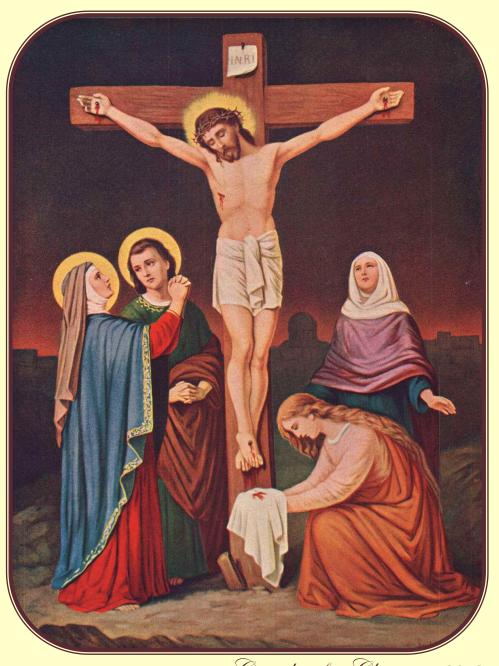
The Fourteen Stations

of the Cross

and the

Stabat Mater

Handwriting Practice



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The well known Latin hymn, Stabat Mater Dolorosa, tells of the emotions of our Blessed Virgin Mary at the foot of the Cross, The author of the hymn is uncertain but by the end of the fourteenth century it was well known by all classes.

There are over sixty translations into English (in whole or in part). Amongst the translations are those of D. F. McCarthy, Aubrey de Vere, and Father Tabb. (source: Catholic Encyclopedia, 1918)

Because of these translations there may be a variance between the version in this book and others you may have seen.

Although there are 20 stanzas it is commonly sang during the Way of the Cross using only 14 or 15 of them. All 20 are included in this book.





The First Station
Jesus is Condemned to Death

At the cross her station keeping Stood the mournful Mother weeping Close to Jesus to the last.

> Stabat Mater dolorosa Juxta crucem lacrymosa, Dum pendebat Eilius





The Second Station
Jesus Carries His Cross

Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,

All His bitter anguish bearing,

Lo! the piercing sword had passed.

Cujus animam gementem, Contristatam, et dolentem, Pertransivit gladius.





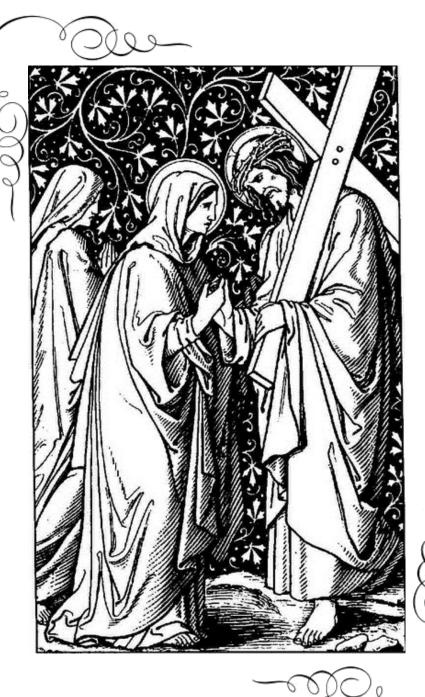


The Third Station	
Jesus Falls the First Tim	e

O, how sad and sore distressed,
Now was she, that Mother blessed,
Of the sole-begotten One.

O quam tristis et afflicta Euit illa benedicta Mater Unigeniti.





The Fourth Station Jesus Meets His Sorrowful Mother
Christ above in torment hangs, She beneath beholds the pangs Of her dying, glorious Son.

Quae moerebat, et dolebat, Pia Mater, dum videbat Nati poenas inclyti.





	The s	Eifth	Stat	ion		
Simon	Helps	Jesus :	to Ca	rry	His	Cross

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

Quis est homo qui mon fleret, Matrem Christi si videret In tanto supplicio?







The Sisth Station	
Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesu	1

Bruised, derided, cursed defiled,

She beheld her tender Child,

All with bloody scourges rent.

Pro peccatis suae gentis Vidit Jesum in tormentis, Et flagellis subditum.



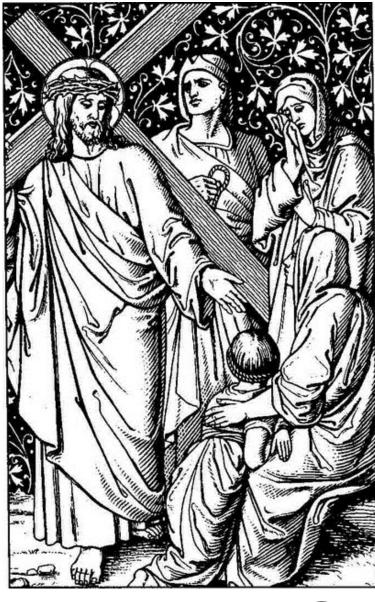


The Seventh Station	
Jesus Falls the Second Tim	e

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

Vidit suum dulcem Natum Moriendo desolatum Dum emisit spiritum.





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The Eighth Station
The Women of Jerusalem Weep Over Jesus
O Thou Mother! Fount of love.
Touch my spirit from above.
Make my heart with thine accord.
Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.





The Ninth Station Jesus Ealls the Third Time

Make me feel as thou hast felt:

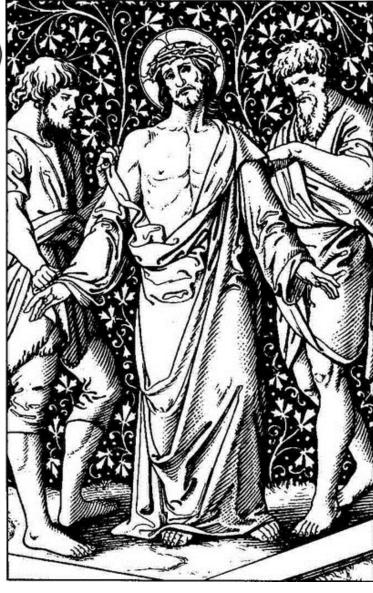
Make my soul to glow and melt

With the love of Christ my Lord.

Eac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.







${\mathcal J}$	he Tenth	Stat	tion
Jesus is Z	tripped of	His	Garments

Holy Mother! pierce me through.

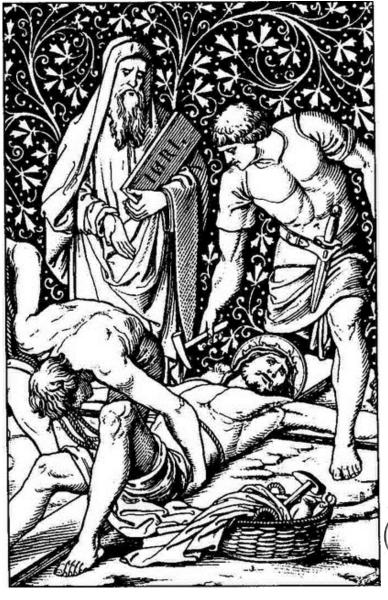
In my heart each wound renew

Of my Saviour crucified.

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





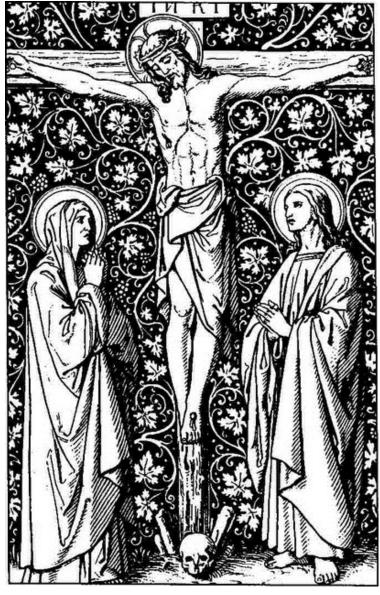


The Eleventh Station Jesus is Nailed to the Cross

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

Iui Nati vulnerati, Iam dignati pro me pati, Poenas mecum divide.





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Jesus is Raised Upon the Cross and Die
7
Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him Who mourned for me
All the days that I may live.
Iac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.





The Thirteenth Station
Jesus is Taken Down From the Cross

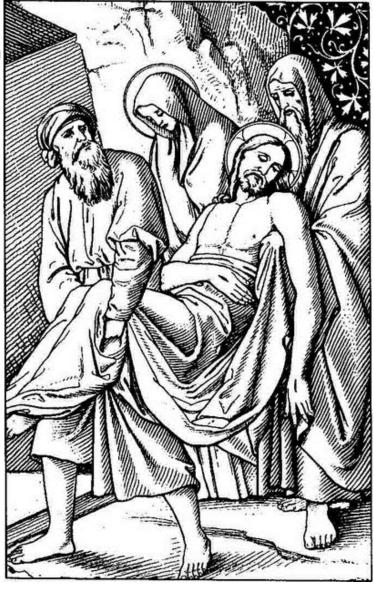
By the cross with thee to stay,

There with thee to weep and pray,

Is all I ask of thee to give.

Juxta Crucem tecum stare, Et me tibi sociare In planctu desidero.





The I	ourteen	th Sta	tion
Jesus is I	Paid in	the Sej	pulchre

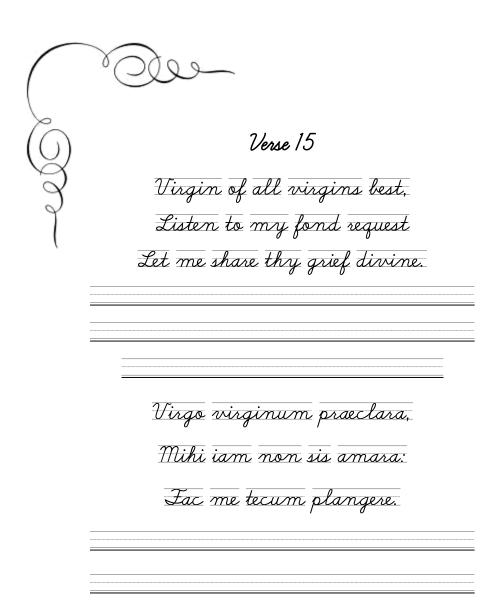
Virgins of all virgins best!

Listen to my fond request:

Let me share thy grief divine.

Virgo virginum praeclara, Mihi jam nonn sis amara; Eac me tecum plangere.





Verse 16

Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.





Verse 17

Wounded with His every wound, Steep my soul till it hath swooned In His very blood away.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Eac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruose, Filii

Verse 18

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh, Lest in flames I burn and die, In His awful Judgment day.

Elammis ne urar succensus Per te Virgo, sim defensus In die judicii.





Verse 19

Christ, when Ihou shalt call me hence,
Be Ihy Mother my defence,
Be Ihy cross my victory.

Christe, cum sit hinc exire	,
Da per matrem me venire	
ad palmam victoriae.	

Verse 20

While my body here decays,

May my soul Thy goodness praise,

Safe in Paradise with Thee.

Quando corpus morietur, Eac ut animae donetur Paradisi gloria

