

EXAMPLE CHART • The St. Jean de Brébeuf Hymnal CCWATERSHED.ORG/HYMN

This sample chart does not include original translations which we also carefully consider.

1. Stabat Mater dolorosa Juxta Crucem lacrimosa, Dum pendebat Filius.	1. At the Cross her station keeping, Stood the mournful Mother weeping, Close to Jesus to the last:	1. By the Cross, on which suspended, Stands the Queen of sorrows weeping, While her Son in torment hangs;	1. By the Cross, on which suspended, Stood the mournful Mother weeping, Hung that Son she so adored,	1. By the Cross, sad vigil keeping, Stood the mournful Mother weeping, While on it the Savior hung:	1. Weeping sore, the Mother stood Nigh the cross, the fatal wood, Whereon hung her dying Son.	1. By the cross of expiation The Mother stood, and kept her station, Weeping for her Son and Lord:	1. Waiting by the cross atoning Stood the woeful mother moaning, Tearful near her dying Son;	1. O the sadness and affliction Of the Mother's dereliction At the Cross of her dear Son!
2. Cujus animam gementem, Contristatam et dolentem Pertransiit gladius.	2. Through her heart, his sorrow sharing, All his bitter anguish bearing, Now at length the sword had pass'd.	2. Now she feels---O heart afflicted By the sword of old predicted!--- More than all a mother's pangs.	2. Stood the mournful Mother weeping, She whose heart, its silence keeping, Grief had cleft as with a sword.	2. In that hour of deep distress, Pierced the sword of bitterness Through her heart with sorrow wrung.	2. Through her soul for anguish crying, Sunk in sorrow, spent with sighing, The prophetic sword had run.	2. With the nails his hands were riven; Through her heart the sword was driven, Simeon's dread, predicted sword.	2. Through her gentle soul, unailing In her sympathy and wailing, Passed the sword of Simeon.	2. Through her heart, His woe perceiving, Broken with excess of grieving, Passed the Sword of Simeon.
3. O quam tristis et afflicta Fuit illa benedicta Mater unigeniti!	3. Oh, how sad and sore distress'd Was that Mother highly blest Of the sole-begotten One!	3. Sad and heavy stands beside him She who once had magnified him One-begotten, only-born;	3. Oh, that Mother's sad affliction--- Mother of all benediction--- Of the sole-begotten One;	3. Oh! how sad, how woe-begone Was that ever-blessed one, Mother of the Son of God!	3. Oh, how sad, how heavy laden, Was that meek and blessed Maiden, God's true Mother undefiled:	3. Oh, that blessed one grief-laden, Blessed Mother, blessed Maiden, Mother of th'All-holy One;	3. Never 'neath such woes another Bowed, as did that blessed mother Of the sole-born Son and Lord;	3. Such a sadness hath no other Bosom felt, as that blest Mother Of the Sole-begotten One:
4. Quae maerbat et dolébat, Pia Mater, dum vidébat Nati poenas incliti.	4. Christ above in torment hangs; She beneath beholds the pangs Of her dying glorious Son.	4. While she sees that rich atoning, Long the moaning, deep the groaning Of her mother---heart forlorn.	4. Oh, the grieving, sense-bereaving, Of her heaving breast, perceiving The dread suff'rings of her Son.	4. Oh! what bitter tears she shed Whilst before her Jesus bled 'Neath the Father's penal rod!	4. Trembling, grieving, whelmed in woes, When she saw the dying throes Of her own immortal Child.	4. Oh, that silent, ceaseless mourning, Oh, those dim eyes never turning From that wondrous, suffering Son.	4. Who while keeping watch unsleeping, Tender mother, 'mid her weeping, Bore the pangs of her adored.	4. O the swelling grief upwelling, That virgin-bosom dwelling, As she gazed her God upon!
5. Quis est homo qui non fletet, Matrem Christi si videret In tanto supplicio?	5. Is there one who would not weep, Matrem Christi in miseries so deep Christ's dear Mother to behold?	5. Who Christ's Mother contemplating In such bitter anguish waiting, Has no human tears to shed?	5. What man is there so unfeeling, Who, his heart to pity stealing, Could behold that sight unmoved?	5. Who's the man could view unmoved Christ's sweet mother, whom He loved, In such dire extremity?	5. Who is he whose weeping eyes Would not choose but sympathise With the Mother of our Lord?	5. Who is he of nature human Fearless that could watch that Woman? Hear unmoved that Mother's moan?	5. Lives there one can see untearful Christ's fond mother, in such fearful Torments, grieving all alone?	5. Who could tearless view that loving Mother, every moment proving Depths of woe beyond belief?
6. Quis non posset contristári, Christi Matrem contemplári Dolentem cum Filio?	6. Can the human heart refrain From partaking in her pain, In that Mother's pain untold?	6. Who would leave Christ's Mother, sharing All the pain her Son is bearing, By those tears uncomforted?	6. Could Christ's Mother see there weeping, See the pious Mother keeping Vigil by the Son she loved?	6. Who his pitying tears withhold, Christ's sweet mother to behold Sharing in His agony?	6. Who is he that would refuse Pity for such Mother's woes, Weeping o'er her Son adored?	6. Who, unchanged in shape and color, Who could mark that Mother's dolor, Weeping with her Son alone?	6. Lives there one whose heart with anguish Fills not, thus to see her languish, Agonizing with her Son.	6. Who could see, nor share her sorrows, As at every glance she borrows From His pains a newer grief?
7. Pro peccatis suae gentis, Vidit Jesum in tormentis, Et flagellis súbditum.	7. Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled, She beheld her tender Child All with bloody scourges rent;	7. Victim-priest of Jewry's nation, Who, his heart in expiation, Scourge and nail have had their will;	7. For His people's sins atoning, She saw Jesus writhing, groaning, 'Neath the scourge wherewith He bled;	7. For the Father's broken law, Mary thus the Saviour saw Sport of human cruelties---	7. Tortured for his sinful race, She beheld each ghastly trace Of his scourging at the post.	7. For his people's sins th'All-holy There she saw, 'a victim lowly, Bled in torments, bleed and die:	7. For the guilt that doomed his nation Saw she Jesus in prostration 'Neath the scourges meekly bent;	7. For His people's sins atoning, Saw she Jesus bleeding, groaning, Given up to scourge and rod:
8. Vidit suum dulcem natum Moriéndum desolatum, Dum emisit spiritum.	8. For the sins of his own nation, Saw Him hang in desolation, Till his Spirit forth He sent.	8. Earth and heav'n his cause forsaking, Who his noble heart is breaking, Now the labouring breath is still.	8. Saw her loved one, her consoler, Dying in His dreadful dolor, Till at length His spirit fled.	8. Saw her sweet, her only Son, God-forfaken and undone, Die a sinless sacrifice!	8. She beheld her Son so sweet Dying and all desolate When he yielded up the ghost.	8. Saw the Lord's Anointed taken; Saw her Child in death forsaken; Heard his last expiring cry.	8. Saw her precious Son forsaken, Spurned, defied, in torture shaken, While his spirit forth he sent.	8. Him Who love alone should waken, Saw she desolate, forsaken, Crying yield His soul to God.
9. Eja Mater, fons amoris Me sentire vim doloris Fac, ut tecum lúgeam.	9. O thou Mother! fount of love! Touch my spirit from above, Make my heart with thine accord:	9. Mother, fount whence love flows truest, Let me know the pain thou knewest, Let me weep as thou hast wept;	9. O thou Mother of election, Fountain of all pure affection, Make thy grief, thy pain, my own;	9. Mary mother, fount of love, Make me share thy sorrow, move All my soul to sympathy!	9. Come, dear Mother, love's sweet spring, Mother, may my spirit borrow Sadness from thy holy woe;	9. Fount of love and sacred sorrow, Mother, may my spirit borrow Sadness from thy holy woe;	9. Mother, fount of love and sorrow, Grant to me the power to borrow Grief, that I may weep with thee;	9. Mother, fount of love o'erflowing, Let me feel thy sorrow, knowing None such other deep delight:
10. Fac ut ardeat cor meum In amándum Christum Deum, Ut sibi compláceam.	10. Make me feel as thou hast felt; Make my soul to glow and melt With the love of Christ my Lord.	10. Love divine within me burning, That divider love returning, May thy Son this heart accept.	10. Make my heart to God returning, In the love of Jesus burning, Feel the fire that thine has known.	10. Make my heart within me glow With the love of Jesus---so Shall I find acceptancy.	10. Let my heart be wrapt in fire Still to seek with fond desire Christ my God, my love divine.	10. May it love lo---on fire within me--- Christ, my God, till great love win me Grace to please him here below.	10. Grant that in my burning bosom Love for Christ the Lord shall blossom As to him shall pleasing be.	10. Let me burn with the sweet fever Of Christ's love, that I forever May be pleasing in His sight.
11. Sancta Mater, istud agas, Crucifixi fíge plagas Cordi meo válide.	11. Holy Mother! pierce me through; In my heart each wound renew Of my Saviour crucified:	11. Mother, if my prayer be granted, Those five wounds of his implanted In my breast I fain would see;	11. Blessed Mother of prediction, Stamp the marks of crucifixion Deeply on my stony heart,	11. Print, O Mother, on my heart, Deeply print the wounds, the smart Of my Savior's chastisement.	11. Holy Mother, this impart, Deeply print upon my heart All the wounds he dying bore.	11. Those five wounds of Jesus smitten, Mother, in my heart be written Deeply as in thine they be;	11. Mother, every wound and tremor Of the crucified Redeemer, Firmly fasten in my soul;	11. Mother, let my heart be wounded With His wounds, and the unbanded Sorrows of the Crucified:
12. Tui nati vulneráti, Tam dignáti pro me pati, Poenas mecum dívide.	12. Let me share with thee His pain, Who for all my sins was slain, Who for me in torments died.	12. Love exceeding hangs there bleeding, My cause pleading, my love needing--- Bid him share his cross with me.	12. Ever leading where thy bleeding Son is pleading for my needing, Let me in His wounds take part.	12. He who, to redeem my loss, Deigned to bleed upon the cross--- Make me share His punishment.	12. Let me share his pains with thee, Who so tenderly for me Deigned those sorrows to endure.	12. Thou my Savior's cross who bearest, Thou thy Son's rebuke who sharest, Let me share them both with thee.	12. Every shame which thou art sharing, O, divide with me unsparing,--- Every pang and pain and dole.	12. Who, from bending Heav'n descending, Came amending earth's offending--- All His pains with me divide.
13. Fac me tecum pie flere, Crucifixo condólere, Donec ego víxero.	13. Let me mingle tears with thee, Mourning Him who mourn'd for me, All the days that I may live:	13. Till life fails, I will not fail him, Still remember, still bewail him, Born thy Son, and crucified;	13. Make me truly, each day newly, While life lasts, O Mother, duly Weep with Him, the Crucified;	13. Ever with thee, at thy side, 'Neath the Christ, the Crucified, Mournful mother, let me be!	13. Let our tears in one same tide Flow for Jesus crucified, Long as life shall warm my breast.	13. In the passion of my maker Be my sinful soul partaker; Let me weep till death with thee:	13. Grant that I my tears may mingle With that one in sorrow single, Weeping with the Crucified;	13. Let me stand beside thee weeping, Ever near to Jesus keeping Until death mine eyes shall close:
14. Juxta Crucem tecum stare, Et me tibi sociáre In planctu desidero.	14. By the Cross with thee to stay; There with thee to weep and pray; Is all I ask of thee to give.	14. By the cross my vigil keeping I would spend those hours of weeping, Queen of sorrows, at thy side.	14. Let me, 'tis my sole demanding, Ever watchful, ever weeping, Thy companion constantly!	14. By the Cross sad vigil keeping, Ever watchful, ever weeping, Thy companion constantly!	14. By the cross to take my station, Share thy tender lamentation, This is my most fond request.	14. Unto me this boon be given, By thy side, like thee beaven, To stand beneath the atoning tree.	14. Near the Cross beside thee kneeling, Fill my soul with love and feeling, Worthy in thy love to bide.	14. At the Cross of dereliction I shall share in thy affliction, See thy tears and feel thy woes.
15. Virgo virginum praeclára, Mihí jam non sis amára: Fac me tecum plángere.	15. Virgin of all virgins best! Listen to my fond request: Let me share thy grief divine;	15. Virgin, boast of all creation, Heed my tears, nor consolation In thy bitterness repel;	15. Queen of virgins, best and dearest, Grant, oh, grant the prayer thou hearest, Let me ever mourn with thee;	15. Maid of maidens, undefiled, Mother gracious, mother mild, Melt my heart to weep with thee!	15. Brightest of the virgin-train, Do not thou my suit disdain, Come and share thy grief with me.	15. Of His passion bear the token In a spirit bowed and broken, Bear his death within my heart.	15. Virgin of all virgins fairest, Of that anguish thou endurest Make me bear with thee my part;	15. Virgin, virgins all excelling, Pity me, and let my swelling Heart pour forth its flood of tears:
16. Fac ut portem Christi mortem Passiónis fac consórtem, Et plagas recólere.	16. Let me, to my latest breath, In my body bear the death Of that dying Son of thine.	16. At thy side his livery wearing, His cross bearing, his death sharing, Of these wounds the beads I'll tell.	16. Let compassion me so fashion That Christ's wounds, His death and Passion, Be each day renewed in me.	16. Crown me with Christ's thorny wreath, Make me consort of His death, Sharer of His victory:	16. Let me trace his sufferings o'er, Bear the very death he bore, When they nailed him to the tree:	16. Of His passion bear the token In a spirit bowed and broken, Bear his death within my heart.	16. Be the Saviour's cross my burden, Be his bitter grief my gerdon; Be my feelings blent with thine.	16. I would share His death, and wear His Wounds within my heart, and bear His Dying throes and human fears!
17. Fac me plagis vulnerári, Fac me cruce inebriári, Et cruóre Filii.	17. Wounded with his every wound, Steep my soul till it hath swoon'd In his very blood away;	17. Wounds of Christ, in spirit bruise me, Chalice of his blood, because me, Cross of Christ, be thou my stay!	17. Oh, those wounds do not deny me; On that Cross, oh, crucify me; Let me drink His Blood I pray:	17. Never from the mingled tide Flowing still from Jesus' side, May my lips inebriate turn;	17. Feel the wounds he felt for us, Drink the chalice of his cross, All for love of thy dear Son.	17. May his wounds both wound and heal me; His blood enkindle, cleanse, annal me; Be his cross my hope and stay:	17. By his wounds, let me be riven, By his cross to rapture driven; Be his blood a cleansing fire;	17. Wound for wound my spirit keeping, All its senses wholly steeping In the wine-red cup outpoured---
18. Flammis ne urar succensus, Per te, Virgo, sim defensus In die judicii.	18. Be to me, O Virgin, nigh, Lest in flames I burn and die, In his awful Judgment day.	18. Lest I burn in fires unending, Sinless Maid, my cause befriending, Shield me at the judgement day!	18. Then on fire, kindled, daring, I may stand without despairing On that dreadful judgement day.	18. And when in the day of doom, Lightning-like He rends the tomb, Shield, oh shield me, lest I burn!	18. Screened by thee from flames divine, Mary, guard this soul of mine When the judgment-day comes on.	18. Virgin, when the mountains quiver, From that flame which burns for ever, Shield me on the judgment-day.	18. Be that fire to me extended, Virgin, by thy love defended, In the dreadful day of ire.	18. Let no breath of hell assail me; Dearest Mother, do not fail me At the great Day of the Lord.
19. Christe, cum sit hinc exire, Da per Matrem me venire Ad palmam victóriæ.	19. Christ, when 'Thou shalt call me hence, Da per Mother my defence, Be thy Cross my victory;	19. Jesus, when earth's shadows leave me, Through thy Mother's prayers receive me With the palm of victory;	19. May the Cross be my salvation: Make Christ's death my preservation; May His grace my heart make wise:	19. So the shadow of the tree Where thy Jesus bled for me Still shall be my fortalice;	19. Christ, when these my days are done, Let thy Mother lead me on To the palm of victory:	19. When advancing death appals me, Through her prayer the storm make calm: Saviour, grant the victory;	19. When my soul shall be upheld, By thy Virgin Mother shielded, Saviour, grant the victory;	19. Savior, when the veil is riven, May thy Mother, throned in Heaven, Grant the everlasting prize:
20. Quando corpus moriétur, Fac ut ánimæ donétur Paradísi glória.	20. While my body here decays, May my soul thy goodness praise, Safe in Paradise with Thee.	20. When my body lies forsaken Let my ransomed soul awaken Safe, in Paradise, with thee.	20. And when death my body taketh, May my soul when it awaketh Ope in heaven its raptured eyes.	20. So when my flesh and spirit sever Shall I live, thy boon, for ever In the joys of Paradise!	20. Yes, when this frail flesh hath died, Let my soul be glorified Safe in paradise with thee.	20. When to dust thy dust returneth Save a soul to thee that yearneth; Grant it thou the crown and palm.	20. When by death my frame is broken, Then unto my soul be spoken Words of endless peace with thee;	20. When my soul hath cast its burden--- Dust to dust---O grant the gerdon Won by Thee in Paradise!
ROMAN BREVIMARY	CASWALL	MONS. RONALD A. KNOX	Denis Florence MacCarthy	LORD LINDSAY	PRIOR AYLWARD	AUBREY DE YERE	JUDGE DONOHOE	MONS. HUGH T. HENRY