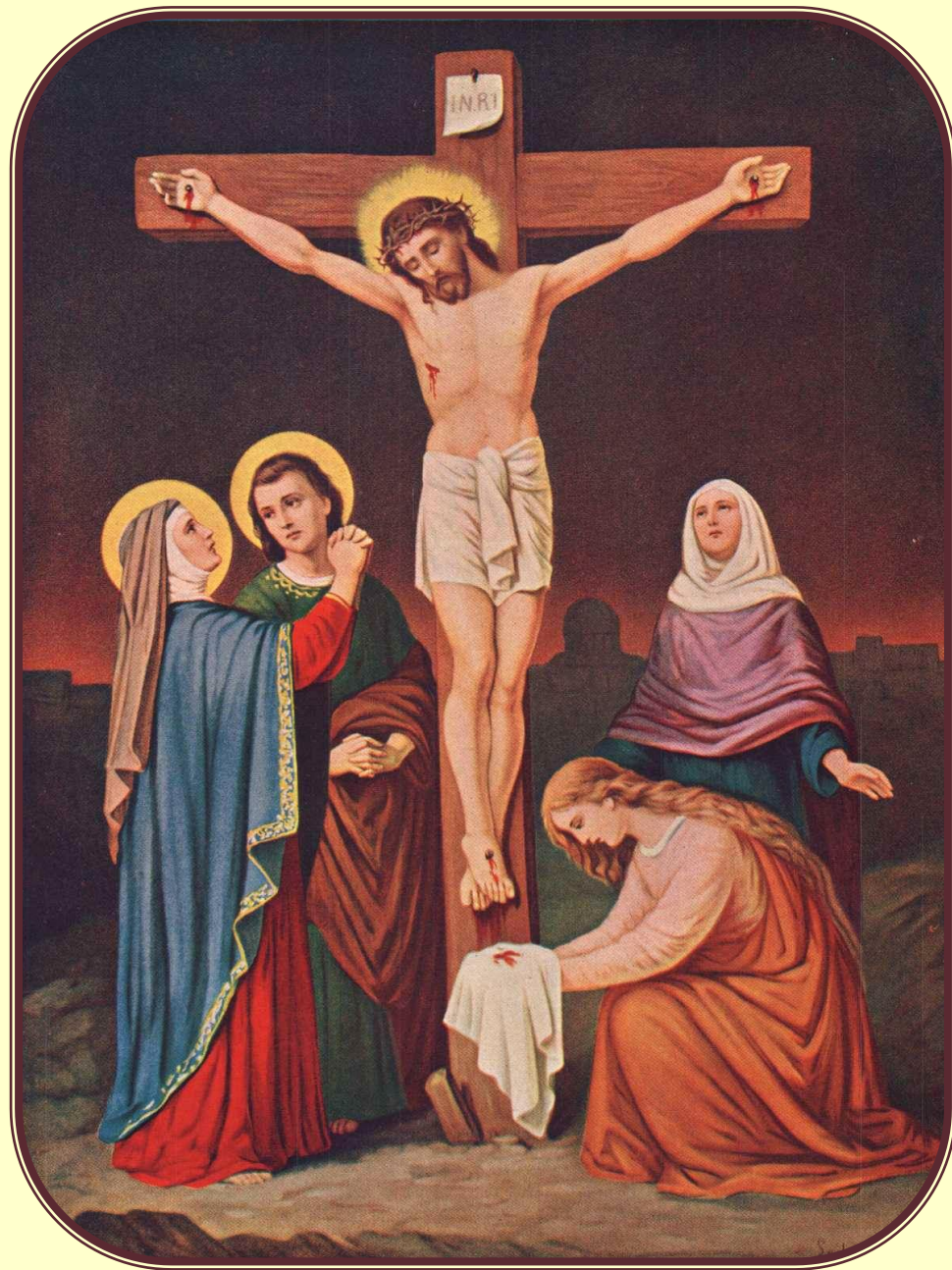


**The Fourteen
Stations
of the Cross
and the
Stabat Mater
Printing Practice**





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 pendeat Filius

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 Time

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

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit 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 Fifth Station
Simon Helps Jesus to Carry
His Cross



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

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



The Sixth Station
 Veronica Wipes the Face of
 Jesus

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 Time

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.



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.



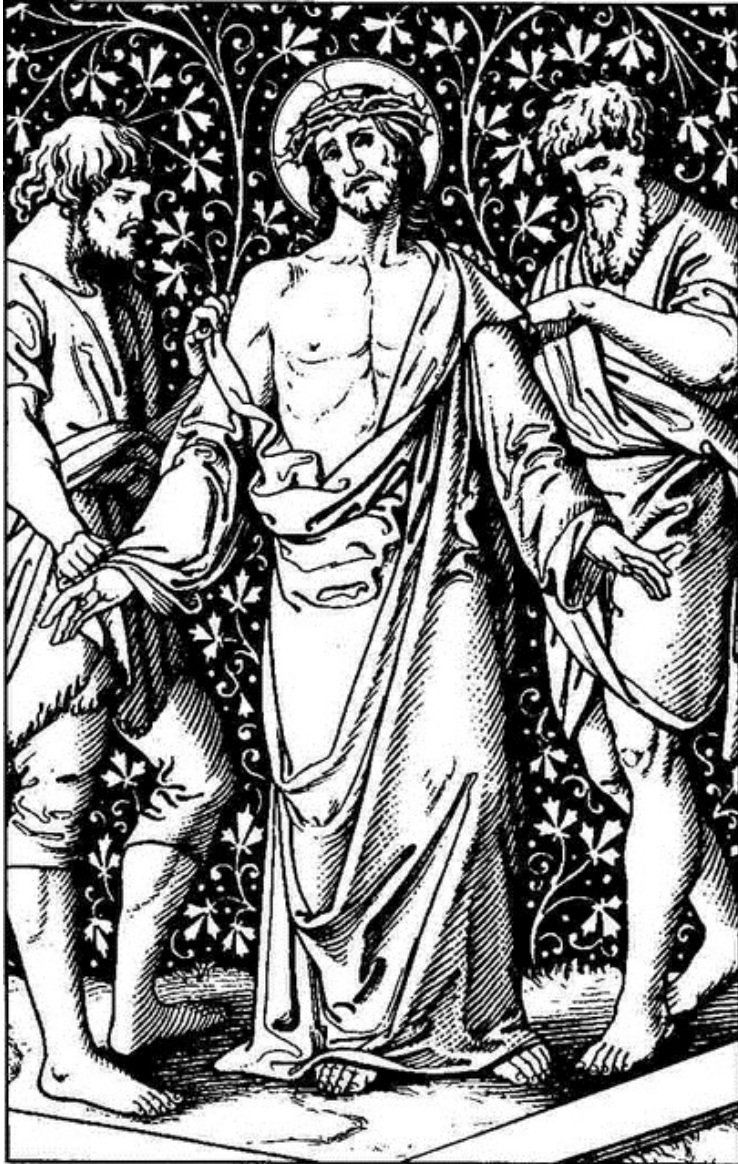
The Ninth Station
Jesus Falls the Third Time

Make me feel as thou hast
felt:

Make my soul to glow and
melt With the love of
Christ my Lord.

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

The Tenth Station
Jesus is Stripped of His
Garments

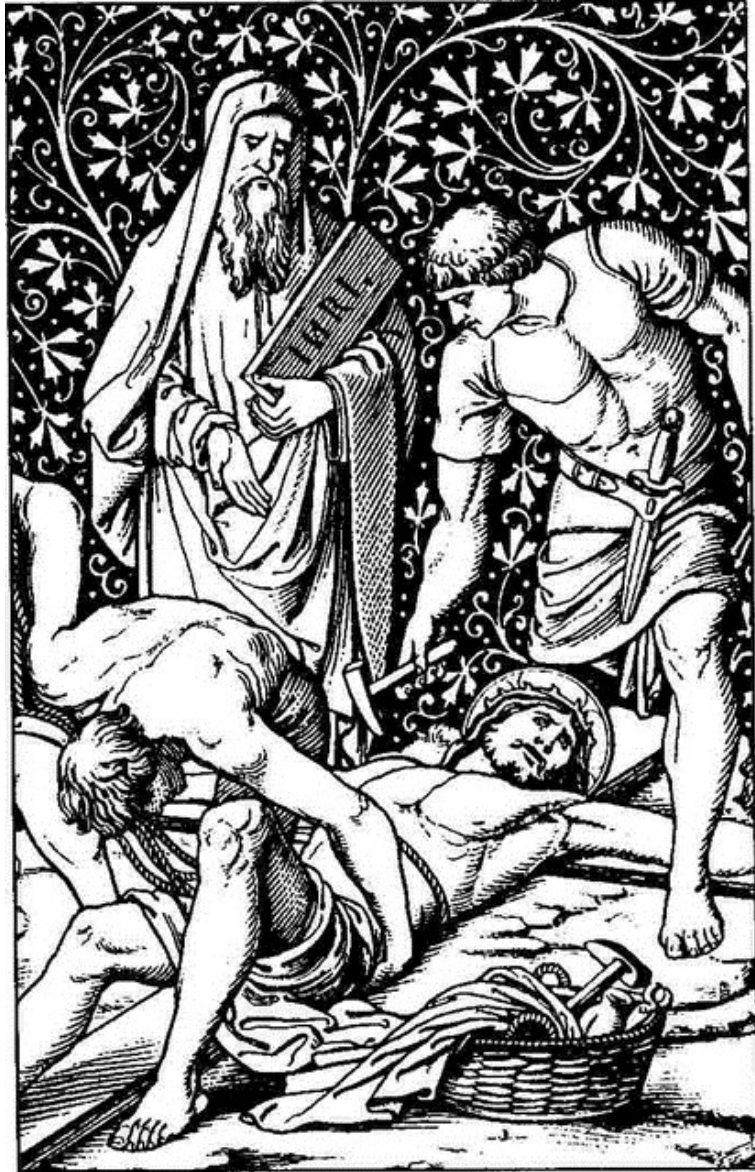


Holy Mother! pierce me
through.

In my heart each wound
renew

Of my Saviour crucified.

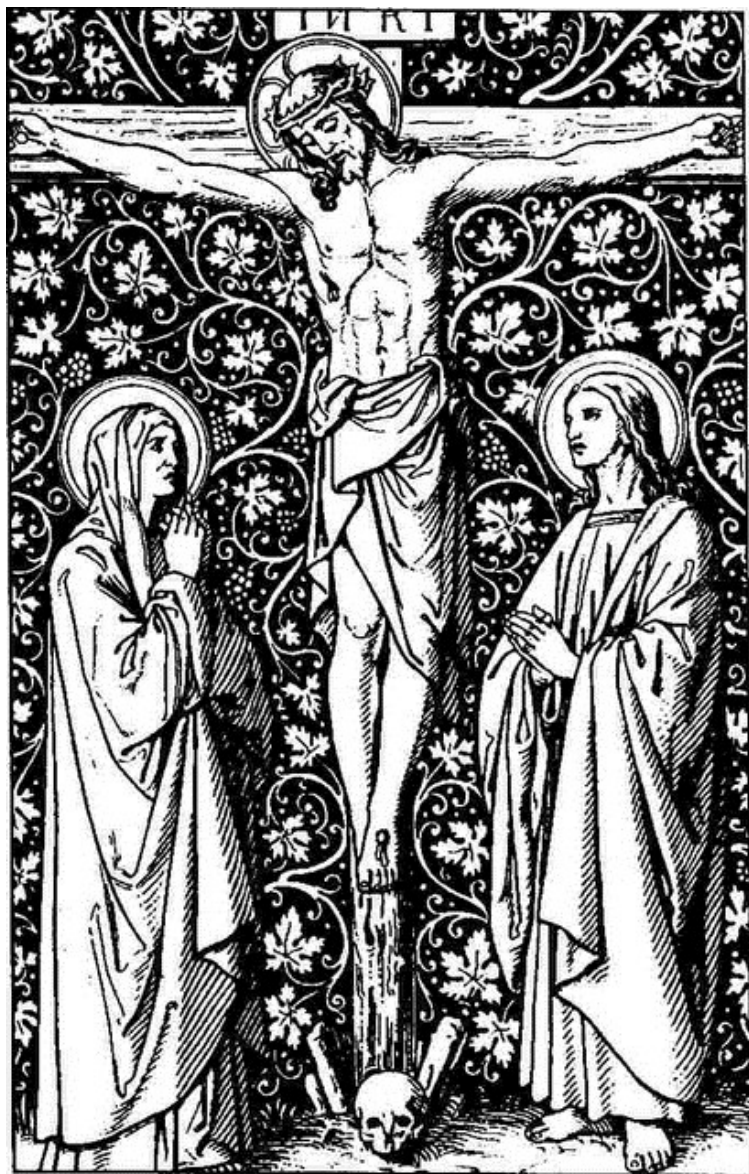
Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.



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.

Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.



The Twelfth Station
Jesus is Raised Upon the
Cross and Dies

Let me mingle tears with
thee,
Mourning Him Who mourned
for me,
All the days that I may
live.

Fac 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 Fourteenth Station
Jesus is Laid in the
Sepulchre



Virgins of all virgins
best!

Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief di-
vine.

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



Verse 15


Virgin of all virgins
best,
Listen to my fond request
Let me share thy grief
divine.

Virgo virginum praeclara,
Mihi iam non sis amara:
Fac 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

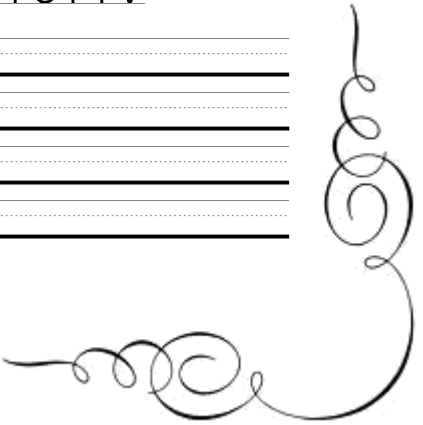
Wounded with His every
wound, Steep my soul till
it hath swooned
In His very blood away.

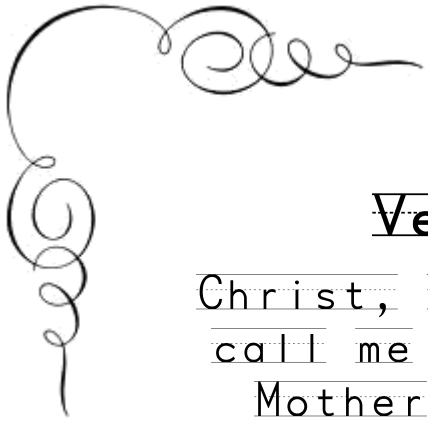
Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii.

Verse 18

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

Flammis ne urar succensus
Per te Virgo,
sim defensus
In die iudicii.





Verse 19

Christ, when Thou shalt
call me hence, Be Thy
Mother my defence,
Be Thy cross my victory.

Handwriting practice lines for Verse 19.

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

Handwriting practice lines for Verse 19.

Verse 20

While my body here
decays,
May my soul Thy goodness
praise,
Safe in Paradise with
Thee.

Handwriting practice lines for Verse 20.

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animae donetur
Paradisi gloria

Handwriting practice lines for Verse 20.

