The Fourteen Stations of the Cross and the Stabat Mater Handwriting 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 pendebat 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.

Luae moerebat, et dolebat,
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati poenas inculyti.
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?

Luis 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 emitit 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 complacem.
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 fæge 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,
Jam 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 divine.

Virgo virginum praecipua,
Miki jam nonn sīs 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 praecclara,
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, sleep
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.

Hammis me urar succensus
Per te Virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii.
Verse 19

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy 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,
Fac ut animae donetur
Paradisi gloria.