati, tam dignati pro me**
your child wounded so gracious for me

pati, poenas mecum divide.
suffer pains with me divide

¹³ **Fac me tecum pie flere, crucifixo**
Make me with you lovingly to weep crucified

condolere donec ego vixero.
sympathize as long as I live

¹⁴ **Juxta crucem tecum stare et me tibi**
beside cross with you to stand and me you

sociare in planctu desidero.
join in sorrow desire

¹⁵ **Virgo virginum praeclara, mihi jam non**
Virgin virgins very bright me now not

sis amara: fac me tecum plangere.
be bitter make me with you mourn

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 Savior 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, is all I ask of thee to give.

¹⁵ Virgin of all virgins best, listen to my fond request: let me share thy grief divine.