



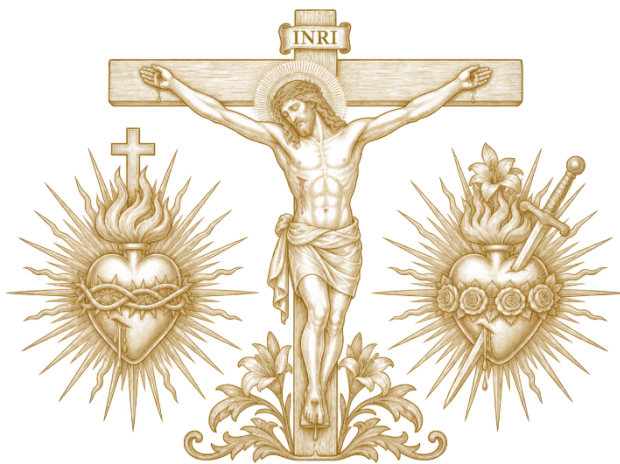
Dolores Iesu et Mariae

At the Foot of the Cross



**Prayers and Meditations on the Passion
of Our Lord Jesus Christ and the Sorrows
of the Blessed Virgin Mary**

✠ AD MAIOREM DEI GLORIAM



Dolores Iesu et Mariae

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**Prayers and Meditations on the Passion
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**Compiled by:
JOSH ANDRE FELICITA
For Private Devotion**

✠ LAUS DEO SEMPER

Dedication

I dedicate this Prayer Booklet to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, Who suffered for mankind, the source of our salvation, and to the Immaculate and Sorrowful Heart of Mary, Consoler of the Afflicted, who stood faithfully at the foot of the cross.

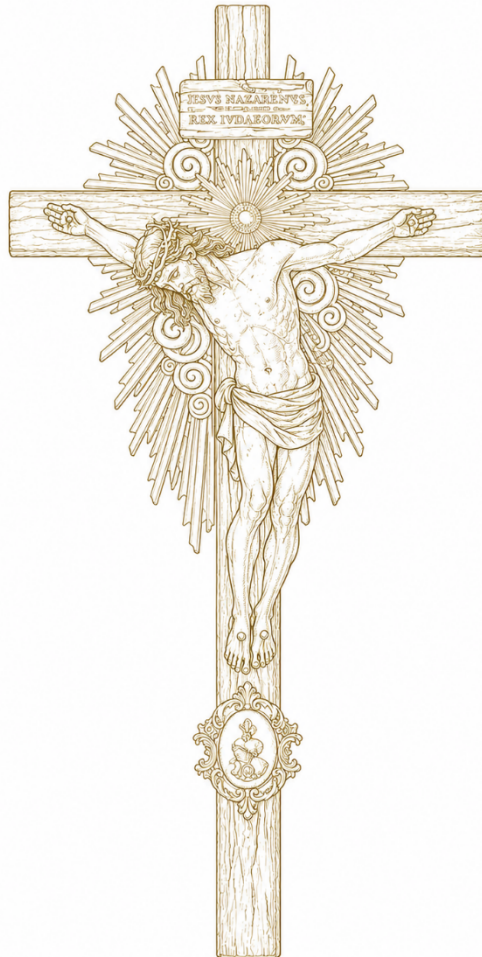
May the Cross of Christ be our hope. May His Sacred Heart be our refuge. May Mary's Immaculate Heart be our consolation.

The Author of Life died upon a tree so that we might live eternally.

Jesus, Crucified, have mercy on us.

Mary, Mother of Sorrows, pray for us.

Prayers and Meditations on the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ



Prayer to Jesus in the Agony in the Garden

O Jesus, Who in the excess of Your love to win hearts, do give abundant graces to those who meditate on Your holy passion in Gethsemane, I pray You to lead my heart and soul to think often of the most bitter agony You suffered in the Garden, to pity You and to join with You completely.

O most Holy Jesus, Who bore during that night the weight of all our sins and paid for them, please grant me the great gift of contrition for my many sins which caused You to sweat blood.

Most Holy Jesus, by virtue of the terrible struggle You endured in Gethsemane, give me the power of complete and final victory in the temptations that beset me, especially those to which I am most often subject.

O my Jesus, by virtue of the anxieties, fears and the unknown but intense pain which You suffered on the night in which You were betrayed, give me the light to follow Your holy will and to think upon and to understand the enormous effort and formidable struggle You endured victoriously in fulfilling not your will, but the will of the Father.

Praise to You, O Jesus, for the agony and the tears poured out during the Holy Night, for the sweat of blood and the deadly distress You endured, that solitude more frightful than man can imagine.

Praise to You, most sweet but vastly sorrowful Jesus, for the prayer at once human and divine which poured forth from Your agonized heart during that night of ingratitude and of treason.

Eternal Father, I offer to You all the Holy Masses of this moment, of the past, and of the future, united with Jesus in agony in the Garden of Olives.

O Most Holy Trinity, cause the knowledge and love of the Sacred Passion of Gethsemane to be diffused in the world.

And, O my Jesus, may those who love You and look upon the crucifix remember Your incredible pain in the Garden, and may they follow Your example, learn to pray well, to fight and overcome so they may eternally glorify You in heaven. Amen.

Prayer in Memory of the Scourging

Jesus, in Your cruel scourging, during which You shed Your Blood so painfully and abundantly, offering it to Your Eternal Father in atonement for our impatience and lack of self-control, how is it that we still fail to restrain our anger and selfish desires? Oh, let us from now on strive to be more patient in our trials, to practice self-control, and to endure peacefully the injuries and offenses others inflict upon us.

O Jesus, You are the Love and Life of my soul. I find true peace and lasting happiness only in Your love, in Your service, and in imitating Your virtues. I offer myself entirely to You; do with me as You will. From now on, my motto shall be: **“All for Jesus!”**

Daily Prayer to Jesus, Crowned with Thorns

Dear Lord, I am grieved when I consider Your sad condition when You wore the Crown of Thorns upon Your holy Head. I desire to withdraw the thorns by offering to the Eternal Father the merits of Your Wounds for the salvation of sinners. I wish to unite my actions to the merits of Your Most Holy Crown, so that they may gain many merits, as You have promised. Amen.

Prayer before a Crucifix

Look down upon me, good and gentle Jesus while before Your face I humbly kneel and, with burning soul, pray and beseech You to fix deep in my heart lively sentiments of faith, hope, and charity; true contrition for my sins, and a firm purpose of amendment.

While I contemplate, with great love and tender pity, Your five most precious wounds, pondering over them within me and calling to mind the words which David, Your prophet, said to You, my Jesus: “They have pierced My hands and My feet, they have numbered all My bones.” Amen.

Anima Christi

Soul of Christ, sanctify me.	Permit me not to be separated from
Body of Christ, save me.	You.
Blood of Christ, inebriate me.	From the wicked foe, defend me.
Water from the side of Christ, wash me.	At the hour of my death, call me And bid me come to You
Passion of Christ, strengthen me.	That with Your saints I may praise
O Good Jesus, hear me.	you
Within Your wounds hide me.	For ever and ever. Amen

Prayer to the Sacred Members of Jesus

TO THE FEET

I

O Saviour of the world, I cry out to Thee;
O suffering Saviour and God,
I worship Thee;
O wounded and beautiful Love,
I kneel before Thee.
You know, Lord, how I would follow Thee,
if Thou would give Thyself
completely to me.

II

I believe in Thy Presence; O come to me!
Behold me kneeling before Thee, Jesus;
look upon me!
How beautiful Thou art! O turn toward me!
In Thy tender mercy, turn toward me
and, in Thy boundless compassion, forgive
me.

III

With trembling love and fear,
I worship Thee.
I kiss the grievous nails that pierced Thee
and think upon those terrible wounds
that caused Thee such suffering.
Grieving, I lift my tearful eyes to Thee,

pierced and dying entirely
out of love for me.

IV

O wondrous grace! O gracious charity!
O love for sinners
shown through such agony!
Sweet Father of the poor,
who could remain unmoved
while witnessing this great mystery—
the Healer Himself wounded
and hanging upon a tree?

V

O gentle Jesus, turn toward me.
What I have broken, mend within me;
what is crooked, make straight within me;
what I have lost, restore to me;
and what is weak and sick, heal within me.

VI

O Love! With all my strength I seek Thee.
Upon Your Cross, and within its mystery,
I look for Thee.
With sorrow and hope, I turn toward Thee.
Through Thy Blood,
may new life and healing come to me;

washed in Thy Blood,
may Thy love forgive me.

VII

O Beloved One, take my heart and let it be
pierced by those precious wounds
out of love for Thee.
O Jesus, wound my heart
with a pure love for Thee;
let my heart be crucified with Thee
so that it may remain
forever united with Thee.

VIII

Sweet Jesus, loving God, I cry out to Thee.
Though I am guilty, I come to Thee
because I love Thee.
O dear Saviour, show Thyself
kind and merciful to me!

Though I am unworthy, turn toward me
and do not abandon me at Thy sacred feet.

IX

Dear Jesus, with tears I kneel before Thee.
In shame and sorrow, I lift my eyes to Thee.
I bow before Thy Cross
and embrace Thy dear feet.
Look upon me; yes, from Thy Cross,
look upon me and forgive me.

X

O my Beloved, stretched upon that Cross,
whose divine arms now embrace me,
whose gracious Heart now sustains me—
O my Beloved,
let me belong entirely to Thee,
transformed, forgiven,
and completely united with Thee.

TO THE KNEES

I

O Jesus, King of the Saints, I worship Thee.
O hope of sinners, I greet Thee
and place my trust in Thee.
True God and true man,
Thou hang upon the Tree,
pierced and trembling, Thy knees shaking,
regarded as a criminal—yet I worship Thee.

II

How poor and exposed Thou art!
How Thou stripped Thyself for love of me,
making Yourself an object
of ridicule and shame.
Thou were not forced to do this,
O my God;
Thou willingly endured suffering in every
part of Thy body upon that Tree.

III

Thy Precious Blood flows abundantly
from all Thy open wounds without ceasing.

Completely covered in Blood, O God,
Thou stand upon the Cross
of shame and suffering,
waiting for the appointed hour
of Thy death.

IV

O infinite and wondrous majesty!
O terrible and unheard-of poverty!
How can I ever repay such great love?

Willingly, Jesus,
Thou gave Thy Blood for me
in faithful and selfless love.

V

O Jesus, how can I possibly answer
Thy love for me,
when I am so sinful
and have not followed Thee as I should?
How can I repay the love
Thou hast shown me
with such sublime and terrible charity,

as Thou hang upon the Cross
to free me from death?

VI

O Jesus, how great Thy love
has been for me!

Death could never truly conquer Thee.

With such loving care
Thou hold me in Thy arms,
lest I should ever be separated from Thee
through the death caused by sin.

VII

Behold, O Jesus, how, out of love for Thee,

I cling to Thee with all my soul.

I embrace Thy dear knees.

Have pity on me!

You know why I come—
please be patient with me
and overlook the shame that covers me.

VIII

O let the Blood I worship flow over me,

so that I may never do anything
that displeases Thee.

May the Blood flowing from every wound
wash away every imperfection within me,
so that I may become pure and whole.

IX

O best Beloved, draw me toward Thee,
Thou Who are pierced
and bleeding upon the shameful Tree,
despised and stretched out in dying agony.
All my desire, O Lord, is fixed upon Thee.
Call me, then, and I will follow Thee.

X

I have no other love, dear Lord, but Thee.
Thou art my first and my last;
I cling to Thee.
It is no burden, Lord, for love sets me free.
Heal me, cleanse me,
and let me rest in Thee,
for love is life, and life is love—in Thee.

TO THE HANDS

I

Hail, holy Shepherd! Lord, I worship Thee.
Thou art exhausted from the struggle
and covered in suffering.
Thy sacred hands, stretched out in agony,
pierced and dislocated upon the Tree,
are fastened to the wood of shame.

II

Dear holy hands, I humbly worship Thee.
Like roses filled with the fresh
blossoms of the Tree,
Thou are pierced by cruel iron,
while open wounds continually release
the Precious Blood flowing from the Cross.

III

Behold, Thy Blood, O Jesus,
flows upon me—
the price of my salvation

is poured out upon me.

Red as a rose, it falls upon me.
Sweet and Precious Blood,
it flows abundantly
from Thy sacred hands to set me free.

IV

My heart rises toward Thee, O Jesus.
Drawn by those nail-pierced hands,
my heart flies toward Thee.
Drawn by those Blood-stained hands
stretched out for me,
my soul cries out to Thee
and longs to quench its thirst,
O Love, in Thee.

V

My God, what immense
and astonishing love!
Both the good and the sinful

are welcomed here by Thee.
Thou gently draw the lazy
and indifferent heart;
Thou tenderly call the loving heart;
and to everyone
Thou freely offer forgiveness.

VI

Behold, I now present myself to Thee,
while Thou offer Thy bleeding hands to me.
Thou heal the sick who come to Thee;
therefore, Thou cannot turn me away,
for Thou know, Lord, that my love
is directed toward Thee.

VII

O my Beloved, fastened to the Tree,
draw my senses toward Thee
through Thy love.
My will, my understanding, my memory,
and everything that I am,
make subject to Thee,
for only in Thy loving arms is true freedom.

VIII

O draw me toward Thee

for the sake of Thy Cross;
draw me through Thy boundless love.
Sweet Jesus, truly draw
my heart toward Thee.
Put an end to all my misery
and crown me with the victory
of Thy Cross.

IX

O Jesus, place Thy sacred hands upon me.
With great love, let me kiss them tenderly;
with tears and deep emotion,
let me embrace them.

For these deep wounds I worship Thee
and for the blessed drops of Blood
that fall upon me.

X

O dearest Jesus, I entrust myself
completely to Thee
and place everything that I am in Thy hands.
Washed in Thy Blood,
behold, I live for Thee.
May Thy blessed hands always surround me
and, in my final hour, deliver me.

TO THE SIDE

I

O Jesus, my highest Good, I long for Thee.
O merciful Jesus, I place my hope in Thee.
Thy sacred Body hangs upon the Tree,
Thy limbs painfully dislocated
and stretched out in suffering,
entirely out of love for me.

II

Hail, sacred Side of Jesus!
Truly, the hidden spring of mercy
is found in Thee.
The source of heavenly sweetness
dwells within Thee.
The fountain of redemption

flows from Thee.

Thou art the secret well of love
that cleanses me.

III

Behold, O King of Love, I come to Thee.
If I have done wrong, O Jesus, forgive me.
Thy love calls me lovingly, Beloved,
as I gaze with humility
upon the living wound that bleeds for me.

IV

O gentle opening, I worship Thee.
O deep and open door, I look within Thee.
O pure stream, I gaze upon Thee.
Redder than a rose, I draw near to Thee;
more healing than every earthly remedy,

I flee to Thee.

V

Thy fragrance is sweeter than wine to me.

It drives away the poisoned breath of sin.

Thou art the drink of life

poured out for me.

O thou who thirst, come and drink with me; the soul longs to live and even die for Thee.
and Thee, sweet wound, So my heart longs for Thee; so would I give
open Thyself to me. myself entirely to Thee.

VI

O red and open wound,

let me draw near to Thee

and let my longing heart

be filled from Thee.

See how my heart, Beloved, longs for Thee.

O my Beloved, open Thyself to me,

so that I may enter

and lose myself completely in Thee.

VII

Lord, with my mouth

I touch and worship Thee.

With all my strength I cling to Thee.

With all my love

I plunge my heart into Thee.

My very life would be drawn from Thee.

O Jesus, Jesus! Draw me into Thyself.

VIII

How sweet Thy presence is!

Whoever tastes Thee, O Jesus Christ,

can desire nothing but Thee.

Whoever tastes Thy living sweetness

lives through Thee.

Everything else is empty—

the soul longs to live and even die for Thee.
So my heart longs for Thee; so would I give
myself entirely to Thee.

IX

I am weary, Lord!

Let me hide myself in Thee.

In Thy sweet wounded Side,

my Love, bury me.

May the divine fire burning within Thee

also burn within my heart,

where I remain safely hidden in Thee

without fear.

X

When, at the hour of death, Thou call me,

O Love of loves,

may my soul enter into Thee.

May my final breath, O Jesus,

fly toward Thee.

May nothing tear my heart away from Thee;

instead, may it remain forever

within Thy wounded Side.

TO THE BREAST

I

O God of my salvation, I greet Thee!

O Jesus, sweetest Love, all praise to Thee!

O venerable Breast, I worship Thee.

O dwelling place of love, I flee to Thee,

and with reverence I adore Thee.

II

Hail, throne of the Most Holy Trinity!

Hail, vast ark of tender love!

You are the support

of the weak and troubled,

the sweet resting place of weary souls

and the beloved resting place

of those who trust in Thee.

III

With reverence, O Love,

I kneel before Thee.

Thou art worthy to be sought always by me.

Behold me, Jesus, looking toward Thee.

Set my heart on fire with Thy love,

and let it burn with the same flame

that burns within Thee.

IV

Make my heart a precious home for Thee,
a furnace of pure and gentle love,
a well of holy sorrow and devotion.

Take away my selfish will
and conform it to Thine,
so that I may receive
abundant grace in Thee.

V

Sweet Jesus, loving Shepherd, come to me.
Dear Son of God and Son of Mary,
come to me.

Kind Father, come and let Thy Heart
have pity on me.

Cleanse the source of my misery
in the great fountain of Thy mercy.

VI

Hail, fruitful splendor of the Divine Nature!

Hail, perfect image of God's divinity!
From the fullness of Thy love,
pour some gift of Thy goodness
upon those who are suffering
and crying out to Thee.

VII

Dear Breast of sweetest Jesus,
may my heart belong completely to Thee.

Free it from every sin and set it free,
so that it may burn with a passionate love
and never cease to think of Thee.

VIII

Abyss of wisdom from eternity,
the choirs of angels worship Thee.
Such wonderful sweetness flows from Thee.

John tasted this sweetness
as he rested upon Thee.
Grant that I too may dwell within Thee.

IX

Hail, deep fountain of God's goodness!
The fullness of the eternal God
has found a dwelling place within Thee.
May the lesson I learn from Thee
purify every imperfection within me.

X

True temple of God, I greet The!
Draw me into Thy gracious love,
Thou, ark of goodness and fullness of grace.
Great God of all, have mercy upon me
and grant me a place at Thy right hand.

TO THE FACE

I

Hail, bleeding Head of Jesus, hail to Thee!
O Head crowned with thorns,
I humbly worship Thee.
O wounded Head,
I lift my hands toward Thee.

O beautiful Face covered with suffering,
I gaze upon Thee.
O bruised and wounded Face,
look down upon me.

II

Hail, beautiful Face of Jesus,
before Whom the choirs of angels

rejoice in worship.

Hail, sweetest Face of Jesus, bruised for me.
Hail, Holy One, Whose glorious Face
was stripped of its beauty for my sake
upon that fatal Tree.

III

All strength and freshness have left Thee.
How could it be otherwise?
Has not God allowed Thee to suffer?
Is not death approaching Thee?
O Love! Death has touched Thee,
and Thy faint and broken features
turn toward me.

IV

Have they treated Thee so cruelly,
my beloved Lord?
Have they despised Thy sweet Face,
my beloved Lord?
And all this for my unworthy sake!
O turn Thy beautiful Face toward me,
my Beloved;
look upon me with a single glance of love.

V

In Thy Passion, Lord, remember me.
In Thy suffering, O Love, acknowledge me.
The sweetness of Thy lips
has been poured upon me,
and the joy of Thy presence
has strengthened me.
Thy sweetness is beyond all earthly delight.

VI

Do not reject me, O Love; I long for Thee.
Do not despise me, unworthy though I am.
Now that death is approaching Thee,
bow Your Head, my Love,
my Love, toward me;
rest it upon these poor arms.

VII

I desire to share Thy holy Passion,
and to rejoice with Thee in Thy dying love.
I am content if, through this Cross,

I may die with Thee.

Thou knowest, Lord, how willingly

I would do so,
for I have lived so that I might die
out of love for Thee.

VIII

For Thy bitter death,
I give Thee thanks, dear Jesus,
and for the wondrous love
Thou hast shown me.
O gracious and merciful God,
hear the prayer of Thy sinful child
and, at the end, let me be found with Thee.

IX

When Thou call me from this life, O Love,
do not abandon me, Jesus.
In that dreadful hour of suffering,
hasten to me and remain near me.
Defend me, protect me, and deliver me.

X

When, O God,
Thou command my soul to leave this life,
then, dearest Jesus, reveal Thyself to me.
In Thy mercy, allow me to see Thee
upon Thy saving Cross, dear Lord,
and let me die embracing Thee.

TO THE SACRED HEART

I

Hail, Sacred Heart of God's great majesty!
Hail, sweetest Heart; my heart greets Thee!
With great longing, O Heart, I seek Thee.
My heart rejoices and longs
to embrace Thee.
Allow me, O Love, to speak to Thee.

II

With what tender love
Thou suffered for me!

What pain and torment
that love brought Thee!
Thou poured out Thy whole Self for me.
Thou gave Thyself completely to me
so that death might no longer
have power over me.

III

O bitter and cruel death!
How could you dare to enter
that divine dwelling place?

Can the One Who is Life itself,
Who lives gloriously there,
truly experience your bite
and surrender to thee?

IV

Because of the death Thou endured for me,
when Thou, sweetest Heart,
suffered and fainted for me,
O precious Heart in Thy agony,
see how I long for Thee
and turn toward Thee.
Give Thyself to my love
and draw me toward Thee.

V

O Sacred Heart, most tenderly beloved,
cleanse my heart
and make it worthy of Thee.
My heart has become hardened
by worldly things;
make it gentle, loving,
and reverent toward Thee,
and drive away all its coldness.

VI

Though I am a sinner, I come to Thee.
My whole being cries out for Thee.
O Love, sweet Love,
draw Thyself near to me!
O Heart of Love, captivate my heart
and wound it with love for Thee.

VII

Open Thyself wide, Heart of Love, for me.
Be like a rose filled
with wonderful fragrance.
Sweet Heart of Love, unite Thyself to me.
Pierce and transform my heart, O Love,
for how can one who truly loves Thee
suffer without Thee?

VIII

O Heart of Love,

whoever is conquered by Thy love
knows no other way to live.

There are no limits
to the freedom Thy love gives.
Such a soul must fly toward Thee,
or perish from longing for Thee.

IX

My living heart cries out for Thee, O Love.
With all my strength, my soul loves Thee.

O Heart of Love, turn toward me,
so that I may turn to Thee
with burning love
and rest upon Thee with complete devotion.

X

Let me live for Thee
in that sweet furnace of love.
Do not allow laziness
or spiritual sleep to overcome me.
Let me sing to Thee, weep before Thee,
adore Thee, praise Thee, honor Thee,
and always find my greatest joy in Thee.

XI

O Rose of wondrous fragrance,
open Yourself wide
and bring my heart into Thy wounded Side.
O sweet Heart, open Thyself!
Draw Thy beloved toward Thee,
longing and thirsting deeply,
and satisfy this love that longs for Thee.

XII

Unite my heart with Thine, O Jesus,
and let Thy wounded love live within mine.
If my heart, dear Love, becomes like Thine,
will it not also be pierced
by divine arrows—
the sweet wound of love
that thrills Thy Heart?

XIII

O Jesus, draw my heart into Thy Breast,
so that it may belong to Thee alone.

O Love, let it find rest in that sweet pain,
let it be blessed in that beautiful sorrow,
and let it discover joy
in loving Thee within Thy Heart.

XIV

Behold, O Jesus,
how my heart is drawn toward Thee!
Call it, so that it may remain

forever in Thee.
See how deeply it thirsts for Thee!
Do not reject it, O Love; it loves only Thee.
Then bid it live—
by one sweet taste of Thee.

Antiphon to the Precious Blood

You have redeemed us, O Lord, by Your Blood, from every tribe, language, people, and nation; and You have made us a kingdom for our God.

V/. God has blessed us in His beloved Son.

R/. In Him we have redemption through His Blood.

Let Us Pray.

Almighty and eternal God, You appointed Your only-begotten Son to be the Redeemer of the world, and You willed to be reconciled to us through His Blood. Grant, we ask You, that we may always honor the Precious Blood, the price of our redemption, and that through its power we may be protected from the evils of this present life, so that we may one day enjoy its fruits forever in heaven. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

*We therefore ask You to help Your servants,
whom You have redeemed with Your Precious Blood.*

Prayer to the Precious Blood

Hail, Precious Blood, flowing from the wounds of our crucified Lord Jesus Christ, and washing away the sins of the whole world.

O LORD Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, at the sixth hour You mounted the Cross for the redemption of the world and shed Your Precious Blood for the forgiveness of our sins. We humbly ask You to grant that, after our death, we may enter with joy through the gates of Paradise. You who live and reign forever and ever. Amen.

Offerings in Reparations to the Precious Blood

I

Eternal Father! I offer You the merits of the Precious Blood of Jesus, Your beloved Son, my Saviour and my God, for the growth and strengthening of my beloved Mother, the Holy Catholic Church; for the safety and well-being of her visible head, the Pope, the Bishop of Rome; for the cardinals, bishops, pastors, and all ministers of the Church.

Glory be...

Blessed and praised forever be Jesus, Who has saved us with His Blood.

II

Eternal Father! I offer You the merits of the Precious Blood of Jesus, Your beloved Son, my Saviour and my God, for peace and harmony among nations and their leaders, for the defeat of those who oppose our Holy Faith, and for the well-being of all Christian people.

Glory be...

Blessed and praised forever be Jesus, Who has saved us with His Blood.

III

Eternal Father! I offer You the merits of the Precious Blood of Jesus, Your beloved Son, my Saviour and my God, for the repentance of those who do not believe, for the removal of heresy, and for the conversion of sinners.

Glory be...

Blessed and praised forever be Jesus, Who has saved us with His Blood.

IV

Eternal Father! I offer You the merits of the Precious Blood of Jesus, Your beloved Son, my Saviour and my God, for all my family and relatives,

friends, and even my enemies; for the poor, the sick, and those who suffer; and for everyone whom You know I should pray for or whom You desire me to remember in prayer.

Glory be...

Blessed and praised forever be Jesus, Who has saved us with His Blood.

V

Eternal Father! I offer You the merits of the Precious Blood of Jesus, Your beloved Son, my Saviour and my God, for all those who are passing from this life today. May You save them from the pains of hell and quickly welcome them into the glory of Heaven.

Glory be...

Blessed and praised forever be Jesus, Who has saved us with His Blood.

VI

Eternal Father! I offer You the merits of the Precious Blood of Jesus, Your beloved Son, my Saviour and my God, for all who love this great treasure; for those who join me in adoring and honoring it; and for those who work to spread devotion to the Precious Blood.

Glory be...

Blessed and praised forever be Jesus, Who has saved us with His Blood.

VII

Eternal Father! I offer You the merits of the Precious Blood of Jesus, Your beloved Son, my Saviour and my God, for all my spiritual and temporal needs; in prayer for the holy souls in Purgatory; and especially for those who were most devoted to this Blood, the price of our redemption, and to the sorrows and sufferings of Mary, our most holy and beloved Mother.

Glory be...

Blessed and praised forever be Jesus, Who has saved us with His Blood.

Concluding Prayer

Glory be to the Blood of Jesus, now and forever, throughout all ages.
Amen.

Aspirations to the Precious Blood

GLORY be to Jesus!	Open the gate of heaven,
Who in bitter pains	Quells eternal fire.
Pour'd for me the life-blood	Abel's blood for vengeance
From His sacred veins.	Pleaded to the skies;
Grace and life eternal	But the Blood of Jesus
In that Blood I find;	For our pardon cries.
Bless'd be His compassion,	Oft as it is sprinkled
Infinitely kind!	On our guilty hearts,
Bless'd through endless ages	Satan in confusion
Be the precious stream,	Terror-struck departs.
Which from endless torment	Oft as earth exulting
Doth the world redeem.	Wafts its praise on high,
There the fainting spirit	Hell with terror trembles,
Drinks of life her fill;	Heaven is filled with joy.
There, as in a fountain,	Lift ye, then, your voices;
Laves herself at will.	Swell the mighty flood;
O the Blood of Christ!	Louder still and louder,
It soothes the Father's ire;	Praise the Precious Blood.

Litany of the Precious Blood of the Sacred Heart

Lord, *have mercy.*

Christ, *have mercy.*

Lord, *have mercy.*

God the Father of Heaven, *have mercy on us.**

God the Son, Redeemer of the World, *have mercy on us.*

God the Holy Spirit, *have mercy on us.*

Holy Trinity, One God, *have mercy on us.*

Jesus, Who for love of us wast crucified and didst shed all Thy Blood, *have mercy on us.*

O Precious Blood, springing from the Sacred Heart of Jesus, *flow upon us.*

Precious Blood, vast sea of divine mercy, *inundate us.*

Precious Blood, most pure offering, *reconcile us.*

Precious Blood, pledge of immortality, *give us joy.*

Precious Blood, sweet refreshment of holy souls, *comfort us.*

Precious Blood, inexhaustible treasure, *enrich us.*

Precious Blood, furnace of love, *inflame us.*

Precious Blood, sweet delight of the faithful, *charm us.*

Precious Blood, fount of chastity, *purify us.*

Precious Blood, shed by the stroke of the lance which opened to us the
Heart of Jesus, *enlighten us.*

Precious Blood, the hope and refuge of sinners, *answer for us.*

Precious Blood, the seed of Christians, *increase us.*

Precious Blood, admiration of the Angels, *exalt us.*

Precious Blood, the love and the joy of the Seraphim, *inflame us.*

Precious Blood, faith of the Patriarchs, *strengthen us.*

Precious Blood, hope of the Prophets, *confirm us.*

Precious Blood, charity of the Apostles, *inflame us.*

Precious Blood, strength of Martyrs, *sustain us.*

Precious Blood, reward of Confessors, *animate us.*

Precious Blood, beauty of Virgins, *adorn us.*

Precious Blood, delight of all the Saints, *fill us with Thy love.*

Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, *spare us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, *graciously hear us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, *have mercy upon us.*

ANT: The fountains of the vast abyss are poured forth abundantly from the Heart of Jesus, and the gates thereof are opened to us.

℣. Hasten, O thirsty soul,

℟. And wash thyself seven times in this Jordan of Blood.

Let Us Pray.

O LORD Jesus Christ, Who hast vouchsafed to shed Thy Precious Blood freely for us: make us speedily to feel its admirable virtue, and salutary help, by its constant application to our souls. Who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.

Prayer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

O Most Holy Heart of Jesus, fountain of every blessing, I adore Thee, I love Thee and with a lively sorrow for my sins, I offer Thee this poor heart of mine. Make me humble, patient, pure, and wholly obedient to Thy will. Grant, good Jesus, that I may live in Thee and for Thee. Protect me in the midst of danger; comfort me in my afflictions; give me health of body, assistance in my temporal needs, Thy blessing on all that I do, and the grace of a holy death. Within Thy Heart I place my every care. In every need let me come to Thee with humble trust saying, 'Heart of Jesus help me'. Amen.

O Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, pour down Thy blessings abundantly upon Thy Church, upon the Supreme Pontiff, and upon all the clergy; give perseverance to the just, convert sinners, enlighten unbelievers, bless our parents, friends and benefactors, help the dying, free the souls from Purgatory, and extend over all hearts the sweet empire of Thy love. Amen.

Memorare to the Sacred Heart

Remember, O most sweet Jesus, that no one who has had recourse to Thy Sacred Heart, implored its help, or sought its mercy was ever abandoned. Encouraged with confidence, O tenderest of hearts, we present ourselves before Thee, crushed beneath the weight of our sins. In our misery, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, despise not our simple prayers, but mercifully grant our requests.

Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, to Thee I consecrate and offer up my person and my life, my actions, trials, and sufferings, that my entire being may henceforth only be employed in loving, honoring and glorifying Thee. This is my irrevocable will, to belong entirely to Thee, and to do all for Thy love, renouncing with my whole heart all that can displease Thee.

I take Thee, O Sacred Heart, for the sole object of my love, the protection of my life, the pledge of my salvation, the remedy of my frailty and inconstancy, the reparation for all the defects of my life, and my secure refuge at the hour of my death. Be Thou, O Most Merciful Heart, my justification before God Thy Father, and screen me from His anger which I have so justly merited. I fear all from my own weakness and malice, but placing my entire confidence in Thee, O Heart of Love, I hope all from Thine infinite Goodness. Annihilate in me all that can displease or resist Thee. Imprint Thy pure love so deeply in my heart that I may never forget Thee or be separated from Thee.

I beseech Thee, through Thine infinite Goodness, grant that my name be engraved upon Thy Heart, for in this I place all my happiness and all my glory, to live and to die as one of Thy devoted servants. Amen.

*In union with the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I consecrate my loved ones,
family members and my future to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.*

Prayer of Reparation to the Sacred Heart

Adorable Heart of Jesus, glowing with love for us and inflamed with zeal for our salvation. O Heart that understands the misery to which our sins have brought us, infinitely rich in mercy to heal the wounds of our souls, behold me humbly kneeling before Thee to express the sorrow that fills my heart for the coldness and indifference with which I have so long returned the numberless benefits which Thou hast bestowed upon me.

With a deep sense of the outrages that have been heaped upon Thee by my sins and the sins of others, I wish to make reparation to Thy most Sacred Majesty. It was our sins that filled Thy Heart with bitterness; it was the weight of our guilt that pressed down Thy Face to the earth in

the Garden of Olives and caused Thee to die in agony on the Cross. But now, repentant and sorrowful, I implore Thy forgiveness.

Adorable Heart of Jesus, source of true consolation and ever merciful to the penitent sinner, impart to our hearts the spirit of penance that we may be sincerely sorry for our sins. Pardon them, O Lord, in Thy mercy, and let all who have sinned against Thee in the Sacrament of Thy love be converted and return unto Thee. Deliver us from our sins. And in order to repair the sins of ingratitude by which we have grieved Thy most tender and loving Heart, may we love and honour Thee in the most adorable Sacrament of the Altar, where Thou art present to hear and grant our petitions and to be the food and life of our souls.

Merciful Jesus, be our Mediator with Thy Heavenly Father, Whom we have so grievously offended. Help us to amend our ways. As Thy Sacred Heart is our refuge and our hope when we have sinned, so let it be the strength and support of our repentance, and nothing in life or death shall ever separate us from Thee. Amen.

The Reproaches

O My people, what have I done to Thee? or wherein have I wearied thee? Answer Me. Because I brought thee out of the land of Egypt, thou hast prepared a Cross for thy Saviour.

Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal, have mercy upon us.

Because I led thee through the wilderness forty years, and fed thee with manna, and brought thee into a land exceeding good, thou hast prepared a Cross for thy Saviour.

Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal, have mercy upon us.

What could I have done for thee that I have not done?
I planted thee indeed My fairest vine, and thou hast become exceeding bitter unto Me; for when I was thirsty thou gavest Me vinegar to drink, and piercedst with a spear the side of thy Saviour.

Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal, have mercy upon us.

For thy sake, I scourged Egypt with her first-born, and thou didst deliver Me to be scourged.

O My people, what have I done to thee? or wherein have I wearied thee? Answer Me.

I led thee out of Egypt, drowning Pharaoh in the Red Sea; and thou didst deliver Me to the Chief Priests.

O My people, what have I done to thee? or wherein have I wearied thee? Answer Me.

I opened the sea before thee; and thou openedst My side with a spear.

O My people, what have I done to thee? or wherein have I wearied thee? Answer Me.

I went before thee in a pillar of cloud; and thou leddest Me to the judgement hall of Pilate.

O My people, what have I done to thee? or wherein have I wearied thee? Answer Me.

I fed thee with manna in the desert; and thou hast beaten me with buffetings and scourgings.

O My people, what have I done to thee? or wherein have I wearied thee? Answer Me.

I gave thee to drink the Water of Salvation from the Rock; and thou gav'st Me gall and vinegar.

O My people, what have I done to thee? or wherein have I wearied thee? Answer Me.

I gave thee a Royal Sceptre; and thou gav'st My Head a crown of thorns.

O My people, what have I done to thee? or wherein have I wearied thee? Answer Me.

I exalted thee with great power; and thou didst lift Me up upon the Cross.

O My people, what have I done to thee? or wherein have I wearied thee? Answer Me.

Litany to the Sacred Heart

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, graciously hear us.

Christ, have mercy on us.

God, the Father of Heaven, * *have
mercy on us.*

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, hear us.

God, the Son, Redeemer of the	Heart of Jesus, in Whom dwelleth all
World, (*)	the fullness of the
God, the Holy Ghost, (*)	Divinity, (*)
Holy Trinity, one God, (*)	Heart of Jesus, in Whom the Father
	is well pleased, (*)
Heart of Jesus, Son of the Eternal	Heart of Jesus, of Whose fullness we
Father, (*)	have all received, (*)
Heart of Jesus, formed in the womb	Heart of Jesus, desire of the
of the Virgin Mother by the	everlasting hills, (*)
Holy Ghost, (*)	
Heart of Jesus, united substantially	Heart of Jesus, patient and rich in
with the word of God, (*)	mercy, (*)
Heart of Jesus, of infinite majesty, (*)	Heart of Jesus, rich to all who invoke
Heart of Jesus, holy temple of	Thee, (*)
God, (*)	Heart of Jesus, fount of life and
	holiness, (*)
Heart of Jesus, tabernacle of the	Heart of Jesus, propitiation for our
Most High, (*)	sins, (*)
Heart of Jesus, house of God and	Heart of Jesus, saturated with
gate of heaven, (*)	revilings, (*)
Heart of Jesus, glowing furnace of	Heart of Jesus, crushed for our
charity, (*)	iniquities, (*)
Heart of Jesus, vessel of justice and	Heart of Jesus, made obedient unto
love, (*)	death, (*)
Heart of Jesus, full of goodness and	Heart of Jesus, pierced with a
love, (*)	lance, (*)
Heart of Jesus, abyss of all	Heart of Jesus, source of all
virtues, (*)	consolation, (*)
Heart of Jesus, most worthy of all	Heart of Jesus, our life and
praise, (*)	resurrection, (*)
Heart of Jesus, king and centre of all	Heart of Jesus, our peace and
hearts, (*)	reconciliation, (*)
Heart of Jesus, in Whom are all the	Heart of Jesus, victim for our
treasures of wisdom and	sins, (*)
knowledge, (*)	

Heart of Jesus, salvation of those Heart of Jesus, delight of all
who hope in Thee, (*) saints, (*)

Heart of Jesus, hope of those who
die in Thee, (*)

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *spare us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *graciously bear us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, *have mercy on us.*

Jesus, meek and humble of Heart. *Make our hearts like unto Thine.*

Let Us Pray.

Almighty and everlasting God, look upon the Heart of Thy well-beloved Son and upon the acts of praise and satisfaction which He renders unto Thee in the name of sinners; and do Thou, in Thy great goodness, grant pardon to them who seek Thy mercy, in the name of the same Thy Son, Jesus Christ, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee, world without end. Amen.

Prayer to the Holy Face

O Jesus, Who in Thy cruel Passion didst become the “Reproach of men and the Man of Sorrows,” I worship Thy Divine Face. Once it shone with the beauty and sweetness of the Divinity: now for my sake it is become as the face of a leper. Yet in that disfigured Countenance I recognise Thy infinite Love, and I am consumed with the desire of loving Thee and of making Thee loved by all mankind. The tears that streamed in such abundance from Thine Eyes are to me as precious pearls which I delight to gather, that with their infinite worth I may ransom the souls of poor sinners.

O Jesus, Whose Face is the sole beauty that ravishes my heart, I may not behold here upon earth the sweetness of Thy Glance, nor feel the ineffable tenderness of Thy Kiss. I bow to Thy will—but I pray Thee to imprint in me Thy Divine likeness, and I implore Thee so to inflame me with Thy love, that it may quickly consume me and I may soon reach the vision of Thy glorious Face in heaven. Amen.

Short Version

Jesus, Who in Thy bitter Passion didst become 'the reproach of men and the Man of Sorrows', I venerate Thy Holy Face on which shone the beauty and gentleness of the Divinity. In those disfigured features I recognise Thine infinite love, and I long to love Thee and to make Thee loved. May I behold Thy glorious Face in heaven! Amen.

Canticle to the Holy Face

Dear Jesus! 'tis Thy Holy Face	heaven.
Is here the start that guides my way;	Thy Face, in its unearthly grace,
Thy countenance, so full of grace,	Is like the divinest myrrh to me,
Is heaven on earth, for me, today.	That on my heart I gladly place;
And love finds holy charms for me	It is my lyre of melody;
In Thy sweet eyes with tear-drops	My rest — my comfort — is Thy
wet;	Face.
Through mine own tears I smile at	My only wealth, Lord! is Thy Face;
Thee,	I ask naught else than this from
And in Thy griefs my pains forget.	Thee;
How gladly would I live unknown,	Hid in the secret of that Face,
Thus to console Thy aching heart.	The more I shall resemble Thee!
Thy veiled beauty, it is shown	Oh, leave on me some impress faint
To those who live from earth apart.	Of Thy sweet, humble, patient Face,
I long to fly to Thee alone!	And soon I shall become a saint,
Thy Face is now my fatherland, —	And draw men to Thy saving grace.
The radiant sunshine of my days, —	So, in the secret of Thy Face,
My realm of love, my sunlit land,	Oh! hide me, hide me, Jesus blest!
Where, all life long, I sing Thy praise;	There let me find its hidden grace,
It is the lyre of the vale,	Its holy fires, and, in heaven's rest,
Whose mystic perfume, freely given,	Its rapturous kiss, in Thy embrace!
Brings comfort, when I faint and fail,	Amen.
And makes me taste the peace of	

Prayer of Pope Clement VI to the Holy Face

O God, Who dost enlighten us with the light of Thy Countenance, and Who, to reward the loving kindness of St. Veronica, didst leave us the

impression of Thy Face on her veil as a remembrance, grant that through Thy Cross and Passion, we may one day fearlessly look upon Thy Face, when Thou wilt come to judge the living and the dead.

Almighty and eternal God, through Whose grace the image of Thy Holy Face doth shine forth radiantly to Thy devout people, grant us, we beseech Thee, the remission of our sins, and direct all the thoughts, words, and actions of those who confide in Thy Mercy, Who livest and ingest with the Father, in unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

Prayer of Saint Augustine to the Holy Face

I appear before Thy Holy Face, O my Saviour, laden with my sins and the penalties they have brought upon me. What I suffer is far less than I deserve, for although conscious of the justice of my punishment, I cease not to commit fresh sins every day. I sink beneath Thy scourges, yet I do not amend my ways; my heart is full of bitterness, still my obstinacy in evil remains ever the same. My life is spent in misery, and I do not correct myself. When Thou chastisest me, I make Thee great promises, which, as soon as Thou liftest up Thy hand, I forget.

I come now to make to Thee, O God, a sincere confession of my sins. I declare in Thy presence that if Thou show not Thy mercy to me, I shall surely perish. Grant me, my Saviour, what I beg of Thee, since of Thy pure goodness Thou hast drawn me out of nothingness to put me into a state wherein I can pray to Thee. Amen.

Hail, Adorable Head, crowned with thorns and struck with a reed for us!

Hail, worshipful Face, spit upon and smitten for us!

O bleeding Face, O Face divine, be every adoration Thine!

Litany of the Holy Face

Lord, *have mercy on us.*

Christ, *have mercy on us.*

Lord, *have mercy on us.*

Christ, *hear us.*

Christ, *graciously hear us.*

Holy Mary, *pray for us.*

O Adorable Face, which wast worshipped with a profound respect by Mary	O Adorable Face, whose look was ravishing, and grace charming, *
and Joseph, when they beheld It for the first time, * <i>have mercy on</i> <i>us.</i>	O Adorable Face, whose trait is characterised by nobleness, *
O Adorable Face, which delighted the angels, the shepherds, and the Magi	O Adorable Face, contemplated by angels, *
in the stable of Bethlehem, *	O Adorable Face, principal work of the Holy Ghost, in Whom the eternal Father was pleased, *
O Adorable Face, which wounded the holy Simeon and Anna the	O Adorable Face, delight of Mary and St. Joseph, *
prophetess with love, *	O Adorable Face, ineffable mirror of Divine Perfection, *
O Adorable Face, which was bathed with tears in Thine holy infancy, *	O Adorable Face, whose beauty is always old, and yet new, *
O Adorable Face, which called forth the admiration of the doctors of the law when Thou appearedst in the temple at the age of twelve, *	O Adorable Face, which appeasest the wrath of God, *
O Adorable Face, white with purity, crimson with charity, *	O Adorable Face, which maketh devils to tremble, *
O Adorable Face, more beautiful than the sun, more gracious than the moon, more brilliant than the stars, *	O Adorable Face, treasure of grace and benediction, *
O Adorable Face, fresher than spring roses, *	O Adorable Face, exposed in the desert to the inclemency of the weather, *
O Adorable Face, more precious than gold, silver, and diamonds, *	O Adorable Face, burnt with the heat of the sun, and bathed in sweat, *
	O Adorable Face, whose expression was always divine, *

O Adorable Face, whose modesty and mildness attracted the just and the sinner, * O Adorable Face, which bestowed a holy kiss on the children after having blessed them, * O Adorable Face, troubled and weeping at the tomb of Lazarus, * O Adorable Face, brilliant as the sun, and radiant with glory on mount Thabor, * O Adorable Face, saddened at the sight of Jerusalem, and weeping over that ungrateful city, * O Adorable Face, bent to the ground in the Garden of Olives, and bearing the confusion of our sins, * O Adorable Face, which was covered with bloody sweat, * O Adorable Face, kissed by the traitor Judas, * O Adorable Face, whose sanctity and majesty terrified the soldiers, and caused them to fall on their faces, * O Adorable Face, struck by a servant, covered with the veil of ignominy, and profaned by sacrilegious hands, *	O Adorable Face, soiled with spit, and bruised with blows, * O Adorable Face, whose divine look wounded the heart of St. Peter with grief and love for Thee, * O Adorable Face, humiliated for us in the tribunal of Jerusalem, * O Adorable Face, which preserved Thy usual calmness when Pilate pronounced the sentence of death, * O Adorable Face, covered with sweat and blood, falling in the mud under the heavy weight of the cross, * O Adorable Face, which deservedst our respect, homage, and adoration, * O Adorable Face, wiped by a pious woman on the road to Calvary, * O Adorable Face, whose forehead was crowned with thorns, * O Adorable Face, whose eyes were filled with tears and blood, * O Adorable Face, whose divine lips tasted vinegar and gall, * O Adorable Face, whose hair and beard was blackened by then executioners, *
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O Adorable Face, which became like O Adorable Face, all glistening with
to a leper, * light at the moment of the

O Adorable Face, whose Ascension, *
incomparable beauty was O Adorable Face, concealed in the
obscured by the frightful Eucharist, *
cloud of the sins of the O Adorable Face, which will appear
world, * at the end of time, in the

O Adorable Face, covered with the clouds, with great power and
sad shades of death, * majesty, *

O Adorable Face, washed and O Adorable Face, which will make
perfumed by Mary and the sinners tremble, *
holy women, and covered O Adorable Face, which will fill the
with a winding sheet, * just with joy for eternity, *

O Adorable Face, covered in the
sepulchre, *

O Adorable Face, all resplendent
with glory and beauty at the
day of the Resurrection, *

Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, *pardon us.*

Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, *hear us.*

Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, *have mercy on us.*

Let Us Pray.

I salute, adore, and love Thee, O Jesus, my Saviour, covered with new
insults by blasphemers, and offer Thee, in the heart of the divine Mary, as
an incense and perfume of agreeable odour, the homage of angels and all
saints, praying Thee humbly, by the virtue of Thy Holy Face, to repair and
re-establish in me and all mankind Thy image disfigured by sin.

I salute, adore, and love Thee, O Adorable Face of Jesus, my well beloved,
noble impression of the Godhead. I devote myself to Thee with all the
powers of my soul, and humbly pray Thee to stamp in my heart all the
traits of Thy divine resemblance. Amen.

Oh Jesus, through the merits of Thy Holy Face, have pity on us and on the whole world!
(3 times)

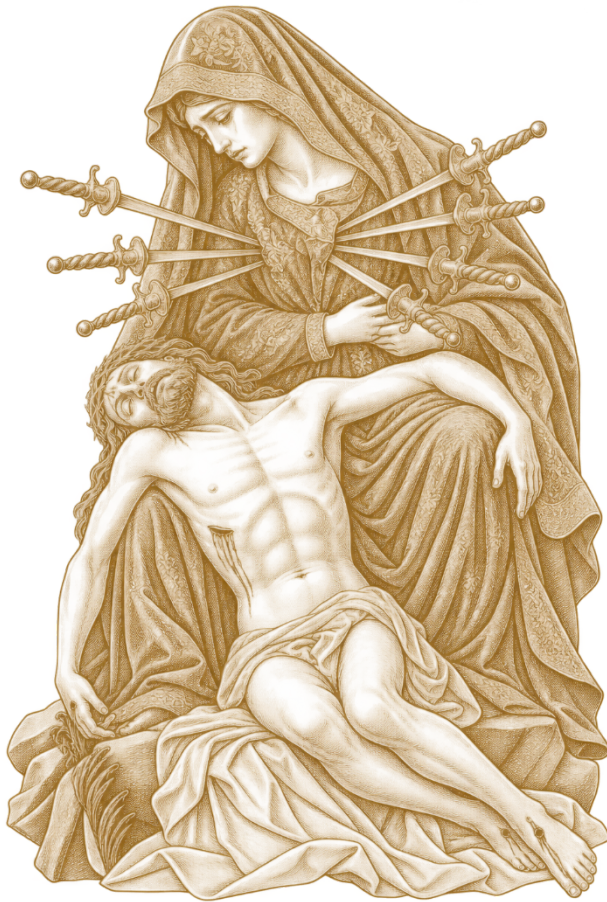
Meditation Before the Crucifix

O Dear Jesus, I speak to You	Dearest Jesus,
softly, slowly.	I bind my wounds,
I look at You hanging on the cross.	my deep sufferings to Yours.
I remind myself of Your sufferings.	I beg You, dear Jesus,
I look upon Your five most precious	to send the Holy Spirit upon me.
wounds:	Believing You have, I pray,
Your arms outstretched;	help me to heal by finding Truth.
the nails in Your hands;	Help me to heal
the nails in Your feet;	by placing my wounds
the deep wounds in Your side,	at Your blessed, blessed feet,
and I remember how very much	by placing my sufferings
You love me.	at the foot
I, too, suffer.	of Your blessed, blessed cross.
I, too, am wounded.	Amen.

Prayer of Saint Gemma to Jesus

O my crucified God, behold me at Your feet; do not cast me out, now that I appear before You as a sinner. I have offended You exceedingly in the past, my Jesus, but it shall be so no longer. Before You, O Lord, I place all my sins; I have now considered Your own sufferings and see how great is the worth of that Precious Blood that flows from Your veins. O my God, at this hour close Your eyes to my want of merit, and since You have been pleased to die for my sins, grant me forgiveness for them all, that I may no longer feel the burden of my sins, for this burden, dear Jesus, oppresses me beyond measure. Assist me, my Jesus, for I desire to become good whatsoever it may cost; take away, destroy, utterly root out all that You find in me contrary to Your holy will. At the same time, I pray to You, Lord Jesus, to enlighten me that I may be able to walk in Your holy light. Amen.

Prayers and Meditations on the Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin Mary



The Seven Sorrows of Our Lady

The First Sorrow — The Prophecy of Simeon

Most Sorrowful Mother, grief-filled was your heart when, on offering your Divine Son at the temple, Holy Simeon foretold that a sword would pierce your soul. There and then you knew you would suffer with Jesus.

Queen of Martyrs, let me unite my heart to yours in this pain, and ask you the grace to keep the thought of my death in mind, so I may always avoid sin.

Hail Mary...

The Second Sorrow — The Flight into Egypt

Most Sorrowful Mother, your mother's heart brimmed over with sorrow at the hate of Herod for your innocent Son. To save Him from the king's jealousy, you had to flee with Him to Egypt. Your heart also suffered at seeing the suffering of your holy spouse, Saint Joseph, at the prospect of taking the Divine Babe and you, his delicate spouse, into the wilderness and the unknown.

Queen of Martyrs, let me unite my heart to your in this sorrow, and obtain for me the grace to avoid those who wish me evil, above all evil to my soul. Let me avoid temptations and never leave the difficult but royal load to heaven.

Hail Mary...

The Third Sorrow — The Loss of the Child Jesus in the Temple

Most Sorrowful Mother, grief, sorrow, and anxiety filled your Immaculate Heart when you found you were separated from your Son on leaving Jerusalem. For three days He remained lost to you and to your holy spouse. For three days you sought Him who was the light of your life. And for three days you failed to find Him.

Let me join you in this pain, O Queen of Martyrs, and obtain for me the grace to never lose Jesus through sin, but to stay united to Him by the help of His grace. If I have the misfortune of falling, may I never

doubt His mercy and always return through the Sacrament of Confession, which He instituted.

Hail Mary...

The Fourth Sorrow — The Meeting of Mary and Jesus on the Way to Calvary

Most Sorrowful Mother, who can fathom the grief of your heart when you saw your Son fall, wounded, and bleeding under the crushing weight of the cross, on the way to Calvary?

Queen of Martyrs, let me unite my heart to yours in this sorrow, and obtain for me the grace to bear patiently whatever cross God may see fit to send me.

Hail Mary...

The Fifth Sorrow — The Crucifixion and Death of Jesus

Most Sorrowful Mother, standing by the cross of Jesus, your heart was one great knot. And yet you did not sit, you did not even lean, but stood as you watched Him suffer for the sins of the whole world—for my sins. Like Abraham, you offered the sacrifice standing up, consciously, and willingly. In your case, you offered it for me, and for every sinner. Still, unlike Abraham, you stood and watch Him die. In your case, your perfect Son was not spared.

Queen of Martyrs, let me join you in this sorrow, and obtain for me the grace to find against temptation and sin at the cost of effort, suffering, and even life. When my turn comes, grant me, Mother, by Jesus' death and holy sacrifice, the grace to die in His holy grace—the grace of a happy death.

Hail Mary...

The Sixth Sorrow — The Piercing of the Side of Jesus and His Descent from the Cross

Most Sorrowful Mother, when your Son's body was lowered from the cross and laid in your arms, sorrow fills your heart. Though now this sorrow had a note of relief, how painful it was for you to gaze on that

body, formerly the seat of perfect life, health and beauty, and gruesomely scarred, pale, and lifeless.

Mother, Queen of Martyrs, let me join my heart to yours in this grief, and obtain for me to receive Jesus into my soul before I die, so I may join Him in heaven forever.

Hail Mary...

The Seventh Sorrow — The Burial of Jesus

Most Sorrowful Virgin, sorrow again filled your heart when the sacred body of your Son was taken from your arms, and placed in a cold grave. Yet you did not doubt that He would rise again.

Queen of Martyrs, let me join you in your sorrow, and grant me your own deep, trusting faith in the word of your Son. Let me trust that even in suffering, even when all seems lost, with Jesus there is always a way out. Obtain for me, too, a sincere sorrow for all my sins, a burning love for my God, and a tender devotion to you, so that one day, I may die in His grace and, with Him, rise to eternal life.

Hail Mary...

Prayer to Our Sorrowful Mother for a Particular Grace

O Mother Most Holy and Sorrowful, Queen of Martyrs, you who stood by your Son as He agonized on the cross; by the sufferings of your life, by that sword of pain that pierced your heart, by your perfect joy in heaven, look down on me kindly as I kneel before you, sympathizing with your sorrows and offering you my petition with childlike trust.

Dear Mother, since your Son refuses you nothing, ask of His Sacred Heart to mercifully grant what I ask, through the merits of His Sacred Passion, along with those of your sufferings at the foot of the cross.

Mother Most Merciful, to whom shall I go in my misery if not to you who pities us poor sinful exiles in this valley of tears? In our name, offer Jesus but one drop of His most precious blood, but one pang of His loving heart. Remind Him that you are our sweetness, our life, and our hope, and your prayer will be heard.

The Memorare...

Stabat Mater

At the cross her station keeping,
stood the mournful Mother weeping,
close to Jesus to the last;

Through her heart, His sorrow
sharing,
all His bitter anguish bearing,
now at length the sword has passed.

O, how sad and sore distressed
was the Mother, highly blessed,
of the sole-begotten One!

Christ above in torment hangs;
she beneath beholds the pangs
of her dying glorious Son,

Is there one who would not weep,
‘whelmed in miseries so deep
Christ’s dear Mother to behold?

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;

For the sins of His own nation
saw Him hang in desolation
‘til His Spirit forth He sent.

O Mother! Fount of Love!
Touch my spirit from above,
make my heart with you accord.

Make me feel as you have felt;
make my soul to glow and melt
with the love of Christ my Lord.

Holy Mother! pierce me through;
in my heart each wound renew
of my Savior crucified;

Let me share with you His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torment died.

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

By the cross with you to stay;
there with you to weep and pray,
is all I ask of you to give.

Virgin of all virgins best!
Listen to my fond request:
let me share your grief divine;

Let me to my latest breath
in my body bear the death
of that dying Son of yours.

Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul ‘til it has swooned
in His very Blood away;

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
lest in flames I burn and die
in His awful judgment day.

Christ, when You shall call me
hence,
be Your Mother my defence,
be Your cross my victory.

While my body here decays,
may my soul Your goodness praise
safe in Paradise with You.

Litany of the Sorrowful Mother