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J.M.J.

LITANY OF THE SEVEN DOLOURS OF OUR LADY



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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,

God the Holy Ghost,

Holy Trinity one God,

Mother of sorrows, *Pray for us.*

For whom there was no room
in the inn,

Who was driven for shelter
to a stable,

Who laid thy First-born
in a manger,

Who beheld with compassion
the circumcision of thy Son,

Who did hear that thy Son was
set for a sign that should be
contradicted,

Who did hear that thy own soul
should be pierced with a sword,

Who was obliged to fly
into Egypt with thy Son,

Who was grieved for the slaughter
of the Innocents,

Have mercy on us.

Pray for us.

Pray for us.

Pray for us.

Who for three days did seek
sorrowing thy Son,
lost in the Temple,
when he was twelve years old,

Who did feel the constant hatred
of the Jews to thy Son,

Who, on the day
of the Last Supper,
did bid thy Son, when going
to his Passion, a sad farewell,

Who did learn that thy Son
was betrayed by Judas,
and led away captive,

Who saw thy Son delivered up
as a malefactor

to the chief priests,

Who heard that thy Son
was falsely accused,

Who did learn that thy Son's
blessed Face was struck
with a fearful blow,

Who heard that thy Son
was most cruelly treated
by the Jews and soldiers,

Who heard thy Son rejected
for Barabbas,

Who beheld thy Son scourged
and crowned with thorns,

Who heard the most unjust
sentence pronounced
upon thy Son,

Pray for us.

Pray for us.

Pray for us.

Pray for us.

Pray for us.

Pray for us.

Who went to meet thy Son loaded
with the weight of the Cross,
Who heard thy Son's blest
Hands and Feet being pierced
through with dreadful nails,
Who received thy Son's
last Words upon the Cross,
Who stood by thy Son
in his Agony,
Who did receive in thy
maternal bosom thy
Son's lifeless body
taken down from the Cross,
Who, after the burial
of thy Son's body,
returned home all lone
and sorrowful,

O Queen of Martyrs, *Pray for us.*
O Mirror of the afflicted, *Pray for us.*
O Comfort of the weak, *Pray for us.*
O Strength of the timid, *Pray for us.*
O Refuge of sinners, *Pray for us.*

By thy Son's most bitter
Passion and Death,
Deliver us, O Queen of Martyrs.
By thy heart's most bitter sorrows,
By thy groans and tears,
By thy motherly compassion,
By thy most powerful patronage,

Pray for us. *Pray for us.* *Pray for us.* *Pray for us.* *Deliver us, O Queen of Martyrs.*

From immoderate sorrow,
From timidity of spirit,
From every occasion
and danger of sin,
From the snares of the devil,
From hardness of heart,
From impenitence,
From sudden and
unforeseen death,
From everlasting damnation,

We sinners, *Beseech thee hear us.*
That thou would vouchsafe
to preserve us,
by thy patronage,
in true faith, hope,
and charity,
That thou would vouchsafe to
obtain for us of thy Son
perfect sorrow
and penitence for our sins,
That thou would vouchsafe
to bring consolation
and assistance to them
that call upon thee,
That thou would vouchsafe
to succour us in the agony
of death,
That thou would vouchsafe
to obtain for us a happy end,
Mother of God,

Deliver us, O Queen of Martyrs.

We beseech thee, hear us.

We beseech thee, hear us.

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 on us.

Christ, hear us.
Christ, graciously hear us.

Lord, have mercy on us,
Christ, have mercy on us.
Lord, have mercy on us.

℣. In all our tribulation and distress,
℟. *Succour us, O most blessed Virgin
Mary.*

Let us pray.
Let the blessed Virgin Mary thy
Mother, O Lord Jesus Christ, whose
most holy soul was pierced in the
hour of thy Passion with the sword of
sorrow, intercede for us with thy
mercy, now, and at the hour of our
death. Through Thee, O Jesus Christ,
the Saviour of the world, who, with
the Father and the Holy Ghost, live
and reign world without end. Amen.