

Stabat Mater

[1] Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

[2] Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!

Quae moerebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, dum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti.

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

Quis non posset contristari
Piam Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Morientem desolatum
Dum emisit spiritum.

[4] Eia, Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac ut tecum lugeam.

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

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

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

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.

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

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere.

[6] Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Et cruceore Filii.

Stabat Mater

The grieving Mother stood
weeping by the Cross
where hung her Son.

Her spirit groaning,
saddened and grieving
a sword has pierced.

O how sad and afflicted
was that blessed
Mother of the Only-Begotten;

Who mourned and grieved
And trembled, when she saw
The punishment of her glorious son.

Who is the man that would not weep
if he saw the Mother of Christ
in such torment?

Who could fail to feel sorrow
to regard the merciful Mother
grieving with her son?

For the sins of His people
she saw Jesus in torment
and submitted to the scourge.

She saw her sweet offspring
forlorn in dying
as He yielded up His spirit.

Ah, Mother, fountain of love,
to feel the force of grief
grant that I may mourn with you.

Grant that my heart may burn
in loving Christ, God,
that I may please Him.

Holy Mother, grant me
that I fix the wounds of the crucified
firmly to my heart.

Of your wounded son
who deigned to suffer for me
let me share the pain.

Let me truly weep with you,
grieve over the crucified,
as long as I live.

To stand by the cross,
willingly to join with you
in mourning I desire.

Virgin glorious among virgins,
be not now harsh with me,
make me to weep with you.

Let me bear Christ's death,
let me share his passion
And revere his blows.

Let me be wounded by blows,
to be drunk with this cross
and the blood of your Son.

Inflamatus et accensus
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
In die iudicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri
Morte Christi praemuniri
Confoveri gratia

[7] Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriae.

Fac me plagis vulnerari
Cruce hac inebriari
Oh amorem Filii

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.
Amen.

[8] Te Deum

We praise thee, O God:
we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee,
the Father everlasting.
To thee all Angels cry aloud; the Heavens and all the Powers therein.
To thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry:
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.
The glorious company of the Apostles,
the goodly fellowship of the Prophets,
the noble army of Martyrs praise thee
(Lord God of Sabaoth).
The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee,
the Father of an infinite majesty,
thine honourable, true and only Son,
also the Holy Ghost the Comforter.
Thou art the King of glory, O Christ;
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst not abhor the
Virgin's womb
When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the
Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the Glory of the Father.
We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.
We therefore pray thee to help thy servants,
Whom thou hast redeemed with the precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with thy Saints in glory everlasting.
O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine inheritance.
Govern them and lift them up for ever.
Day by day we magnify thee....
And we worship thy name, for ever and ever world without end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin;
O Lord, have mercy upon us;
O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in thee.
O Lord, in thee have I trusted.
Let me never be confounded.

Lest I burn in flames,
through you, Virgin, may I be defended
on the day of judgement.

May the Cross guard me
protected by Christ's death
sustained by grace.

Christ, when I go from here,
grant through your Mother I may come
to the palm of victory.

Wounded with his every wound
Steep my soul till it hath swooned.
in his very blood away.

When the body shall die,
grant that my soul be given
the glory of Paradise.
Amen.