W. For you I smote the kings of the Chanaunites,
and you have smitten my head with a reed.

R.: My people, what have I done unto you?
or in what have I offended you? answer me.
N.: I gave you a royal sceptre, and you have given my head a crown of thorns.

R.: My people, what have I done unto you?

or in what have I offended you? answer me.
With my great pow-er I lift-ed you up, and you
have hung me up-on the gib-bet of the Cross.

Ri: My peo-ple, what have I done un-to you?
or in what have I of-fend-ed you? an-swer me.
4. We adore your Cross, O Lord, we praise and glorify your holy Resurrection. For behold, by reason of that wood, joy has come into all the world. V. O God, be gracious and bless us, let your face shine upon us, and have pity on us. REPEAT ANTIPHON: We adore.
ANTIPHON. Mode I

Faithful Cross, O tree all beauteous: Tree all peerless

and divine. Not a grove on earth can show us

Such a flower and leaf as thine.

* Sweet the nails, and sweet the wood, laden

with so sweet a load.
HYMN, Mode I

Sing my tongue the Saviour's glory; Tell his triumph far and wide; Tell aloud the famous story of his body crucified; How upon the Cross a Victim, Vanquishing in death, he died.
Faithful Cross, O tree all beauteous: Tree all peerless and divine. Not a grove on earth can show us such a flower and leaf as thine.
X.² Eating of the tree forbid-den, Man had sunk in Satan's snare, When our pity-ing Cre- a-tor

Did this sec-ond Tree pre-pare;

Des-tined, man-y a-ges la-ter, That first e-vil to re-pair.
*Sweet the nails, and sweet the wood, laden

with so sweet a load.

Faithful Cross, O tree all beauteous: Tree all peerless

and divine. Not a grove on earth can show us

Such a flower and leaf as thine.
W. 4 So when now at length the fulness of the sacred
time drew nigh, Then the Son, the world's Creator;

Left his Father's throne on high;

From a Virgin's womb appearing Clothed in

our mortality.

* Sweet the nails, and sweet the wood, laden

with so sweet a load.