

Passiontide Prayer Book

Compiled by a devotee of the Passion.
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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 your heart, pray for us.

Mother bereaved of your 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 your Servants, pray for us.
Holy Mary, who alone are 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 Your glorious Blessed Virgin Mother Mary: grant that we, who celebrate the memory of her Seven Sorrows, may obtain the happy effect of Your 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 you 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, your unworthy servant and a poor sinner, the most sincere homage and the most perfect act of vassalage a human creature can offer you. In your Immaculate Heart, pierced with so many swords of sorrow, I place today my poor soul forever; receive me as a partaker in your dolours, and never suffer that I should depart from that Cross on which your only begotten Son expired for me. With you, O Mary, I will endure all the sufferings, contradictions, infirmities, with which it will please your Divine Son to visit me in this life. All of them I offer to you, in memory of the dolours which you did suffer during your life, that every thought of my mind, every beating of my heart may henceforward be an act of compassion to your Sorrows, and of complacency for the glory you now enjoy in Heaven. Since then, O Dear Mother, I now compassionate your dolours, and rejoice in seeing you glorified, do you also have compassion on me, and reconcile me to your Son Jesus, that I may become your true and loyal son (daughter); come on my last day and assist me in my last agony, even as you were present at the Agony of your Divine Son Jesus, that from this painful exile I may go to Heaven, there to be made partaker of your glory. AMEN.

The Wound in the Shoulder.

It is related in the annals of Clairvaux that Saint 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 you whatsoever you do 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 Your shoulder. Alone You did bear Your heavy cross which so tore Your flesh and laid bare Your bones as to inflict on You an anguish greater than any other wound on Your Blessed Body. I adore You, O Jesus, Most Sorrowful, I praise and glorify You and give You thanks for this

most secret painful wound, beseeching You by the merit and pain of Your 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.

I.

O Saviour of the world, I cry to You;
O Saviour, suffering God, I worship You;
O wounded beauteous Love, I kneel to You;
You know, Lord, how I would follow You,
If of Yourself You give Yourself to Me.

II.

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

III.

With trembling love and fear, I worship You;
I kiss the grievous nails which entered You,
And think on those dire wounds which tortured You,
And, grieving, lift my weeping eyes to You,
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 You unto me;
What I have broken do You bind in me,
And what is crooked make You straight in me;
What I have lost restore You unto me, And what is weak and sickly heal in me.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

Sweet Jesus, loving God, I cry to You;
Though guilty, yet I come for love of You;
O show Yourself, dear Saviour, kind to me!
Unworthy as I am, O turn to me,
Nor at Your sacred Feet abandon me!

IX.

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

X.

O my Beloved, stretched against that Tree,
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 You!

PART II: TO THE KNEES.

I.

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

II.

Alas, how poor, how naked, will You be!
How have You stripped Yourself for love of me, How made Yourself a gazing-stock to be!
Not forced, but, O my God! How willingly
In all Your limbs, You suffer on that Tree!

III.

Your Precious Blood wells forth abundantly
From all Your open wounds incessantly;
All bathed therein, O God, in agony
You stand 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,
Is willing, Jesus, thus to give for You
His blood for Yours, in faithful love for You?

V.

O Jesus, how shall I, then, answer You,
Who am so vile, and have not followed You?
Or how repay the love that loves me

With such sublime, such awful charity
Transfixed, from double death to set me free?

VI.

O Jesus, what Your love has been for me!
O Jesus, death could never conquer You!
Ah, with what loving care You keep me
Enfolded in Your arms, lest I should be,
By death of sin, a moment torn from You!

VII.

Behold, O Jesus, how for love of You,
With all my soul I trembling cling to You,
And Your dear Knees embrace. O pity me!
You know 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 You;
The Blood which flows at every pore from You
Each imperfection may it wash from me,
That I may undefiled and perfect be.

IX.

O force me, best Beloved, to draw to You,
Transfixed and bleeding on the shameful Tree, Despised and stretched in dying agony!
All my desire, O Lord, is fixed on You;
O call me, then, and I will follow You.

X.

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

PART III: TO THE HANDS.

I.

Hail, holy Shepherd! Lord, I worship You,
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, Your 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 Your sacred Hands to set me free.

IV.

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

V.

My God, what great stupendous charity —
Both good and bad are welcomed here by You!
The slothful heart You draw graciously,
The loving one You call tenderly,
And unto all a pardon grant free.

VI.

Behold, I now present myself to You,
Who does present Your bleeding Hands to me;
The sick You heal when they come to You;
You can not, therefore, turn away from me,
Whose love You know, Lord, is all for You.

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

O Jesus, place Your 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 You;
And for the blessed drops that fall on me!

X.

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

PART IV: TO THE SIDE.

I.

O Jesus, highest Good, I yearn for You;
O Jesus, merciful, I hope in You,
Whose sacred Body hangs 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 You,
The source of honeyed sweetness dwells in You,
The fountain of redemption flows from You, The secret well of love that cleanses me.

III.

Behold, O King of Love, I draw to You;
If I am wrong, O Jesus, pardon me;
Your 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 You;
O open door and deep, I look in You;
O most pure stream, I gaze and gaze on You:
More ruddy than the rose, I draw to You;
More healing than all health, I fly to You.

V.

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

VI.

O red wound open, let me draw to You,
And let my throbbing heart be filled from You!

Ah, see! My heart, Beloved, faints for You.

O my Beloved, open unto me,

That I may pass and lose myself in You.

VII.

Lord, with my mouth I touch and worship You,

With all the strength I have I cling to You,

With all my love, I plunge my heart in You,

My very life-blood would I drawn from You, —

O Jesus, Jesus! Draw me into You!

VIII.

How Sweet Your savour is! Who tastes of You,

O Jesus Christ, can relish naught but You;

Who tastes Your living sweetness lives by You;

All else is void — the soul must die for You;

So faints my heart, — so would I die for You.

IX.

I languish, Lord! O let me hide in You!

In Your sweet Side, my Love, O bury me!

And may the fire divine consuming You

Burn in my heart where it lies hid in You, Without a fear reposing peacefully!

X.

When in the hour of death You call me,

O Love of loves, may my soul enter You;

May my last breath, O Jesus fly to You;

So no fierce beast may drive my heart from You,

But in Your Side may it remain with You!

PART V: TO THE BREAST.

I.

O God of my salvation, hail to You!

O Jesus, sweetest Love, all hail to You!

O venerable Breast, I worship You;

O dwelling-place of love, I fly to You,
With trembling touch adore and worship You.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

Hail, fruitful splendour of the Deity!
Hail, fruitful figure of Divinity! From the full treasure of Your charity,
O pour some gift in Your benignity
Upon the desolate who cry to You!

VII.

Dear Breast of most sweet Jesus, mine would be
All Yours 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 You.

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

PART VI: TO THE FACE.

I.

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

II.

Hail, beauteous 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 You: What wonder! Has not God afflicted You,
And is not death himself approaching You?
O Love! But death has laid his touch on You,
And faint and broken features turn to me.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

Despise me not, O Love; I long for You;
Contemn me not, unworthy though I be;
But now that death is fast approaching You,
Incline Your 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 You,
And in Your dying love rejoice with You;
Content if by this Cross I die with You;

Content, You know it, Lord, how willingly
Where I have lived to die for love of You.

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

When You, O God, shall bid my soul be free,
Then, dearest Jesus, show Yourself to me!
O condescend to show Yourself to me, —
Upon Your saving Cross, dear Lord, to me, —
And let me die, my Lord, embracing You!

PART VII: TO THE SACRED HEART.

I.

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

II.

With what sweet love You languish for me!
What pain and torment was that love to You!
How did You all Yourself exhaust for me!

How have You wholly given Yourself to me,
That death no longer might have hold of me!

III.

O bitter death and cruel! Can it be You dare so to enter greedily
Into that cell divine? O can it be
The Life of life, that lives there gloriously,
Should feel your bite, O death, and yield to you?

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

O sinner as I am, I come to You;
My very vitals throb and call for You;
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 You!

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 You,
How can he suffer, Lord, who loves You?

VIII.

O Heart of Love, who vanquished is by You

Knows nothing, but beside himself must be;
No bounds are set to that sweet liberty,
No moderation, — he must fly to You,
Or die he must of many deaths for You.

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

O Jesus, draw my heart within Your Breast,
That it may be by You 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 Your Breast.

XIV.

Behold, O Jesus, how it draws to You!

O call it, that it may remain in You!

See with what large desire it thirsts for You!

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

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