

PASSIONTIDE PRAYER BOOK

Litany of Our Lady of Seven Sorrows

By Pope Pius VII

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, have mercy on us.

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, hear us.

Christ, graciously hear us.

God, the Father of heaven,	Have mercy on us.
God the Son, Redeemer of the world,	Have mercy on us.
God the Holy Ghost,	Have mercy on us.
Holy Mary, Mother of God,	pray for us.
Holy Virgin of virgins,	pray for us.
Mother of the Crucified,	pray for us.
Sorrowful Mother,	pray for us.
Mournful Mother,	pray for us.
Sighing Mother,	pray for us.
Afflicted Mother,	pray for us.
Forsaken Mother,	pray for us.
Desolate Mother,	pray for us.
Mother most sad,	pray for us.
Mother set around with anguish,	pray for us.
Mother overwhelmed by grief,	pray for us.
Mother transfixed by a sword,	pray for us.
Mother crucified in thy heart,	pray for us.
Mother bereaved of thy Son,	pray for us.
Sighing Dove,	pray for us.
Mother of Dolours,	pray for us.
Fount of tears,	pray for us.
Sea of bitterness,	pray for us.
Field of tribulation,	pray for us.
Mass of suffering,	pray for us.
Mirror of patience,	pray for us.
Rock of constancy,	pray for us.
Remedy in perplexity,	pray for us.
Joy of the afflicted,	pray for us.
Ark of the desolate,	pray for us.
Refuge of the abandoned,	pray for us.
Shield of the oppressed,	pray for us.
Conqueror of the incredulous,	pray for us.
Solace of the wretched,	pray for us.
Medicine of the sick,	pray for us.
Help of the faint,	pray for us.
Strength of the weak,	pray for us.
Protectress of those who fight,	pray for us.
Haven of the shipwrecked,	pray for us.

Calmer of tempests,	pray for us.
Companion of the sorrowful,	pray for us.
Retreat of those who groan,	pray for us.
Terror of the treacherous,	pray for us.
Standard-bearer of the Martyrs,	pray for us.
Treasure of the Faithful,	pray for us.
Light of Confessors,	pray for us.
Pearl of Virgins,	pray for us.
Comfort of Widows,	pray for us.
Joy of all Saints,	pray for us.
Queen of thy Servants,	pray for us.
Holy Mary, who alone art unexampled,	pray for us.

Pray for us, most Sorrowful Virgin, That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray,— O God, in whose Passion, according to the prophecy of Simeon, a sword of grief pierced through the most sweet soul of Thy glorious Blessed Virgin Mother Mary: grant that we, who celebrate the memory of her Seven Sorrows, may obtain the happy effect of Thy Passion, Who lives and reigns world without end, AMEN.

The Seven Sorrows of Our Lady

1. The Prophecy of Simeon
2. The Flight into Egypt
3. The Loss of Jesus in the Temple
4. Mary meets Jesus Carrying the Cross
5. The Crucifixion
6. Mary Receives the Dead Body of Her Son.
7. The Burial of Her Son and Closing of the Tomb.

Consecration to Our Lady of Sorrows

Most holy Virgin and Queen of Martyrs, Mary, would that I could be in Heaven, there to contemplate the honours rendered to thee by the Most Holy Trinity and by the whole Heavenly Court! But since I am still a pilgrim in this vale of tears, receive from me, thy unworthy servant and a poor sinner, the most sincere homage and the most perfect act of vassalage a human creature can offer thee. In thy Immaculate Heart, pierced with so many swords of sorrow, I place today my poor soul forever; receive me as a partaker in thy dolours, and never suffer that I should depart from that Cross on which thy only begotten Son expired for me. With thee, O Mary, I will endure all the sufferings, contradictions, infirmities, with which it will please thy Divine Son to visit me in this life. All of them I offer to thee, in memory of the dolours which thou didst suffer during thy life, that every thought of my mind, every beating of my heart may henceforward be an act of compassion to thy Sorrows, and of complacency for the glory thou now enjoyest in Heaven. Since then, O Dear Mother, I now compassionate thy dolours, and rejoice in seeing thee glorified, do thou also have compassion on me, and reconcile me to thy Son Jesus, that I may become thy true and loyal son (daughter); come on my last day and assist me in my last agony, even as thou wert present at the Agony of thy Divine Son Jesus, that from this painful exile I may go to Heaven, there to be made partaker of thy glory. AMEN.

The Wound in the Shoulder

It is related in the annals of Clairvaux that St. Bernard asked Our Lord which was His greatest unrecorded suffering and that Our Lord answered, "I had on my shoulder while I bore My cross on the Way of Sorrows a grievous wound which was more painful than the others which is not recorded by men. Honour this wound with devotion, and I will

grant thee whatsoever thou dost ask through its virtue and merit, and in return to all who venerate this wound I will remit to them all their venial sins and will no longer remember their mortal sins.

O most loving Jesus, meek lamb of God, I a miserable sinner, salute and worship the most sacred wound of Thy shoulder. Alone thou didst bear Thy heavy cross which so tore Thy flesh and laid bare Thy bones as to inflict on Thee an anguish greater than any other wound on Thy Blessed Body. I adore Thee, O Jesus, Most Sorrowful, I praise and glorify Thee and give Thee thanks for this most secret painful wound, beseeching Thee by the merit and pain of Thy heavy cross to be merciful to me a sinner and to forgive me my mortal and venial sins and to lead me on towards heaven along the Way of the Cross. Amen

**PRAYER to the SACRED MEMBERS OF JESUS
HANGING ON THE CROSS**

Ascribed to St. Bernard

PART I: TO THE FEET

O Saviour of the world, I cry to Thee;
O Saviour, suffering God, I worship Thee;
O wounded beautiful Love, I kneel to Thee;
Thou knowest, Lord, how I would follow Thee,
If of Thyself Thou give Thyself to Me.

II

Thy Presence I Believe; O come to me!
Behold me prostrate, Jesus; look on me!
How beautiful Thou art! O turn to me!
O in Thy tender mercy turn to me,
And let Thy untold pity pardon me!

III

With trembling love and fear I worship Thee;
I kiss the grievous nails which entered Thee,
And think on those dire wounds which tortured Thee,
And, grieving, lift my weeping eyes to Thee,
Transfixed and dying all for love of me!

IV

O wondrous grace! O gracious charity!
O love of sinners in such agony!
Sweet Father of the poor! O who can be
Unmoved to witness this great mystery,--
The Healer smitten, hanging on a tree?

V

O gentle Jesus, turn Thee unto me;
What I have broken do Thou bind in me,
And what is crooked make Thou straight in me;
What I have lost restore Thou unto me,

And what is weak and sickly heal in me.

VI

O Love! with all my strength I seek for Thee;
Upon and in thy Cross I look for Thee;
With sorrow and with hope I turn to Thee,--
That through Thy Blood new health may come to me,
That washed therein Thy love may pardon me.

VII

O take my heart, Thou Loved One; let it be
Transfixed with those dear wounds for love of Thee,
O wound it, Jesus, with pure love of Thee;
And let it so be crucified with Thee,
that it may be forever joined to Thee.

VIII

Sweet Jesus, loving God, I cry to Thee;
Thou guilty, yet I come for love of Thee;
O show Thyself, dear Saviour, kind to me!
Unworthy as I am, O turn to me,
Nor at thy sacred Feet abandon me!

IX

Dear Jesus, bathed in tears, I kneel to Thee;
In shame and grief I lift my eyes to Thee;
Prostrate before Thy Cross I bow to Thee,
And thy dear Feet embrace; O look on me,
Yea, from Thy Cross, O look, and pardon me.

X

O my Beloved, stretched against that Thee,
Whose arms divine are now enfolding me,
whose gracious Heart is now upholding me,--
O my Beloved, let me wholly be
Transformed, forgiven, one alone with Thee!

PART II: TO THE KNEES

I

O Jesus, King of Saints, I worship Thee;
O hope of sinners, hail! I rest on Thee;
True God, true man, Thou hangest on the Tree
Transfixed, with quivering flesh and shaking knees,
A criminal esteemed,--I worship Thee.

II

Alas, how poor, how naked, wilt Thou be!
How hast Thou stript Thyself for love of me,

How made Thyself a gazing-stock to be!
Not forced, but, O my God! How willingly
In all Thy limbs Thou sufferest on that Tree!

III

Thy Precious Blood wells forth abundantly
From all Thy open wounds incessantly;
All bathed therein, O God, in agony
Thou standest on the Cross of infamy,
Awaiting the appointed hour to die.

IV

O infinite, O wondrous majesty!
O terrible, unheard-of poverty!
Ah, who, returning so great charity,
I willing, Jesus, thus to give for Thee
His blood for Thine, in faithful love for Thee?

V

O Jesus, how shall I, then, answer Thee,
Who am so vile, and have not followed Thee?
Or how repay the love that loveth me
With such sublime, such awful charity
Transfixed, from double death to set me free?

VI

O Jesus, what Thy love hath been for me!
O Jesus, death could never conquer Thee!
Ah, with what loving care Thou keepest me
Enfolded in Thine arms, lest I should be,
By death of sin, a moment torn from Thee!

VII

Behold, O Jesus, how for love of Thee,
With all my soul I trembling cling to Thee,
And Thy dear Knees embrace. O pity me!
Thou knowest why—in pity bear with me,
And overlook the shame that covers me!

VIII

O let the Blood I worship flow on me,
That what I do may never anger Thee;
The Blood which flows at every pore from Thee
Each imperfection may it wash from me,
That I may undefiled and perfect be.

IX

O force me, best Beloved, to draw to Thee,
Transfixed and bleeding on the shameful Tree,

Despised and stretched in dying agony!
All my desire, O Lord, is fixed on Thee;
O call me, then, and I will follow Thee.

X

I have no other love, dear Lord, but Thee;
Thou art my first and last; I cling to Thee.
It is no labour, Lord; love sets me free;
Then heal me, cleanse me, let me rest on Thee,
For love is life, and life is love—in Thee.

PART III: TO THE HANDS

I

Hail, holy Shepherd! Lord, I worship Thee,
Fatigued with combat, steeped in misery;
Whose sacred Hands, outstretched in agony,
All pierced and dislocated on the Tree,
Are fastened to the wood of infamy.

II

Dear holy Hands, I humbly worship ye,
With roses filled, fresh blossoms of that Tree;
The cruel iron enters into ye,
While open gashes yield unceasingly
The Precious stream down-dropping from the Tree.

III

Behold, Thy Blood, O Jesus, flows on me—
The price of my salvation falls on me;
O ruddy as the rose, it drops on me.
Sweet Precious Blood, it wells abundantly
From both Thy sacred Hands to set me free.

IV

My heart leaps up, O Jesus, unto Thee;
Drawn by those nail-pierced Hands it flies to Thee;
Drawn by those Blood-stained Hands stretched out for me,
My soul breaks out with sighing unto Thee,
And longs to slake its thirst, O Love, in Thee.

V

My God, what great stupendous charity—
Both good and bad are welcomed here by Thee!
The slothful heart Thou drawest graciously,
The loving one Thou callest tenderly,
And unto all a pardon grantest free.

VI

Behold, I now present myself to Thee,
Who dost present thy bleeding Hands to me;
The sick Thou healest when they come to Thee;
Thou canst not, therefore, turn away from me,
Whose love Thou knowest, Lord, is all for Thee.

VII

O my Beloved, fastened to the Tree,
Draw, by Thy love, my senses unto Thee;
My will, my intellect, my memory,
And all I am, make subject unto Thee,
In whose dear arms alone is liberty.

VIII

O draw me for Thy Cross' sake to Thee;
O draw me for Thy so wide charity;
Sweet Jesus, draw my heart in truth to Thee,
O put an end to all my misery,
And crown me with Thy Cross and victory!

IX

O Jesus, place Thy sacred Hands on me,
With transport let me kiss them tenderly,
With groans and tears embrace them fervently;
And, O for these deep wounds I worship Thee;
And for the blessed drops that fall on me!

X

O dearest Jesus, I commend to Thee
Myself, and all I am, most perfectly;
Bathed in Thy Blood, behold, I live for Thee;
O, may Thy blessed Hands encompass me,
And in extremity deliver me!

PART IV: TO THE SIDE

I

O Jesus, highest Good, I yearn for Thee;
O Jesus, merciful, I hope in Thee,
Whose sacred Body hands upon the Tree,
Whose limbs, all dislocated painfully,
Are stretched in torture, all for love of me!

II

Hail, sacred Side of Jesus! Verily
The hidden spring of mercy lies in Thee,
The source of honeyed sweetness dwells in Thee,
The fountain of redemption flows from Thee,

The secret well of love that cleanses me.

III

Behold, O King of Love, I draw to Thee;
If I am wrong, O Jesus, pardon me;
Thy love, Beloved, calls me lovingly,
As I with blushing cheek gaze willingly
Upon the living wound that bleeds for me.

IV

O gentle opening, I worship Thee;
O open door and deep, I look in Thee;
O most pure stream, I gaze and gaze on Thee:
More ruddy than the rose, I draw to Thee;
More healing than all health, I fly to Thee.

V

More sweet than wine Thine odour is for me;
The poisoned breath of sin it drives from me;
Thou art the draught of life poured out for me.
O ye who thirst, come, drink thereof with me;
And Thou, sweet wound, O open unto me.

VI

O red wound open, let me draw to Thee,
And let my throbbing heart be filled from Thee!
Ah, see! My heart, Beloved, faints for Thee.
O my Beloved, open unto me,
That I may pass and lose myself in Thee.

VII

Lord, with my mouth I touch and worship Thee,
With all the strength I have I cling to Thee,
With all my love I plunge my heart in Thee,
My very life-blood would I drawn from Thee,--
O Jesus, Jesus! Draw me into Thee!

VIII

How Sweet Thy savour is! Who tastes of Thee,
O Jesus Christ, can relish naught but Thee;
Who tastes Thy living sweetness lives by Thee;
All else is void—the soul must die for Thee;
So faints my heart,--so would I die for thee.

IX

I languish, Lord! O let me hide in Thee!
In Thy sweet Side, my Love, O bury me!
And may the fire divine consuming Thee
Burn in my heart where it lies hid in Thee,

Without a fear reposing peacefully!

X

When in the hour of death Thou callest me,
O Love of loves, may my soul enter Thee;
May my last breath, O Jesus fly to Thee;
So no fierce beast may drive my heart from Thee,
But in Thy Side may it remain with Thee!

PART V: TO THE BREAST

I

O God of my salvation, hail to Thee!
O Jesus, sweetest Love, all hail to Thee!
O venerable Breast, I worship Thee;
O dwelling-place of love, I fly to Thee,
With trembling touch adore and worship Thee.

II

Hail, throne of the Most Holy Trinity!
Hail, ark immense of tender charity!
Thou stay of weakness and infirmity,
Sweet rest of weary souls who rest on Thee,
Dear couch of loving ones who lean on Thee!

III

With reverence, O Love, I kneel to Thee,
O worthy to be ever sought by me;
Behold me, Jesus, looking unto Thee.
O, set my heart on fire, dear Love, from Thee,
And burn it in the flame that burns in Thee.

IV

O make my breast a precious home for thee,
A furnace of sweet love and purity,
A well of holy grief and piety;
Deny my will, conform it unto Thee,
That grace abundant may be mine in Thee.

V

Sweet Jesus, loving Shepherd, come to me;
Dear Son of God and Mary, come to me;
Kind Father come, let Thy Heart pity me,
And cleanse the fountain of my misery
In that great fountain of Thy clemency.

VI

Hail, fruitful splendour of the Deity!
Hail, fruitful figure of Divinity!

From the full treasure of Thy charity,
O pour some gift in Thy benignity
Upon the desolate who cry to Thee!

VII

Dear Breast of most sweet Jesus, mine would be
All Thine in its entire conformity;
Absolve it from all sin, and set it free,
That it may burn with ardent charity,
And never, never cease to think on Thee.

VIII

Abyss of wisdom from eternity,
The harmonies of angels worship Thee;
Entrancing sweetness flows, O Breast, from thee;
John tasted it as he lay rapt on Thee;
O grant me thus that I may dwell in Thee!

IX

Hail, fountain deep of God's benignity!
The fullness of the immense Divinity
Hath found at last a creature home in Thee.
Ah, may the counsel that I learn from Thee
All imperfection purify in me!

X

True temple of the Godhead, hail to Thee!
O draw me in Thy gracious charity,
Thou ark of goodness, full of grace for me.
Great God of all, have mercy upon me,
And on Thy right hand keep a place for me.

PART VI: TO THE FACE

I

Hail, bleeding Head of Jesus, hail to Thee!
Thou thorn-crowned Head, I humbly worship Thee!
O wounded Head, I lift my hands to Thee;
O lovely Face besmeared, I gaze on Thee;
O bruised and livid Face, look down on me!

II

Hail, beautiful Face of Jesus, bent on me,
Whom angel choirs adore exultantly!
Hail, sweetest Face of Jesus, bruised for me—
Hail, Holy One, whose glorious Face for me
Is shorn of beauty on that fatal Tree!

III

All strength, all freshness, is gone forth from Thee:

What wonder! Hath not God afflicted Thee,
And is not death himself approaching Thee?
O Love! But death hath laid his touch on Thee,
And faint and broken features turn to me.

IV

O have they thus maltreated Thee, my own?
O have they Thy sweet Face despised, my own?
And all for my unworthy sake, my own!
O in Thy beauty turn to me, my own;
O turn one look of love on me, my own!

V

In this Thy Passion, Lord, remember me;
In this Thy pain, O Love, acknowledge me;
The honey of whose lips was shed on me,
The milk of whose delights hath strengthened me
Whose sweetness is beyond delight for me!

VI

Despise me not, O Love; I long for Thee;
Contemn me not, unworthy though I be;
But now that death is fast approaching Thee,
Incline Thy Head, my Love, my Love, to me,
To these poor arms, and let it rest on me!

VII

The holy Passion I would share with Thee,
And in Thy dying love rejoice with Thee;
Content if by this Cross I die with Thee;
Content, Thou knowest, Lord, how willingly
Where I have lived to die for love of Thee.

VIII

For this Thy bitter death all thanks to Thee,
Dear Jesus, and Thy wondrous love for me!
O gracious God, so merciful to me,
Do as Thy guilty one entreateth Thee,
And at the end let me be found with Thee!

IX

When from this life, O Love, Thou callest me,
Then, Jesus, be not wanting unto me,
But in the dreadful hour of agony,
O hasten, Lord, and be Thou nigh to me,
Defend, protect, and O deliver me.

X

When Thou, O God, shalt bid my soul be free,
Then, dearest Jesus, show Thyself to me!
O condescend to show Thyself to me,--
Upon Thy saving Cross, dear Lord, to me,--
And let me die, my Lord, embracing Thee!

PART VII: TO THE SACRED HEART

I

Hail, sacred Heart of God's great Majesty!
Hail, sweetest Heart, my heart saluteth Thee!
With great desire, O Heart, I seek for Thee,
And faint for joy, O Heart, embracing Thee;
Then give me leave, O Love, to speak to Thee.

II

With what sweet love Thou languishest for me!
What pain and torment was that love to Thee!
How didst Thou all Thyself exhaust for me!
How hast Thou wholly given Thyself to me,
That death no longer might have hold of me!

III

O bitter death and cruel! Can it be
Thou darest so to enter greedily
Into that cell divine? O can it be
The Life of life, that lives there gloriously,
Should feel thy bite, O death, and yield to thee?

IV

For Thy death's sake which Thou didst bear for me,
When Thou, O sweetest Heart, didst faint for me,
O Heart most precious in its agony,
See how I yearn, and longing turn to Thee!
Yield to my love, and draw me unto Thee!

V

O sacred Heart, beloved most tenderly,
Cleanse Thou my own; more worthy let it be,
All hardened as it is with vanity;
O make it tender, loving, fearing Thee,
And all its icy coldness drive from me.

VI

O sinner as I am, I come to Thee;
My very vitals throb and call for Thee;
O Love, sweet love, draw hither unto me!
O Heart of Love, my heart would ravished be,

And sicken with the wound of love for Thee!

VII

Dilate and open, Heart of love, for me,
And like a rose of wondrous fragrance be,
Sweet Heart of love, united unto me;
Anoint and pierce my heart, O Love, with Thee,
How can he suffer, Lord, who loveth Thee?

VIII

O Heart of Love, who vanquished is by Thee
Knows nothing, but beside himself must be;
No bounds are set to that sweet liberty,
No moderation,--he must fly to Thee,
Or die he must of many deaths for Thee.

IX

My living heart, O Love, cries out for Thee;
With all its strength, O Love, my soul loves Thee;
O Heart of Love, incline Thou unto me,
That I with burning love may turn to Thee,
And with devoted breast recline on Thee!

X

In that sweet furnace let me live for Thee,
Nor let the sleep of sloth encumber me;
O let me sing to Thee and weep to Thee,
Adore, and magnify, and honour Thee,
And always take my full delight in Thee.

XI

Thou Rose of wondrous fragrance, open wide,
And bring my heart into Thy wounded Side,
O sweet heart, open! Draw Thy loving bride,
All panting with desires intensified,
And satisfy her love unsatisfied.

XII

Unite my heart, O Jesus, unto Thine,
And let Thy wounded love be found in mine.
Ah, if my heart, dear love, be made like Thine
O will it not be pierced with darts divine,
the sweet reproach of love that thrills through Thine?

XIII

O Jesus, draw my heart within Thy Breast,
That it may be by Thee alone possessed.
O Love, in that sweet pain it would find rest,
In that entrancing sorrow would be blest,

And love itself in joy upon Thy Breast.

XIV

Behold, O Jesus, how it draws to Thee!

O call it, that it may remain in Thee!

See with what large desire it thirsts for Thee!

Reprove it not, O Love; it loves but Thee:

Then bid it live—by one sweet taste of Thee!
