

## NOVENA IN HONOR OF THE MATER DOLOROSA, QUEEN OF MARTYRS

*Begin Wednesday, March 24<sup>th</sup> and end Holy Thursday*

*Holy Mother Church honors Our Lady's Sorrows by two feasts, one observed on the Friday of Passion Week, and the other on the 15th of September. This first feast recalls especially her sufferings during the Passion of Our Lord, known as her **Compassion**; the second is dedicated more particularly to Her lifelong sorrows. The Blessed Virgin Mary's sorrow on Calvary was deeper than any sorrow ever felt on earth, for no mother in all the world had a heart as tender as the Heart of the Mother of God. She bore her sufferings for us, that we might enjoy the graces of Redemption. She suffered willingly in order to prove her great love for us, for true love is proven by sacrifice. Let us give ourselves over to her love completely, and bear our cross patiently, in union with our Mother of Sorrows.*



"When Jesus, therefore, saw His Mother and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He said to His Mother, 'Woman, behold thy son.' Then He said to the disciple, 'Behold thy Mother.' And from that hour the disciple took Her into his home" (John 19:25-27).

Sad and tearful, O Virgin Mary, didst Thou stand by the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Our Redeemer. *Hail Mary...*

"Blessed be the Lord, Who made Heaven and earth, because He has so glorified thy name this day, that thy praise will never cease to be sung by mankind... For thou hast not spared thy life in order to relieve the distress and sorrow of thy people, and by thy prayers in the Presence of our God, thou hast prevented our ruin" (Judith 13:24). *Hail Mary...*

Let us stand near the Cross with Mary, the Mother of Jesus, whose soul was pierced by the sword of sorrow!  
*Hail Mary...*

### **Mary speaks:**

*"Sorrow has crushed me. My face is swollen with weeping, and on my eyelids is the shadow of death" (Job 16:8,17).*

**Begin each day with the Sign of the Cross.**

### **Hymn -- 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,  
Lo! the piercing sword had passed.

O how sad and sore distressed  
Was that Mother highly blessed,  
Of the sole-begotten One.

Woe-begone, with heart's prostration,  
Mother meek, the bitter Passion  
Saw she of Her glorious Son

Who on Christ's dear Mother gazing,  
In her trouble so amazing,  
Born of woman, would not weep?

Who on Christ's dear Mother thinking,  
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,  
Would not share her sorrow deep?

For His people's sins rejected,  
Saw her Jesus unprotected,  
Saw with thorns, with scourges rent:

Saw her Son from judgment taken,  
Her Beloved in death forsaken,  
'Til His spirit forth He sent.

Fount of love and holy sorrow,  
Mother! may my spirit borrow  
Somewhat of thy woe profound;

Unto Christ, with pure emotion,  
Raise my contrite heart's devotion,  
Love to read in every wound.

Those five wounds on Jesus smitten,  
Mother! in my heart be written,  
Deep as in thine own they be;

Thou, thy Savior's Cross who bearest,  
Thou, thy Son's rebuke who sharest,  
Let me share them both with thee.

In the Passion of my Maker,  
Be my sinful soul partaker,  
Weep till death and weep with thee;

Mine with thee be that sad station,  
There to watch the great salvation,  
Wrought upon the atoning tree.

Virgin, thou of virgins fairest,  
May the bitter woe thou bearest,  
Make on me impression deep.

Thus Christ's dying may I carry,  
With Him in His Passion tarry,  
And His wounds in memory keep.

May His wounds both wound and heal me,  
He enkindle, cleanse, anneal me,  
Be His Cross my hope and stay.

May He, when the mountains quiver,  
From that flame which burns forever,  
Shield me on the judgment day.

Jesus, may Thy Cross defend me,  
And Thy Mother's prayer befriend me,  
Let me die in Thy embrace.

When to dust my dust returnest,  
Grant a soul that to Thee yearneth  
In Thy paradise a place. Amen.

**V.** Pray for us, O Mother most Sorrowful,  
**R.** That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

***Let us pray:***

O God, in Whose Passion, as Simeon had foretold, the most sweet soul of Mary, Thy glorious Virgin-Mother, was pierced through by a sword of sorrow, mercifully grant that we who reverently meditate upon her Transfixion and her Sufferings, may obtain the blessed fruits of Thy Passion, through the glorious merits and prayers of all the saints faithfully standing at the Cross interceding for us. Who livest and reignest forever, unto ages of ages. Amen.

**End each day with:**

*Our Father*

*Hail Mary*

*Glory Be*

Sign of the Cross