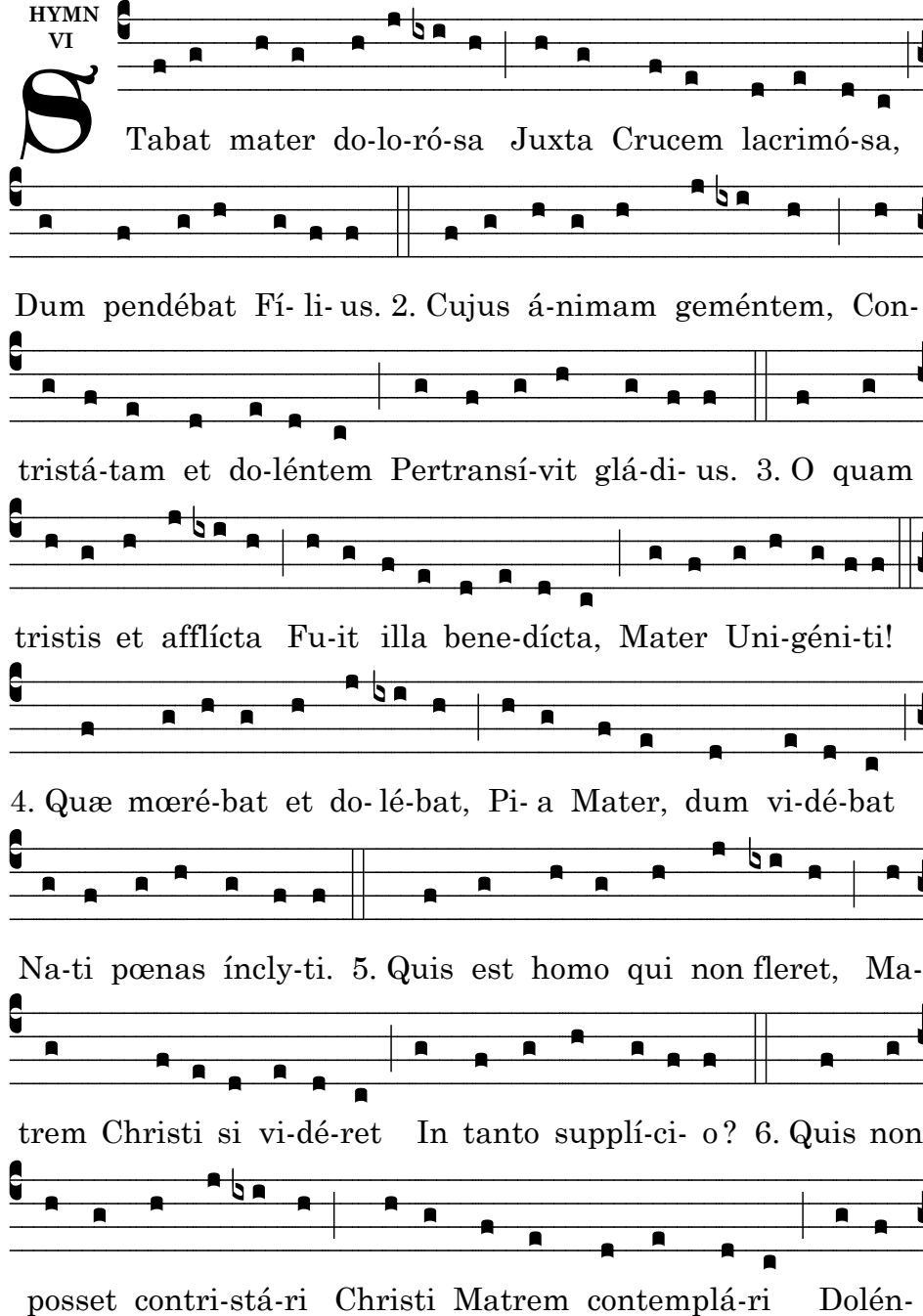



# HYMN : STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

*Vespers hymn for the Feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary*

HYMN  
VI



**S**tabat mater do-lo-ró-sa Juxta Crucem lacrimó-sa,  
Dum pendébat Fí-li-us. 2. Cujus á-nimam geméntem, Con-  
tristá-tam et do-léntem Pertransí-vit glá-di-us. 3. O quam  
tristis et afflícta Fu-it illa bene-dícta, Mater Uni-géni-ti!  
4. Quæ mœré-bat et do-lé-bat, Pi-a Mater, dum vi-dé-bat  
Na-ti pœnas íncl-y-ti. 5. Quis est homo qui non fleret, Ma-  
trem Christi si vi-dé-ret In tanto supplí-ci-o? 6. Quis non  
posset contri-stá-ri Christi Matrem contemplá-ri Dolén-



tem cum Fí-li-o? 7. Pro peccá-tis su-æ gentis Vidit Jesum  
in torméntis, Et flagél-lis súbditum. 8. Vidit su-um dulcem  
Natum Mo-ri-éndo de-so-latum, Dum emí-sit spí-ri-tum.  
9. E-ia, Mater, fons amó-ris Me sentí-re vim do-ló-ris Fac,  
ut tecum lúge-am. 10. Fac, ut árde-at cor me-um In am-  
ándo Christum De-um Ut si-bi compláce-am. Amen.

*Produced by the Society of St. Bede.*

*Music; from Antiphonale, Romanae Ecclesiae, 1911, using Caeciliae typeface.*

*Translation from 'Early Christian hymns, Donahoe, 1911*

WAITING by the cross atoning  
Stood the woful mother moaning,  
Tearful near her dying Son;  
Through her gentle soul, unfailing  
In her sympathy and wailing,  
Passed the sword of Simeon.

Never 'neath such woes another  
Bowed, as did that blessed mother  
Of the sole-born Son and Lord;  
Who while keeping watch unsleeping,  
Tender mother, 'mid her weeping,  
Bore the pangs of her adored.

Lives there one can see untearful  
Christ's fond mother, in such fearful  
Torments, grieving all alone ?  
Lives there one whose heart with anguish  
Fills not, thus to see her languish,  
Agonizing with her Son.

For the guilt that doomed his nation  
Saw she Jesus in prostration  
'Neath the scourges meekly bent;  
Saw her precious Son forsaken,  
Spurned, defied, in torture shaken,  
While his spirit forth he sent.

Mother, fount of love and sorrow,  
Grant to me the power to borrow  
Grief, that I may weep with thee;  
Grant that in my burning bosom  
Love for Christ the Lord shall blossom  
As to him shall pleasing be.