

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

Latin Hymn Celebrated During Lent
Associated with the Stations of the Cross



Introduction with
Latin Lyrics & Common English Translation

Our Lady Help of Christians – Utica, NY

[Http://www.olhcutica.com](http://www.olhcutica.com)

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA
Adapted from a Translation by Edward Caswall

The Stabat Mater Dolorosa started as a Latin poem in the 13th century about the Seven Dolours (Sorrows) of the Virgin Mary's suffering at the Cross. It was turned into one of the most powerful Catholic Latin Hymns and was added to the missal by Pope Benedict XIII in 1727 for the Feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Church commemorates by two feasts, the martyrdom suffered by Our Lady in union with the Passion of her Son. The first feast especially, on the Friday before Good Friday, commemorates the Compassion of Mary; the second, kept on September 15, the devotion of the Seven Sorrows.

At the Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple, Simeon said to Mary His mother: "Behold this Child is set for the fall, and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted; And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that, out of many hearts, thoughts may be revealed."

The Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin Mary

- The Prophecy of Simeon
- The flight into Egypt
- Loss of the Holy Child at Jerusalem
- Meeting Jesus on his way to Calvary
- Standing at the foot of the Cross
- Jesus being taken from the Cross
- The Burial of Christ

The Hymn Stabat Mater Dolorosa has been set to music by many composers, some of the most recognizable being, Joseph Hayden, Gioachino Rossini, Giuseppe Verdi, and Antonio Vivaldi.

In addition to being part of the Traditional Roman Missal it is strongly associated with the Stations of the Cross at Lent.

Here is a YouTube [Concert Video for the Stabat Mater Dolorosa](#)

Ave Maria

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Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta Crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

AT the Cross her station keeping,
stood the mournful Mother weeping,
close to Jesus to the last.

Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

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

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!

O how sad and sore distressed
was that Mother, highly blest,
of the sole-begotten One.

Quae maerebat, et dolébat,
Pia Mater, dum vidébat
Nati poenas inclyti.

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

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si vidéret
In tanto supplicio?

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

Quis non posset contristári,
Christi Matrem contemplári
Dolentem cum Filio?

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

Pro peccátiis suae gentis
Vidit Jesum in torméntis,
Et flagéllis súbditum.

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
she beheld her tender Child
All with bloody scourges rent:

Vidit suum dulcem natum
Moriéndo desolátum,
Dum emisit spíritum.

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

Eja mater, fons amóris,
Me sentíre vim dolóris
Fac, ut tecum lúgeam.

O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
make my heart with thine accord:

Fac, ut árdeat cor meum
In amándo Christum Deum,
Ut sibi compláceam.

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

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Sancta Mater, istud agas
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo válide.

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

Tui nati vulneráti,
Tam dignáti pro me pati,
Poenas mecum dívide.

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

Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolére,
Donec ego víxero.

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

Juxta Crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociáre
In planctu desídero.

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

Virgo vírginum praeclára,
Mihi jam non sis amára:
Fac me tecum plángere.

Virgin of all virgins blest!,
Listen to my fond request:
let me share thy grief divine;

Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,
Passiónis fac consórtem,
Et plagas recólere.

Let me, to my latest breath,
in my body bear the death
of that dying Son of thine.

Fac me plagis vulnerári,
Fac me Cruce inebriári,
Et cruó re Fílii.

Wounded with His every wound,
steep my soul till it hath swooned,
in His very Blood away;

Flammis ne urar succénsus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defénsus
In die judícii.

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
lest in flames I burn and die,
in His awful Judgment Day.

Christe, cum sit hinc exíre
Da per Matrem me veníre
Ad palmam victóriae.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
by Thy Mother my defense,
by Thy Cross my victory;

Quando corpus moriétur,
Fac, ut ánimae donétur
Paradísi glória. Amen.

While my body here decays,
may my soul Thy goodness praise,
safe in paradise with Thee. Amen.