

I	Stabat Mater dolorosa luxta crucem lacrimosa Dum pendebat Filius.	The grieving Mother stood weeping beside the cross where her Son was hanging.
II	Cuius animam gementem Contristatam et dolentem Pertransivit gladius.	Through her weeping soul, compassionate and grieving, a sword passed.

- III O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti!
- IV Quae moerebat et dolebat,
Pia Mater dum videbat
Nati poenas incliti.
- V Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?
- Quis non posset contristari
Christi Matrem contemplari
dolentem cum Filio?
- Pro peccatis suae gentis
vidit Iesum in tormentis,
et flagellis subditum.
- VI Vidit suum dulcem natum
Moriendo desolatum
Dum emisit spiritum.
- VII Eja Mater, fons amoris
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
- VIII Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum
Ut sibi complaceam.
- IX Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifigi 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.
- luxta Crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero.
- Virgo virginum praeclara,
Mihi iam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere.
- X Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolorere.
- Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Ob amorem Filii.
- XI Inflammatus et accensus
Per te Virgo sim defensus
In die iudicii.
- Fac me cruce custodiri
Morte Christi praemuniri
Confoveri gratia.
- XII Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.

O how sad and afflicted
was that blessed Mother
of the only-begotten!

Who mourned and grieved,
seeing and bearing the torment
of her glorious child.

Who is it that would not weep,
seeing Christ's Mother
in such agony?

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

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

She saw her sweet child
die desolate,
as He gave up His spirit.

O Mother, fountain of love,
make me feel the power of sorrow,
that I may grieve with you.

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

Holy Mother, may you do thus:
place the wounds of the Crucified
deep in my heart.

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

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

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

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

Make me to bear Christ's death,
sharing in His passion,
and commemorate his wounds.

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

Inflame and set on fire,
may I be defended by you, Virgin,
on the day of judgment.

Let me be guarded by the cross,
armed by Christ's death
and cherished by His grace.

When my body dies,
grant that to my soul is given
the glory of paradise. Amen.