

Stations of the Cross

A hymn to accompany the devotion

By Fr Ian Brooks SSC



Tune: Stabat Mater (EH 115)

On the way to Station I

To the Hall of Judgement taken,
Christ, betrayed, denied, forsaken
By his friends, yet loves them still.

On the way to Station II

Mary's Son, his cross embracing,
Cruel death for sinners facing,
Thus obeys the Father's will;

On the way to Station III

Fallen in the dust and choking,
Dragged up by the guards, provoking
With their vile and mocking cries.

On the way to Station IV

When they meet, no words are spoken;
Numb with grief, her heart is broken
As they gaze with tear-filled eyes.

On the way to Station V

Simon, offering no resistance
Finds, in his enforced assistance,
Saving and life-changing grace.

On the way to Station VI

See Veronica befriends him,
And the towel with which she tends him
Bears the imprint of his face.

On the way to Station VII

Through her tears she sees him falling,
Weak through torture so appalling.
Mary shares his agony.

On the way to Station VIII

To the women who are mourning
Jesus gives a solemn warning:
"For yourselves weep, not for me."

On the way to Station IX

Mary weeps, her heart is breaking,
As her Son – his body aching-
Falls again on Calvary's hill.

On the way to Station X

Stripped to face humiliation,
He prepares to bring salvation
To the world that mocks him still.

On the way to Station XI

Blood from nail-pierced hands is streaming
As he hangs, the world redeeming,
Pleading pardon for his death.

On the way to Station XII

"John, beloved, as a brother
Cherish Mary as your mother":
Loving words with dying breath.

On the way to Station XIII

See the lifeless body lying,
Cradled in her arms with sighing:
Handmaid of the Lord, forlorn.

On the way to Station XIV

At the tomb kneels Mary, weeping,
Where her Son in death lies sleeping
Till the resurrection morn.



Returning to the Altar: (EH 115 v7)

Jesu, may thy Cross defend me,
And thy saving death befriend me,
Cherished by thy deathless grace;
When to dust my dust returneth,
Grant a soul that to thee yearneth
In thy Paradise a place.